



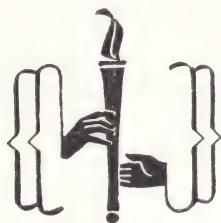


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POLITICIANS VS. BUREAUCRATS

The Case of FCC Chairman Fly and Congressman Cox

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THIS is the story of the struggle between Congress and the Federal Communications Commission over the two-year period 1942-1944. It is a story of conflicts between politicians and bureaucrats, and as such it serves as a case history of the chronically strained relationships between the legislative and administrative branches of our government.

I am well aware that it is not a typical case history. On the contrary, I believe the record of the investigating committee headed by Representative Cox offers one of the worst examples of substandard Congressional behavior in recent years. But the frictions which existed between Congress and the FCC under Chairman Fly were not unique, and their story merely accents difficulties which seem to

be inherent in the structure of our government. These difficulties must be minimized. At their worst they are too damaging to national morale, too wasteful of time and resources.

For two years I was one of the five or six bureaucrats in the FCC who had most to do with Congress. As an observer of administrative-legislative relationships, I therefore had the advantages of access to conferences, memoranda, conversations, and documents, as well as acquaintance with personalities, which could not have been available to nonparticipants.

On the other hand, of course, the disadvantages of having been a participant are obvious. No matter how one tries to be objective, it is impossible not to develop strong loyalties in the midst of a struggle.

But anyone who cares to do so can check my bias by reference to the printed records of Congressional debates and to the six thousand pages of printed hearings dealing with the FCC and Congress during those years. I give my version of the experience for what it is worth.

II

THE Federal Communications Commission is one of the dozen or more permanent, independent commissions in Washington having the function of regulating business, commerce, or labor—all of them set up by Congress to protect the public interest against private interests which do not want to be regulated. The particular area of regulation assigned to the FCC is communication by telephone, telegraph, cable, and radio. The Commission consists of seven men appointed by the President for seven-year terms, no more than four of whom may be of one political party. They are on the whole able public servants, whose actions on major issues have most often been taken by unanimous vote.

Unacceptable as is the absurd stereotype presented in a recent *Saturday Evening Post* article ("when Fly raises his eyebrow, the radio industry trembles") it is nevertheless true that as long as he was chairman James Lawrence Fly was the acknowledged leader of the Commission and was its chief protagonist in Congressional as well as public relations.

He is the type of leader who, to an unusual degree, generates loyalty among his associates and subordinates. He is also a very able man. Not even his bitterest enemies have questioned that fact. For two years I watched him at weekly meetings of the Commission, cutting through verbiage and vagueness to the main point, or unerringly putting the single instance in its proper place in a general regulatory framework, thus giving it significance. He has a mental flexibility which made it possible for him to urge in one set of economic circumstances the maintenance of free competition and in others a strictly regulated monopoly. He has a deep sense of the public service and the public welfare, and while he was in the FCC even

those who questioned his objectives acknowledged his devotion to the public interest as he conceived it.

To me his defects seem to arise from his virtues. He is impatient with stupidity and he shows it unmistakably. He rides his opponents hard. He thinks the worst of his enemies. When trouble arises he is likely to write a letter to one of his opponents defining the issue sharply, rather than to suggest a lunch together to soften or blur the divergences with personal good feeling. He knew many congressmen and senators, of course, as a result of a dozen or more years in the federal service, but he spent no time building political fences for FCC on Capitol Hill. He devoted himself primarily to his regulative and administrative duties rather than to the Commission's relations with Congress.

FOR the purposes of our story, Congress, so far as it touched FCC, really meant four or five Congressional committees. There were, however, three separate times during the two years when items relating to FCC emerged from the specialized obscurity of committee rooms to receive more than formal debate by members of Congress as a whole. In these cases, large numbers of senators and representatives were obliged to give hurried, brief consideration to the action of its committees vis-à-vis FCC. Some opposition to the committee actions was expressed in these cases, but in the end the committees were—as they usually are in Congress—largely sustained.

The most active individuals in the various committees which dealt with the FCC were Congressman Cox, Democrat of Georgia, who served as chairman of the House committee investigating FCC (called the Cox Committee) and as second man in control of the Rules Committee; Wigglesworth, Republican of Massachusetts, who served on the Cox Committee and on the Appropriations Subcommittee; Starnes, Democrat of Alabama, who served on the Appropriations Subcommittee and on the Dies Committee; Senator McKellar, Democrat of Tennessee, Chairman of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee; Miller, Republican of Missouri, a first-term congressman active on the Cox Committee.

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Incidentally, these men are all included in that group of congressmen known as the coalition of reactionary Southern Democrats and conservative Northern Republicans. (Starnes and Miller failed of reelection last November.)

The villain of the story, as I tell it, was Eugene Cox. Yet this appellation is unkind, if not unfair. Gene Cox is a genial Southern Democrat elected by a backward Georgia constituency with a voting total of less than 5 per cent of the adults in the district. His power derived largely from his position as a leading member of the Rules Committee, which determines whose bills will come before the House for debate and vote.

He has the easy-going ethics too often developed by the old House member. During the last two years six of his relatives had jobs in his office or around the Capitol. In Washington he had grown to power by the passage of time, which had advanced him to committee seniority. Until he ran afoul of FCC he had been a useful wheelhorse pushing through legislation desired by the Administration.

HOVERING over or behind these two groups, in such shadowy form that I am unable to define their activities or influence with any confidence, were the pressure groups. Here were the powerful radio networks whose contractual relations with affiliated radio stations had been modified by recent FCC regulations, who had objected strenuously that such regulations would ruin them financially, and who had fought and lost a protest in the courts. Here also were the disappointed applicants for individual radio licenses; the telegraph and telephone companies whose rates and services are regulated, and whose potential war incomes had been reduced, by the FCC; and the cable and wireless companies whose plans for overseas expansion had been limited by wartime regulations of a Communications Board presided over by the chairman of the FCC. It would be unfair to generalize about the activities of these groups. Some apparently sought only to make their positions clear to administrators and legislators when questions affecting them were up for consideration. Others were guided

by less admirable ethical standards. Actually, of course, their representatives did not appear except at occasional full-dress hearings, but it would be naïve to imagine that such appearances were an adequate measure of their influence.

III

OUR story begins in 1942 when, as a result of a routine investigation by FCC of the ownership facts in an application for renewal of a Georgia radio station license, it was discovered that Congressman Eugene Cox had been paid \$2,500 for legal services in Washington, and that he had used the money to buy stock in the station.

Cox had on several occasions actively promoted the interests of this station before the Commission. It was evident therefore that he had violated the plain terms of a federal statute which states that no member of Congress may accept money or have any pecuniary interest in any concern which has a proceeding before any federal department or bureau.

Previous to this discovery, Cox had been something of a champion of FCC. In 1940 he had spoken twice in the House asking for an investigation of the broadcasting industry, which he charged with persecuting Chairman Fly. Nevertheless, when Cox learned that FCC was following up the matter of the \$2,500 check he promptly introduced a bill in Congress to investigate the FCC and its Gestapo methods. For a year his bill rested in committee as a threat, but when—despite the threat—the FCC set down the Georgia station license renewal for formal hearing and referred the acceptance of fee to the Department of Justice, Mr. Cox rose in his wrath in the House, reintroduced his resolution, and denounced the FCC as the “nastiest nest of rats to be found in this entire country.”

His resolution was referred to the Committee on Rules, of which he is ranking majority member. It was speedily reported out and (without a record vote) adopted. The Speaker named Mr. Cox himself as chairman of the special committee of five to carry on the investigation.

Although the need for an investigation

was apparent, the proper object of the House's inquiry should have been the transaction involving its fellow member, Gene Cox. In this case, however, the House completely abdicated its proper function and instead set up a committee with a man accused of crime as investigator of those who had discovered the incriminating evidence.

Under these unusual auspices the House investigating committee began its work. It soon became apparent that it would carry on not a factual inquiry into telecommunications regulation but the "smear" type of investigation (a term, incidentally, that might well acquire technical exactness in the science of politics).

For chief counsel, Cox appointed Eugene Garey, an industrious, clever New York lawyer. Neither he nor any of the staff he employed had any familiarity with telecommunications. Their backgrounds were principally as FBI employees or investigation hacks.

AS THERE were no specific charges (except that involving the Congressional committee's own chairman) the first staff activity became a "fishing expedition." The FCC chairman at the outset wrote to the chief counsel of the Cox Committee offering to turn over for Committee use all papers requested, but he specified that these in every case be transmitted through the Commission's secretary so that records of their location could be kept and copies retained where necessary for continuing Commission operations. But one afternoon Committee employees arrived with a truck and removed whole drawers of Commission records. In my own service at least three-fourths of the personnel files, of which we had no duplicate copies, were in the Committee's files for more than a year. Anyone who has been part of a rapidly expanding war agency will understand the resultant handicaps to our operations.

The Cox Committee pored over this miscellaneous material. They paid especial attention to informal office memos and penciled notes. A careless or inaccurate phrase, a critical comment regarding an employee, would be taken as a starting point for blanket requests for all other material in our files on the subject. Upon

this base there would be constructed a completely factitious but at times plausible edifice of administrative dereliction. I confess to having been divided between wonder at the amazingly ingenious structures built out of no substance and shock at the sheer waste of funds and manpower for such a fragile, futile enterprise.

A second fishing technique was star-chamber testimony. Without previous notification as to subjects of inquiry, without counsel to serve as a check on improper questioning or the Committee's inquisitorial tricks, Commission employees (or ex-employees thought to be timid, gullible, or disgruntled) were brought individually before the Committee's staff, sworn by the Committee's counsel, and plied with questions of all sorts based on the files of records and correspondence. A stenographer was present to take down this testimony. Later at public hearings the counsel attempted—at first with success—to read excerpts of such testimony, out of context, into the public record. Only after a long fight did the FCC succeed in compelling the Committee to carry on these informal hearings with due regard to Anglo-Saxon procedural traditions.

The FCC proposed that hearings be conducted either as completely informal conferences, without recorded testimony under oath, or under Committee auspices with formal Committee attendance and with the full record of testimony available to the Commission for correction and reference. Eventually this latter procedure was established. But in the meantime a good deal of time had been wasted.

Although the earlier transcripts of testimony are not available, if they were published in full they would reveal cases of the grossest inquisitorial malpractice. They would show, for instance, that ten of my employees—several of them Negroes with traditional fears of governmental authority—were haled to the Committee office after a full night's work, and were subjected to hours of grilling. The session opened in each instance with the statement, "You know that Leigh is going to fire you." A signed affidavit from one FCC employee who was questioned recites that the Committee staff made statements charging me with sexual depravity and

political subversiveness. Fortunately these tactics did not break our office morale or start stories that might grow to effective political slander.

It should be remembered that this was not an investigation of persons accused of crime. It was a legislative investigation of administrative operations. But under our constitutional system there are no judicial protections against such obviously improper investigatory techniques. Congress has the freedom and responsibility of determining its own procedure.

AFTER months of this kind of thing no basis for factual or specific charges had been uncovered. But abundant material had been assembled for indirect accusation and innuendo. At this point public hearings—the third technique in smear procedure—began. At the first hearing, a big show with a large audience, Mr. Garey adopted the clever device of getting charges into the record and into the newspapers indirectly. He read in full an identical letter to the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy listing sixty or seventy charges which he noted had been made against the FCC and requesting such evidence as the War and Navy Departments had concerning these matters.

There followed dreary months of testimony, mainly by Committee counsel and staff members, who put into the record the “charges” built up out of the fishing expedition and star-chamber questioning. Concerning the Commission’s central task of licensing radio stations, a proper subject for impartial review, there was no substantial charge of irregularity—only a few unsubstantiated charges of favoritism, one of which—the so-called Flamm case, involving station WMCA in New York—has recently been in the news again.

Most attention was paid to the emergency war activities of the Commission. The FCC legal and engineering departments had taken vigorous steps, in close co-operation with the Office of War Information, shortly before and after Pearl Harbor, to discover whether foreign-language radio stations in the United States were being used for Axis propaganda. Owing largely to self-regulation by the radio station owners, encouraged by FCC

and OWI officers, suspicious programs and commentators had rapidly been removed from the air. One or two mistakes may have been made. But the problem was dealt with adequately and completely with very little summary action. There were disgruntled foreign-language program brokers, however, who brought grievances to the Committee staff, and out of these gripes the counsel created a Gestapo picture that was terrible to behold. But no solid proof of charges resulted.

The department of which I was director—the Broadcast Intelligence Service—had grown rapidly from nothing to one of the three largest Commission units. It employed a large number of linguists of foreign birth and social scientists out of academic life. It had had to move boldly into a new field and gain the co-operation of a dozen new and sprawling war agencies and of Allied governments—all of whom it served. Here, thought the Committee, is opportunity for discovering irregularities which will add up to something—bureaucracy, waste, illegality, Reds—something. They built up sixteen to twenty edifices of fabrication and innuendo—all the way from illegal use of funds, personnel, and authority to the fact that I had been a “professor” in a “radical” women’s college. One charge, only, revealed a real irregularity. Members of a Negro typing unit, on behalf of a worker who became ill, had agreed to work in her place on their nights off so that her pay would be continued. They had not in all cases carried through their added tasks. The supervisor had allowed the practice, though it was plainly against federal personnel attendance regulations. This was reported to me; the records were corrected; and the supervisor agreed to resign to enter the Army. But the Cox Committee staff, which in those days usually knew by afternoon what had transpired in my office in the morning, were hot on the trail of this irregularity and exploited it to the full.

The third and largest FCC war unit, the Radio Intelligence Division (RID), which carried on a widespread policing of the air, located lost planes at sea, and performed other strategic services auxiliary to the war effort, was not exempt from

persecution. Indeed, a charge related to RID was built up into the one that was politically most potent in the hands of the Committee. RID performed many services for the Army and Navy. There were officers in the Army and Navy who became convinced that RID's job should be transferred to them. They induced the Joint Chiefs of Staff to sign a secret memorandum to the President arguing for and requesting the transfer. The President turned the memo over to the Bureau of the Budget for investigation. Following the Bureau's report the President wrote a reply deciding against the transfer and urging a continuance and further development of co-operative procedures.

This was hardly a charge against the Commission in the performance of its assigned duties, but the Joint Chiefs' secret memorandum, somehow released to the Committee's staff, became a basis for insisting that RID was useless and harmful, and that Mr. Fly was defying or circumventing the highest military authorities in the prosecution of the war.

The other charges, miscellaneous, unverified, but nevertheless repeated time after time as if to give them weight, are too numerous and frivolous to mention.

IT SOON became apparent that the public hearings, with Cox in the chair and Garey in full charge, were designed to serve as a springboard for newspaper publicity rather than as an inquiry into the facts. Those of us directing the units being investigated sat day after day at the hearings when second- and third-hand evidence was being presented. But efforts to be permitted to appear ourselves or to introduce evidence to correct obvious errors were sternly and completely prohibited.

By accident the professional formula for conduct of the hearings came to light. It was furnished informally by one of Hearst's newspaper reporters to the Committee's chief counsel who in turn provided his Committee with a written numbered memo to serve as a guide to procedure. It deserves a permanent place as a blueprint for the smear technique in investigation. Here are some of the rules, quoted verbatim:

1. Decide what you want the newspapers to hit hardest and then shape each hearing so that the main point becomes the vortex of the testimony. Once that vortex is reached, adjourn. . . .

4. Do not permit distractions to occur, such as extraneous fusses with would-be witnesses, which might provide news that would bury the testimony which you want featured.

5. Do not space hearings more than twenty-four or forty-eight hours apart when on a controversial subject. This gives the opposition too much opportunity to make all kinds of countercharges and replies by issuing statements to the newspapers.

6. Don't ever be afraid to recess a hearing, even for five minutes, so that you keep the proceedings completely in control so far as creating news is concerned.

A newspaper smear technique such as this bases itself on people's belief in an old adage that "Where there is a great deal of smoke there must be some fire." After observing the procedure from the sidelines I should like to see the adage revised to read, "Where there is a great deal of smoke somebody may be putting up a smoke screen."

Actually, however, the Garey formula did not have any durable success. After several days of hearings during which the procedures had become clear, Mr. Fly said to us, "This is not an investigation; it is a fight for the headlines. We'd better be in the fight." From that day on we had our own hearing with the newspapermen, immediately after the Cox hearing, to give the facts and evidence regarding each day's charges as made. It was strenuous, but the newspapermen appreciated it and the one-sided accounts were replaced by two accounts in a single day's story—usually contradictory.

Then newspaper editorials began to appear, condemning the methods and obvious purposes of the Committee investigation. By the end of the summer the *New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, Drew Pearson, and others had spoken out in criticism. The *Washington Post* took up the misuse of House authority as the basis for an editorial campaign. It published a series of sixteen strongly worded editorials ending with a front-page two-column letter to Speaker Rayburn, over the publisher's signature, demanding Cox's resignation. This appeared shortly after the reassem-

bling of Congress following the summer recess.

Meanwhile Commissioner Clifford Durr of the FCC had taken an unusual and bold step. He addressed a petition to Speaker Rayburn, laying before him in detail the facts taken from the Commission's records regarding Cox's \$2,500 check, citing Congressional precedents which established the impropriety of Cox's being made chairman of an investigating committee in such circumstances, and asking that the Speaker take steps to remove Cox. He also described the improper methods of inquiry being followed by the Committee's counsel, and stated that he would refuse to testify before, or send documents to, the Committee until the House had passed on Cox's fitness to serve. Copies of the Durr petition with facsimile copies of the \$2,500 endorsed check were sent to every member of the House.

ALTOGETHER it seemed as if the inquiry had boomeranged. Mr. Cox rose once again, this time less in anger than in sorrow, and resigned from his Committee post. The Speaker and other leaders shed crocodile tears over his "unselfish act," and everybody was relieved of embarrassment.

The hearings continued under Garey's leadership. The two Republican minority members, Wigglesworth and Miller, although without the "deep personal interests" Cox revealingly admitted he possessed in the investigation, continued the ex-chairman's methods so far as they could. At last, in February of 1944, Garey resigned under pressure from the Committee majority (especially from Congressman Magnussen) and after nine months of one-sided hearings the FCC was finally permitted to present its refutation of charges. The newspapers had by then lost all interest in the proceedings; Congress had acted upon the FCC appropriations; but the refutation was detailed if undramatic. At all events, it finally got into the record if not into the newspapers.

The Committee under an honest but unspectacular chairman still exists and has chosen a young Washington, D. C., lawyer to carry on its work and bring it to a close.

The end of the first episode in the story found the Congressional group frustrated, the first chairman of the investigating committee driven from his post by an outraged public opinion, and the FCC right where it was before—so far as any results of investigation were concerned. The public was out \$100,000 or more of tax money plus the wasted time and energy of a war agency diverted from its tasks to respond to the demands of a frivolous, improper inquiry.

IV

THE second part of the story involves another House committee in equally bad odor as regards the propriety of its procedures and the validity of its evidence—the so-called Dies Committee. It was the custom of Chairman Martin Dies each January to issue his "New Year's list" of dishonorable or disapproved public servants. The list was always grandly inclusive if not exact, numbering usually well over a hundred names. One year they were communists, another year dangerous Reds or radicals. In 1943 they were subversives. And William Dodd, Jr., Frederick Schuman, and Goodwin Watson—all of the FCC, but none with names that begin with A—led the list of those who received his denunciations. (One can easily imagine a cloakroom conversation between Gene and Martin before Dies made his speech.)

There is no need of rehearsing here in detail how the House tried to purge those on the Dies list by attaching to the particular appropriation bills from which each one was paid a rider forbidding further payment to the person so named. The first man appearing in the first appropriation to come on to the floor under this procedure was a distinguished Negro leader working for the Treasury Department. The House members—dismayed by the ugly face which their action thus assumed—rescinded their general resolution and created a subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations with Congressman Kerr as chairman "to give each person on the list his day in court." This kept everything cosily out of the limelight, and the Subcommittee immediately se-

lected Dodd, Schuman, and Watson for its first cases. It showed the same disregard for the rules of evidence and procedure exhibited by the Cox and Dies Committees. No advance notice or list of charges was given the accused, nor was he allowed counsel or permitted to call witnesses. (Although there was a gesture of allowing the accused to present later evidence, the Subcommittee in some cases presented its report before there was time to submit such evidence.)

As could have been predicted, the Subcommittee presented Dodd and Watson (and later Robert Lovett, of the Department of the Interior) in the vaguest terms as subversives, though exonerating Schuman. In reply, the FCC issued a strong majority statement supporting its employees and criticizing the procedure and vague definitions of Kerr's committee. The House sustained its committee and let the rider go to the Senate, which thereupon rejected it by unanimous vote and sent the appropriation bill (a general deficiency bill containing salaries for a host of federal employees in addition to FCC) to conference. The House remained firm although the Senate a second time 69 to 0, a third time 52 to 17, a fourth time 43 to 31, and a fifth time 35 to 32, rejected the rider. Finally, with the July 1st deadline at hand, the Senate held its nose and passed the bill *with the rider* by a vote of 48 to 32, inserting a meaningless modification postponing its application until November 15th.

The President, at a special press conference shortly thereafter, read a message condemning the rider as improper and unconstitutional and stated that he signed the appropriation bill only because of the fiscal necessities involved.

In the face of this sharp challenge to its punitive actions, the Kerr Committee seems to have given up its purging tactics. More important, before the next session of Congress there may be judicial determination of the constitutionality of the technique by which the lower house of Congress, using riders which are similar in general principle to a bill of attainder, attempts to reach out to exercise the administrative function of removing minor administrative employees.

In its general form the rider procedure presents a major problem in the relations of Congress to the Administration. In the Dodd-Watson case (an organic part of the smear procedure against the FCC) the problem was narrowed so that the FCC became an active protagonist of executive authority against legislative encroachment.

V

Two attempts of the Cox-Dies-Starnes-Wigglesworth-Miller group, backed by shadowy pressure groups, thus failed to cripple the FCC and to discredit its chairman. Both failed partly because they were improper procedures. But there was a historic remedy which could not be challenged as improper procedure, and this brings us to the third episode in our story.

The remedy was, of course, a cut in appropriations. All around Washington we heard it whispered that FCC would get it in the neck. We wondered where the axe would fall and how deeply it would cut.

When we had submitted our estimates to the Budget Bureau we had asked for practically no increases. The Bureau, always intelligent and severe in its review of estimates, had sent us down to Congress with our estimates sustained. The House Appropriations Committee gave us a full hearing. If one reads the record one searches in vain for a basis for any reduction at all. The Joint Chiefs' memo for the RID transfer was inserted in the record, along with a few unsupported Cox Committee charges for which we had the answers, but that was all.

The Committee's report recommended a 25 per cent cut in RID and quoted the Joint Chiefs' memo as justification. For the rest it recommended a straight 25 per cent cut in our whole appropriation. The House passed the measure without a record vote and with almost no debate.

FCC asked for a hearing before the Senate Appropriations Committee to restore the cuts, an unusual proceeding. The request was granted, and the Subcommittee (with Senator McKellar presiding) gave the Commission a full hearing of a day and a half. At its end there was again the illusory feeling that there could be no cut because there was no evidence

in the record to sustain it. But ten days later, Senator McKellar reported out the bill with a further reduction of \$500,000. Members of his own committee put up a fight against the cut on the floor of the Senate, and an amendment to restore the full appropriation to my own service lost by only four votes. But the job was done. In Conference Committee \$100,000 was restored as the act of an uneasy legislative conscience. But the severe cuts still remained.

Curiously enough, in neither the Senate nor House debates—whether on the floor or in committee—was the real reason for this Congressional action mentioned. When Chairman Fly attempted to indicate it in the Senate hearing his remarks were promptly ruled out of order. But the real purpose was clear to the congressmen themselves when one discussed it with them in their offices. It was not a *fiscal* cut, it was a *punitive* cut.

As the Congressional leader most responsible for the maintenance of the House reduction told me frankly when it was all over, "Surely it was a punitive cut. Larry Fly has been defiant of Congress for a long time. He has been openly defiant. Now his chickens have come home to roost."

VI

YES, it is clear from the record that the FCC had defied Congress. The Commission had caught one of the leaders of the House majority hierarchy violating a federal statute and had not prudently filed the case away. This was defiance, certainly.

When the House leader threatened an investigation the Commission did not retire into its shell but proceeded with its hearing. More defiance!

When an investigating committee was set up with the accused congressman as chairman and proceeded to violate all the Anglo-Saxon traditions of fair procedure, Mr. Fly protested to the committee and to the newspapers; the staff protested every violation and refused to testify under star-chamber conditions except by subpoena compulsion; a commissioner even petitioned the Speaker of the House asking that body to reconsider the propriety of

making the accused congressman chairman of a committee to investigate his own accusers. Certainly, defiance! When the committee set up a propaganda machine to provide a continuous barrage of one-sided newspaper comment and criticism of FCC, FCC itself actively entered the fight for the headlines. Impertinent, if not defiant.

When a House committee proceeded to condemn and convict two faithful FCC employees without fair or adequate judicial proceeding, the FCC by direct formal statement refused to discharge those employees, condemned the committee's procedures, and challenged the constitutionality of the House action. Plain, impudent defiance.

When the House in its wrath punished the FCC by cutting off not all but only a quarter of its funds, the Commission was not grateful. It asked for additional hearings. Not exactly penitent.

Yes, it was a punitive cut. But just who was punished is not yet clear. The reduction of FCC's war activities obliged other agencies to do the curtailed work, but it did not punish FCC.

I can imagine worldly-wise, prudent people saying at this point: It served FCC right to get cut. You can't deal with Congress that way. All FCC would have had to do would have been to file away the Cox dossier discreetly and say nothing about it. A careful investigation of the activities of other congressmen would probably reveal other indications of gratitude for discreet lobbying before administrative agencies. As for Dodd and Watson, why not throw them to the wolves? They could have been replaced. And they could get other jobs, couldn't they? No one would take Dies Committee condemnation seriously.

Well, these voices of prudence may be right. Caught as we were in this frustrating, exasperating diversion from our proper and—we thought—important war activities we wondered often where our responsibilities really lay. If the essence of politics is compromise, were we not playing an impossible role in adhering resolutely to fair play and principle? What is the proper relation of bureaucrats to politicians, of administrators to the legislature?

(*A lifelong practicing Catholic, Mr. Doherty studied Argentine nationalism while serving with the BEW and FEA in Argentina, 1943-44. See his statement in the Personal and Otherwise column.*)

THE CROSS AND THE SWORD

A Catholic View of Argentine Nationalism

GEORGE DOHERTY



ON SEPTEMBER 29th, the diplomatic conflict between Argentina and most of the other American governments reached a climax when the President of the United States, reaffirming earlier declarations by the Secretary of State, expressed deep concern over Argentina's repudiation of "solemn inter-American obligations," and noted the "extraordinary paradox of the growth of Nazi-Fascist influence and the increasing application of Nazi-Fascist methods [in Argentina] at the very time that these forces of oppression and aggression are drawing ever closer to the hour of final defeat and judgment in Europe and the rest of the world."

Like the President, most North Americans are puzzled by the Farrell government's effort to swim more strongly than ever against the political current which is flushing fascist political systems from most of the rest of the world. Even in countries like Spain which do not face military defeat the fascist ideology is losing its vitality, and the only concern of the Franco regime is to weather the storm by concession and compromise. Almost everywhere in the world, fascists are staying within doors and doing their best to distract attention. Not so in Argentina.

Argentina's behavior is exceptional because the present nationalist government

is not, as President Roosevelt and most other people in this country seem to think, mainly the product of Nazi, Falangist, or other foreign influence. Nor is it looking for an international bandwagon. The previous Argentine government, which was overthrown by a military coup in June, 1943, doubtless did view the Axis as an irresistible juggernaut, but the *motivation* of Argentina's foreign policy was radically changed by the 1943 revolution, though the policy itself remains essentially the same.

The change was this: motives of international opportunism, centered on neutrality, utilizing established Argentine grievances against the United States (such as our exclusion of Argentine beef), and nourished by German, Italian, and Spanish money and propaganda, were replaced by a dogmatic "Christian" nationalism given expression by men who consider that they are purging Argentine culture and political life of anti-Christian, anti-Argentine elements. These men are not conscious imitators; they are fanatically devoted to what they believe is an indigenous Argentine ideal. So far the war has helped rather than hindered them in their effort to realize this ideal; certain slight economic privations and pressures have been more than offset by enormous economic gains.

PRIOR to the 1943 revolution, Argentine nationalism was an intellectual movement which had gained relatively few adherents and no electoral success. Its followers were mostly upper- and upper-middle-class young men. With few exceptions, they were and are active Catholics who claim to be advocating a specifically Catholic ideal for political society. Actually, instead of being Catholic, their political ideal is pagan and anti-Catholic, similar in all important respects to the French movement which was an intellectual precursor of other contemporary nationalisms—the Action Française. Pope Pius XI condemned the nationalist ideal when in 1926 he condemned the Action Française. The shadow of this condemnation hangs over Argentine Catholic nationalism, though its followers do not see it.

For fifteen years these young men tried simultaneously to bring about a nationalist revolution and to revive Argentine Catholicism spiritually. The *mésalliance* was the more unfortunate because a revival *was* needed. Religion was the consolation of Argentine women, but almost no men except priests lived the sacramental life of the church. The vast majority of men were freethinkers, educated in public schools and universities without any religious instruction, and inclined to be anticlerical. Argentine culture was Catholic only superficially; the Argentine state was not a healthy Christian society.

Like the nationalist movement which encumbered it, the spiritual revival never got beyond the upper classes, in spite of the enthusiasm which was aroused among people of all classes when the International Eucharistic Congress was held in Buenos Aires in 1934. Practicing Catholics are still, strictly speaking, a minority in Argentina.

Proof of this is found in the unpublished results of a survey made in 1943 by the Archdiocese of Buenos Aires: it showed that only 13 per cent of the three million people in the city go regularly to mass, and only 7 per cent more go occasionally. Sixty per cent are nominal Catholics, who do not go to mass; very few even “die in the Church” (i.e., receive the last sacraments). Outside Buenos Aires, the percentage of practicing Catholics is probably

even lower. There is plenty of other evidence to support these findings. For example, an army chaplain reported that of twelve hundred soldiers in an army camp only twenty-five received the Eucharist at least once during the Lenten and Easter seasons, something to which all Catholics are bound under pain of serious sin. Catholic Action of Argentina, organized by the hierarchy in 1932 to promote the reconversion of souls through lay activity, has tried to foster the technique of reaching each class through its own members, but so far with meager success. It still has very few working-class members, and in a low-cost housing project which it operates, only 20 per cent of the hundred or more tenant families were practicing Catholics in 1944.

The nationalist leaders were ostensibly very devout but they were also tremendously interested in politics—specifically, in a political ideal which they identified with Catholicism. Most of them were associated in the *Cursos de Cultura Católica*, an institute founded in Buenos Aires in 1922 which offers free courses in philosophy and religion. Its governing board consists of twenty-eight of the most active and influential lay Catholics in Buenos Aires, and its director is the Auxiliary Bishop of Buenos Aires. Besides serving as a gathering place of Catholic intellectuals, whose works it frequently publishes, the *Cursos* sponsors public lectures, seminars, and associations or “corporations” of Catholic professional men. The members of its governing board have edited influential reviews, such as *Sol y Luna* and *Nueva Política*.

The literary output of these and other Argentine nationalist Catholic writers has been considerable, particularly in the past decade. In books and magazine articles they have formulated the political theory out of which has sprung the antidemocratic, fascist-type political movement which rules that country today.

II

HISTORICALLY (according to this theory or ideal), the culture of Argentina was Catholic and Spanish. But in 1853, when a liberal constitution and liberal

political institutions were introduced, this Catholic-Spanish tradition was betrayed and Argentina, along with other Spanish countries in which the same phenomenon was taking place, joined the European religious apostasy which had begun in adulation of classical paganism during the Renaissance, had found positive heretical expression in the Reformation, and had culminated in an anthropocentric atheism in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Most Argentine nationalist thinkers essentially believe that the extreme individualism of Rousseau and other philosophers of this last period poisoned the wells of all so-called democratic political thought and activity. To them, therefore, the conception of personal liberty embodied in British common law, in the Bill of Rights of the United States, in the French code of laws, and in Argentina's own constitution is incompatible with a Christian civil society. Their movement aims directly at eliminating these non-Spanish, liberal elements from Argentine politics and culture and restoring the country's pre-1853 tradition. Not the great democratic tradition of the Spanish priest-philosophers, Suárez and Vitoria, but the tradition of authoritarianism and violence, of Spain's autocratic kings.

But since no one ever knows exactly how to turn the clock of human history back, the political ideal they envisage also contains important modern elements, partly of their own devising but heavily influenced by similar movements of reaction in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany.

The new "Christian" society which they advocate would include among its most important quasi-traditional elements an active, ministerial service rendered the Church by the state, which would put all its temporal resources, including force, at the command of the Church for the suppression of religious error. This medieval notion of service is supplemented by another idea which never was accepted by responsible Catholic opinion or authority in the Middle Ages or at any other time: namely, that in its own purely temporal, civil business the state must be guided by the religious power because the latter has "all knowledge, human and divine." "Without the Church,"

says Father Julio Meinvielle, one of the leading nationalist writers, "the political government can do nothing because only from the Church does it receive lessons of wisdom."

THERE are other elements in the theory which are not even remotely derived from Catholic tradition. In the first place the nationalists' philosophy rests on the expressed assumption that the ordinary man, ignorant and uncultivated, is incapable of assuming political responsibility. For this reason even the choice of the form of government, which St. Thomas Aquinas—greatest of all Catholic philosophers—considered to reside in the whole community, must be left to "the good, the rich, and the wise" (nobles, men of property, and churchmen), or, as they usually put it, "the community hierarchically constituted." The people as a whole are permitted only to express their "tacit approval" of the choice.

Democracy—in the sense of giving the people active responsibility in the choice of the form of government and in the selection of rulers—is, therefore, not suited to a Christian society, these nationalists argue. To extend the people's responsibility to include universal suffrage seems to them a "bloody absurdity." Such democracy, they say, means the oppression of other classes by the populace, the "crowd," the "amorphous masses," men of "obscure birth, poverty, ignorance." By an egregious misinterpretation of the encyclicals of recent popes, particularly of Leo XIII, these nationalists hold all democratic forms to be, in practice, heretical and even un-Christian. Modern democracies, one of them writes, are "imbecile and degraded modern republics which the Church tolerates only because she must." The ideal form of government is an aristocratic or monarchical one in which the elite have absolute power, "free from the mechanical prescriptions of liberal constitutions."

In the light of this absolutist principle Argentine "Catholic" nationalists generally approved the fascist-type governments of Spain and Italy. They disapproved Nazism for its rejection of the primacy of the Church but approved it in relation to

the greater evils embodied—so they thought—in the liberal democratic states and in Russian communism. Essentially, the fascist-type society is Christian, they argue; when it attacks the Church it is a “friend accidentally gone astray.”

In all the literature of the nationalist movement these ideas are repeatedly emphasized, and the prescription for the ideal state emerges clearly. One of the basic elements of the theory is that the state should employ violence “to bring about a complete harmonization of all the life of a society,” “to avoid communist chaos,” to overcome “several centuries of bad public habits and the democratic conception of a licentious society.” The modern world being what it is, the employment of violence by the state has a “penitential” quality; it is in the nature of punishment for sin, the state acting as the agent of God. Cesar E. Pico, member of the governing board of the Cursos de Cultura Católica, speaks of the “kingdom that has been promised to the violent,” a grotesque misinterpretation of Christ’s words, “The Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence and the violent bear it away.” Violence is heroic and soldierly. Nationalist violence can cease only when all opposition and criticism is silenced; then, as one of the editors of *Nueva Política* explains, it will be “translated into a greater severity in the penal laws in contrast to the suicidal softness of the liberal state.” Catholicism, these writers insist, must unite with this violent nationalism.

If, in such an absolute state, the individual has any inalienable rights against the state other than those which he has as a member of the Church, those rights are not defined. The degeneration of the role of civil tolerance is the corollary of the exaltation of the role of violence. There is no definition of even a very restricted area within which speech, press, and worship can be free.

Of the minority groups to which the force of the state would be applied, the chief is, as might be expected, the Jews—whom the nationalists accuse of a truly diabolical effort to dominate the Christian world. This attitude toward the Jews deserves special attention because of its virulence and its radically anti-Christian

character. But the nationalists, in this respect as in others, feel that they are following a Spanish tradition, that of Ferdinand and Isabella and the Inquisition, and not simply the example of the Nazis.

The first chapter of a *Little History for the Use of Children*, published by the editors of *Nueva Política*, is entitled “The Catholic Kings.” It begins:

Their names were Isabel and Ferdinand. During their reign they had to battle against the Moors, and at last they put them out of Spain. They also put the Jews out, but they did not have to fight against them, because the Jews never fight: they prefer to wait to see who is going to win and then to offer their services to the victor and keep the greater part of their profits.

Father Meinvielle’s popular book, *The Jew*, is a typical expression of the nationalists’ anti-Semitic nonsense. “If it has not yet arrived,” he says, “perhaps the moment is not far off when, if we do not wish to see the name of God proscribed, our temples burned, our priests reviled, our virgins violated by the rabble, it may be necessary to gird our loins and clutch the sword. If, through sentimentality or cowardice, we refuse to fight intrepidly, we shall have to live as slaves of a mad minority of Jews.”

III

THE revolution of June 4, 1943, gave the nationalists their first opportunity to put their political theory into practice. The revolutionary coup was not made by the nationalist intellectuals, but by a relatively small part of the army, less than ten thousand troops in all. But the nationalists greeted the revolution with enthusiasm, and it soon became clear that the program adopted by the government was their program. A simple working arrangement gradually developed, the nationalists supplying the ideas, the army the necessary force. Nationalists were given key posts in most of the ministries (under officers of the army or navy as ministers) and complete control of the one ministry which, from their point of view, is most important—that of Justice and Public Education.

It is the “Catholic” nationalists who have given the Argentine revolution what President Roosevelt calls its “Nazi-Fas-

cist" character. Their influence and participation in the government are what distinguish it from the military dictatorships of Vargas or Somoza or Ubico in other Latin American nations. At moments of crisis, they have won out over those military leaders whose purely opportunistic attitude inclined them to make a deal with the ever more successful United Nations.

When General Ramirez (who led the revolution and then became President) and his foreign minister, General Gilbert, broke relations with Germany and Japan in January, 1944, the nationalists had enough strength among other army leaders to force the resignation of both almost immediately. Thereafter it was not feasible to restore the ruptured relations, but the rupture could easily be nullified by not implementing it, and this has been the government's settled policy to this day. Argentine diplomacy under nationalist domination has sought to expand Argentine influence in other countries of Spanish origin through propaganda, economic pressure, and undercover intrigues with reactionary groups aspiring to imitate the Argentine nationalists' example.

THE record of the nationalists in the reorganization and management of the Argentine school system from grade school to university is particularly important for reasons which do not have to be spelled out to anyone who has observed the German experience. The Argentine people as a whole were neither strongly pro-fascist nor strongly pro-democratic. In a little over a year the nationalists have made a good beginning in changing this by indoctrinating the youth of the country in their political theory.

The first step was to intervene in and "purify" the universities and secondary schools. In all six universities, the rectors and the deans of the faculties were dismissed and new officers representing the government were appointed. Those appointed were with few exceptions nationalist intellectuals, men who in the ten years preceding the revolution had written innumerable books and articles setting forth the political theory of nationalism. These "interventors" (as they are called) imme-

diately began to purge their faculties of dissenters. A number of Argentina's most distinguished scholars were discharged without the pretext of any public word or act against the government, some simply because they were foreigners.

Many other professors were dismissed because, along with other distinguished Argentine civilians, they signed a manifesto calling upon the government to guarantee freedom of the press, to support the constitution, and to fulfill its international commitments.

As for the schools: on December 2, 1943, the Minister of Education instructed the heads of all educational institutions to suspend "any teacher who appeared to share ideals contrary to the social order" and to expel any student taking part in any propaganda against any constituted authority. Twenty-one teachers in Santa Fé province were permanently suspended because as members of a committee of the provincial association of schoolteachers they had prepared a statement for discussion at the association's convention which (1) reaffirmed belief in a free lay school as the surest foundation for democracy; (2) reaffirmed belief in the development of the individual child through modern educational methods; (3) rejected an extravagant nationalism in favor of a broad love of mankind joined with patriotism; and (4) urged that men who have contributed to the nation by peaceful labor in the service of science and learning be held up as models for youth as well as the military leaders. The convention itself was canceled.

On March 28th, all of the 40,000 primary-school teachers in the national schools were suspended pending a review of their qualifications. This suspension was lifted on June 4th, with the announcement that 348 teachers had been permanently removed; but it was reliably reported that the number was actually much larger, and included many Jews. A few grade- and high-school students, mostly Jews, were also permanently suspended from all Argentine schools, by decrees issued over the Minister's own signature, for alleged acts of disrespect toward the President.

On December 31, 1943, the government

decreed that the teaching of the Catholic religion be restored in the public schools. Previously, a federal law dating from 1884 had permitted religious instruction in the public schools by authorized ministers of the different religious sects, but only before or after school hours. Few public schools provided such instruction under the old law. The new decree declared that this law, by fixing unsuitable hours for religious instruction, had made the Argentine schools practically atheist, contrary to the intent of the constitution. The decree provided that in all the national schools the Catholic religion should be taught as a regular subject to all pupils except those of other religions whose parents manifested express opposition; to the latter, "moral" instruction was to be given. The teachers of religion were to be specially designated by the government and approved by the Church, and the programs and texts used were to be approved jointly by government and Church.

As the decree was administered, parents desiring their children not to be enrolled were required to appear in person and sign a special roll. The pressure exerted by this requirement was substantial, and in June, when classes had begun in all the schools, a priest of the Curia told me that 97 per cent of all students were enrolled in the religion classes in Buenos Aires, although—as we have seen—20 per cent of the population are not even nominally Catholic.

But the element of coercion is not the worst aspect of the new decree. So long as the nationalists remain in control of Argentine education the teaching of the Catholic religion will be linked with indoctrination in the political philosophy of nationalism. In the minds of the children of Argentina the two things, actually irreconcilable, will be identified.

THIS political indoctrination of the students requires, however, the prior indoctrination of the primary- and secondary-school teachers. Accordingly, a commission was appointed in July, 1944, to prepare plans for an *Escuela Superior del Magisterio*, to open in August. The decree setting up this school acknowledged the impossibility of giving all the teachers

a "training of classical type and national meaning," and so provided a required "program of cultural integration" for all teachers who aspire to occupy supervisory positions. To this minority would be entrusted "the spiritual conquest of the teachers under their supervision." Only the native-born were to be admitted.

On June 4th, in celebration of the first anniversary of the revolution, the school authorities were directed to hold special classes on a number of nationalist theses, including:

The Fatherland is always right.

Argentina has a liberating and teaching mission: It has an inalienable right to exercise a directing function in Latin America. Whoever denies this is an enemy of the Fatherland.

To be worthy of our traditional leadership we must live arrogantly.

The first of these is a perfect summation of the philosophy of nationalism in the sense in which Pope Pius XI condemned it in 1926, 1932, and 1938.

IV

SOME non-Catholic American liberals, reading this account of "Catholic" political activity in Argentina, may conclude that such a movement is the typical political expression or application of the Catholic religion. On the contrary, it can be shown that the antidemocratic elements in the Argentine position are based on neither the Catholic religion nor the most authoritative Catholic political philosophy, that of St. Thomas Aquinas. Those antidemocratic elements are derived from premises outside both the religion and the philosophy, with which they are irreconcilable.

The principles of the Thomistic political philosophy are broad enough to take account of varying historical circumstances. St. Thomas specifically said that all three classical political forms, monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, are in themselves potentially good; the question, therefore, becomes one of deciding which is best suited to the circumstances of a particular society and culture. This is absolutely incompatible with the Argentine Catholic nationalists' belief that democracy and democratic institutions are essentially heretical or atheistic.

These Catholics have no right to fail to discriminate between, on the one hand, certain atheistic philosophical conceptions which, however important a part they may have had in diffusing democratic ideas in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, were nevertheless accidental and not essential to those ideas; and, on the other hand, such institutions of modern democratic government as universal suffrage, constitutional liberties, and parliamentary representation. The basis of these institutions is not atheism or the idea that man is independent of God, but rather the belief that all men, created equal by God in His own image and likeness, have inalienable rights and a capacity for political responsibility. Faith in that capacity is usually accompanied by an effective interest, not ordinarily found in authoritarian regimes, in increasing the common man's political capacity through education and a higher standard of living.

Although Catholic political ethics does not exclude the conclusion that in certain circumstances an aristocratic class may be most competent to govern, it is nevertheless true that the nationalists' contempt for the lower classes, for the "masses," is incompatible with Catholic morality, with the Christian conception of man. That conception attaches more importance during this life to the essence of man and his potentialities than to differences between men.

MOREOVER, the question of the merits of popular government has to be discussed not in the light of some absolute standard of perfection, but in relation to practical alternatives. Regarded from this point of view, the full romanticism or sentimentalism of the Argentine nationalists' position becomes evident. They characteristically exaggerate the pitfalls of democratic government and ignore the possibility that an aristocracy may govern in the interest of the ruling class rather than the common good. Before the revolution the nationalists for a decade or more attacked democratic, constitutional government in Argentina and urged overthrow of that government by a minority group. In doing so, they assumed the ex-

istence of an aristocracy in Argentina, consisting of the best and wisest members of the community, descendants of the *hidalgos*, incarnating their virtues and ideals. They assumed that such a class could govern a modern state and secure the common good better than a democratic government. They wrote off completely, as a factor affecting the chances of securing peaceful, popular acceptance of an authoritarian government, the importance of the experience which the people had had with democratic government. Or, to put it more accurately, they meant to rely on the relentless suppression of criticism and the full utilization and control by the state of all the means of propaganda to counteract any popular disapproval.

All these assumptions and judgments are of a sort that no Catholic could reasonably derive from the condition of present-day Argentina, much less from his religion or its traditional philosophy. There is no real elite in Argentina in the sense of a potential governing class, set apart from the rest of the community, nor are there elements of one. Mere descent from a colonial Spanish family scarcely fits a man to govern, nor does the successful ownership or operation of a cattle estancia. Even if there were a real aristocracy, it could not possibly come to power except through the army, and any class which came to power in this way would find itself completely dependent upon the army.

This is what happened in 1943. The men who took power were army officers. They lacked even the experience of organizing and running a modern army in a modern total war. Their administrative experience had been meager. They were uneducated men, without any knowledge of civic affairs. Some of them may have been men of good will. But their basic claim to the right to govern lay in the possession of force—not much, but enough in a country in which individuals and lesser entities beneath the state are stripped of force. St. Thomas summarily rejected all tests of legitimate authority founded on the mere possession of force.

THE idea that even in their own purely temporal sphere the rulers of the state must be guided by the religious authority,

which is held explicitly by some of the most influential Argentine nationalists and implicitly by others, is without support in Catholic theology, and no Catholic political thinker of any stature has ever maintained it. St. Thomas specifically rejected it. He held that church and state are both perfect societies, each possessing within its own jurisdiction all the means necessary to attain its own end.

The position of the Argentine nationalists toward the Jews is opposed to Catholic theology and morals and to the explicit utterances of recent popes. The kind of racism which attributes to the Jews as a race the guilt of participation in a continuing, international conspiracy to dominate the world is a sin against justice; the evidence adduced to support such charges has been discredited again and again. People who persist in ignoring the widely publicized work of impartial and authoritative investigators in exposing such fabrications cannot even be presumed innocent in the matter. In this respect the Argentine nationalists, like some North American Catholics under the leadership of Father Charles Coughlin of Detroit, Father Edward Lodge Curran of Brooklyn, the editors of the *Tablet*, and others, have been recklessly unjust. And, like the American anti-Semites, the Argentines, when confronted by such Vatican pronouncements as that of Pope Pius XI in September, 1938, declaring anti-Semitism to be "a movement in which Christians can have no part whatsoever. . . . Spiritually we are Semites," or the Holy Office's condemnation of anti-Semitism in 1928, simply refuse to admit any guilt.

The notion that Jews are more in the power of the Devil than non-Jews is the racist heresy in the rawest, clumsiest disguise and is without any ground in Catholic theology.

The role assigned to violence by the Argentine nationalists, for use by the state in achieving its own political ends and assisting the church to the attainment of its supratemporal ones, as well as by the elite youth in their revolution of reaction, is utterly opposed to the Catholic conception of charity and to the peace of the community. Violence in the sense of the necessary, moderate use of force by the

state to defend itself is, of course, justifiable, whether through the execution of just penal laws or a just war. But the Argentine nationalists have exalted violence as a positive good; their writing is incitative and inflammatory. If the use of force in war or peace has to be advocated by Christians, the greatest pains must be taken to assure that it is justified and limited and the most moderate language must be employed.

Despite a careful reading of the bulk of the nationalists' literature I found not one serious attempt to show that the conditions established by Catholic moral theologians for a just revolution would be met by their movement. Nor was the approval of the world aggression of the fascist states accompanied by serious efforts to justify it in the light of the ethics of war. One leading writer, for example, in urging support of Germany against Russia, did not consider whether the conditions for a just war existed as warrant for the German aggression. This failure is enough to warrant a charge of grave moral irresponsibility against these men in their capacity as writers and intellectual leaders of Argentine Catholicism. And finally, St. Thomas and other theologians have always explicitly condemned the use of force to convert anyone.

V

ARGENTINE nationalism is based not on the Catholic religion but on the reactionary Spanish political tradition which in many Spanish countries powerful Catholics have wrongly contrived to associate with the Church, and on the nationalist theory of the Action Française. The task of getting rid of these parasites is a vitally important one for Catholics in all countries. Indeed, the hope of bringing the world back to Christ rests in part on the jettisoning of political baggage that conceals the face of Christianity from the modern world.

Many Catholics are prepared for and have already begun this task. Their preparation includes a magnificent application to the modern world of the political philosophy of St. Thomas, an application which is the joint product of many European and American thinkers. The de-

scription of the ideal civil society, as these Christian democratic thinkers envisage it, is in striking contrast with Argentine nationalism. A summary of it is an indispensable part of this article, which is written for the purpose of assisting, in some small way, in the realization of that ideal in the modern world.

According to Jacques Maritain, one of the foremost architects of the new ideal, the Christian society, whatever its historical setting, must conform to certain principles. First, it must be communal, in the sense that its end must be the common good rather than any individual good or the simple sum of individual goods. Second, it must respect and serve the supratemporal ends of the human person; it must foster "such a development of social conditions as will lead the generality to a level of moral, material, and intellectual life in accord with the good and peace of all, and positively assist every person in the progressive conquest of the fullness of personal life and spiritual liberty."

At the same time the new Christendom should belong to an essentially distinct type from that of the medieval world (or of any previous period of history) for the following compelling reasons:

1. History is fundamentally irreversible. Humanity passes beneath varying historical skies, heterogeneous in type, which create specifically different conditions of realization for the principles of culture.

2. Every period in human experience reveals new errors and new riches. Man's suffering is not useless; the errors do not have to be repeated; the riches discovered are meant to be exploited.

3. God has, as the two foregoing reasons indicate, a purpose and a design in history.

ACCORDING to Maritain, in his book *True Humanism*, the concrete ideal of the new Christendom, the Christendom the foundations of which we should now be building, should differ from that of the medieval world particularly—and this is in fundamental opposition to the Argentine nationalist idea—in abandoning the notion of a "consecrated" temporal civilization which would employ force in the serv-

ice of God and make the secular power available for spiritual ends (as in the punishment of heresy as a crime against the state). In other words we have no use for the idea of the Holy Roman Empire, the *Sacrum Imperium*, which was based on and imperatively demanded religious and philosophical unity, organic unity at the highest level in the life of the person, the spiritual. Nor have we any use for that other medieval ideal which postulated a "diversity of social races," i.e., an essential, rigid, hereditary differentiation between social categories on which the hierarchy of the temporal authority was based—the very "community hierarchically constituted" which the Argentine nationalists wish to shore up and maintain.

The new political ideal would, in contrast to the medieval, be secular, not consecrational; autonomous, and not instrumental or ministerial with respect to the church. This would be in keeping with a state of the world from which spiritual unity of any kind is notably absent. Collaboration between church and state would be accomplished by moral influence, the state assisting the church in its temporal mission not with coercive force but by integrating such Christian activities as charity, for example, in its own temporal work. The central idea of the new Christendom would be not God's holy empire over things, but the holy freedom of the creature whom grace unites to God. It would grant the fullest possible measure of autonomy to diverse social groups. It would take into account the differing, more or less defective, yet actually existing moral ideals of the various spiritual groups, partly in order to avoid the ruin of the community's peace and the disintegration of consciences, but primarily out of respect for free human nature and to protect the community's "reserves of spiritual force."

Above all, the dignity and freedom of the human person, "as a spirit able to be instructed from above by God," would be upheld. Civil tolerance of varying ways of worship, ideas, and modes of behavior would be rigorously maintained (provided only that these did not positively injure the well-being of the community), and the rights of conscience would be respected. There would be freedom of expression,

subject only to justice and a progressive self-regulation. The law would be the pedagogue of liberty, its supreme value the sacred vocation of the human person for spiritual accomplishment.

On the positive side the new ideal would envisage a unity not of creed but of direction or orientation. It would be based on a common aspiration for a common life in better accord with the temporal and spiritual interests of the person, a unity of friendship in the performance of a practical common task. The new Christendom would thus imply maximum unity and co-operation between Catholics and non-Catholics, Christians and non-Christians; but it would be a unity requiring no sacrifice or watering down of the Christian position, the full and effective statement of which would, in fact, along with the moral influence acquired by the example of Christian lives, be the basis of Christian leadership in the community. Catholic conceptions of civilization would not be imposed authoritatively from above; their rightness would be demonstrated practically and experimentally from below, by men marked out for power by energy and ability.

At the basis of all political authority would be a "fundamental equality between leaders and led; an equality of opportunity; an aristocracy of work; an elimination of hereditary categories of blood or money; a primacy of quality over quantity and work over money, of human over technical means, of common service over individual enrichment."

The space limitations of this article preclude quotations from other Catholic democratic writers, but the list is long and representative. Among the most distinguished leaders of Christian democratic movements are Father Luigi Sturzo, the former head of the Christian Democratic party in Italy, whom Mussolini exiled in 1926 and

whom the Protestant review, *Social Action*, quite properly called "one of the world's great democrats"; Georges Bidault, present French Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, ex-president of the National Resistance Council and former editor of the Paris daily *L'Aube*, and José Aguirre, Basque President until Franco's victory. In this country both leading Catholic reviews, the *Commonweal* and *America*, and even specialized publications such as the *Thomist*, the philosophical review edited by the American Dominican fathers, and the University of Notre Dame's *Review of Politics*, have contributed largely to the definition of the ideal of Christian democracy.

It is this Christian ideal for civil society, so unequivocally opposed to the ideal of the Argentine nationalists, which inspires most Catholics who are trying to contribute *as Catholics* to the reconstruction of civil society in France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Great Britain, and the United States, and probably also in Germany and eastern Europe. In Argentina this ideal has the support of a minority, though a small one, led by the distinguished Bishop de Andrea and the editors of the reviews *Orden Cristiano* and *Tiempos nuevos*. That minority is strong both in the intellectual and moral quality of its leadership and in its closeness to the people of Argentina. Bishop de Andrea has done more than any other Argentine Catholic not only to improve the economic and political condition of the lower classes, but also to convince them of the practical possibility of a Christian democratic society which will assign to them a dignified and not a servile role. But the old ideal—the one compounded of Christian and viciously anti-Christian elements—is riding high in Argentina today and has its followers in other lands. It is a tough and dangerous one, and it will not easily die.

(*Max Miller, author, journalist, and Navy veteran of World War I, has been serving as a naval officer since 1942 and took part in the invasions of both Normandy and southern France.*)

THE FAR SHORE

The Navy at "Omaha" and "Utah"

MAX MILLER

Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R.



RED poppies did not grow in this American cemetery, but daisies did. They were not the little daisies which we know at home. They were white daisies, tall with a broad diameter, and they had been growing wild here long before our sailors and our soldiers arrived on the Far Shore.

The road up to the cemetery was American-made. The road swung up the ravine from the sea, took a sharp turn to the left, then entered what once could have been a pasture. The ground was the highest around there, and in one direction, slightly to the left looking out over the Channel, was England. But beyond England, and in somewhat the same direction, was the sweetest land there is—and out of sight, of course, except in our mind's eye, which, after all, is the truest eye.

We who were not among the dead in this cemetery did not quite know what to think or to say about those who were. The time, as we remember, was too soon for that, and too soon for words to be carved in bronze.

For even then, even as we worked from ship to shore and up the hill, more American sailors, in sea-drenched dungarees, were being carried in trucks up the steep road which turned so sharply to the left. A sea-soiled tarpaulin was their shroud,

and their boots reached out under the edge of the tarpaulin. The boots moved with the jar of the truck.

White crosses were being made in a nearby toolshed, hundreds and hundreds of white crosses. But the cemetery as yet did not contain crosses. The graves for the time being were marked with sticks, and marked with names and with whatever personal material was available such as dog tags, canteen kits, and trinkets like tobacco pouches. We could only feel what we were thinking; we could not say it.

For without these men there would not have been this beachhead. There would not have been this fantasy ashore of bulldozers, cranes, half-tracks, trucks, tanks, artillery. There would have been instead another Dieppe. But already, and partly because of these men, the front lines had moved miles away from the beachhead, and ultimately this same beachhead would extend to Berlin. The cemetery, though, would stay exactly where it was—the beginning. And in the international dog-fights certain to follow, whether for the good of America or not, the only possible motto above this cemetery seemed at the time to be: "Theirs not to reason why . . ."

The fields and hedges around the cemetery were still loaded with enemy mines,

as indeed were most of the fields and hedges elsewhere, as indeed too were the shore waters. The orchestral refrain throughout the days and nights remained the sharp refrain of mines being discharged deliberately or accidentally. Always and everywhere this refrain continued, and more trucks would move up the stiff grade toward the cemetery, taking the sharp turn to the left.

If ever in future years orators from our country should visit this beachhead memento their talks should not be accompanied by the pattern of slow music. The talks should be accompanied by the sharpness of exploding mines. Sailors do not die to orchestral music.

FAR SHORE" as a designation has come to mean more today than it did then. For today we have so many Far Shores which, though they may be called by more specific names, are nevertheless Far Shores in spirit to all the Americans based upon them.

But in those days the Far Shore meant the particular beaches of the Normandy invasion, the beaches which we referred to as "Omaha" and "Utah." The names had been code at first, and secret. Yet in a short time they came into such general use that all over Normandy one could see American-made road signs pointing toward the beaches, naming them. An enemy would have had but to read these signs to know what they meant, and so they were not secret any more. Nor was there any need for secrecy.

Also the beachhead was becoming so developed now that the time was arriving when part of our Navy crews would be moving on to help establish another Far Shore somewhere else again, and much after this same pattern perhaps. For pinned to a post ashore was a small announcement, hand-scrawled, that, come a week from Saturday, a traveling all-masculine show would be given by the Ninth Air Force. A show! An entertainment with music! The beachhead no longer could be considered headline news, then, as it had been but a few days previously.

The headline correspondents had moved on, leaving us still here with the drabber

work of carrying on, moving merchandise, mountains of merchandise, mountains of ammunition, from ship to shore.

Yet that seems to be the way of it with all beachheads. They are like some fantastic traveling circus which opens with what should be the finale, but which continues then with the less spectacular acts on down to what we were doing now. So already some of us of the Navy were wondering where next we would go, where next our show would open.

II

IN YEARS to come, if we are allowed to construct a Navy memorial on the Far Shore, it need not be of admirals necessarily nor of statesmen. The statue can be of an American smallboat-boy. For the hurricane which followed D-day was so severe and lasted so long that the Americans already ashore easily could have been left stranded there, devoid of the material it takes to keep moving or even to hold one's own, if the smallboat-boy, riding out that four-day storm, had not continued bringing the wounded back from the beach, and the ammunition and supplies in to the beach, at a time when the larger vessels were being smashed into the sand by waves which tried their best to wreck the whole enterprise. The smallboat-boy as much as anybody won that lengthy battle for the storm-stricken Normandy beachhead of Omaha.

Neither the landings at Salerno nor before them the landings at Sicily had been favored by good weather. The seas had kicked up at both places, and the smallboat-boy had gone through his initiation then. But in neither place had the seas caused all the wreckage they caused at Normandy—wreckage which still littered the beach for weeks after the hurricane had spent itself. Military secrets in the form of grand inventions were flung around and made useless. What were to have been portions of a perfect artificial harbor, floated piecemeal across the Channel, became instead ugly debris. But through it all the smallboat-boy operated regardless, often being under the waves as well as on top of them. He would be everywhere, alongside the tossing supply

vessels and then ashore trying to dodge 88's. And many a smallboat-boy didn't succeed in dodging them.

So his statue on the Far Shore—a statue which must forget all prettiness—should show him as he was then and as he still is. He need not be represented as of especially noble or romantic appearance, and his clothes should be devoid of what customarily goes for Navy regulation. He should be of high school age perhaps, or just about to become a college Freshman. Also his statue must include his smallboat, and the boat must be grimy both inside and outside, with a hull bearing the bumps of many batterings, and with some bullet holes. For during those days and nights his smallboat was the only home he knew.

His craft would vary from an LCM to an LCVP or to anything small which could be beached quickly, then backed away again before the 88's, from their pill-boxes along the cliff, could get adjusted on him. The usual time required for the adjustment of these guns was four minutes. This meant that the smallboat-boy would try to accomplish each beach assignment inside of three.

He and his one or two helpers would leap ashore from the smallboat, unload the ammunition required, then try to make a run for it off the beach before their three minutes were up. Being too busy to look at their wrist watches, if they had any, the boys tried to learn their timing automatically. Yet often the breakers of the storm upset all timing. Also there would be the wounded to be picked up before the next surf could get to them.

Any number of smallboat crews, after running into a mine, never did get together again or never did know what happened to one another. Some might be picked up by one boat and taken to a vessel returning back across the Channel. Others might be picked up with all memory knocked out of them, and with no knowledge of where they belonged, to what unit or what mother ship. "Where is Lanky Martin? Lanky was with me. Where is he now?" And nobody would know, or possibly could know. The sea is different from land. The sea sometimes never does tell.

Compared to our memory of the peace-

time coxs'ns who, in their radiant whites, were the triumphant little masters of admirals' barges or of captains' gigs, the coxs'n of a small landing boat today reminds one almost of some urchin about to be dragged off to a reform school. His manners are those of a tramp. He would as soon say "Hi-yuh" as to say "Sir." But if you need cigarettes he most likely will have some, and they most likely will have been swiped from off the last vessel which called him alongside, for that matter the Admiral's own flagship.

Larger vessels have become skilled in kidnapping smallboats and their crews, and in keeping them running errands for the larger vessel throughout the day, the night, and the next day again. Should the smallboat-boy say, "But we belong to another vessel," he might as well say nothing at all. The last orders, no matter from whom, are always the orders to obey. Wherewith he becomes an orphan; for when finally he is released to "go find your own mother ship, then," his own mother ship may be far away, or nowhere around, or back across the Channel for another load. But one thing is certain: Whether an orphan or not, the smallboat-boy has no chance to count on idleness. Another vessel will hail him, and away he will go again.

At first the new vessel may treat him and his crew fine. They even may be invited aboard for a meal, they even may be given candy, they even may be given, of all things, a bath. Yet it all amounts in the end to the same thing, a fickle courtship at best. But the smallboat-boy himself is partly to blame for this. He is likely to assume at first that his welcome is serious, and not merely for some errands to be done. He is likely to lord it around a little in the galley. Having by this time no other home he is not above thinking, "Well, they really do like us here. We'll stay."

Between trips to the beach for the vessel, or between trips for the vessel to other vessels, he'll begin to count on regular meals back aboard her, and on more candy bars. But there comes a time when the newly adopted vessel, her duties for the time being completed, suddenly will ask of the smallboat-boy what the hell is he doing

coming back alongside and coming aboard and what the hell is he doing with all those goddam canned peaches. . . .

III

WHAT is amazing about an invasion beach is the speed with which it becomes another America transplanted. The first landing craft to land successfully brings a part of America right with her. And this little part, acting like a transplanted offshoot, takes root on its own and grows and spreads. Any foreign influence remains negligible. American habits and American goods and American language take over the place completely, asking favors of none, and dependent on nobody else. This was especially true of our beaches on Normandy with their good old American names of Omaha and Utah.

This war has not been a romantic war, as we know, and certainly not a picturesque one in the sense that one really enjoys oneself in foreign places even while on brief liberties. Bombings have had a lot to do with this, of course, especially in comparison with the other war. (As a sailor said, looking at the crumbled walls of a Norman village, "We've sure liberated the hell out of this place.") Today the natives everywhere seem just too all in to make even a pretense at that gaiety which at least was assumed in some foreign cities during the other one. London certainly has been no place where the war could be completely forgotten by a man on liberty. Nor is this war likely to produce another "Mademoiselle from Armentières." Nor another "How're You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?" For the old farm looks better and better the more one sees of these burned-out foreign places.

Time, which always can be depended on as a great forgetter, may through the years produce in the minds of these young sailors pictures or illusions of grand occasions in foreign lands. But from what we have seen so far, these grand occasions will all have to be quite illusory. Of home is what the boys were thinking, and always.

The beach was as American now as it could be. Yes, the beach was American, but it was not home. But all of the crates

bore the names of home just the same. The sailors, while unloading, would look at the stenciled stamps showing where the material was crated and packed, and would say: "Holy God, my town."

EVEN the roads leading away from the beaches became within no time at all more American than foreign. The traffic was more compressed, as one officer described it, "than the traffic to the Pasadena Rose Bowl game," although somewhat suggestive of it. The traffic cops (our own people) were there not only to direct traffic but also to answer questions and also to keep everything on the roads moving, moving, moving. The familiar American-made signs could have been lifted from our own highways: "Detour Left: Road Under Repair." Or there would be that most familiar sign of all: "Men Working." And they would be our own American road-repair gangs pouring on steaming asphalt just as they do at home, and rolling it with American steam rollers just the same as at home too. The scenes were all so familiar that one almost could forget that each of these items, from the asphalt to the rollers, from the road signs to the shovels, had been but a few days ago aboard one of our vessels and had been taken across that same beach sand.

Some day it may be explained how it all was done, and so quickly, and so thoroughly. For somebody somewhere certainly should have forgotten something, the same as somebody always is certain to forget something needed on a camping trip.

Yet here was everything from miles of American telephone wire to tons of insulators to put it on; everything from miles of fuel line to all the fuel which goes in it; everything from dust glasses to occupational currency; and beyond all that, everything with which to dislodge an enemy which for years had been fully preparing itself not to be dislodged.

THIS is why our beaches of Omaha and Utah, the scenes of all this transition, were becoming more sacred to us the more we thought about them, or about what was passing over them. For in the beginning, or before all this happened to them, the

beaches must have appeared quite ordinary beaches. The sand was very soft in places, the same as with most beaches.

The cliff of Omaha could have been an ordinary cliff overlooking the sea until the enemy, with pillboxes and mines and barbed wire and underwater obstructions and big-gun emplacements, had transformed it through the years into a lengthy fort deliberately designed for a holiday of slaughter. The enemy's 88's had a sweep over each inch of that sand.

And beyond all this, and in every field, and sticking up like sawed-off trees, were the rows and rows of posts for destroying our aircraft, our gliders, and our paratroopers. No, it had not been an accident that all these had happened to be right there—the enemy waiting, and maybe hoping.

All of which may have accounted, too, for the bewilderment of the natives, the Normans, who for so many days and weeks afterward did not seem quite certain that we had really landed or that we were really there to stay. They did not seem quite certain, in fact, until our lines had moved down into Brittany.

But by that time the Normandy roads had another distinct American touch to them. We could not classify the familiar sign, "Mines Cleared to Hedges," as a distinct American touch, of course, although in a manner the sign did correspond to our own familiar "Soft Shoulder." But the distinct touch alongside the roads was the gum wrappers, the candy-bar wrappers, the cigarette stubs, the empty cigarette packages, and the lost run-over garments hanging on telephone poles awaiting an owner.

But as for places to visit and forget the war, we had none. In this respect Normandy remained no different from anywhere else. As Americans we still had to remain self-sufficient among ourselves even as to what we did during our few off hours. There came a time, for instance, when part of our crew was granted a few hours of what was called "liberty." This was after the brunt of the landing business was over, and those who had been granted the few hours' liberty spent it by sitting on the beach looking out at their own vessel, and waiting to return to her again.

PROVIDING any of us could trump up "official business" for visiting the front lines, we certainly did not have far to go. For the lines, in a strangely zigzagging manner, extended from our beachhead to all the back country. Nothing could come ashore for the fighting which did not come over our own beach sands. And the situation remained this way not merely for days, but for weeks and months.

But what about Cherbourg? you might ask. Ah, that Cherbourg. When we are all much older than we are now, the last mine may be lifted from there. For all this while Cherbourg, though ultimately taken in a sweep from shore, remained not only a mined harbor but a harbor so satanically mined that one minefield rested on another, and then another, and each mine a trick one. The song of Cherbourg remained the staccato song of mines going off, and of sweepers going down.

We could go to Cherbourg, and some of us did go to Cherbourg, but our own beaches continued to be the life source for all our people. So in after years as we look back upon our days there, back upon the cliff of Omaha and back upon the exceptionally deep sands of Utah, we may attach to them a romance which we did not bother to feel at the time. But somebody first, of course, should write a poem about it, and not a silly one. For the kids who died there sorely need a Tennyson.

As it is now, even the latrine which was built later at Omaha should be saved for posterity. This latrine, high on the cliff, was a beautiful place. It had a roof of fresh clean lumber as shelter against the Normandy rain, but all else about it was open to the wind and the view of the sea. Up here we could view the mileage of all that was going on with the beach below, and from up here too we could discuss and contemplate, and could look toward the far-off direction which was America.

IV

FROM having looked at war maps so long, all of us could have the impression that the front line was something definite—a line—and that on one side of it were the Germans and on the other side of it the Americans.

But in Normandy at least this most certainly was not the case, a fact which could lead to embarrassment whenever Navy officers on duty had to go inland in search of some ever-changing Army headquarters.

For in much the same sense that the front had no definite line, neither is there a definite line between the Army and the Navy during the taking of a beachhead, or even afterwards. Their work is all interlocked ashore as well as afloat, and has to be, and this is the reason the Navy had units ashore living in pup tents or foxholes or whatever could be arranged. They would be living much as the surrounding soldiers were living, and would be talking much the same language. A Navy man in a tin helmet and slicker appears little different from a soldier in a tin helmet and slicker. Their equipment ashore is much the same, too, with kits and blankets and K-rations; and the whole thing becomes an amphibious war for a fact—and has to be. Each is so dependent on the other that, with victory or defeat involved, nobody seems aware of any oddity in the situation. For there is none.

It was quite easy, then, for Navy officers occasionally to find themselves in the middle of land fighting even after the so-called front had been pushed miles inland from the original beach. They would be riding along in a jeep looking for some Army headquarters or for somebody, and the only indication that maybe they had ridden on a little too far would be that the roads would suddenly become devoid of their customary traffic of trucks, half-tracks, artillery, and the rest of it. At least the roads did not contain such signs as: "You Are Now Entering the Front Lines." There would be no indication whatsoever, other than what seemed the sudden absence of everybody. For everybody had taken cover.

If in an inexperienced way you began to think, "Ah, fine, I'm at last out of traffic. Now I can step on 'er a little," you could keep right on going—into the Germans.

Of course you would be hearing explosions. But they would not necessarily mean anything, for you had been hearing explosions all the time anyway. You had been hearing them since the first day you

hit the beach, and a world without explosives going off somewhere, or passing overhead somewhere, would seem more odd than a world of silence.

But if this experience of driving into a no-man's land can happen to Navy personnel it also can, and also has, happened to newly arrived Army officers. Many are the stories they told about it in Normandy, and all of them rather simple. One major, for example, told of his first day when he was riding along in his jeep. A soldier, sitting in a ditch, gestured toward the jeep as if asking for a ride. The Major stopped. The soldier, still sitting in the ditch, said to the Major conversationally: "Sir, right ahead of you over that knoll is a pretty good 88."

"Thank you," said the Major, trying to hold down his surprise. "Thank you very much."

THE terrain of Normandy had a good deal to do with all this deception as to who was who and where was where, especially in the sectors where the Americans did their fighting. The war there, as we recall, could have been called "the War of the Cow Pastures." It was a case of moving from one pasture to the next, each field being surrounded by immense hedges and even trees. It was, indeed, a checkerboard war, except that the hedges were played instead of the open squares. Nobody near the front wanted to stay out in an open field despite the loveliness of its green grass.

These green fields, surrounded by their hedges, could have been in Indiana or Wisconsin. The colorings and the foliage seemed the same; all of which added to the incongruity of American youngsters fighting there. It seemed so much like fighting in some of their own home fields, the same fields where not so long ago they used to be hunting quail or playing Indian. And yet it was all so damnably different. At night our patrols crawling through the hedges would meet enemy patrols doing the same thing in the darkness. Only this time nobody was playing Indian.

From the observation outposts we could look through the glasses at more and more hedges, and from these hedges, we knew, the enemy were looking at us. We did not

have to see them to know they were there. If trenches are remembered from the other war, then hedges will be remembered from the War of the Cow Pastures in Normandy.

Little trenches sometimes would be dug in or around the hedges, of course. But they were not the elaborate trenches of the other war, and most of them had been dug by the Germans while preparing for us.

Through one of the hedges, as we looked through and across to where the Germans were concealed, a sheep lay dead a few yards away in the field in front of us. Sheep and cattle and horses became another way of determining how close one was to the front. In the same manner that the absence of traffic was an indication on the roads, the behavior of stock was another indication in the meadows. If the stock was not grazing the stock was dead. And if the stock was dead, it meant that the field was still too hot in the fighting for the natives to risk going out right then and turning the stock into meat for the cottage table.

Next to our dead sheep in the field lay another sheep which was not dead but which had received a broken leg from enemy fire. Periodically, as we watched, the sheep would rise on three legs, nibble at grass a little, then lie down again. The wounded sheep continued doing this, but we could do nothing about it.

"Maybe tonight I can shoot it," the Army lieutenant said. He was in charge of the observation post. "But if I risked shooting it now, in no time flat we'd have hell blazing over at us. And I wouldn't like that either."

So the wounded sheep, so close to us, continued rising on three legs, nibbling a little, then lying down again.

The Army lieutenant, though, had had good luck that same morning. Through his special glasses he had ferreted out the position of a lone German battery among some distant trees. German firing was hard to locate because of the unusual smokeless powder used. But the lieutenant had ferreted out this one, and had relayed the range back to our guns so perfectly that, as he said, "The results were as beautiful as a keg of beer."

He asked us what it was like to be on a ship in battle.

"God," he said. "I'd hate to be fired at on a ship. God."

So that's the way it goes, perhaps, and has gone these several hundreds of years.

V

OUR vessel became one of the most locally recognized of all the vessels anchored off Omaha beach, and there were times when we wished she could have been a little more modest.

Her name was the *Eleazer Wheelock*, and she didn't go anywhere. She stayed anchored off that beach while other vessels arrived and departed throughout the days and nights. At first she had been just another Liberty ship riding at anchor amid a hundred other Liberty ships. But things began happening to her.

From being a supply ship she later became both a supply and receiving ship. This should have been enough. But one morning her invasion-stained hull was branded with the hugely painted letters NOIC (Naval Officer in Charge). And from that hour on, life aboard her was like running an information booth, being a train dispatcher, and operating a lost-and-found department.

It was not that she was so important, or that the invasion could not have taken place successfully without her. It was merely that, by the rule of things, she more or less became the fall guy, and without portfolio. Other vessels had a lot more to say about things than she had, but rather wisely they had refrained from being branded with the huge NOIC, each letter the size of two men, one standing on the other's shoulders.

NEVERTHELESS she was not devoid of her compensations, and one of these was the opportunity of letting all stray thoughts catch up with one while staying aboard handing out supplies.

For all invasions, as previously mentioned perhaps, are followed by a psychological letdown. The Navy's work continues to be severe and laborious, as would be expected with whole armies having to be supplied over the sand, and without bene-

fit of piers. But just the same it more or less jiggles itself down to night-and-day routine.

The Navy's beachmasters, being in touch with Army headquarters, continue with their work of signaling out to the master ships what goods are needed next ashore, and the vessels bearing these goods continue being given the priority to get unloaded—and fast. The needs continue to be for more tanks perhaps, or the next for more ammunition, or the next for more food. Yet from the orders relayed out from shore, one soon can learn to tell how the progress of battle is going.

The indication usually is good, for instance, when the next need is for telephone wire, more and more telephone wire, for this means that the Army is advancing, and that its lines of communication have to be extended instantly. The same may hold true when the call is for more and more jeeps. But whatever it is, the lucky vessel bearing the needed cargo is given the priority for unloading, and the lucky crew in turn sees a chance for returning to some base with maybe a few hours or so ashore. Some loaded vessels had remained at anchor almost as long as the *Eleazer Wheelock*, while others had gone back and forth across the Channel several times.

IN ADDITION to her other duties the *Eleazer Wheelock* also served as a sort of a hotel ship. That is, when Navy personnel had nowhere else to stay the night, either when returning from shore or arriving from Britain, they knew they always could stay aboard the *Eleazer Wheelock*. Or at least they assumed they could.

For this reason, among the *Eleazer Wheelock's* compensations was the interest to be found in waking up in one's berth wondering who the hell was sleeping in the bunk above or in the bunks over to one side. Strangers of all ranks would come aboard, would dump their belongings on the deck of the general stateroom, then would climb into any bunk there which at the moment did not happen to contain anybody else.

This particular stateroom was not lavish. It contained no porthole and no ventilating system and no chairs, and it

was immediately off the crew's galley, and the galley remained open the night through because of the working parties arriving or departing with the smallboats.

But the nightly conversations roaring through from the galley—punctuated with the simple word which caused a novel to be barred in Boston—contained wisps of unanswerable statements:

"When I get back to the States everything will be new. It'll be like starting out with a new girl."

"Look here, goddammit cook, maybe my boots are muddy, but you shouldn't talk that way about the sacred soil of France."

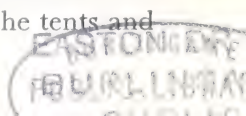
"Sure, it may be your cigar. I don't know. I just picked it up. But a cigar don't care who smokes it."

". . . when it's apple-blossom time in Norm-adee, I wanta . . ."

And so it would go the night through, one crew relieving another one with the smallboats, or else not being relieved, but stopping off in the galley just the same. Now, after the high pitch of the invasion excitement was over, and after the long months of build-up for it, monotony and homesickness were beginning to tell on officers and men alike. They had been drawn too fine, like a team nearing the end of a football season. But they were not nearing the end of it. Another invasion, we knew, was being built up somewhere else, of course. But we still did not know where. And then it would start all over again, the build-up, the climax, and then this again.

One Navy chief, though, thought of a different slant. "God, wouldn't it be funny," he grinned, "—wouldn't it be funny with all these invasions going on if we Americans started to *like* this sort of thing and would start going around like some of these other damn countries, looking for incidences? God, wouldn't that be funny! It'd sure be a joke on all the old folks at home."

THE shell-pitted shoreline, with its shell-pitted cliff, had changed by this time from resembling a magnified picture of the moon. If anything, the shoreline had come to resemble some early picture of the Nome Stampede, what with the tents and



all, and everybody plodding around in boots, and the perpetual rain.

Someday, sometime, there may be a war which is not fought in the rain, but this wasn't the one. For amusement, during an electrical storm, we could make quick little bets on which balloons would get hit next. The *Eleazer Wheelock* had lost her own balloon long ago. But we still had a lot of others around, and more kept coming in with each convoy.

When a balloon is hit by lightning the balloon does not explode in one puff. Rather, the balloon wiggles away in flames and continues burning as it drifts around before making its slow descent into the sea.

As for the many balloons ashore, we were told of a new order prohibiting anyone, except the caretakers, from so much as touching the cables or the windlasses. The order was issued, we were told, after something that had happened when two sailors had been granted a few hours ashore on liberty near a village. Having nothing else to do in that land, they had detached a balloon and strolled hand in hand with it above them through the street.

VI

SOON familiar warships were disappearing at night from their customary anchorage, and we could only guess where they were going. Something big was growing up somewhere. Officers, on returning aboard from temporary shore duty, were being handed new orders relayed from somewhere, and the officers would dive into their packing, saying good-by as they packed. Some were being transferred to other vessels to proceed by sea; others were being ordered to proceed by plane. Beyond this it was better that we knew nothing—except to expect our own turn.

When finally the orders come, the feelings one undergoes are a little akin to those a boy may feel perhaps when being transferred from one school to another one. He is positive he is leaving everybody he knows in the whole world, and that he never will have friends around him again like those he is leaving.

Under any given circumstances nobody can speak the feelings of everybody, natu-

rally. In the case of the Normandy beachhead, there undoubtedly were many who felt no nostalgic qualms whatsoever about leaving the place. In fact, they could have been, and probably were, mighty happy about getting away to new sights. But just the same we who received our orders were leaving something which we had watched being developed out of nothing. Or in this case, a minus nothing, a most terrible handicap of resistance before the actual developing could begin. But everything had been built up to clockwork now, even to the timetable of the planes departing from Normandy.

ONE routine of planes was for the wounded. We will remember these planes because of the way they used to appear to us when viewed throughout the day from the vessel. Their field was directly on top the cliff at Omaha. Each plane, on coming in or taking off from the landing field, would be silhouetted for us along the cliff's rim. So methodical were the landings and the take-offs that they could be timed by the second hand of one's watch. The day-long operations always appeared to us, when we watched from the sea, as if the plane which came in was the same plane which within the next few seconds took off again.

When we visited the field, though, this hallucination would disappear. We could see all the planes, then, and not merely the ones in the air. The landed planes as well as the ambulances would be drawn into their respective lines, each ambulance and each plane awaiting its turn. But not for long. Everything continued moving with a mechanical quickness. The first ambulance in line would move alongside the first plane in line, the patients would be transferred, and the plane would taxi away for its take-off. Yet this day-long sight had become so familiar during our weeks at Omaha that we no longer commented about it, or even thought about it very much. Everything was becoming the same way. What had once been a spectacle, or an experiment, was now routine.

Even the behavior of the patients had become routine and almost mechanical. The walking cases from the line-up of am-

balances usually would climb out of the ambulances and sit around on the ground while waiting. Their talk as usual was mostly of the affair they had just been in, the one in which they had been hurt. They would still be high-pitched about it, usually, as they talked, somewhat like boys momentarily out of a battering football game which they had not been enjoying at all. The stretcher cases were different. These boys would remain in their stretchers, bundled with blankets, and usually not say a word while being transferred.

Joined to this field for ambulance planes was the other field for passengers who were not wounded. But to reach this second field we, with our flight orders, had first to skirt the ambulance field. And now we were having our last look at it. But meanwhile the operations of the field had become so familiar to us, and so mechanical, that it seemed to have been in existence as long as we could remember. This was the way with a lot of things.

Even as we made our own take-off, and while circling for altitude, we could look down and see so many things which had been such a part of Omaha that, while down there, we almost had forgotten to notice them any more. They had become so matter of fact.

FROM the air we could see the cemetery, our last sight of it. The cemetery was a little larger now, a little more sprawled. And beyond, on another hill, was the same old Seabee camp with its black spots which meant foxholes, and its brown spots which meant pup tents, and its washings strung around in a futile attempt at drying.

Planted along the cliffs of Omaha we could see too, though not so clearly, the little specks which were the alphabetical letters *A, B, C, D*, and so on, each indicating a specific beach area. The painted letters had seemed gigantic from the beach and from the sea, but now from the air they hardly seemed like anything at all. These letters, strung along the cliff, had reminded us in a strange way of the markers for seating sections in a tremendous stadium. But now from the air they didn't remind

us of anything. We merely could see that they were still there, and that we were leaving them for good.

Gaining altitude we passed near Utah beach too, with all its sand dunes and its flatness. The marshy interval between Omaha and Utah had been nicknamed the Mason-Dixon line, but nobody seemed to remember, or to care, how it had come by that name. But we did remember how the Seabees and other Navy personnel down there on flat Utah had tried to laugh off their foxholes and their pup tents by posting on them the names of elegant hotels. The effort had not come off very well; it had been too deliberate, a little too forced. Only when Seabees are spontaneous in their humor are they at their best.

Yet at Utah, even more than at Omaha for some reason, one could remain amazed at the ages of some of those old boys who had volunteered to this war their lifelong knowledge of machinery. Some of the men were gray-haired and some were bald, and always they were wet. After work, as they sat around their little fires on the sand cooking or drying, they looked more like veterans at a Gettysburg reunion than like what they were in actuality—definite participants in a most definite conflict. Indeed, one almost could expect to hear them start singing "Tenting tonight . . ." with everything in the past, and not in the blunt present.

Our planes moved on, passing Utah, passing another landmark of Normandy memories. In the inland distances we could see the same familiar clouds of smoke coming up from the trees and from the villages. Our guns were still at work there, pressing forward, always forward, but no longer could we hear them. After a while our plane swung away from the Normandy coast and rode into a Channel fog bank, and we had nothing to see, then, except ourselves.

Somebody in the plane asked somebody else: "Where you assigned to now?"

"I know what I'm assigned to, but I've yet to be told exactly where."

And this, in a way, could have been the answer for most of us.

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TRUCKS AND TRAINS IN BATTLE

The Story of the Transportation Corps in France

IRWIN ROSS



AT MIDNIGHT the train was completely loaded. Food, boxes of ammunition, gasoline, engineering equipment. The five-man crew was routed out of its pup tents. The engineer and fireman took their places in the cab, the flagman, brakeman, and conductor mounted the boxcars. The company commander pushed a case of K-rations into the cab.

"Where we off to?" the engineer asked. He was still sleepy.

"Never mind," the CO said. "Just keep going till someone stops you." He had only the vaguest idea where they were going. Somewhere up front, that was all.

Eighty-six hours later they were finally stopped, at a forward dump a few miles behind the armies. It had been a sleepless, harrowing trip. They had driven through the blackout without headlights, never knowing what loomed round the next bend. Tracks sagged dangerously when the cars passed over newly filled-in bomb craters. Snipers fired at them as they entered a tunnel. Planes strafed them. Three times they were halted by trains stalled ahead of them. Twice they stopped for lack of coal, and once for water. For fuel, they chopped up cross-ties found along the track, and for water, pressed a civilian fire pump into service.

This train ride through France epitomizes the story of military transportation

in Europe. Operations in rear areas are better organized, but up forward improvisation to meet the hazards and vicissitudes of combat remains the invariable rule. It could hardly be otherwise, for from the morning of June 6th onward, the Transportation Corps in the European Theater, commanded by Major General Frank S. Ross, has been saddled with a transport job that in size and intricacy has no parallel in military history.

It is a truism that supply lines are the lifeblood of an army, and supply lines, pre-eminently, mean transportation fully as much as matériel. You must have the stuff, but you've got to move it before it does any good. Long before D-day, the Germans were probably reconciled to a landing. But they banked on the assumption that at every stage of the campaign our supplies would lag behind the forward thrust of our troops, and that in the pauses for consolidation they would have time to regroup their forces, contain our advances, and move to the counterattack.

Supply became the key to victory. If we won the "Battle of the Build-up" on the Normandy beaches and if, later, we kept the armies supplied as they advanced, we could win the war. It is noteworthy that once our initial breakthrough occurred, the only points the Germans favored with bitter-end defense were the

ports—Brest, St. Malo, Calais, St. Nazaire, Le Havre. Their logic was incontestable: stopping the flow of supplies would stall our armies. But we were able to manage without these harbors, thanks to the fabulous artificial ports which were towed over from England to the Normandy beach-heads. In the first hundred days of the invasion a million tons of supplies and a hundred thousand vehicles were unloaded in Normandy.

Once the stuff was safely ashore, the ports and beaches had to be cleared. The supplies had to roll, and now the burden was tossed to the railroads and the trucks. Transportation Corps truckers and railroaders were plagued by demolished roads and bridges, inadequate communications, combat hazards that posed a host of operational problems—above all, they were prey to the capricious turns of battle and the unpredictable requisitions of field commanders.

II

BEACHHEAD operations exemplified improvisation on the grand scale. On the first day they arrived, June 8th, the TC men helped the Engineers clear the beach of wrecked landing craft and vehicles—they worked all day, under enemy fire from the top of the cliff. They swept the sands for mines. The TC men hadn't been trained for the job, but the Engineers lacked enough sappers. Somehow they managed to clear their working space, de-mine it, get operations started.

Small craft, barges, DUKW's (amphibious 2½-ton trucks) beached the cargo; then it was transferred to trucks, the trucks dispatched to dumps—and always there was the job of untangling endless traffic snarls, keeping things moving, keeping the cargo from piling up in unmanageable heaps on the sands.

The beaches were our greatest gamble, and sometimes our margin of safety narrowed almost to the vanishing point. DUKW's were sunk by striking submerged objects or mines. It was difficult to locate ships at night. Orders were frequently issued to go out and unload any vessel standing close by. Truck drivers had their problems: roads too narrow for

safety in the blackout, delays at the dumps because of shortages of personnel and equipment. And then, on June 20th, a storm of hurricane dimensions broke, imperiling the entire operation. One of the artificial ports was largely destroyed. All work had to stop for three days, and once the storm was over, the men again had to clear the beach of wrecked landing craft, barges, and cargo. But between June 6th and June 27th thousands of tons of cargo were unloaded, and the supply battle of the beaches was won. On June 27th, Cherbourg was taken.

The capture of Cherbourg had stood first on our list of objectives, but the Germans' stubborn defense had delayed us many days. When we did take it, we couldn't put it into immediate operation. The Germans had demolished all port facilities. First the waters had to be cleared of mines, the wrecks of sunken vessels removed, wharves repaired. But Cherbourg presented additional problems: its normal cargo capacity had to be steeply raised, for it had always been primarily a passenger rather than a cargo port. New wharves and railroad spurs were built, but in addition beach operations had to be duplicated—unloading onto barges and DUKW's, towing the barges in to shore. After the port was open for traffic, tonnage figures mounted week by week. By mid-October the other major Channel ports had been captured, but they were not yet operating to any appreciable extent.

III

GETTING the supplies across the Channel, safely berthed in port, unloaded, was only a beginning. They still had to move. The armies needed three staples above all else—ammunition, food, POL (petrol, oil, lubricants). Supply lines were relatively easy to maintain when the troops were bottled up in Normandy. The hauls were short, and the trucks could easily handle them.

While the field commanders fumed and fretted during the Normandy deadlock, the supply men enjoyed a welcome breather. They had plenty of time to accumulate huge concentrations of stocks. They won the Battle of the Build-up quite hand-

somely. But when the breakthrough came, on July 25th, it pushed forward so rapidly that all our supply plans had to be discarded and new ones improvised. It had been planned to "phase" supply dumps across France as the armies gradually progressed—that is to say, to build up sizable dumps behind the armies every time the troops scored a sufficiently sizable advance, in order to provision them for the next jump forward. The locations of the prospective dumps were carefully predetermined. But things didn't work out that way at all.

There was no time to build up great piles of matériel just behind the lines, for as the armies advanced a forward dump today was a deserted cow pasture tomorrow. Supply depots had to remain where they were, near the Normandy beaches and Cherbourg, and the transport line had to stretch farther and farther, but not thinner; if anything, the elastic transport line had to grow in girth as it was pulled out in length.

The railroads couldn't carry the burden—not yet. Thousands of miles of roadbed had to be repaired, damaged rolling stock put back in working order, new equipment mounted on rails. It all takes time. You can't improvise a railroad by waving a magic wand over a drawing board.

But you can improvise a truckline almost that quickly. Over the long hauls, trucks can't carry as much tonnage as rails, but they're the most flexible mode of transport. Except for airplanes, of course, and airplanes could never carry more than a fraction of the high-priority supplies needed by the armies in France.

There's nothing to loading up a truck, handing the driver a strip map, and flagging him down the road. During the first weeks of invasion, truck runs got under way in this slapdash manner. But as the theorists of the Transportation Corps' Motor Transport Brigade knew all along, trucking and railroad logistics are equally complicated. A host of problems arise. Road repairs have to be co-ordinated with convoy schedules. Otherwise trucks jam up behind the bulldozers. Preventative maintenance has to be kept up on vehicles—the price of neglect is constant breakdowns. And yet trucks must continually

be on the move, leaving little time for maintenance. This brings in another element—ordnance outfits, which must be readily available for emergency repairs. Delays stall trucks for hours and days.

Communication is a constant problem. The dumps have to be told when trucks are to arrive and what they are carrying, in order to have men and equipment on hand to unload and store the stuff. Fully as important is the matter of traffic engineering: routes must be clearly marked, road rules enforced—otherwise trucks get lost, traffic clots up. A half-dozen different operations have to mesh closely if a sixteen-truck convoy is to move three hundred miles to its destination, unload without delay, and get back quickly.

IN THE first few weeks after the Normandy breakthrough, it was impossible to improvise a trucking system fast enough. Road jams were chronic, vehicles broke down and never arrived, lost drivers wandered dazedly over the countryside. Convoys kept getting kidnapped. Looking for forward dumps, unsure of their directions, drivers were easy bait for outfits in dire need of supplies. It was a simple business to direct a convoy to the wrong dump, have it unload, and send it on its way little the wiser. The armies got their supplies, but the waste effort was frightening.

The problem rapidly came to a head as Patton raced across France. Patton used his supply trucks as troop transports, in order to keep the infantry moving up behind the tanks. This threw the entire supply burden on the Transportation Corps. A thorough revision of the trucking system was called for.

The answer was the Red Ball Express, born on August 24th.

A two-road highway network, stretching over northern France, was commandeered. Traffic ran one way on each road—convoys moved from Normandy to the front on one road, returned on the other. In the forward areas the highway branched out, one route serving the First Army, the other the Third. It was a terrific haul—up to a thousand miles round trip when the troops reached the German border—the biggest trucking op-

eration in military history, "four times as long as the Burma Road," the Red Ball people boast.

Red Ball itself is an old civilian railroad term, denoting priority shipments. Overnight the round red daub appeared on thousands of trucks, trailers, tank cars, wreckers, jeeps. Each vehicle had two drivers assigned to it. Sixty per cent of the men were Negroes.

Red Ball immediately instituted a standardized procedure for road operations, and vigorously enforced it. All trucks moved in convoy, each convoy commanded by an officer in a jeep following along in the rear—to watch out for stragglers. The trucks were spaced out at regular intervals, kept down to a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. This made for a steady, uninterrupted pace—and constant movement. Two MP battalions controlled traffic. Every couple of hours the convoys would stop for a ten-minute break, and if the men were lucky they would get doughnuts and coffee from a mobile Red Cross unit. Coffee was vital, for the drivers averaged twenty hours at the wheel, and without it they would doze off, start weaving back and forth—and crack up.

Midway between the dumps and the front was a huge bivouac area, covering several dozen square miles. A driver would bring his vehicle in from the dump, turn it over to his relief man, who would take it up forward. When the truck returned from the front, the first man would take over again for the trip back to the dump.

To keep the express line running in high gear, every technical contingency was provided for, every detail in the complicated logistical framework synchronized. Two Engineer regiments worked around the clock repairing roads and bridges. Repairs were carried on in close co-ordination with traffic control headquarters, to allow sufficient time between the passing of convoys. Red Ball ordnance crews, on the lookout for distressed vehicles, were on constant patrol. Repair shops and wreckers—huge steel cranes on wheels, to tow vehicles unable to move under their own power—were scattered up and down the road. The patrols carried a large assortment of tools and spare parts, but if a

vehicle could not be repaired within a few hours the driver would be issued a new truck. Engine trouble was the most common complaint—the motors had to take terrific punishment because of the lengthy hauls and scanty time for maintenance. Communication along the thousand-mile route was largely by means of radio—high-powered transmitters mounted in 2½-ton trucks. When a convoy left the dump, a message would go out to all stations along the route, giving details as to cargo, destination, and handling. Jeep couriers were also used.

Red Ball operations were planned down to the last detail, but combat has a way of disrupting even the most farsighted schedules. A few drivers got wounded, and the bivouac area had a chronic shortage of relief men to furnish the trucks which pulled in. Sometimes the same drivers had to make the entire trip to the front, keep going for three days with only as much sleep as they could catch during ten-minute breaks or while the trucks were being unloaded at their destination.

ANYTHING can happen while armies are on the move. A convoy of seven trucks picked up some engineering equipment. They were told to report to Chartres, to unload at the Engineer depot. They found the depot had moved, and were sent to find it—to Auneau, then to Puisieux. Once there, they discovered that the depot had pushed on again—off they went to a town 150 miles away, doggedly determined to get rid of their load. Finally they made it, unloaded the stuff, filled up with gas from a German tank car while listening to the sounds of the battle a mile away, and, as they departed a half-hour later, watched the German prisoners straggle by. They got back to their starting point eight days after venturing forth.

Drivers carried their rifles in their cabs, and frequently had to use them. Speeding through the center of Mortain, four trucks, manned by Negro drivers, were machine-gunned by ambushed Germans. The drivers fired back. One driver killed, one truck lost. Three gas trucks were strafed and bombed while unloading their tanks at a truckhead at St. Martin de Mandel. A convoy of thirteen gasoline

tankers had to get through Coutances to reach Patton's army. The town had been bombed into rubble and was afire. The trucks dashed through the streets, under a blanket of shooting flames, heedless of the danger—though a stray spark igniting the fumes could have blown up the whole convoy. Patton got his gasoline.

IV

WHILE the trucks kept the armies supplied, the railroads had time to organize their forces. Railway operations in the European Theater are the responsibility of the Second Military Railway Service, commanded by Brigadier General Clarence L. Burpee. He directs twelve thousand officers and enlisted men, most of whom worked for railroads in civilian life.

The first scheduled train run, between Cherbourg and Carentan, took place on July 11th, but the first three months of operations were essentially preparatory. By mid-September thousands of miles of single- and double-track line were in shape for traffic, and tonnage figures began to zoom. Only 137,189 tons had been hauled in the first three months; by the end of September the lines were carrying an average of 10,000 tons a day—300,000 tons a month. The rails were now doing more than Red Ball, with its 6,000 tons a day.

An elaborate organizing job faced Army railroaders when they reached the Continent. First, tracks, signal houses, marshaling and storage yards all had to be repaired before any operations could start. The Folligny yard in Normandy was a good example of conditions generally. For two years Allied bombers had smashed at the yard, raising havoc with German supply movements. Several times the Germans had repaired the damage, only to have it renewed. When the Army railroaders arrived, the yard was a nightmare of gutted cars, steel rods twisted in a hundred bizarre shapes, deep bomb craters so numerous that one merged into the other. All the railroad buildings, and most of the town, had been pounded into rubble. Parts of two buildings were left standing, and in these barren

hulks the railroad battalion that was to operate the line from Folligny to Le Mans set up shop. But before they could get to work they faced a massive job of grave-digging. The Engineers, busy repairing the yard, kept scooping up the bodies of dead German soldiers who had been buried after bombings. They had apparently been dumped into bomb craters, the earth tossed back over them, and in some cases the railroad track rebuilt over the common graves. Our men dug out all the corpses, reburied them, and then set about repairing the yard.

Since operations began on the Continent, the Corps of Engineers has rebuilt over 1,500 miles of track, erected a hundred bridges, set up marshaling yards, repaired water lines and coaling facilities. It has spanned the Seine, the Vire, the Oise rivers. One bridge was originally destroyed by our bombers, rebuilt by the Germans, demolished again by the RAF, and finally rebuilt by the Engineers.

Although the Germans had damaged a good deal of their rolling stock, much of it was salvageable. Captured railway cars were of French, Belgian, German, Czech, Rumanian, Polish make. Many of them had been damaged by bombing and shell-fire, but we put them to use. In the case of badly shattered gondolas, for instance, the sides were cut out, making them flatcars. Twelve locomotives captured in Cherbourg had been shipped to the Continent by the U. S. Army during the last war, later turned over to the French. The oldest engines found included Austrian small-switch 0-6-0's, stamped 1865, while the newest were marked 1944.

Near Paris we captured a German execution train, used to transport Jews to isolated country spots and asphyxiate them. The train consisted of sixty-five boxcars, each sealed tight by tar paper. The gas entered the car through a small pipe. No bodies were found, but the characteristic stench of corpses indicated that the train had recently been used.

Although captured railway stock has been an important asset, the bulk of our equipment came from the U. S. under a ferrying program that was declared fantastic when originally broached in 1942. Hundreds of steam and Diesel locomotives

were shipped to England, readied for operations, stored. What was really revolutionary was the prefabrication in the States of twenty thousand boxcars, gondolas, cabooses. They were manufactured especially for Continental railroads. The cars are smaller than American models; they have four wheels instead of eight, and a different coupling mechanism, which allows them to be used with captured stock. The knocked-down cars, like the locomotives, had been sent to England, assembled there by the same railway outfits that were to use them on the Continent, and, after the invasion had started, ferried across the Channel on barges, LST's and "seatrains"—ocean-going freighters especially constructed to carry railway cars.

GETTING rail lines and equipment into shape was a sizable job, but the biggest headaches came when trains began to move. The crux of the problem was this: The first trains were the most crucial, for they supplied priority cargo to armies on the move. They had to run long before complete railway facilities could be provided—there was no time to wait for communication lines to be installed, fuel and water points to be repaired or sidings to be rebuilt.

The trains moved on the heels of Engineer gangs—as soon as a section of rail was repaired, the cars rolled. When telephone lines hadn't been strung, jeep couriers dashed between dispatch points with orders for the trains. If a courier was knocked off by a sniper, the trains were stalled for hours. Some coal and water facilities had been left standing by the Germans, but most of them had been damaged or destroyed. Thrown on their own resources, our men foraged the countryside for timber. They dipped water out of ditches, streams, shell craters, and organized civilian bucket brigades. Sometimes there wasn't time to provision a train with all necessary equipment before it had to depart. In the blackout, when lanterns hadn't been furnished, the brakemen signaled with lighted magazines, the flames of cigarette lighters, or glowing cigarette butts.

Even after communication and fuel

and water facilities were installed, and regular schedules instituted, a maze of operational problems still continued to bedevil the railway outfits. The demands on the railways were so large that sometimes trains were overloaded, which caused them to stall. This necessitated cutting the train in half and pulling each section into the first available siding. The sidings were frequently far apart, and by the time the engine returned to pick up the second section, later trains—dispatched as frequently as every thirty minutes from the station—were piling up for miles down the track. The short-range solution was more sidings. But they took time to build. The long-range solution, in the case of double-track lines where only a single track was operating, was to repair both tracks—allowing more trains, and shorter ones, to run. This required even more time.

Finally, the accidents of combat inevitably disrupted the best-laid plans. Communications were a particular problem. Telephone contact frequently had to depend on a single line, strung by Signal Corps men under intermittent harassing by shellfire and snipers. German soldiers, caught in rear areas after the tide of battle had swept forward, frequently cut the line. With the line out, a jeep courier had to be rushed between dispatch points with orders for the trains. It was bad enough when things got snarled on a double-track line, but with a single-track road, with loaded trains heading one way and empties going the other, it took hours to back cars down the line, switch them to sidings, and unravel the tangle.

Trains operated within five miles of the front lines. During the early part of July the first railway line—from Cherbourg to Carentan and Lison—paralleled the German front along almost its entire length. Each time a train passed, the German 88's opened up. This went on steadily, morning and evening, for two weeks. And the enemy's guns are not the only danger if trains get too close to the front—Allied supply trains have accidentally been bombed by Allied planes.

Combat pressure has inevitably led to the abandonment of every sort of railroad

precedent. Back home, the Interstate Commerce Commission fines a railroad a thousand dollars if any man is kept on duty for more than sixteen hours. On our military roads, a man isn't considered to have served his apprenticeship until he's been on a continuous run for at least thirty-two hours. The crews live, eat, sleep on the trains. They bed down in boxcars while the trains are stalled or unloading, eat while they work, take their

leisure in banter with civilians lining the track.

But the trains get through. A little over a month after D-day, they were running down the Cotentin peninsula. Shortly after the city's liberation, our men were operating the Paris railroad yards—yards that are reputedly more intricate than Chicago's. In the same swift, impromptu fashion, TC railroaders and truckers expect to make Berlin.

Life Ends at Twenty-Two

AUNT JOANNA PALMER used to say every young-un should be kept in a barrel and fed through the bunghole until he was twenty-one, then let him out and see if he was worth raising. She died nearing ninety, very youthful. I think of Aunt Jo when I hear the dismal talk of young soldiers and their wives who are convinced that life has passed them up. They will soon be twenty-five or thirty and what have they to show for it? They have been betrayed.

They have been betrayed by a number of stupidities, but the one that bothers them the most is the least important. I refer to the fantastic emphasis on youth in all advertising. It takes on the force of a myth—one of the most dynamic of our civilization. Try, if you like, to believe that life begins at forty, but America is committed to the proposition that life ends at, say, twenty-two. Curiously, the more science actually extends our life span, the more the youth myth shortens our realizations of life and makes us unhappy.

Adolescent faces leer from every billboard and magazine. All day the radio chants the dire myth of the bride who grew old overnight and lost her husband because she didn't use the right soap, the right vacuum cleaner, the right breakfast food. In my streetcar I see an undertaker's advertisement portraying a boyish father, a teen-age wife, and a smiling baby all staring complacently at the setting sun. Their graves are nearly paid for on the installment plan and life is complete. Life insurance started out as a thrifty deal with old dark death. Today it stresses a Faustlike fantasy: pay your money, recapture your youth, and always look like a fashion plate in *Esquire*.

What would the Greeks or Egyptians make of all this? They didn't like old age either, but they put up with it and gave it dignity. Youth was a stage of life, not the last crisis. Death did not begin at twenty-one. Persephone always came back radiantly every spring through hell and high water; she always won. But Persephone of the radio has to be bucked up with vitamins and hair bleaches. She's fighting a losing game. One slip of diet and she's done for. Pallas Athene grew wise and mature. She was spared the anxiety of trying to look like Jinx Falkenberg in a foundation garment.

I wish these kids in the war could skip it. I wish they could talk to Aunt Jo about it. — Thomas Hornsby Ferril

THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



A SERVICEABLE first step in assessing the election is to remember that it was never to occur at all. Abandoning what little pretense remained that he served either law or democracy, our dictator, Mr. Roosevelt, was going to prevent us from holding an election. So Joseph Medill Patterson's newspaper told us at intervals during the preceding four years, and the other papers of the family combine repeated or paraphrased the prediction. I suppose we were meant to take the threat whole, not to pause long enough to ask, "Just how?" Mr. Roosevelt was commander in chief of the Army and all he had to do was to order out enough regiments. The Army could disperse the nominating conventions (if they should have the brave folly to assemble) and prevent the polls from opening. Spelled out that way, it looks silly—which is the point. True, Mr. Patterson's threat was a political fiction; he did not believe a word of it. True, though mere mudslinging on the surface, it was rooted in terrorism. But what is more to the point, it was stupid. And to use it as an instrument of political campaigning was stupid.

A Republican editor out West had that sort of thing in mind when he wrote to me, a few days before election, "I believe that Governor Dewey is better than his party." If you make that read "better than the leadership of his party," you have the substance of a good many post-mortems that are being published as this one is written. It may be true, but if Governor Dewey did not devise the Republican tactics he certainly executed them and he does not look too good in retrospect.

The weeklies are saying that this was a "dirty" campaign. It did not seem so to me; the whispers and undercover stuff were less vicious than those of, say, 1928.

But on the Republican side it was a stupid campaign and Mr. Dewey will have to accept responsibility for its stupidity and for the intellectual dishonesty which that stupidity sanctioned. When Mr. Walter Lippmann took leave of him he said that Mr. Dewey looked like a good prosecuting attorney and no more; again I disagree. It was a lawyer's campaign but not a first-rate lawyer's. Take for example Mr. Dewey's practice of lifting texts from contexts and representing them as saying something quite different from what in fact they did say. No first-rate lawyer ever does that in a brief or in the trial of a case. A showy second-rate lawyer may try to get away with it, but a first-rate one knows that an alert judge is certain to spot it. Mr. Dewey's judge, the electorate, spotted the misrepresentations. Whoever was responsible for them, they were unintelligent tactics.

THE rest of the campaign was no brighter. In order to win the election the Republican party had to convince the independent voter that it had accepted reasonable co-operation with other nations in the peace settlement and the organization of the postwar world. It had to convince the independent voter that Mr. Dewey meant what he said about them. That was a quite simple objective; it was either easy or altogether impossible. Actually of course it was impossible; it had been impossible ever since the Wisconsin primary notified the country that the Republican candidate would have to accept the foreign policy of the Old Guard. A few Republicans waited wistfully for their candidate to make a forthright repudiation of his isolationist support but they were merely being naive. He could not make one; after Mr. Willkie's defeat no Republi-

can candidate could. Nevertheless, in the terms set, the handling of this issue was stupid.

It was stupid to commend Dumbarton Oaks and then proceed to undercut it by a pedantic solicitude lest imperial America join other empires in snuffing out the rights of small nations. That looked like a 1944 variation of Senator Lodge's technique in 1920. It looked like one because it was one. In the context and circumstances it was stupid to make the point about Bessarabia that Mr. Dewey made. It was even stupider to represent an armistice as a treaty and accuse the President of having sold us out. It was stupid, that is, to commit—voluntarily or under instruction—such assaults on the kind of co-operation Mr. Dewey was telling us he believed in. Finally, since the effort was to present Mr. Dewey as a convinced internationalist, a Roosevelt man who could implement the Roosevelt policy better than Mr. Roosevelt, it was stupid to let Mr. Bricker roam about the country making speeches whose isolationism grew steadily more overt.

All this was stupid but necessarily so. As I pointed out in the June *Harper's*, the Republicans could not possibly handle the foreign issue intelligently while the Old Guard remained in power. But Mr. Dewey's, or his steering committee's, handling of domestic issues was just as dumb. Wide open as his opponent was, he never once drew blood. He generalized about Democratic maladministration like a practiced high school debater but he offered no forthright or specific remedies. He was not, in fact, from September to November, forthright or specific about anything. He kept saying that the New Deal had destroyed the American system and promising, in effect, to retain the New Deal. He bade America hope again but on the far from ample ground that providence had given him youth, courage, optimism, and efficiency. Republican campaigns have not been strikingly intelligent for a generation but as you listened to Mr. Dewey you realized that he was reproducing the least intelligent of all, that of 1936. You remember the organ voice that kept repeating all there was to say for Mr. Landon, "Four long years!" All the Republicans had in 1936 was an incanta-

tion; in effect they were relying on the same one now. Twelve long years!—that summed up what they had to say. By the middle of October no independent voter believed that they could win with it. If they thought they could, they were dumb.

The independent voter has mastered that lesson. I wonder if the Republican party has. With the exception of Mr. Willkie's valorous brief campaign of last spring, Republican leadership has offered us nothing positive since 1928. That in fact is an understatement: it has offered us nothing positive since Theodore Roosevelt bolted in 1912. One generation of the Old Guard has died since then and the second has grown old indeed, so old that there will be a good many deaths on the top floor before 1948. Nothing that has happened during the past twelve years suggests that the vacancies will be filled in any way except direct succession. Well, when William McKinley was nominated in 1896 a candid Republican explained that the party felt confident it could wring one more President from the bloody shirt. And in 1948 for persuaded minds there will be persuasive reasons to believe that one more President can be wrung from Old Guard ideas. The war will be over, innumerable reactions will be in full career, discontents and rebellions will add up to a picture superficially similar to 1920. If those vacancies are filled by direct succession, the G.O.P. will decide that after sixteen long years it is going to be able to put it over in the good old way at last. It will be wrong. It will lose that one precisely as it has lost the last four. The Democratic party may be even less flexible by then than it was this year and the electorate is certainly going to want a change even more than it did this time. But it will see even more clearly than this year that the change offered it will not do. It has been proved that Old Guard dumbness will lose out.

WHICH states Governor Dewey's problem and sets up his dilemma. He now becomes the titular head of his party, with the throttle in his hand and against him only the fact that they never come back. The papers are saying that he and

his advisers believe they have unified the party and given it a functionally effective organization. They, or at least many Republican editors, profess to be encouraged by the size of the popular vote which Mr. Dewey received. There is indeed one view which holds that he won the unfettered election, that only the Solid South defeated him. (Though it could have gone Republican without changing the result.) The worst mistake in politics is to kid yourself and that is what these gentlemen are doing; it has become the characteristic mistake of Republican leadership. They should first scale down Mr. Dewey's figures by a vote numerically larger than that of the Solid South and strategically just as important, the solid Republican vote, the one which every Republican candidate can count on. Moreover, this was the year of crucial division in the independent vote; it can never again be so divided while the Old Guard remains in power. Mr. Dewey and his blueprinters had better forget about the smallest margin since 1916; it means nothing. The crucial question is whether or not the Old Guard is going to remain in power.

The problem splits into halves. The first half has been a little simplified by the electorate, which retired a large part of Republican isolationist leadership to private life forevermore. If the party is capable of learning from experience, the election should have taught it that nothing is left for it in isolationism. When the chips were down, what good had the *Chicago Tribune*, the *New York Daily News*, the *Washington Times-Herald*, the Hearst papers, all the orators who echoed them—what good had they, their obscurantism, and their oblique isolationism done the Republican campaign? It was precisely they and their oblique isolationism that had procured defeat. But they and their party line, after costing the Republican party two elections, are there still. The Anglophobes and the Russophobes, the dream of Hemispheric imperialism, the cartel-minded insistence that our real war is the one with Japan, the sinister complex that is no longer called America First—there it all is, just outside the committee room where Mr. Dewey is talking things

over with his blueprinters. Mr. Willkie repudiated it and was straightway licked by it. But the Republican candidate in 1948, whose victory the blueprinters are trying to prepare, has got to repudiate it and lick it, neutralize it, and proceed without its support. Or he will lose.

That is by no means all; in fact it is the easier job. If two defeats should teach Republican leadership that the party cannot tolerate isolationism and win, four should teach it that the party cannot remain negative and win. It had no chance in 1932, of course, but since then it has consistently blown good chances by consistently failing to offer the public any program at all. The Republican campaign has become a solidified thing; it is an established pattern. You say that the American way of life has been all but killed, that this is 11:59 P.M. and the last chance to save the Republic. You say that the New Deal is disguised communism midway toward the hour of unmasking; you heave the word "communism" into every pause. You say that the Democrats are destroying individual enterprise, self-respect and self-reliance, initiative, and of course freedom. You decry bureaucracy and administrative inefficiency and personal government and the systematic corruption of the electorate. You add that the Democrats can't run the country, that the Republicans can, and that they will run it by preserving the essence of the New Deal. Then you lose. How many strikes, Governor Dewey, are out?

For twelve long years the Republican party has failed to adjust itself to the facts of life in the United States and in the modern world. It has not been a conservative party; when it has not been reactionary it has been merely static. At best it has tried to represent the interests of those who have most reason to fear any kind of change; at worst it has expressed tendencies definitely anarchic or absolutist. Its policy has been to have no policy, to offer no program, to stand pat, to deny, refuse, negate—and wait in the hope that eventually this may prove enough. To hope that the Republicans can regain power if they will steadfastly avoid every vital issue of the time. That is a stupid hope.

THIS is not because there have been no Republicans who understood that if the party were to win it must offer the voters a positive program. Mr. Willkie did his utmost. He stood for the foreign policy which the electorate has now ratified and for a domestic policy which, along with it, would certainly have won for the Republican party the independent vote which cost Mr. Dewey the election. Neither policy was acceptable to the masters of the party, the Old Guard. The Old Guard licked Mr. Willkie; it won a battle and lost a campaign, lost its fourth straight campaign. There remain plenty of Republicans who realize that the party must adopt a foreign policy which meets the issues of the modern world and must offer the United States a positive domestic program—or else perish. There are, for instance, Commander Stassen, Senator Ball, and Governor Saltonstall. Mr. Saltonstall's record includes defiance of every stand taken by the Old Guard during the past six years: note that his election to the Senate was the one decisive Republican victory this year. Governor Dewey and his helpers who are organizing for 1948 had better take a long look at Governor Saltonstall, who defied the Old Guard, and at Senator Ball, who actually had to vote Democratic.

The future of the party hinges on the choice between such men and the Old Guard. The organizers for 1948 can choose the men who stand for positive things, or they can choose the Pews, duPonts, Hoovers, Tafts, McCormicks, and the rest. But they cannot choose the latter and win. Since 1929, when it became necessary to face the facts of life, the Old Guard has lost every election.

If leadership remains in the hands of the Old Guard, step by step the Republican

party will contract and wither. In districts where the solid Republican vote exists it will still be able to elect mayors, legislators, and representatives. But it will be progressively less able to elect governors and senators. It will dwindle to a set of disparate local organizations, capable of controlling local situations and taking advantage of local opportunities but incapable of organizing a successful national campaign. Eventually there will be nothing to give the label Republican a national meaning. Such a man as Governor Saltonstall or Senator Ball will be a Republican in his own state, where local interests and combinations continue to be coherent. But in the Senate he will have no party significance whatever. He will vote as a member of temporary combinations until such a time as one or another of these proves sufficiently meaningful to provide a nucleus for a new, adaptable, growing national party. He will look, that is, like the last phase of Martin Van Buren or the first phase of William H. Seward.

That is the way a party dies in the United States. That is the way the Federalists and the Whigs died, the former rapidly, the latter more slowly, but both of the same stupidity. They chose to stand pat, to avoid the vital issues of the time, to accept Old Guard leadership, to reject leadership that wanted to face realities, to dig in, wait, and pray. The Republican party can still choose to follow the pattern or to break it. It can make itself a functional part of the political life of the United States or it can fade out, more or less gradually, more or less peacefully. It can choose the Old Guard and die or choose someone else and live, but it must choose soon. The sun is well past midafternoon and winter days are short.

HOW MUSSOLINI FELL

FREDERICK C. PAINTON



Mr. Painton recently returned from Italy, where he represented the Reader's Digest. Other versions of the story of Mussolini's last days have appeared, but this one is of special historic value in that its account of the Grand Council meeting is based upon a secretarial script in which all speech and actions were recorded. Its account of Mussolini's subsequent meeting with the King and his arrest is based on immediate descriptions by competent witnesses.—The Editors.

THE afternoon of Saturday, July 24, 1943, was depressingly hot in Rome; the surrounding campagna was sere and brown for lack of rain, and a heat haze softened the knobby outline of the Alban Hills to the south. As the many churchbells called to prayers, fear and suspense lay heavily upon the people. Less than a fortnight before, on July 12th, they had danced and sung in the streets for joy, for reports had come that the Anglo-Americans invading Sicily had lost 70,000 men in prisoners alone, and that these had included five generals. And it had been said that the invaders would be flung back into the sea.

But all that was past now. The truth was out: the Anglo-Americans were sweeping forward like a prairie fire. Sicily was lost and the Romans felt the dark shadow of war upon their land. Romans have a way of finding things out, and all knew that Mussolini had returned from his trip north to Feltre to ask Adolf Hitler for help. And they knew also that he had failed. What was to become of them now?

Those who loitered near the Palazzo Venezia had heard there was to be a Grand Council meeting. But there was

no Fascist banner hanging from the balcony where Il Duce was wont to harangue them. All they could see were swarms of Mussolini's plain-clothes bodyguards sauntering back and forth.

Yet the Palazzo Venezia was seething with excitement. All day Mussolini's messengers had raced in and out of the palace's rear entrance on the Via degli Astalli. Around four o'clock the members of the Fascist Grand Council began arriving. The first to be seen was General Emilio de Bono, a quadrumvir, one of those greatest in power next to Mussolini himself. Another quadrumvir, Giovanni Maria de Vecchi, appeared; and Under Secretary Giuseppe Bastianini; and Giacomo Suardo and Franco de Marsico and Luigi Bignardi. Shortly after Edmondo Rossoni went in at four o'clock, Count Dino Grandi, dapper and black-bearded, walked swiftly up the steps. Then came Luigi Federzoni and Giuseppe Bottai and Luigi Cianetti, all pale, harassed-looking. Everyone now realized that something big was in the wind. But what?

By four-fifteen these men were all seated in the Grand Council chamber. But Mussolini himself was still in Mappa-

mondo Hall, his vast barn of an office. He had been closeted with General Giovanni Galbiati, commander of the Fascist Militia. It is known that Mussolini asked about the condition of a Fascist Militia division which was bivouacked close to Rome. This was an armored division, possessed of fifty German Tiger tanks. The division was training with its new weapons.

Close to four twenty-five Mussolini left Mappamondo Hall, followed by Galbiati and by Carlo Scorze, secretary of the Fascist party. Sweat beaded Mussolini's bald head. His face was sternly set. As he entered the Council chamber, all stood up politely. Mussolini turned to Scorze: "Do you suppose this is a trap?" he whispered.

Then he seemed to shrug aside his own suspicion. He went to his seat, took a folder of papers from under his arm, and laid it on the table.

COLDLY, in a harsh voice, Mussolini said, "The meeting which you have so repeatedly asked for is open. And now, listen to me and do not misunderstand. I will be clear and brief. I will inform you on what it is necessary for you to know."

Immediately he plunged into the details of his meeting with Hitler. Hitler's proposals, he said, were that all troops were to withdraw as soon as possible to the Po River, and that all Italian troops were to be placed directly under the command of the German General Staff. If this were done Hitler would send several German divisions and undertake complete defense of Italy's industrial north, her heart. Without specifically saying so, Mussolini indicated that he had turned down these proposals because no Italian government could survive the docile surrender of most of the peninsula. In any case, he had rejected the proposal.

Mussolini now turned to the Sicilian campaign and bitterly castigated the Italian commanders, who, he said, had failed utterly in initiative and leadership; he also denounced the Italian High Command, which had equally failed in furnishing armaments and supplies.

"The war," he said, "has taken a de-

cidedly unfavorable trend for us since September, 1942, when we were established at El Alamein and the Qattara Depression. It was then that Rommel revealed some mental deficiencies. But even so he is a good soldier, always on the front and not like Graziani—four hundred and fifty kilometers in the rear."

Mussolini said he had known that the position at El Alamein was too extended and had urged Rommel to fall back to Mersa Matruh to solve his supply problem. But Rommel had said he could defend El Alamein. Rommel had failed, and had multiplied his errors by abandoning Tripoli too soon, owing to conflicts between his orders and those of some Italian generals. Then to cap these misfortunes, Mussolini added bitterly, the Anglo-Americans had landed in North Africa.

"Always," he cried angrily, "I had urged that all of France be occupied and all North African possessions as well. The occupation of Gibraltar could and should have been attempted."

Returning again to the Italian failures, he ranted over the fall of Pantelleria. "I invented Pantelleria," he shouted. "When General Valle and others said nothing could be done with it, I ordered it made impregnable. Only two beaches had to be defended. Airplane hangars were built underground. Gun positions were hewn out of solid rock."

He continued indignantly, "Admiral Pavoni turned down two demands for surrender, and then sent me word that all resistance must cease because civilians on the island had invaded the military installations. Only Stalin and the Mikado can give orders to resist to the last man. At the end," he added ironically, "we had sixty dead and 11,000 [*sic*] prisoners—and that island could have been the Stalingrad of the Mediterranean."

He turned his bitter invective to Sicily. Here were twenty-three Italian divisions laced with German divisions. But the coastal defenses had held out only three hours. Everybody had begun fleeing his post.

"I ordered all to be shot who abandoned their posts," he cried, "but only one militiaman was shot."

Mussolini then turned to the future. He did not believe the Anglo-Americans would invade Italy proper. He thought an attack against Sardinia might be expected, but said 160,000 men were stationed there. He rather expected an invasion of the Dodecanese Islands. But whichever it was, the next Allied thrust would be the beginning of a long-range maneuver having the Balkans or southern France as the objective. Meantime—and his voice cheered somewhat—German divisions were shifting southward, and Hitler would send others. He read Hitler's letter on this point.

Now, in a tense, uneasy silence, he looked up from the letter and faced his audience.

"The question is," he roared suddenly, "is this to be war or peace? Unconditional surrender or war to the last?"

The question was purely rhetorical; he expected no reply, nor waited for one. The war, he said, was not popular. But then no war ever was. The Ethiopian campaign, even, had had its moment of defeatism. Wars entail sacrifices and civilians hate sacrifices. One must not expect enthusiasm for war. "The point is: is there any will to fight?" he demanded harshly. "In 1935 the whole might of the British fleet was in the Mediterranean, but our will to fight was sufficient to win. At that time Badoglio told me it was necessary to give up all our plans. But I insisted and won over all internal opposition."

His fist pounded the table. Then, both hands on hips, he leaned back, jaw out-thrust, eyes blazing, as if defying his hearers to speak against his will.

II

ALL through this long harangue no one had moved; the members of the Grand Council had sat and mopped sweat and drunk a cheap soft drink out of paper cups. White-bearded General de Bono rose, and agreed that Italy must resist, but asked, "Has Italy the means? How are the aviation and the fleet?" Mussolini replied swiftly that at La Maddalena, off Sardinia, three cruisers had been lost; at La Spezia two ships had been hit. For long

he had tried to convince technicians not to build big ships but to concentrate on small ones, but he had been ignored. Significantly he ignored the request for information about aviation.

De Bono rose again and spoke scathingly of the Germans. Robert Farinacci, editor of the *Regime Fascista*, leaped to his feet. "That's the trouble in Italy," he yelled, "too many do not like or trust the Germans."

The tension in the room rose sharply.

Bottai rose and said he wouldn't enter into any technical discussion of military questions—General Vittorio Ambrosio, Chief of the General Staff, was needed for that, if only to settle apparent discrepancies between Mussolini's figures and the General Staff's. "But," he cried, "I do not agree that the Anglo-Americans will not invade the peninsula after Sicily. And I can only believe that our High Command is totally impotent to face such an attack. And it is our fault for not demanding in the past three years that the Grand Council be convened."

Open hostility now flared. It became apparent that this meeting had been called for another purpose than to hear Mussolini's account of his stewardship.

Count Dino Grandi jumped up, jerked out a paper, and began reading swiftly. Condensed, this paper said, "The Fascist Grand Council consider it absolutely necessary to re-establish immediately all the organs of the state in their proper functions by giving back to the Crown, the Grand Council, the Government, Parliament, and the Corporations the responsibility bestowed upon them by the Constitution."

Mussolini stared, suddenly pale. Such a motion if passed was a vote of no-confidence in him—would mean his resignation.

While he was recovering himself Grandi went on speaking, violently attacking Mussolini and declaring that morally and politically Fascism had reached such a low point that it had no following. "We must abandon the narrow and imbecile formula of a Fascist war—make it a people's war." Grandi pointed at Mussolini, his face pale with rage. "You, it is not sufficient that you are responsible for all this—we are in the same boat. There is the country from

which you have kept us apart, helpless, while you led us to this. What have you done in the seventeen years you have held the three ministries of the armed forces? The Crown was made helpless—its rights usurped by you."

Mussolini listened, pale. Then Count Ciano rose. Mussolini flung him a glance of hatred.

"Ever since you entered my house you have been betraying me," he said.

Flushing, Ciano said that Hitler had talked Mussolini into making an alliance on the ground that such an alliance might prevent war. Hitler had sworn not to raise international questions likely to cause war. But it was now clear that even when Italy was signing the alliance the German General Staff had already established the date for the attack on Poland.

"We had been neither previously advised nor consulted," cried Ciano. "I myself carried Mussolini's letter to Hitler in Salzburg outlining our preparedness condition and urging no outbreak of hostilities until 1943 or 1944. But Germany did not heed. They did not apprise us of the attack on Poland until German troops were over the border. It was the same in the attack on France in 1940. Prince Bismarck told us that German troops were in Russia after they had crossed the border. Our loyalty to Germany was never returned. Any accusation of treason the Germans could make at us for any action we take now could be easily answered."

This was the clue: the anti-Mussolini faction wanted to take Italy out of the war.

MANY men now spoke, some trying to calm the meeting, others adding new denunciations. Mussolini passed a note to Scorze demanding that the meeting be adjourned. But when Scorze spoke, Grandi leaped up.

"When we had to discuss the Labor Charter," he said hotly, "you kept us here until seven in the morning. Today, with the country's fate at stake, we can stay for a week."

Federzoni rose and said all wars were not unpopular, and referred to the First African War and the Libyan War. "That was the time," he said sarcastically,

"when you, Duce, opposed war and organized popular demonstrations and instigated the women to prevent the departure of troop trains by lying on the track." He continued his attack, ending, "The people want your resignation, and even without Mussolini the Party will go on."

There was a clamor after this, mostly of demands for Mussolini's resignation.

Il Duce, furious, pounded the table and spoke through clenched teeth. The Italian language is rich in vile invective, and he now applied filthy gutter phrases to the army. Thereupon De Bono leaped up. Attached to his black Sam Browne belt was a small holster containing a Beretti automatic pistol. He jerked out the weapon and flourished it wildly.

"Not even you," he yelled at Mussolini, "will I allow to insult the army."

"You betrayed the army and the King when you participated in the march on Rome," sneered Mussolini.

De Bono flung back, "When I participated in the march on Rome I didn't know you were a rascal, a roadside juggler, a clown . . ."

"Your insults do not touch me," cut in Mussolini. "Remember, I gave Italy an empire."

"The empire was secured by the army," answered De Bono.

"If I hadn't dismissed you from command, you would have lost an army in Africa . . ." Mussolini stood up.

"Liar!" shouted De Bono. "I always risked my life. You . . . you buffoon, you coward . . . always surrounded by your police . . ."

De Bono's gun now pointed directly at Mussolini. But Ciano and Bottai leaped on De Bono and pulled him down. Mussolini was panting like a chased animal.

THE tirades continued. Mussolini was accused of holding the fleet in port. He shouted back that he was not responsible for the failures of the General Staff, and Count de Vecchi accused him alone of being responsible for the disaster. Insults went back and forth until Grandi finally yelled, "That's enough of this clown . . . let's vote the motion."

At this Mussolini plunged at Grandi, but Scorze and General Galbiati re-

strained him. Meanwhile Bottai kept shouting in a chant, "Inform us on the Pedecchi sisters, you buffoon. Tell us about Magda Fontanges,* you imbecile of a clown."

As the uproar continued, Marinelli, losing his head completely, cried out, "If I had talked at the time of Matteoti's murder, you would now be in prison for life."

Mussolini stiffened.

"I could have you arrested," he began softly.

"No, you can't," said Grandi. "You can only have us murdered like Matteoti."

Mussolini's temporary calm failed, and again he charged upon Grandi. In the midst of this excitement Minister Pareschi toppled over in a faint; his heart was none too good. And this served for the moment to calm the room.

But only briefly. Mussolini's faction shouted charges of graft at the others, sneeringly asking them to explain the fortunes they had made. Then Grandi kept insisting that his motion be voted.

Mussolini, now calmer, said, "Suppose the government begs the King to take over? What will the King reply? Let's admit he will accept both the military and the political power. The question still remains: What will I do? Will I accept being decapitated? I am now sixty and I know what these things mean."

At this point Scorze got up and went to the door. As he did so he said, "Duce, you are the most disobeyed man of the century and here are the consequences."

The others watched his disappearance, throats tight. Federzoni muttered, "Scorze goes to prepare our murder."

While Scorze was gone the threats and cries of "Resignation!" continued. Then Scorze returned, and brought no militia; he had only been to the lavatory. The meeting relaxed. Grandi seized the instant and put his motion.

* Magda Fontanges, a young and beautiful French newspaperwoman, came to the Palazzo Venezia to interview Mussolini and remained as his mistress. She was jealous of his attentions to other women, notably the Pedecchi sisters, and Mussolini finally had her seized and put over the border by the Carabinieri, one of whom gave her 25,000 lire, which she flung in his face. Her "confession" was printed in a Paris newspaper, but Mussolini had it suppressed after five installments.

Mussolini, cold-eyed, said, "All of you will take the responsibility for your vote as the names are called." They knew then he would mark for vengeance each vote against him. He felt their fear and said jeeringly, "As for your insults, I will remember them at the right moment." (He did remember them at Verona, where De Bono and Ciano were shot in the back—the fate reserved in Italy for traitors.)

Grandi's motion was carried: nineteen ayes, seven nays, and Suardo too frightened to vote at all. The Grand Council had declared that Mussolini's dictatorship must end.

MUSSOLINI thrust the motion into his pocket. There was a moment of silence while all studied his pale, set face.

"Let's be clear on this," he said. "Grandi's order poses this dilemma. Either the King whom I have served for twenty years confirms his confidence in me—and in that case I shall know what to do without any of you—or"—he paused significantly—"the King withdraws his mandate, and in that case things might change radically, because a personal question will arise."

There was no mistaking his meaning: he would throw aside the sham of monarchy, rule without the King—and without them. In that instant the conspiracy for power in Italy began. The members of the Council filed from the room after three o'clock Saturday morning, July 25th, having been in session some eleven hours.

III

COUNT Dino Grandi lost not a moment, and went straight to the Villa Savoia to report to the King. Present also was the Minister of the Royal Household, Duke Filippo Acquarone, an ardent monarchist. Grandi swiftly set forth the details of the Grand Council meeting. He hinted strongly that His Majesty would be well advised to permit him, Grandi, to create a new government. But the little King, gray, withered, and thinking only of the House of Savoy, replied politely and promised nothing. A blind man could see that if Mussolini fell, Fascism fell also; and since the House of Savoy had for

twenty years countenanced Fascism, only a miracle could save the dynasty from being smothered in the ruins. Dino Grandi was bowed out, and the instant his car had pulled away, the King and Duke Acquarone were in conference.

Grandi had not failed to speak bluntly of Mussolini's threat to rule with or without the King's consent. Here was the crux of the problem. Duke Acquarone became chief conspirator to make a trap to catch Mussolini before civil war could be precipitated.

The Duke summoned General Ambrosio, Chief of the General Staff, and bluntly spoke of the peril of civil war. Mussolini must be seized and spirited away before Italians killed Italians. For any such scheme the support of the army was essential, and Ambrosio now swore to support the House of Savoy.

Returning to his home, Ambrosio summoned General Angelo Ceriga, commander of the famous Carabinieri, a state constabulary composed of discharged army veterans and supposedly nonpolitical. Ceriga had succeeded General Hazon, who had been killed in the bombing of Rome on July 19th.

"In the name of His Majesty the King," said Ambrosio, "I order you to arrest Benito Mussolini today at four o'clock."

General Ceriga acquiesced. Ambrosio also told Generals Castellano and Giacomo Carboni of the High Command about the plan (they later figured prominently in Italy's surrender). So far these were the only men privy to the conspiracy. General Ceriga prepared his plan, which depended upon seizing Mussolini by surprise at a place where aid could not reach him.

He summoned Colonel Pietro Frignani and told him sternly how and where he was to arrest Mussolini. Frignani went pale with astonishment. Recovering, he summoned Captains Vigneri and Aversa.

"I must ask you," said Frignani gravely, "to repeat that order in the presence of these men who will carry it out."

Ceriga did so, speaking slowly. The officers nodded, clicked their heels, and saluted. (Both Frignani and Aversa were to pay with their lives for this act of loyalty to the House of Savoy. They were shot

on March 24th, 1944, in the massacre at the Ardeatine Caves; I viewed their corpses, the back of their skulls blown off.)

General Ceriga then telephoned Police Commissar Giovanni Marzano and ordered him to supply an ambulance, a driver who would obey without asking questions, and three policemen armed with light machine guns.

MEANTIME, Mussolini had not gone to bed either. He had been pacing the room in his Villa Torlonia. He had sent for Robert Farinacci, but Farinacci had sneaked out of the Palazzo Venezia and gone straight to the German Embassy. What he said there no one knows, but at dawn a German truck with Farinacci crouching in the back rumbled north. By July 30th Farinacci was in Munich.

Now Mussolini had with him General Galbiati, commanding the ever-faithful Fascist Militia, and Guido Buffarini. Mussolini spoke loudly, confidently. He would talk with the King, disband the Grand Council, and denounce its members to a special tribunal for the defense of the state.

"In wartime," he said, "we must not feel pity. For their treason this night they should commit suicide."

He seems not to have been aware of the conspiracy against him, for he took no measures beyond warning General Galbiati to have the armored division alerted and telling Galbiati himself to be at his office ready for instant action. He seems to have felt that he could bully King Victor Emmanuel and have his way.

In any case, at eight o'clock sharp that morning Duke Acquarone telephoned and said His Majesty would be pleased to see Mussolini at once.

Mussolini curtly replied that reasons of state prevented him from going to the Villa Savoia. He asked permission to see the King on Monday, the 27th. He would need until that time to prepare state papers of the gravest nature.

At eight-fifteen Duke Acquarone telephoned again. He said that His Majesty had already been informed of the outcome of the Grand Council meeting. "Consequently," concluded the Minister of the Royal Household, "you will report imme-

diately to His Majesty, who is waiting."

Mussolini was not quite so confident now. He replied that he had to receive state visits at the Palazzo Venezia at nine o'clock. He would, therefore, His Majesty permitting, call at the Villa Savoia that afternoon. He hung up abruptly, his nerves jangled by lack of sleep.

At a quarter to nine Duke Acquarone called for the third time. In a stern voice the Minister of the Royal Household said that His Majesty had already given an audience to Count Dino Grandi and Federzoni, and that before making any decision His Majesty must talk to Mussolini.

Mussolini pounded the desk, cursing and yelling in a typical outburst. But he could not delay longer. He promised to come to the Villa Savoia.

Yet he took his time about it. He had a moment with Chief of Police (not Carabinieri) Alberto Chierici, discussing the arrest of many of his former allies. He talked with General Mario Roatta of the Army Staff (who knew nothing of the conspiracy) and also with the Secretary for War, General Sorice. He received the Japanese Ambassador in audience, and the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Giuseppe Bastianini. He even spent the rest of the morning and part of the afternoon touring by motor car through the San Lorenzo district, which had been seriously damaged by the air raid of July 19th.

So it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that he even started for the Villa Savoia.

MEANWHILE, much was happening in the royal villa. At four o'clock Marshal Badoglio arrived. He remained only a few minutes; he was a monarchist and would accept the King's mandate.

The ambulance had been driven into the King's garden. It was followed by trucks containing fifty carabinieri, who dispersed themselves in the undergrowth to ambush and destroy Mussolini's private bodyguard if that should be necessary. The three officers, three other carabinieri, and three policemen crouched close to the steps to the royal villa. Still they could not see the door. So it was arranged that

a royal servant should loiter near the steps, and when Mussolini reappeared after his audience the servant would move away. This would be the signal to spring on Mussolini before his bodyguards reached him. Only in that way could civil war be prevented.

IV

AT FOUR thirty-five Mussolini's car drove up to the gate. Behind it came a parade of cars from which one hundred and fifty private bodyguards, armed to the teeth, descended. They did not, however, enter the royal domain; etiquette demanded that they remain outside, in the street. They sauntered up and down—just as the conspirators had hoped they would do.

Mussolini descended at the porte-cochere. He wore a blue summer suit, a well-worn brown felt hat. There were huge bags under his eyes, and his flesh was gray with fatigue, but he was completely confident and walked with his old strut. He had dealt with the King before and he could deal with him now.

He vanished inside. Hardly had the door closed when his chauffeur was visited by a royal servitor who said the man was wanted on the telephone. That got him out of the way.

Mussolini was closeted with the King for forty-five minutes. He explained his trip to Feltre and why Hitler's proposals were unacceptable. He talked of the past details of the war up to the dismal situation in Sicily. The little King, his big lower lip outthrust, listened attentively, making polite interjections. Then finally Mussolini spoke of the future. There were to be many arrests of traitors and grafters . . .

King Victor Emmanuel interrupted. "In view of last night's meeting of the Grand Council and its vote of no-confidence, it is not practical to speak of such things, because the future of the nation has been entrusted to the Crown."

Mussolini, taut, asked exactly what His Majesty meant.

"I have to tell you," said the King, coldly, "that your successor as President of the Council of Ministers has been chosen and has already taken office. He is Mar-

shal Badoglio. You will please place yourself at his disposal."

Mussolini lost his patronizing manner. He cajoled, pleaded, tried to persuade. He said that the House of Savoy had remained on the throne only because he had willed it. And now if he chose he could rule without the House of Savoy, heading a Fascist republic. Only he could find a way out for Italy; the King was not putting the nation first in taking this decision. He, Mussolini, had a division of militia at his command and would not fail to use force if necessary.

But King Victor Emmanuel was not to be moved by cajolery or threats. (Mussolini later was to say, "I found there a man with whom any reasoning was impossible.") Il Duce was forced to withdraw, defeated. As he went to the door he was doubtless thinking of his ten thousand black-shirted militia and their fifty Tiger tanks. They were not well trained yet, but a show of force . . .

As MUSSOLINI appeared at the door of the Villa Savoia the royal servitor faded out of sight. At the signal Captain Vigneri came swiftly out of the bushes. He stood before Mussolini, who perforce had to stop. Vigneri clicked his heels, saluted.

"Duce," he said, "His Majesty the King has instructed me to escort you to protect you from the mob."

Mussolini apparently did not sense the significance of this. He replied, "No need for that." Then, shrugging, he added, "Never mind. Get in," and gestured to his car.

But Vigneri still blocked the way, swung Mussolini with a tug of the arm. "Not your car, take this"—and led him toward the ambulance.

Only then did Mussolini realize the truth. For an instant he halted, resisting Vigneri's pull.

Outside the royal gates his one hundred and fifty bodyguards stood in groups and smoked cigarettes. A single yell for help and civil war would begin right here in the royal garden. Mussolini flung his head back on its thick neck. His mouth set. Vigneri was tugging strongly. And in that instant Mussolini's eyes saw the carabinieri crouched with carbines, and the police with machine guns. In the dying to be done if civil war began, his life might be the first taken. He relaxed and allowed himself to be pulled to the ambulance.

Here once again he paused. But Captain Vigneri gave him a sudden savage push, and he fell into the back of the ambulance and tumbled onto a stretcher. The police and Carabinieri guards leaped in, the door slammed. The driver raced the ambulance to the street and then stepped the speed up.

Mussolini, who had preached the idea of living dangerously, said nervously, "He drives too fast." The captain spoke to the driver, who thereupon increased the speed.

MUSSOLINI was taken to the Carabinieri officers' club in the Piazza del Popolo, and briefly was held under guard there. He was refused permission even to go to the lavatory, denied access to a telephone. Once the Duce flared up: "I was head of the state," he shouted, "I take no such orders from anyone." Later he was transferred to an old fort outside Rome. Here only a small whitewashed room such as private soldiers occupy was placed at his disposal. He sat on the hard wooden bench where his soldiers had slept.

"You forget," he said plaintively, "that I am an old man of sixty."

Later that night he was whisked to Gaeta and placed aboard a torpedo boat for Ponza. His day in Rome was done.

{ Jessamyn West, a Hoosier by birth and a
Californian by adoption, has published
short stories in a number of magazines. }

THE SINGING LESSON

A Story

JESSAMYN WEST



LIBERTY SCHOOL is built on a piece of low, unusable, alkaline land. There are no other buildings in sight. In spring it rises like a lighthouse above great fields of ripening barley; in fall its shadow is long morning and evening across far-reaching stretches of stubble. In winter it stands solitary in the center of a pool of shallow, wind-scalloped water.

The wind always blows about the school-house. It lingers there as if the school were the last building it would be able to touch before plunging over the world's edge, as if it were reluctant to trade domestic for universal architecture.

Scalloping the water, the wind spoke to the teacher in the schoolroom at the Liberty School. It said far. It said distant, strange, remote. It said someday.

"Miss McManaman," suggested Peter, "we'd ought to be practicing our singing lesson."

"I know we ought," said Miss McManaman, but she didn't move. Rain had been falling all day—slowly and dispiritedly, with none of the clatter and excitement of a storm. Elongated drops hit the gray pool of water which surrounded the school-house with a melancholy plop-plop.

"Mr. Harmon," urged Peter, "will be here tomorrow."

"I know he will," said Miss McManaman, continuing to stare at the rain.

On Thursdays Mr. Harmon, the music supervisor, drove out from town to give the Liberty School its weekly singing lesson. He was a severe, talented young man with perpendicular red hair rising above a somewhat greenish face. He had a voice so high, pure, and thin that when he sang the sound of it crept between the joints like electricity—or a razor blade. But Mr. Harmon did not sing often. "I come to hear you sing, Miss McManaman," he said. By which he meant Miss McManaman's pupils, for Miss McManaman herself could not sing. She had a disappearing voice. After four or five good notes, it vanished, fell like a waterfall over a precipice and was heard no more.

"Why is this?" Mr. Harmon would ask savagely, for he was married to his music and felt his awareness of Miss McManaman's black eyes and cream-colored arms to be a kind of infidelity. "Why is it that a healthy young woman like you should have a disappearing voice? How do you account for it?"

Miss McManaman couldn't account for it—but it was a fact which she recognized. Playing the piano with one finger she taught Peter Mr. Harmon's assignments, and Peter, singing, taught the school. On Thursdays, shorn of his musical significance, Peter would sit once more at his desk, and Miss McManaman, reso-

lutely opening and shutting her mouth, would lead the singing. But it made her unhappy: it was underhanded, and it wasn't, she felt sure, what music should be.

"Miss McManaman?"

"Yes, Cletus."

"Can I be excused?"

"May," Miss McManaman said, and nodded. With the schoolyard under water the boys' and girls' outhouses could be reached only by wading—and everyone had to be excused often. Miss McManaman had said no at first to all this taking off of shoes, wading out, replacing shoes—but there had been an accident and now once an hour, if necessary, was the rule. And as soon as his hour was up necessity smote each pupil again and off he waded.

"Take your shoes and stockings off and leave them off," Miss McManaman ordered suddenly. "You'll be less likely to take cold with bare feet than with damp shoes and stockings. Put your shoes and stockings by the fire to dry."

The children circled the stove with their shoes and hung their stockings over the edge of the woodbox. The woodbox, in addition to wood, held three semi-drowned squirrels, a family of motherless field mice, an animal no one had ever laid eyes on before, and a ground owl which was assuredly dead.

Coyla, however, pleaded to keep it. "A live ground owl," she told them, "don't look very much alive. A dead one, I think, would have to look deader than this to be dead forever." So they kept the ground owl, giving it the benefit of the doubt and warming it as thoroughly as the known living.

"Teacher," called Peter, who had no shoes and stockings to dry but had made a trip to the woodbox to inspect the refugees, "come quick."

Looking out of the high windows onto the rain-pricked, gently lapping water, Miss McManaman felt dreamy, too easeful to move.

"You come to me, Peter."

Peter ran. "What d'ya think?" he asked. "The one we don't know the name of is having babies. Two already," he said with pride. "We saved it just in time."

"That's fine," said Miss McManaman dreamily. "Put something over that cor-

ner of the box. A coat or something."

"Why?" asked Peter.

"Animals don't like the light when they're having babies."

"Why?"

"Make it snappy," said Miss McManaman.

"Will we sing then?"

"Yes," said Miss McManaman, sighing, and went to the piano.

"We gotta sing that?" Peter asked, reading the words of the song over Miss McManaman's shoulder.

"Yes, we do."

"Cherries are ripe, cherries are ripe, the boys and girls all say."

Peter read the words so that even to Miss McManaman's ear they sounded fantastic.

"Listen, Peter," she said, "this is the tune." And she picked it out with one finger as spryly as she could. "Pretty, isn't it?"

SOUR," said a resonant voice behind her. "Sour as catpiss."

Miss McManaman swung about on the piano stool. That wasn't a word to be used in the schoolroom, though it was not, she knew, a word which would startle her pupils.

"Not your playing, Miss," said the little man in the doorway. "That was refreshing. Full of feeling. Ping, ping," he said. "Tum, tum. Like a gander pecking on a lard pail. Not plushed over. Simple and melodic. I was speaking of the tone of the piano. Sour," he reaffirmed. "Sour as . . ."

"Please," began Miss McManaman.

"Swill," said the little man. "Pig swill. You understand that, Miss? Or Mrs.?"

"Miss," she said, "McManaman."

"Irish. She was Irish," he told her.

"Please," began Miss McManaman again. "To whom . . .?"

"Wilbur Smiley. Smiley by name but damned melancholy by nature."

"You mustn't . . ."

"You mustn't swear, Mr. Smiley, before the dear little children."

"Well, you mustn't," she said.

"Paugh," said Mr. Smiley. "Where'd you learn the bad words you know, Miss? Right here," he said, pointing.

"In the boys. *And* the girls. . . . What's the worst word you know, children?"

A dozen hands went up.

"Ta, ta, children," he reproved them.

"You see?" he asked Miss McManaman. "It's in 'em. Working like yeast in a barrel and frothing at the bung-hole. Treat 'em like human beings," he advised. "Or cure 'em if you're a mind to. Make 'em spend a day writing bad words on the blackboard. That'll take the brimstone out of them."

"Really, Mr. Smiley," began Miss McManaman, "what *is* your . . . ?"

Mr. Smiley handed her a card.

"Wilbur Smiley," she read, "Piano Tuning. Vocal Music. 276 Railroad Avenue. Evenings by Appointment."

"Fooled you, didn't I?" asked Mr. Smiley. "Sent out by your superintendent, Professor Barr. Musical outfit you got around here. Except for the piano."

Mr. Smiley, leaning, it seemed, from the ankles, reached over Miss McManaman's shoulder and with a slight flick of his hand sent a spatter of sound out into the room.

"Be a waste of money. You do all the playing here?" he asked.

Miss McManaman nodded.

"Be a pure waste," said Mr. Smiley.

He walked across to the stove. "Don't get your dander up," he advised Miss McManaman.

He was a small, red-brown man with a peaked head, dusty hair, and deep-set eyes which went about the schoolroom, lapping it up: jut and cornice, chalk dust and children, Mr. Smiley took them all in.

"Mind if I stir up the fire?" he asked. "I ain't hot-blooded like the rest of you here," he said eying a row of bare feet.

"We ain't hot-blooded," began Cletus, believing a slight to have been put upon them, but Miss McManaman interrupted him. "They have to wade," she explained.

"Often, too, I bet," said Mr. Smiley, taking it in.

With one hand he was poking up the fire, while with the other he felt about in the woodbox for fuel.

"What's this?" he cried. He let the

poker stand in the open stove and bent over the woodbox.

"Fur-bearing wood," he announced.

He lifted the coat from the corner it roofed over. "Three already," he told them, "and more expected."

He took the ground owl in his small hand and soberly regarded it. "Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. The life cycle complete," he informed Miss McManaman. "Birth, death, and the intermediate whistle stops. Don't know, though, as life's going to hold much surprise for these kids. They'll already've seen it all in the woodbox."

Mr. Smiley filled the stove with eucalyptus chunks, unwound his green scarf, laid aside his long black overcoat, and walked to the front of the room.

HERE an experienced teacher, Miss McManaman felt, would have asserted herself, said, "Would you care to hear the fifth grade spell, Mr. Smiley?" or "What can you tell us, Mr. Smiley, of the art of piano tuning?"

But Miss McManaman was not experienced. She leaned against the piano, said nothing, traversed the slight distance which separated her from pupilhood herself, listened to the wind and the rain, lifted her eyes to Mr. Smiley's face as if waiting to be asked by him to recite.

"What was I interrupting when I came in?"

"'Cherries Are Ripe,'" said Peter. "The singing lesson."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Smiley, "this ain't cherry weather."

With no hemming or hawing, no clasping of hands or arching of his chest, Mr. Smiley began to sing. He stood before them, his face a little sad, his eyes still looking about the schoolroom as if all he saw interested him, and sang words they could not understand in a voice so beautiful Miss McManaman pressed her hands to her heart. She could not say whether what she felt was bliss or pain. Both, she thought. As if all the things of which she had dreamed and for which she had waited, without having a name for them, were now spread before her, named, shining, and palpable. And that was bliss. But at this very minute of knowing

and naming, she saw also that they would vanish: melt, run away, be lost forever. And that was pain.

"Singing," she said to herself. "Singing." This, then, was what was meant by the word they used each Thursday—the meaning she had missed and struggled toward.

Mr. Smiley, his song finished, stood for a minute regarding the Liberty School pupils. Then, turning about, he stepped to the blackboard and with three or four large swoops erased Miss McManaman's silent reading lesson and drew—in the space he had cleared—two hearts.

He then stood aside so all could see. "This," he said, pointing to the first, "is your heart . . . Thomas . . . George . . . Jane . . . Henry. A fine muscle . . . empty, easy, beating free."

Then upon the second heart Mr. Smiley made with his piece of chalk the slanting dashes Miss McManaman's pupils used to show that upon a landscape they had pictured, rain was falling.

"This is my heart," Mr. Smiley said. "These are my tears. Tears," Mr. Smiley repeated quite impersonally. "My heart is full of tears."

He began to sing again. His second song was simpler than his first; it was gentle and flowing, like rain in the early morning, or a river under trees. It sounded to Miss McManaman like the beginning of things, like first days: the new key in the rusty lock, the fresh flag hoisted, the September bell tolled. It sounded like her first day at Liberty School.

WAITING for her the morning she had begun teaching was a hay wagon. It stood on the school grounds like a frigate come to rest. Three people looked down at her from its high seat: a stout old man with a flaring semicircle of white whiskers, a ruddy woman of middle age, and between them a small boy with bright eyes and a red mouth. Mother and son dismounted by means of a ladder, slowly and with dignity.

"Miss McManaman," said the ruddy woman, "this is George Washington Berryman, the fruit of our old age. We are raising him to be a great man. We want your help."

"I will help you," Miss McManaman had said, with the feeling of taking a vow.

"If he can learn," said his mother, "well and good. If he can't, train him to be holy. Or it could be both. But that's not likely," she added. "One or the other's as much as can be hoped for. Remember your name," Mrs. Berryman told her son. "Don't do anything he'd be ashamed of."

Mrs. Berryman didn't kiss her son in parting, but laid her hand for a minute on his shining, egg-shaped head. Then Mr. Berryman helped his wife to remount and drew up the ladder after her like a skipper preparing to cast off. On the plank bridge at the edge of the schoolyard he reined in his horses for a minute and Mrs. Berryman, pivoting about on the high seat, called back a farewell message to her son.

"Stay pure, George Washington Berryman," she said in a clear, sad voice. "Stay pure."

The five Rosses came unaccompanied across the fields: downy-eared, round-eyed, their brown cheeks frosted with crumbs.

"The first day of school," Miss McManaman chided them.

"Us Rosses," Jennie, the oldest, explained, "always eat whatever's in our lunch pails for dessert on the way to school. Then it's done with and we don't have to worry about it any more."

"Why do you worry," asked Miss McManaman, "about dessert?"

"It's not the dessert," said Jennie. "It's when to eat it. Should you eat it first recess? If you do, you kick yourself. If you don't, you think about it till second recess. Should you eat it then? Second recess is awfully near to noon. At noon you got all the rest of your lunch. Maybe you should save it to eat going home. If you do, you can't enjoy it, the rest of 'em beg so. Us Rosses always eat it the minute we're out of sight of the house. That way it's done with. Don't have to worry any more about dessert all day long." Jennie brushed the crumbs from her face.

Mrs. Renzo brought Ada to school the first day. "Ada's backward," said Mrs. Renzo, "she's a little slow. But she's deep. Ada's got ideas'll surprise you."

She's got strange, deep ideas," said Mrs. Renzo.

Miss McManaman had gazed at Ada's face. It had every appurtenance faces have, yet it seemed primitive: an early, trial face to which, century after century, endearing and humanizing details would be added. It was a small granite face, made by a hurried man with a sharp chisel.

"What I figure," said Ada to her teacher, "is this. God is a bird. A peacock probably and the stars is his tail."

"See," said Mrs. Renzo. "See? Deep and strange like I said."

Peter, in his green fedora, led the Mendezes across the early morning fields. Behind him, and stepping in time to the harmonica which he played, were Felicita, Pablo, Josephina, and little Fructoso.

"Good morning," said Miss McManaman to the Mendezes. "Here bright and early. Would you like to look at your new readers?"

"To hell with reading," said Peter, tapping the spit from his harmonica. "Numbers is what counts. Numbers is the way you read real things."

"Oh, I must teach him to read," thought Miss McManaman now, watching Peter's listening face—seeing it shining as though the music to which he listened were summer sunlight. "I must teach him to read. There are things numbers can never say."

Mr. Smiley finished his second song and went again to the blackboard. There he drew a human foot, narrow-heeled, long-toed, and with an arch like a culvert. It was a beautiful foot made to spring away, to fly, and never linger.

Mr. Smiley, from the heart, his heart, the one which was filled with tears, drew a stream full and lapping over which ran beneath the culvert of the high-arched foot and was lost in the far reaches of the south blackboard.

"From my heart," he said, "the tears she has no use for. They flow under her foot," he said, tracing the stream, "but never touch her. She walks dry shod."

"Is your name Agnes?" he asked Miss McManaman.

"Not Agnes," she said. "Mary."

"Her name was Agnes," said Mr. Smiley, and sang again.

Was it the tears under the arch like a culvert he sang, was it the arch which unbending carried the weight? Or was Agnes herself his song?

Whatever it was there was no sadness in it. Or, if sorrow was there, it was sorrow swallowed, digested, ruminated, until it had become bone and blood—for singing and seeing. Agnes . . . where was Agnes? Lost, gone, turned to another perhaps . . . but here was Agnes, unknown, a name only, a pallid name, alive in the rainy schoolroom, lifting it out of chalk dust, shivering the blackboards, setting all the Rosses, Mendezes, Tritonas, Hanrahans on the edges of their seats: showing Ada a non-peacock God, showing George Washington Berryman his mama's pure dream. Sounding to Peter numbers he had never dreamed of.

ONCE in October when the wind off the stubble fields had been hot and dusty and the children had fought and squirmed all day, Miss McManaman had gone to the girls' outhouse and closing the door behind her had stood with her face pressed against the smooth pine boards, looking out at as much of the world as was to be seen through the crescent-shaped aperture in the door. And as she stood thus it had suddenly seemed to her that she was in one of those prisons of which she had read: a prison so small one could never lie down; so remote a human voice was never heard; a prison where for twenty years her only sight of the world would be this finger's breadth of sky and field; her only assurance that all had not vanished from the earth, the hand which slid to her each night a bowl of food.

Just at the moment when the sky had seemed on the point of closing in about her, she had flung open the door and rushed back to her pupils.

"We are free, boys and girls," she had cried. "We are free."

They were not startled by her words. "Of course," they said. "What did you think?"

"Sometimes I forget it. Oh, boys and girls, let us go outside and run up and down in the wind and never forget it."

LISTENING to Mr. Smiley sing, Miss McManaman wanted to say to them once again, "We are free, boys and girls, we are free." Listening to Mr. Smiley's song . . . and not to his alone, she knew, but to that other one's, the song noted down a hundred, or two hundred, years before by a hand seeking to record—what? Not Agnes, who was Mr. Smiley's song, nor the light, unfaithful, springing foot, nor the tears beneath the culvert, nor Wilbur Smiley's rain-pocked heart—or was that it? Was that all there ever was to sing, whatever hand set the notes down, whatever throat swelled with the beautiful, glancing sounds? Was that all—Agnes, the beauty, the tears, the rain? . . . Miss McManaman, listening, could not be sure.

But she wanted to say to her children, "Remember, boys and girls, remember. Remember today. Remember the schoolhouse half afloat and the wind and the animals who were born whose names we did not know and remember me who loved you and Mr. Smiley, a grown man, with a heart still alive and beating."

Mr. Smiley, while Miss McManaman was wondering and dreaming, had come to the end of his song and had rewound his scarf about his neck and picked up his coat.

"Say 'peach pit,'" he told the Liberty scholars, "when you get a strong longing for a dirty word. It's got an ornery ring to it, somehow. Then sing. That'll do the trick. You'll feel like you've just said your prayers."

Miss McManaman walked to the door with him. "The bill will come for piano tuning," he told her candidly.

She scarcely heard him. "Oh, Mr. Smiley," she said, "I can never tell you . . . you do not know . . ." Then she started over again. "It was so beautiful . . . and I have to teach singing. And I can't," she said. "I have a disappearing voice."

"Let it, let it," said Mr. Smiley, undisturbed. "Too many voices in the world already."

"It makes me so ashamed. Mr. Harmon expects . . ."

"Ed Harmon," said Mr. Smiley. "That musical saw."

"He knows so much, though. He can look at a song and sing it. He looks at a note, then opens his mouth and says it, the way I would a word."

"Vacant veins, however," said Mr. Smiley. "Sound's his whole stock in trade."

"I can't sing," Miss McManaman persisted. "Mr. Harmon says . . ."

"Why, Mary," said Mr. Smiley, "don't you know you got more music in one of them little white arms of yours than Ed Harmon's got in his whole body and shock of hair? You got grace notes in your eyes, Mary, and whole ballads in your hands. You sing with them."

Mr. Smiley turned and faced his car, which, to avoid wading, he had driven astraddle the walk right up to the porch.

"Clearing a little in the west," he said.

Miss McManaman looked and in the far west saw a thin streak of clear green.

"Say her name sometimes, will you?" asked Mr. Smiley. "Say 'Agnes, Agnes.'"

"Oh, I will, Mr. Smiley," said Miss McManaman. "I promise I will say her name and I will remember singing."

"So long, Mary," said Mr. Smiley.

Miss McManaman did not leave the porch until Mr. Smiley's car was far up the road. When she went inside again Peter was standing at the head of the room.

"I'm going to teach the kids one of Mr. Smiley's songs," he told her.

"Can you, Peter?" she asked. "Do you think you can do it?"

"Sure," he said. "Different words, maybe, but the same tune."

"It's the tune that counts," said Miss McManaman.

She walked to the stove and held out her hands to its warmth. There in the woodbox, his eyes yellow and unblinking, the ground owl gazed up at her. She opened her mouth to say, "Children, the owl's come to life," but Peter had started singing. I'll tell them later, she thought, happily.

The Rev. Alson J. Smith, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church in Brooklyn, New York, is a member of the Committee on Alcoholism of the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol.

ALCOHOLICS ARE PEOPLE

ALSON J. SMITH



IF THIS be treason, my lord bishops, make the most of it.

I will go further than that. I will say that not only are alcoholics people, but that they are, by and large, rather likable people. As the pastor of a flourishing parish in the heart of Flatbush, I see a good many of them. I have just come from the Kings County Hospital after "springing" Uncle Jerry, the alcoholic relative of one of my finest members, who was picked up out of an East New York gutter after falling down and banging his noggin against the curb while wrestling with a bottle of Carstairs White Seal. Uncle Jerry is used to this by now, and, at sixty-six, it doesn't bother him much to wake up in a strange place. He and his private mental herpetorium have awakened in all of the best hospitals in the city. Before I left him—in a cheap convalescent boardinghouse—he promised me on his word of honor never to take another drink. We shook on it and he cried a little, but I have no faith in the genuineness of either his word or his tears.

The point is, I like Uncle Jerry. He is certainly a very great drunk and some of my brother ministers would say that he is also a very great sinner. Perhaps, indeed, one reason why I like him is that he is a refreshing antidote to the suppurating self-righteousness of many of my colleagues who have so badly flunked their reading of life as to see in him only a moral leper.

I like Uncle Jerry and I sympathize with him because I understand to what a large degree he is a victim of social pressure. He and his brother alcoholics are the products of a social-racial-cultural pattern which not only sanctions the use of alcohol but glorifies it in song, story, and ritual. Do men consummate a friendship by clinking together glasses of Ovaltine? Launch ships by smashing flagons of cold tea across their bows? Boast of getting stinko on a hypodermic of novocain? Toast the bride in chocolate ice cream sodas? Take pride in their capacity to "hold" aspirin? Alcohol has become a part of the ceremonial of Western life. Little wonder that the world's "unorganized extroverts" like Uncle Jerry cave in before a pressure which they are unable to evaluate and which society does not bother to evaluate for them.

I also like Uncle Jerry and his fellow alcoholics because the alcoholic personality is what it is—gregarious, uninhibited, friendly. The trouble with drunks is not that they are that way when intoxicated, but that they cannot be that way when sober. I am in accord with a considerable body of expert opinion when I say that the alcoholic is generally above the average in intelligence and ambition.

"The alcoholic has a capacity for ecstatic peaks, responds readily to things beautiful and artistic, delights in talking about matters of large concern," said one

psychiatrist recently. "He is an individual whose feet are planted firmly in mid-air." Now I am naturally drawn to people like that. I too delight in talking about matters of large concern. And since I must deal largely with well-meaning people whose feet are planted so solidly on terra firma that weekly blasts of pulpit TNT fail even to ruffle their hair, let alone their prejudices, I am happy to find some members of what Mark Twain called "the damned human race" who respond readily to things beautiful and artistic.

Then, too, I like the alcoholic because I feel that he has been misunderstood not only by the church but by all the institutions of society. We have looked for the significance of drunkenness in the statistics on divorce, traffic accidents, lost man-hours in industry, wife beatings, illegitimacy, etc. Seeking its significance in the realm of personal conduct, we have sought to punish it rather than to treat it. The significance of alcoholism is to be found not in the realm of conduct, but of motive. And the alcoholic should be treated not as a social outcast or as a sinner, but as a sick man. We would not think of admonishing a paralytic to "buck up and be a man," nor would we condemn the tubercular to jail. Yet the alcoholic is just as truly ill and just as deserving of considerate care.

IT is passing strange that the church, for which the human heart—the area of motive—is home grounds, should have failed to perceive that it is not what a man drinks or how or when or with what result in conduct that is important, but *why*. Yet if the church in its temperance literature has ever emphasized the importance of motive the fact has somehow escaped me. The psychiatrists now tell us that nearly all drinking—all except a very small percentage which may be attributed to habituation—is symptomatic. That is, it is an indication of either psychic or physical maladjustment. The alcoholic, whether he realizes it or not, drinks to narcotize psychic or physical pain.

And brother, there is plenty of that around. The church's failure correctly to evaluate alcoholism stems at least in

part from a failure accurately to plumb the deep tragedy of life. Many of the tensions in the human soul that lead the sufferer to seek narcotization in alcohol are but reflections of the tensions in human life that are inherent in war, unemployment, racial hatred, poverty. The church, while unerringly pointing out the rum blossom on the nose of the drunkard, has somehow managed to overlook the terrible cancer on the face of all society. It has not realized that drinking damages personality no more than does poverty. That unemployment and war break up more homes than intemperance. That a drunkard lying in the gutter is a degrading sight, but not more degrading than a bread line. That Jim Crowism—practiced in both North and South by many professing prohibitionists—is as debasing to the practitioner as is drinking. There is something very wrong with the spiritual perspective of a man who can boil with indignation at the sight of another man drinking a Tom Collins, but remain quite unmoved at a lynching. In other words, the church has mistakenly tried to dissociate the problem of alcoholism from the general problem of human behavior.

AGAIN, I like the alcoholic because I realize that he is not the uninhibited hedonist he appears to be. The chronic alcoholic is definitely not "having fun." But people think he is, and that is one reason why more is not being done for him. The public pours out millions of dollars for research on the cause and cure of cancer, infantile paralysis, tuberculosis, etc., because it realizes that the person stricken with them is really ill. But the public will not at present pour out millions, or even thousands, for research on the cause and cure of alcoholism, because it refuses to believe that the alcoholic is sick. Or that he is not, like the person who acquires a venereal disease, "having fun." Or, if he is sick, that his sickness, like syphilis, is not some sort of just price paid for fun previously had.

But chiefly I like alcoholics because it is necessary to like them before you can help them. And I do not think that there is any problem before us today, except winning the war (which I hope I have made

clear is a related problem) more important than understanding and helping alcoholics.

RELIGION is far better equipped to help alcoholics than is medicine. A group of doctors who met at Cleveland last September under the auspices of the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol admitted their own inadequacy. "We are not failing to treat alcoholics because we haven't enough psychiatrists," said one of them, "but because we don't know how." This is not to say that science doesn't know anything about alcoholism—it does, and its twenty-odd formulas, running all the way from spinal fluid drainage and the conditioned reflex treatment through psychotherapy, are successful in about twenty-five to forty per cent of the cases. But there is a medical cliché to the effect that many cures mean no cure. Medical research on alcoholism, severely limited by the refusal of the damned human race to pony up funds for the relief of people whom it suspects of "having fun," has not yet hit upon the one treatment which will be so effective as to relegate all others to the background. And the doctors at the Cleveland meeting agreed that the one indispensable item in any kind of treatment is the patient's faith, and his will to recover. Spinal fluid drainage plus faith, conditioned reflex plus will, etc., mean arresting the alcoholism in twenty-five to forty per cent of the cases. But, ask the doctors—a little reluctantly—since faith, or will (at any rate, a nonphysical agent), is the one indispensable factor in all the "arrests," and since the treatments all report about the same ratio of success, may it not be this nonphysical element which is effecting the improvement, and may not the treatment be comparatively unimportant?

Check, doctor. For the program for the treatment of alcoholism which reports

greatest success—fifty to seventy-five per cent of "arrests"—is the one having the largest spiritual element, that of the organization called Alcoholics Anonymous. The Salvation Army does about as well. What kind of an illness is this which responds better to treatment by the Salvation Army and Alcoholics Anonymous than to spinal fluid drainage? It is a sickness in the soul of man which is itself but a reflection of the universal sickness of human society.

The church must recognize this sickness for what it is, must stop *dissociating* itself from alcoholics and begin *identifying* itself with them in order to help them. The church can do this not so much by propagandizing for prohibition as by setting up clinics, hospitals, and information centers and seeing that they are staffed with trained ministerial-psychiatric personnel. This will mean making provision for the training of such specialized personnel in theological seminaries and hospital training schools. And the church must realize that it fights alcoholism when it fights race hatred and discrimination, slums, poverty, unemployment, and war.

IT SEEMS to me that there are four keys to helping Uncle Jerry: *research*, which is the key for science; *education*, which is the key for a public that needs to know that Uncle Jerry is really sick; *identification*, which is the key for the church; and *faith*, which is the key for Uncle Jerry himself—faith in himself and in his ability to get well, or in God, or (preferably) both.

The alcoholic's problem will not be solved by moralizing, by propaganda "wet" or "dry," or by punishment. It will be solved by men of good will working together in classroom, laboratory, and church not only to cure the symptom (alcoholism) but to show the alcoholic a better way of life—and to find a better way of life for all mankind.

{ Samuel Hopkins Adams, veteran journalist and novelist, is writing a life of Alexander Woollcott. This month we present the first of two episodes from the work in progress. }

AISLE SEATS FOR MR. WOOLLCOTT

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS



STANDING, one winter evening of 1914, at the Knickerbocker Bar where the jolly and luminous Maxfield Parrish mural of Old King Cole lent a special savor to one's cocktail, I was accosted by a rotund young man who said with an air of reproach verging upon accusation:

"You don't remember me. I'm Woollcott."

"I do," said I. "How are you?"

"You told Mr. Van Anda that I would make a good reporter."

"Are you a good reporter?"

"I was," said he.

"Have you left the *Times*?"

"No. I've been made dramatic critic."

He was bubbling with enthusiasm. Adolph Klauber, he explained, had resigned to marry the beautiful young Jane Cowl and become a producer, and Van Anda, managing editor of the *Times*, had raised Aleck to the job, and coincidentally to the seventh heaven, without so much as an inkling of his passion for things and persons theatrical.

For a decade, with one interlude, the world of the theater was thenceforth to be Alexander Woollcott's world; its footlights, his sun, moon, and stars; its life, in play as in work, his life; its people his chosen and cherished associates. Through it he was to make his first step to fame and fortune. For months after his appointment, he later confessed, he was able only by

constant repression to conquer his powerful inclination to strut as he passed to his two choice seats on the aisle in the preferred section where the important critics sit. Some of his contemporaries think that he was less successful in this effort than he supposed.

WOOLLCOTT had been selected for his post because Van Anda believed that the theater had specific news value and that a dramatic critique ought to be so written as to interest someone besides actors, managers, and first-nighters. He had adopted Terence's apothegm for his policy: nothing that was human should be alien to the reader interest of the *Times*.

There was still current in the newspaper offices of those days a horrible example of the theatrical writer's isolationism. One Thomas S. Jones, Jr., whose poetry later appeared in the anthologies, was dramatic reporter for the *Times* when Harry Thaw murdered Stanford White on the Madison Square Roof Garden. Strolling into the office after the first edition was off the press, Jones glanced through the first-page introduction and remarked:

"That isn't quite the way it happened."

"What's that?" said the late-desk man.

"How do *you* know?"

"Why, I saw it. I was there."

"You *saw* it! Jumping Jesus! Why didn't you bring it in?"

"Neither of them had any stage connec-

tions," said Theatrical Reporter Jones blandly. "I inquired."

Woollcott's reportorial sense could be trusted not to miss any such opportunity. He was pardonably proud of his promotion, as any man not yet thirty might well be. Pleasurably he reflected that this branch of journalism had been embellished with such names as Dickens, Poe, Whitman, Eugene Field, and Elihu Root. A vista of delights spread before him. He was to have the backstage entrée to all theaters. He would meet on terms of professional intimacy the headliners of the billboards. And for this unbelievable satisfaction of his fondest ambitions he was to receive the generous salary of sixty dollars a week.

To his envious office mates he chuckled that he took the job only because he thought that Jane Cowl went with it. He wrote exultantly to his mother of his preferment. She replied:

"I should think it would be very narrowing."

TO PREPARE him for his new duties, the *Times* had sent him abroad, Europe being then the Freshman course in dramatic criticism. Eight weeks of theater in London and Paris were prescribed. In Paris the neophyte had met Burns Mantle, who gave him fatherly advice. No writer, he counseled, should consort with stage folk. They were lovable and fascinating creatures (else they would not be on the stage) — so alluring, indeed, that if a critic fell into the perilous habitude of association with them he would inevitably become entangled in friendships and prejudices to such an extent that he would lose prestige and his value to his paper would be undermined.

Writes Mr. Mantle in humorous-rueful retrospect:

Next winter Aleck, as the new and already colorful critic of the *Times*, did seek the friendship and comradeship of actors; did do a lot of partying, and shortly became the most talked-of and most widely-read dramatic critic in town. So much for Mantle as teacher and prophet.

Nevertheless, the unheeded teacher and prophet had spoken the eternal truth. Though he never consciously compromised with his conscience in the matter of theat-

rical opinion, Woollcott was inevitably influenced by his personal admirations and affections.

II

DRAMATIC criticism, in the second decade of the twentieth century, was on no lofty level. At its best, as exemplified by Percy Hammond in Chicago, Philip Hale in Boston, and Burns Mantle in New York, it was competent and honest. At its worst it was biased and corrupt. In between it was timid and noncommittal.

Writing on theatrical topics was diluted by the fear of the advertiser. Theater notices paid the highest rates. The purpose of a theater page, made up of news, criticism, and press agency about actors and actresses, was to secure a maximum of this highly regarded class of advertisement. Some of the lesser metropolitan reviewers combined their function with that of advertising solicitor, a system which did not make for impartial reviewing. Reduced to its baldest terms, it amounted to this, "Give me an ad and I'll give you a boost." The pay of this species of critic-cadger was a percentage on the revenue he brought in.

Not that many critics were venal. But for the most part they wrote under a pull, knowing that their copy could be mauled beyond recognition by an advertisement-conscious copy desk, or distorted through the friendship of the newspaper owner or managing editor for some actor or actress. (It was Frank A. Munsey's amiable habit to call his dramatic critic, Hamilton Owens, on the telephone as the paper was going to press, with some such message as: "We are reviewing 'Winsome Winnie' in tomorrow's paper, I believe, Mr. Owens. I am now having supper with the ingenue. I hope you are giving the play a good review." Whereupon the hapless and infuriated Owens must call back his copy from the composing room, tear it to pieces, and sweeten it with honeyed words for the partner of his principal's midnight meal.)

The theatrical pages sinned in another respect. They were dull. Dramatic criticism (when not taken in toto from the press agents' print mill) was addressed exclu-

sively to the highbrow element. It might be ornamented with the wit and precision of a Percy Hammond or illuminated by the brilliant verbal coruscations of a George Jean Nathan; but it was pointed for and read by a sharply limited fraction of the public. By and large it still took its tone from that Pontifex Maximus of his calling, the venerable William Winter, he who brokenly implored Mme. Modjeska not to sully a noble art by playing a fallen woman (*La Dame aux Camélias*, forsooth!) and declared that "the question of divorce is not fit for stage presentment; the theater is not the place to discuss questions." The task of the *Times's* new critic was to furnish matter that would hold the interest of a Rialto bristling with tribal traditions, taboos, and catchwords, and at the same time reach out for the largely untouched lay public which, if it read theatrical matter at all, did so merely as a solution of the burning question, "Where'll we go tonight?" He made a tentative start with a Sunday feature of his own invention: "Second Thoughts on First Nights." Before it had run a month, Van Anda said, "I knew that I had made no mistake in putting him in."

Here Woolcott set forth reflectively his opinions of plays and players against a background of broad dramatic knowledge, spicing the seriousness of his treatment with lively anecdotal matter. No one else had done the same thing so well. The column made an instant success and deserved it. Although it was unsigned, Woolcott became a familiar name on Broadway.

Shortly after his induction the new critic suggested to Van Anda that Brock Pemberton be brought uptown from the *World* and made his assistant, which was done. The two youngsters — Pemberton was but two years Aleck's senior — made a live team.

"They blew through Broadway like a fresh wind, and you can take that 'fresh' whichever way you like," that pre-Algonquin wisecracker, Rennold Wolf, was quoted as saying.

ALECK's daily critiques were not noteworthy in those early days. They brimmed over with sweetness and light,

So enthralled was he by the allurements of this brave new world that he could not bear to be harsh with the idyllic creatures who peopled it. Never was there a happier inspiration than that of Deems Taylor in suggesting for the title of a Woolcott book *Enchanted Aisles*. To the young commentator, still in his twenties, every aisle that sloped downward to an orchestra seat was, indeed, enchanted. Walter Winchell thought him soft-hearted, "a banana split" rather than an acidulous censor, and recorded of him (possibly as a vehicle for a long-secreted pun) that "he always praises the first production of each season, being reluctant to stone the first cast." But Winchell also found the Woolcott reviews "always more interesting than any show he covered — including the hits."

Aleck had his favorites. He prostrated himself in perpetual adoration before the genius of Minnie Maddern Fiske, at whose feet he sat to gather notes for a book on her and her philosophy of the drama. He paid unstinted homage to Laurette Taylor, and to the Barrymores, Lionel and John (Ethel came later into the orbit of his praise). Frequently a performance or a performer would inspire him to such bubbling ecstasies of encomium that one of his contemporaries described him as "still scattering posies with such lavishness that his column might have been made up by a symposium of press agents."

But people were reading Woolcott; more people than had ever before read a theatrical column. Not as many, however, as would read him after his impending battle with the Shuberts.

III

IN THE teen years of the century, producers, managers, and stars ruled the theatrical roost. Theaters banned critics for unfavorable reviews. Klaw & Erlanger forced *Life*, the old-time smartly humorous weekly of sophisticated New York, to discharge its reviewer. When Percy Hammond, head of the powerful Chicago *Tribune's* dramatic department, writing of a peculiarly flagrant "leg-show," took pen in hand to "beg to remind the Messrs. Shubert that the human

knee is a joint and not an entertainment," he was shut out of the Shubert theaters. Walter Winchell fell afoul of them and was banned for four years, though not with one hundred per cent success, as he put on crepe whiskers and sneaked into the Marx brothers' show on pretense of being their aged uncle. "A certain columnist," he wrote in reprisal, "has been barred from all Shubert openings. Now he can wait three days and go to their closings."

In general, management appointed itself sole judge of what constituted proper and permissible criticism.

Such was the situation when the Shubert brothers became the leading New York producers. Rising from the obscurity of the men's furnishing trade in Syracuse, New York, they had fought the potent Klaw & Erlanger interests to a standstill and acquired a string of houses extending across the country. They were not loved in the profession which they ruled. In their attitude toward the press, the Shuberts were, like other managements, firm and honest believers in the sanctity of property as exemplified in a New York production.

The *Times* had been growing quietly but steadily more independent. This is not attributable to Woolcott or the dramatic department, which merely reflected an editorial trend. It was due to the journalistic theory and policy of Van Anda, loyally backed by Ochs. Sooner or later it was inevitable that the Shuberts and the *Times* should clash. The two theories came into head-on collision in the spring of 1915, with Alexander Woolcott between them.

The provocation was a play called "Taking Chances," an adaptation and insufficient bowdlerization of a French farce. As it was a featured production, the first-string critics automatically attended. Woolcott found it "not vastly amusing," and pointed out that the pruning done to avoid offending American sensibilities resulted in "moments when a puzzled audience wonders what it is all about."

That will hardly seem severe to a modern reader. But coming from the usually kindly Woolcott (although the Shuberts tried to make him out consistently hostile) it was the more disappoint-

ing. Of the other critics, one was favorable; six, following the custom of the day, were carefully noncommittal; and seven besides the *Times* were more or less definitely adverse.

Why the resentful brothers should have selected Woolcott as scapegoat is not clear. Being shrewd analysts of trends they may have sensed the *Times's* increasing independence and figured that to discipline the paper and its critic would be a useful lesson to other newspapers which might be tempted to follow a bad example. The Shuberts decided to serve notice that Alexander Woolcott was no longer acceptable.

For the young critic it was a life-and-death crisis. If he could be excluded from the theaters at managerial caprice his career as a pen-free writer was over. He had no way of knowing, aside from his faith in Van Anda, whether he would be backed or dropped. Faith was all very well, but no publication had as yet dared to challenge the mighty and autocratic theater clique.

THE Shuberts opened negotiations on a note of urbanity which was maintained throughout. They requested that some staff member other than Mr. Woolcott be assigned to their next opening at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. The *Times* replied with equal suavity that a first-string show deserved and would get their first-string critic. Meanwhile Charles B. Dillingham, managing the Hippodrome for the Shuberts, sent tickets to Mr. Van Anda for the performance there with a notice that they would not be honored if presented by Mr. Woolcott. The tickets went back by return messenger. Following instructions from his chief, Woolcott purchased tickets at the box office for the Maxine Elliott Theatre opening. Upon presenting them, he was turned away by Jake Shubert and the doorman.

Van Anda elected to fight. He went direct to his principal. Adolph Ochs was a peaceable man. He disliked contention. On minor issues he would compromise or yield with good-humored indifference. Van Anda hoped that he would not regard this as minor.

"Do you think Mr. Woolcott's criticism

of the play was justified?" was the owner's first question.

"That isn't the question, is it?"

"No. Of course not," said Ochs after reflection. "What do you think we should do?"

"Get an injunction against the Shuberts."

"I'll call up our lawyers. Anything else?"

"Throw out the Shubert advertising."

"Do so."

BROADWAY goggled over the news, to which the *Times* gave nearly a page of its space, that an injunction against the Shuberts had been granted, restraining them from excluding Alexander Woollcott from their theaters upon his presentation of a ticket regularly bought and paid for. But this was nothing compared to the sensation produced by the paper's second line of offense. For a theater manager to withdraw or threaten the withdrawal of advertising patronage was a familiar form of discipline. For a newspaper to throw out on its own motion the most prized species of advertising was revolutionary.

In its broader implications, the issue would determine the honesty and independence of dramatic criticism in America. As New York went, so, with a few journalistic exceptions, went the nation. Once the principle was established that praise alone would be tolerated, the independent critic would be suppressed and the others become henchmen and touts for the producers. It is to the discredit of contemporary journalism that the other papers, with a few honorable exceptions, either failed to perceive this or were too timorous — perhaps too jealous of the *Times's* expanding power — to support its stand generally and vigorously.

The next review of a Shubert production (from which the brothers were unable to bar the critic), on the whole favorable, was signed, for the first time, Alexander Woollcott. It was the *Times's* method of serving notice upon the Shuberts, Broadway, the profession, and the world at large that it would back its man to the limit. The name appeared but once. It was enough. Park Row and Broadway understood.

Through its news columns the paper made the controversy a cause célèbre by fully reporting the court proceedings. A symposium on dramatic criticism followed in a few days. The most cogent contribution was a flat indictment of the metropolitan press, the writer charging that the low repute of the theatrical columns was due to "the notorious failure of the newspapers to stand behind critics better known than Mr. Woollcott."

The Shuberts fought. They carried their case to the Appellate Division and got a reversal. The decision, which is none the less curious for being unanimous, holds in substance that no person may properly be denied admittance to a theater on the grounds of race (as a Negro), creed (as a Mohammedan), or class (as, perhaps, a racing tout); but that if a theater owner objects to an individual on account of his opinions, freckles, or taste in spats, that person may legally be turned away at the door. It has long ceased to be law.

Again Woollcott was banned. The immediate effect was to make him the most conspicuous figure in his own line, a formidable personage on Broadway. His space allotment for the "Second Thoughts" was increased to as much as four columns on some Sundays. His salary was jumped to a hundred dollars a week. His by-line appeared regularly. No critic was more frequently quoted on the billboards in display advertising. Producers courted him. Stars welcomed him to their friendship. New Yorkers pointed him out to country cousins in theater lobbies. He loved it. "Yes," he said to a condoling friend, "They threw me out, and now I'm basking in the fierce white light that beats upon the thrown."

THERE is no formula for reckoning the dollars-and-cents return upon publicity. But the sensitive Shubert instinct apprised Jake, Lee, and Sam that the high court had handed them a Pyrrhic victory. The *Times* could get along quite comfortably without the Shubert revenue, but could the Shuberts get along without the most influential theater page in town? It took them a year to arrive at the painful

conclusion that they had made a mistake.

Again an emissary went to the newspaper. Would the Shubert advertising be accepted? That depended. Would tickets for first nights be received in the spirit in which they were tendered? Yes — on the understanding that they would be honored when presented by any person designated by the editor. This was agreed to without demur. Woollcott resumed his attendance. The brothers rushed into print with large advertisements welcoming themselves back into the fold. The *Times* made no comment. It has not been suggested by any responsible person that its attitude toward subsequent Shu-

bert productions was in any manner affected.

One creditable feature of the campaign remains to be recorded. On neither side was any personal rancor displayed. The Shuberts, the *Times*, and Woollcott were equally and scrupulously fair.

A friend who had been out of touch with Broadway met Aleck after it was all over.

"How did that scrap with the Shuberts come out?" he asked.

"Oh," said the critic: "that all went up in smoke."

"How do you mean, smoke?"

Aleck grinned. "Jake Shubert sent me a box of cigars for Christmas."

Modern Africa

I WAS at Ohio State University when an eminent anthropologist returned recently from my homeland, Nigeria. He had collected African curios and taken photographs which he exhibited at the state museum and at the university library. He was a brilliant scholar, and he had spent considerable time in my country. But his lectures and observations did an unintentional disservice to Africa and to America, between whom mutual understanding is desperately needed. He ignored everything in Nigeria which was modern, everything which tends to spoil that country as a "laboratory" in which anthropologists can study primitive culture.

He had traveled through many Nigerian cities; he had ridden on Nigerian busses and trains; he had driven Nigerian cars on Nigerian roads, and had used telephones and telegraphs operated by Nigerians. He had seen railroad bridges, churches, schools, residences, factories, and stores. He had engaged as interpreter a poor Nigerian boy who — like most of my countrymen — knows several languages fluently. He had got his meals and his mail in the same fashion he gets them in America, and he had enjoyed the services of Nigerian bankers, business men, lawyers, doctors, and ministers. But he photographed none of this, nor did he tell of it. It was not primitive enough to interest him.

It was, of course, natural that an anthropologist's interest should be thus confined, but the trouble is that the reports by such scientists tend to confirm the erroneous impressions which Americans get from other sources. For decades missionaries, motion picture companies, big game hunters, and explorers have treated Africa as a museum piece, or a sort of zoo where one may observe the lower forms of animal life, from wild beasts to wild men. They apparently have no interest in reporting the truth, which is that "primitive man" is fast disappearing from that continent. We Africans are your contemporaries. We — like you — fear bombs and machine guns; we hate war and race friction. We — like you — want to live and work in a peaceful and civilized world. — *Mbonu Ojike*

*{ John Fischer, formerly of the FEA, now with
Harper's, sets forth his views on a widely
discussed subject, after having canvassed
opinions both in the government and without. }*

THE FUTURE DEFENSE OF THE U. S. A.

JOHN FISCHER



MANY Americans seem to have made up their minds—more or less reluctantly—that the United States will have to maintain a very large and expensive military establishment for an indefinite period after this war. They are convinced that we must never again be caught so unprepared for war as we were in 1917 and again in 1941; and they conclude that this will mean a permanent standing army of a million men or more, plus the world's largest navy and air force. An indication of Congressional thinking was given recently by Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, who speaks with some authority as a member of the appropriations subcommittee which handles Army and Navy requests for money. He predicted that the nation would have to keep up an armed force of at least *two* million "for five, eight, or ten years."

Most people who hold this view, inside the government or out, recognize that it means a sharp break with three hundred years of American tradition. They realize that a large standing army is difficult to harmonize with the spirit of a democracy, and that it might well become a powerful and perhaps dangerous political influence. They know, too, that the cost of a permanent, grand-scale military establishment would weigh heavily even on an economy as rich as ours. Yet they see no alternative. Even if we manage to get a workable international security system

into operation, they point out, the United States will still have to supply a considerable part of the armed force necessary to keep the peace.

This article is intended to suggest that there *is* an alternative, and that a great peacetime military establishment is not needed, either for our own defense or to support our role in the United Nations. Such an overgrown standing army is undesirable, not on pacifist or political grounds, but purely from the standpoint of military efficiency.

For the past six months the question of America's future military policy has been studied within the War Department in considerable detail. It also has been discussed in closed sessions of certain Congressional committees, since—together with the related question of compulsory military service—it seems likely to be one of the major issues confronting the new Congress in its January session. The official position of the War Department finally was set forth last September by General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff. In a directive to all officers concerned with the Army's long-term plans and permanent organization, he declared bluntly that a large standing army "has no place among the institutions of a modern democratic state." As a matter of basic policy, General Marshall laid down a pattern of postwar army organization essentially similar to that which we have

followed ever since the Revolution—a small, professional nucleus, plus a large semitrained citizens' reserve which can be called to service in times of emergency.

This directive was received in Washington with a good deal of surprise, since it runs counter to a strong and apparently well-reasoned current of opinion, both in Congress and in the Army itself. No one would ever dream of accusing General Marshall of being either overconservative or careless of the nation's defense. Why, then, was he so confident that our modest, old-fashioned kind of military establishment would be good enough in the post-war world, where the United States must carry far greater military commitments than it ever has in the past?

General Marshall's directive did not set forth his reasons in any detail, and so far as is known he has not outlined them elsewhere. It seems probable, however, that he had in mind the fact that the present conflict has brought about a fundamental change in the nature of warfare. This change is greatly to our advantage. It makes it possible for the United States to buy a greater degree of security with a smaller investment of manpower than ever before. It makes a large standing army not only unnecessary, but in some respects even a handicap; a huge peacetime air force, for example, would almost certainly prove to be a weak plate in our armor.

THE character of this change is well known to everyone who has seen a battlefield newsreel. It is simply this: in the past, all wars have been decided primarily by naked manpower; in this and in future conflicts, they will be decided primarily by machines.

This does not mean that determined and well-trained soldiers are no longer vital. They are, and all the machines in the world would be useless without them. It does mean, however, that the crucial problem for a nation at war is no longer how to find enough fighting men, but how to find a staggering tonnage of complicated and expensive fighting machinery.

Today the weapon carries the soldier. Some weapons, such as the robot bomb, can even strike without help from any man within a hundred miles. Along with

every soldier in a modern army goes some six tons of equipment, ranging from bulldozers to bazookas. Without such equipment an army is helpless, no matter how brave, well trained, and numerous its soldiers may be. Even a well-equipped force may be defeated by a much smaller opponent if its equipment falls just a little short in quality—as the Luftwaffe learned from a handful of Spitfire pilots in the battle for Britain. Generalship is no longer merely the art of handling large masses of men; it has become a problem in industrial engineering.

While this fact is familiar enough, its implications for America's future military policy are just beginning to take shape. For this kind of war, as D. W. Brogan pointed out in the May issue of *Harper's*, is our dish. The great military tradition of the past—the tradition of Napoleon, Clausewitz, and the Junker officer caste—always has seemed foreign and repellent to us; but Americans understand a war of machinery.

More important still, we are one of the three nations in the world with the resources, technicians, and industrial plant to produce fighting machines on a really large scale. In an era when a nation's power and weight in world affairs are measured, not primarily by the number of its potential soldiers, but by the size of its heavy industry, the United States will hold a military advantage out of all proportion to its population. This initial advantage provides the natural starting point for planning a defense policy.

SUCH planning must, of course, be based on the gloomiest kind of assumptions. It is the duty of the military planner to be a professional pessimist, since his plans will not be called into use until all the efforts of good will and diplomacy have failed. He must assume, therefore—until its actual success is established beyond question—that the present attempt to organize a system of world security might fail. He must take into account the possibility—however remote—that our present allies some day might become antagonists. His scheme of defense must be proof against any nation or probable coalition of nations strong enough to challenge us.

It is clear that for the next twenty years or more there will be only two nations—Germany and Russia—with an industrial strength anywhere near comparable to our own; and that the worst possible military situation which could confront us would be an aggressive coalition of these two powers.

In the Pacific, China can hardly become a major industrial nation within a lifetime, and Japan, shut off from the resources of the south Pacific and the Asiatic mainland, is never again likely to become a first-class power. In Europe, neither England nor France, nor both of them in any conceivable combination with their small neighbors, will have either the strength or a motive for breaking the peace.

EVEN after unconditional surrender, however, Germany will remain the greatest industrial power in Europe, aside from the U.S.S.R.; and she will have every reason to try to split the United Nations, join forces with one of the fragments, and try again for world domination. Her best chance for success in such a maneuver is to aggravate the dormant suspicion between Russia and the Western capitalist powers, and in the end to seek an offensive alliance with the U.S.S.R. Sumner Welles apparently had in mind just this kind of tactic when he pointed out that "The [German] General Staff considers the Anglo-Saxon powers the only antagonists that will be permanently and inevitably opposed to it," and predicted:

In all probability, the first stratagem of the German military command will be to stimulate throughout Germany the growth of Communism in its world-revolutionary form. . . . Communism of the Trotskyist, or world-revolutionary, type would give the German General Staff precisely the advantages it will seek.

It may be taken for granted that the United States and England will make every conceivable effort to prevent any such development, and that all of the great powers, including Russia, will work tirelessly and in good faith to preserve the United Nations as a permanent instrument of peace. Assuming, however, that these efforts might fail, and that we might some day have to face an aggressive German-Russian coalition, or any other of

comparable power, what then would be necessary for a successful defense of the United States? In the light of the new character of machine warfare, what would we require in order to deal with the worst conceivable military situation?

II

FIRST of all, we need time—about eighteen months of it. Our experience both in this war and the last indicates that it takes the United States just about that long to shift its factories from peace to war production, and to bring the full weight of its industrial potential to bear in the field.

Eighteen months might be described as our minimum mobilization period for a modern war, after the threat becomes so immediate and unquestionable that American public opinion will permit the government to make an all-out defensive effort. It can be compared quite accurately with the three- or four-week period required by the pre-1914 European military powers to collect their reserves and mobilize an army for field service.

In order to assure ourselves of this indispensable eighteen months, we will need three things:

1. Outposts in both the Atlantic and Pacific to hold any possible attacking force far away from our vital industrial centers until they can be converted to war production, and until our main armies—capable of decisive counterattack—can be recruited and trained.

2. A navy and air transport command capable of keeping the supply lines to those outposts open at all times.

3. A covering force strong enough to hold our outposts against any probable weight of attack.

Securing the necessary outposts should be one of the foremost objectives of our diplomacy. In the Pacific, this means that we must obtain the right to fortify a network of island bases all the way from the Kuriles to the Solomons. The Japanese-mandated islands, which presumably will be placed under American administration by the nascent international security organization, can form the central links in this chain. They should be supplemented, however, by bases in a number

of islands now under British control or British-French condominium; in these cases, base rights can no doubt be obtained by friendly negotiation. In addition, we will need to maintain close working relationships with Australia and New Zealand, the southern anchors for our outpost chain.

In the Atlantic, by far the most important outpost is Great Britain itself. If the British Isles ever fall into hostile hands, our control of the sea approaches to our own shores will, of course, be gravely threatened. In addition, we will have lost an indispensable advance base for blockading and launching a decisive counterattack on the European continent. These elemental strategic facts are understood instinctively by most Americans. Whenever the British Isles have been seriously menaced, we have gone to war to protect them—not, at bottom, because of any charitable impulse to save the British, but in our own cold self-interest. Undoubtedly we would do so again.

This outpost, incidentally, is the least expensive of all to maintain. So long as England remains our closest ally, she will presumably keep up an adequate covering force without much help from us, although we may find it necessary to provide some economic aid to tide the British through their first difficult postwar years.

Our second line in the Atlantic consists of the chain of bases running from Iceland through Greenland, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the Caribbean to Brazil. It might well be rounded out by the addition of bases in the Azores, Ascension Island, and the western bulge of Africa. At all three of these points, as in Iceland, Greenland and Brazil, we now enjoy certain military facilities on a temporary, short-term basis. The ingenious gentlemen in our State Department can, perhaps, find some way to put the arrangements on a more permanent footing, without impairing the sovereignty of the nations involved.

OUR naval situation, at the end of the war, will be more than comfortable. When the destruction of the Japanese fleet has been completed, we will have a navy stronger than those of all the rest of the world combined. Moreover, the only

other considerable fleet will be that of our British partners. Neither Germany nor Russia has any well-established naval tradition; and a modern navy simply cannot be improvised. Although no one would suggest that any of our fighting ships should be scrapped, or that we should permit technical naval development to lag, it probably would be quite safe for us to lay up part of the fleet, in the interest of economy, soon after the defeat of Japan. (If it is properly cared for, a decommissioned warship need not deteriorate any faster than a vessel at sea.) When a crisis arose, or a potentially hostile nation started building a navy of threatening proportions, the laid-up ships could be put back into fighting trim almost overnight. The fifty World War I destroyers which we traded to England for Atlantic bases in 1940 had not received the best of maintenance during the previous twenty years, and by modern construction standards they were a lot of flimsy old coffee pots; yet they were ready for valiant service after a few weeks of reconditioning. Although some of the admirals may be expected to raise a dismal wail, there would appear to be no good reason why at least a third of the fleet—including nearly all the landing craft—should not be tied up indefinitely.

The size of the covering force needed to garrison our outpost defenses, plus such vital points as Alaska and the Panama Canal, will vary considerably from time to time, depending on the state of health of the international security organization and the course of postwar developments in Europe. A number of responsible War Department officials, both military and civilian, who have been working on the problem now believe that ten years after the end of World War II the permanent covering force, together with its base and training units in the continental United States, may not have to exceed some 500,000 men. This estimate does not include the units, of unpredictable strength, which must be kept in Germany and Japan so long as those countries remain under military occupation. It does, however, include the elements of any task force which might be needed to maintain the peace within the Western Hemisphere—the region for which we presumably

will have a special responsibility under the Dumbarton Oaks, or any similar, plan—or which we might contribute as the American contingent in a United Nations force intended for action elsewhere.

THIS covering force of some half a million men, plus the occupation divisions, is the *only* standing army which we are likely to require in the foreseeable future. It would not, in fact, be feasible for us to maintain our main striking force in being and ready for offensive operations at all times. For this main force, capable of decisive action, consists fundamentally of a steady flow of fighting machinery from the country's heavy industry. In the eighteen months needed to organize production of this stream of weapons, we would have ample time to organize and train the manpower needed to use them.

General Marshall assumed in his policy directive that Congress would soon enact a system of compulsory military service, under which "every able-bodied young American shall be trained to defend his country," remaining in the army reserve for "a reasonable period" after his training is finished. Such a system undoubtedly would ease the War Department's mobilization problem in time of emergency, and might provide a comforting margin of safety. Even if it is not established, however—and fairly vigorous popular opposition seems likely—our basic military pattern need not be substantially changed. Starting from scratch, we trained a pretty good army for this war in eighteen months—as we did in 1861 and 1917. If our present barracks and other training camp installations are kept in usable condition, so that no time need be lost in construction, we probably could make an army out of untrained civilians even more quickly in a future crisis.

Another aspect of the manpower problem would seem to be more pressing than the question of training, although it has received far less attention. About 40 per cent of all men examined for military service have been rejected for physical or mental reasons. In the light of these findings, a long-range program of better nutrition, social security, and medical care appears to be virtually a military necessity.

And a debate over how to train our pool of military manpower seems somewhat premature so long as nearly half that pool is not healthy enough to put on a uniform.

IF IT is not necessary to maintain a large standing army, it would be even more unwise to attempt to keep up a big reserve of equipment and munitions. Modern war power is based on a *flow* of fighting machinery, not a stockpile. An air force, for instance, which consisted merely of a few hundred squadrons of first-line planes would be virtually useless. Real air power consists of an industrial capacity capable of replacing the entire first-line strength every month.

Moreover, an effort to maintain a very large air force would be an almost certain guarantee that it would be obsolete at the moment of need. The unhappy example of France is worth remembering. About 1930 she decided to become a major air power, and during the next few years built up a fleet of more than four thousand bombers and fighters, the largest on the Continent. What the French Air Ministry overlooked was the fact that a warplane is almost as perishable as a crate of lettuce. Within a year or two a plane is hopelessly out of date. France found it impossible to replace her (for that time) huge fleet continuously with new models. As a result, the more advanced Luftwaffe shot the French jalopies out of the air like so many crippled ducks.

The most useful kind of air force for the United States would be a relatively small one—just large enough for training purposes and the protection of our outlying bases—but with a high rate of turnover in equipment. Its entire strength might well be replaced every year or two, if technical development continues at its present pace.

A policy of this kind would not only ensure the qualitative superiority which is the first essential of a good air force. It also would guarantee enough business to our aircraft manufacturers to keep them interested in military types and to prod them into constant experiment on improved models. For this purpose a steady, assured market is far preferable to large purchases at spasmodic intervals.

The same principle holds true, in varying degrees, for other types of armament. Some items, such as tents and blankets, can be stored indefinitely; others, such as explosives, deteriorate fairly quickly; while most ordnance is subject to ruin by obsolescence rather than decay. In the last two instances, the safe rule of thumb would be to keep up a modest, constantly renewed supply for use of the covering force, but not to attempt to build up major stockpiles for equipping the main armies.

III

IN ADDITION to a sound program for manpower and matériel, an adequate defense policy will call for at least two major administrative reforms in the armed forces. The first is a better mechanism for co-ordinating the operations of the Army, Navy, and air force. In this war, teamwork in combat theaters has in general been surprisingly good. In Washington, however, on the planning, administrative, and procurement levels, the overlapping and confusion often have been appalling. Even today the manpower wasted in jurisdictional squabbling and duplicated units within the armed forces probably would fill a combat division, with enough left over to man a couple of cruisers.

Devising a remedy will not be a short or easy task. It will no doubt require exhaustive Congressional hearings, together with months of study and negotiation within the Army and Navy themselves. In the end it may take the form of the proposal now being most widely discussed in military circles—a single Department of National Defense, with Army, Navy, and Air Force subdepartments headed by civilian undersecretaries, and a unified planning organization under a greatly strengthened Joint Chiefs of Staff.

A second pressing reform is the establishment of a competent intelligence service. In peacetime the United States has never had even a second-rate intelligence organization. Both G-2 and the Office of Naval Intelligence have generally been starved for both money and personnel. Worst of all, they have been used too often as a dumping ground for incompetent officers. Military attachés frequently

have been chosen because they were personable young men with private incomes and no marked ability for handling troops. The really able staff officers have taken little interest in intelligence work, and as a result it drifted along between wars without much direction and in growing disrepute.

Consequently, the morning after Pearl Harbor we woke to discover that we really knew very little about our enemies—or our friends. There followed a panting scramble to refurbish the old intelligence units and to set up new ones. The most mysterious and best advertised of these is of course General “Wild Bill” Donovan’s Office of Strategic Services, but there are dozens of others, inside the armed forces and out. OWI, the Federal Communications Commission, the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice, the Board of Economic Warfare, the Tariff Commission, and many another civilian agency blossomed out at one time or another with an intelligence organization of its own, each bent on servicing the armed forces. For a while it seemed that half the bureaucrats in Washington were trying to brighten up their melancholy lives with a dash of Oppenheim, and even their secretaries sometimes took to Mata Hari dresses and purple eye-shadow.

These goings-on were preposterous enough, but they were also necessary. Ultimately the civilian agencies managed to do a reasonably good job of digging up and analyzing information concerning the one field where the regular intelligence services were feeblest—the economy of the enemy. What data there were in the files of G-2 and ONI dealt largely with the enemy’s warships and fortifications, the disposition of his forces, and the terrain of possible battlefields. They contained amazingly little, in 1941, on the basic industries of other countries, their productive capacity, location, plant layout, sources of power and raw materials, and the speed with which they could be converted to the output of weapons.

It would hardly be fair, of course, to blame the military for this oversight. Soldiers had never been trained as industrial analysts; and, in any case, few people in the early days of the war had grasped

the fact that industrial capacity had become the primary yardstick of a nation's warmaking power. Nevertheless, the lack of such data had some embarrassing results. It was largely responsible, for example, for the solemn judgment of virtually all our military men that Russia could not resist the German onslaught for more than six or eight weeks. What was more serious, it led to a belief in many quarters that the Japanese industrialist was merely an imitator, who could not design a first-rate airplane or machine tool, or learn to produce high-test gasoline.

We cannot afford such mistakes in the future. We cannot, in fact, hope to trace a prudent and informed course either in foreign affairs or military policy until we set up some mechanism for producing a constant flow of intelligence about the economy of the other major powers. To attempt to do so would be like sitting in a poker game without knowing how many chips the other players had on the table.

IV

WORKING out a sound policy on manpower, strategic bases, munitions, and military administration will be only a beginning, however, toward an adequate defense of the Americas. The underlying problem is to preserve and, if possible, to extend our one great asset—our ability to beat the world in industrial production.

This supremacy is threatened by an impending shortage of two of the raw materials most indispensable for a modern industry—oil and high-grade iron ore. It is true that estimates of our petroleum reserves vary widely, and that we *may* discover rich new fields; but it also is true that we have been burning our oil at a prodigal rate for the past twenty-five years, that new discoveries are lagging behind consumption, and that the oil now in sight within the United States could not begin to fuel another major war. More ominous still, the Mesabi iron range, which has served as the backbone of American industry since the Civil War, will be used up in ten or fifteen years—perhaps much sooner—and the chances of finding a comparable body of high-grade

ore in this country seem very scant indeed.

There are a number of other strategic raw materials which the United States does not have enough of, or lacks entirely—notably bauxite for making aluminum, high-grade manganese, industrial diamonds, quartz crystal, natural rubber, tin, tungsten, chrome, and mica for aircraft engines and all kinds of electrical and electronic equipment.

It would seem to be elementary prudence to build up substantial stockpiles of these key materials in the first five or ten years of the peace, with the understanding that they would be held for emergency use only. In the case of oil and iron ore, which cannot be stockpiled in anything like adequate amounts, it probably would be advisable to conserve our own deposits as much as possible and to draw for normal peacetime needs on supplies outside our own borders. This would mean a gradual shutdown of oil production in the United States (and the comparatively accessible Caribbean) and a sharp increase in imports from Saudi Arabia and the other flush fields of the Middle East—at least until substantial new oil reserves are discovered in this country. It would mean hoarding the remnants of Mesabi, and shipping in high-grade iron ore from the huge newly opened Itabira deposit in Brazil and the still half-explored but promising discoveries in India and Canada.

Such a trade policy would not, of course, be “economic.” On the contrary, it probably would raise the cost of gasoline and steel products to every American consumer; it certainly would touch off howls of protest from those business interests which would profit most by continuing to use up our own dwindling oil and iron resources as fast as possible. It would simply be part of the price of safety—a military burden to be reluctantly endured, precisely as we endure the cost of keeping up the Army and the fleet. It should serve as one more prod, if any is needed, for us to establish at any sacrifice the kind of world security system which will make armies and fleets and “uneconomic” trade policies unnecessary.

It should be noted, however, that a policy of importing enough oil and iron ore to meet our current peacetime needs

would result in one fortunate economic by-product. It would go far towards balancing our now lopsided foreign trade. It is a truism that America, as the one great creditor nation, must import far more than we ever have in the past, if we hope for repayment of the debts owed to us by other nations. If we want to make the rosy dreams of an expanding American export trade come true, we shall of course have to step up our imports still further. The problem is to find something we *can* import on a large scale without damage to our own economy. Oil and iron ore, plus a stockpile program for other critical materials, might provide a partial answer.

At the same time we should, of course, intensify our search for new oil reserves at home, and for better means of processing fuel from coal and oil shale. We need to develop more efficient techniques—with government subsidy and pilot plants, if necessary—for making steel from our ample deposits of low-grade iron ore. And throughout the whole range of industrial commodities from ferro-alloys to plastics, the drive for new materials and methods of using them should be a concern of the defense authorities as well as the business world.

ASSURING a supply of raw materials is by no means enough, however, to guarantee our industrial supremacy. A far more urgent—and more difficult—problem is to find some means of holding our lead in both industrial plant and the techniques of production. This means keeping up a high level of output—high enough not only to keep our present factories in operation but to stimulate a steady replacement of obsolete factories and a continual improvement in equipment. It means a volume of business profitable enough to make a heavy investment in research for new products and processes

worth while. It means a high demand, with good salaries and steady employment, for our engineers, chemists, and skilled labor. It means, briefly, a national income of \$120 billion a year, or better.

We may be sure that Russia, our closest industrial competitor, will not lag in its efforts to build a bigger and more efficient productive plant. Stalin already has announced his postwar plan for stepping up steel output to sixty million tons annually—considerably better than our tonnage in an average peacetime year. In heavy chemicals, electric power, machine tools, and consumers' goods a new series of Five Year Plans may be expected to increase production to levels undreamed of a few years ago. And there is little prospect that unemployment or depression will interfere with the Soviet's program of expansion.

It follows that, *from a strictly military standpoint*, we cannot afford another depression in the United States. The resulting paralysis of our industrial machine would not be the only, or the gravest, danger. A depression would make us vulnerable to the political attack which is certain to be the primary weapon of an aggressive communism, if it ever revives in its world-revolutionary form, or of an aggressive fascism. Large-scale unemployment must be regarded in the future not merely as an economic and social but also as a military disaster.

The new character of industrialized warfare has relieved us of the necessity of keeping a million or more of our young men in uniform indefinitely. It has given us certain initial advantages which will make our military responsibilities relatively easy to carry. At the same time, however, it has framed a new kind of military problem for the United States—it has made a healthy, expanding economy the first essential for a sound program of national defense.

Another Man's Poison

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



OUTSIDE of Connecticut's 25th Senatorial District few persons know that I was beaten in my efforts to become State Senator. It was a tough campaign last November, and the silver lining is that I am glad to be back in public life.



I LEARNED things. For example, that the politician's appeal to "every thinking American" is cheap, insincere flattery. I know that if I have as many as three thoughts a year I consider myself a Miracle Man. And if the suffrage were limited to Thinking Americans, we'd get the complete returns by noon of Election Day. I am not guessing. One night in Shelton, Connecticut, I asked a voter who had been thus wooed whether he was a thinking American.

"Sure," he said.

"Well," I asked, "what do you think?"

"I think," he said, "it'll rain, and that you won't be elected."

He batted 1,000, but one was a guess, and the other a forecast based on thirty years of experience in that section.



ALREADY those matters seem remote. But I never shall forget the orators who said, "As Sherman said, 'War is hell'"; or who referred to Hoover's "noble experiment," and to Woodrow Wilson's saying that we were "too proud to fight."

Sherman never said it. What he said was uttered at a speech in Columbus, Ohio, August 11, 1880: "There is many a boy here today who looks on war as all glory, but, boys, it is all hell. You can bear this warning voice to generations yet to come." Neither Sherman nor any-

body who heard him had any idea that he had said what was to be known as one of the most widely quoted statements of all time. According to his best biographer, Lloyd Lewis, what people were quoting was a popularization of what he had written during the Civil War: "War is cruelty and you cannot refine it."

And Herbert Hoover, in a letter written to Senator Borah, February 28, 1928, called prohibition "a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose." And what Woodrow Wilson said was, "There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight."

I hate misquotation, and I therefore object to the title of Emily Kimbrough's "How Dear to My Heart." Of course she is misquoting the first line of "The Old Oaken Bucket," which is "How dear to *this* heart." . . . To be fair, in many instances the popular misquotation is an improvement on the original.



IGNORANCE about the Bill of Rights, where it is, what it is, even a few of the things it guarantees, is widespread. And widestspread among the citizenry that has violent feelings, or at least violent expressions, about the conduct of the war, the terms of peace and postwar readjustments, and many other matters. But everybody in Connecticut knows that the state flower is the mountain laurel, its bird is the robin, and its motto "*Qui transtulit sustinet*." Any child but mine knows what that means.



NOW there was considerable talk about Henry Stimson and the late Frank Knox, Republicans, having important cab-

inet positions under a Democratic President. But it should be remembered that a Hartford Democrat, Gideon Welles, was Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, and that his diary, from March, 1861, to May 30, 1869, to my notion, is the best contemporaneous history of the Lincoln and Johnson eras.



AND while I am on the subject of Hartford and the Civil War, my wife's grandfather, George F. Root, who wrote "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "The Vacant Chair," and dozens of other war songs, was also a music publisher. And he published the songs of a Hartford printer who walked into Root & Cady's music store in Chicago and said he had written a song. It was "Kingdom Comin', or the Year of Jubilo." He got a job writing songs for the firm, and wrote, among others, "Grandfather's Clock," "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now," and "Marching Through Georgia." I mention these to advance the theory that the Civil War songs, written between 1861 and 1865, are better known today than the songs of all other wars combined.



THERE is a growing tendency in American journalism that I have viewed with alarm for a long time. It has been especially dangerous, my conviction is, during the war years. That is the great and increasing number of cities which have singly-owned newspapers. Cities, for example, like Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Kansas City, whose papers are read by thousands in contiguous towns, have a morning and an evening paper. The same man, in dozens of cities, owns both papers. Politically, economically, morally, the influence is all one way. The opposition paper, or even the rival of the same political leaning, has been killed. The owners of these one-man papers, A.M. and P.M., have been articulately anti-Administration. Among their often-uttered principles of government is opposition to dictatorship, both here and abroad. Yet the dictatorship practiced on large communities is absolute. Bridgeport's Mr. George Waldo and Kansas City's Mr. Henry

Haskell are high-minded, intelligent editors. I am certain that they often are fair, that frequently they are on the angels' side against local corruption. But there is no debate, no opposition paper to accuse, or even to express another viewpoint. There are dozens of Frank Gannett towns in New York, like Elmira, where both papers are owned, and of course dominated, by Mr. Gannett. These newspapers opposed the first, second, third, and fourth terms.



IN 1933, I called upon the late Mr. I Schuyler Merritt, one of Clare Boothe Luce's predecessors. Mr. Merritt, then more than eighty, represented Fairfield County. His monument, *aere perennius*, is the Merritt Parkway. Well, Mr. M. was a forthright disliker. "Tell you what I think of Frank Roosevelt. Like the fellow about piccolo playing. Even if Roosevelt did something good I wouldn't like it. All alike, the Roosevelts. Theodore Roosevelt started all the trouble with this country when he put the selection of Senators up to the people. Get a worse crowd than the appointment way."



THIS is going to sound like the cliché of a man who has just been elected instead of one whose head is bloody and bowed. My confidence and affection for people is unshakable. I think that while our intelligence and sense of humor are overestimated—though I risk a guess that nowhere else in the world is there a people as intelligent or as perceptive of humor—our predominant quality is that rarity, common sense. I think that you can't fool the people any of the time.



JEST AFTER CHRISTMAS

(With the customary genuflections
to Eugene Field)

Mother has the charge accounts, but Father pays
the bills
Fer clothin' fer the childurn, fer medicines an'
pills;
Milk an' soap an' hamburgers an' a pair o' foot-
ball shoes;
Records o' James an' Dorsey an' the Alabama
Blues;
Cleanin' o' the blankets an' the curtains an' the
chairs,

An' new rugs fer the lib'ary an' carpets fer the stairs.

Bills are piled around me as fur as I kin see,
But jest after Christmas they're as big as they kin be.



IN or out of politics, people are divided into two groups: those who say or write trivial, witty, humorous, satirical, merry, frivolous, or jocose things—and those who never rise or descend to anything of the sort. The second group calls the first group a lot of wisecrackers; the first scorns the second as dull and ponderous fellows. Both are wrong, in that each group is intolerant of the other. For there is room in the world for Wordsworth and Swift, for Bryant and Bret Harte, for the *Nation* and the *New Yorker*, for Raymond Gram Swing and Gracie Allen, and for the Republican party and the Democratic party.



IN that November campaign, which anti-quarians may remember, there was some heat turned on against so-called un-Americanism, against American citizens born in Europe. At a small rally I heard a candidate address about two hundred voting citizens. "If it hadn't been for that Genoese, Cristoforo Colombo," he said, "we wouldn't be having a descendant of Dutch immigrants running for a fourth term, or a man born in Michigan running for a first. Nor would your chairman, whose grandfather came from Dublin and whose grandmother from Bavaria, have introduced me, a man born in Scotland." Of course, that is where the speaker should have stopped, and sat down. And that is what he did.



FOR one never will take the paper short-age seriously as long as people from Evanston, Illinois, keep on sending me newspaper "releases" asking me to make the public prohibition-, or bootlegger-minded; to this recipient prohibition and bootlegging are synonymous.



THE intricacies of income-tax deductibility are too much for me, and too much for most Certified Public Accountants. Campaign expenses are not deductible, perhaps on the grounds that the

expense is unnecessary, that a candidate may claim any amount for traveling expenses, entertainment of chairmen, delegates, etc. What happens, however, is that the Collector of Internal Revenue believes that possibly politicians are not to be trusted.



LONGEVITY is on the upgrade, or, as we insurance men used to say, expectation has increased. One of the contributing causes is personal hygiene; that's why we live longer. When I think of paper towels, ice cream soda in paper cups, cellophaned cigars, paper doilies and napkins, I wonder whether it's worth dawdling along.



WHO remembers the Sunday supplements that used to print a page of "Christmas in Many Lands"?



A MAN has a new suit every other year. His wife never notices it. She wears a new dress, or a new hat, and if he is unecstatic, she says that he is unobservant.



WINTER WEATHER NOTE

Some like it hot;
Some like it cold;
With the latter
I'm not enrolled.



FOR many years, on many newspapers, I crusaded for a renumbering of New York edifices. That is to say, 3100 Fifth Avenue would be at 31st Street, and 3100 Tenth Avenue would also be at 31st Street. As it is, no stranger to New York can tell at what street any number is situated, and few New Yorkers, in quest of an unfamiliar site, know exactly where such a place is. Few taxi drivers can tell you offhand just where 841 Sixth Avenue is, though they know it wouldn't be near 8th Street. However, in Chicago, if you want to go to 3100 Halsted Street or 3100 Cottage Grove Avenue, you don't have to ask anybody where to alight from a conveyance.

Certainly there is some New York pressure group that is opposed to such a piece

of sanity. At any rate, I now know that the written word is futile with legislators. Nor do you write, or telegraph. You go right to the alderman, or the mayor, or the senator, and tell him.

What I am crusading for now concerns "The Star Spangled Banner." It took 117 years to have it officially and Congressionally recognized as our national anthem, which it has been since only 1931.

My crusade is simply this: Schoolchildren should memorize all four stanzas. Few Americans of any age are able to get past the first, with its question, "O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave?" It was true in 1814 that the rocket's red glare and the bombs bursting in air ocularly demonstrated the continued existence of the flag. The second stanza speaks of "the foe's haughty host," now our beloved ally; and the third asks rhetorically about "that band who so vauntingly swore" not to add "their foul footsteps' pollution." There they are — three stanzas whose place is in a museum of history.

My crusade, by this time obvious, is that only the fourth stanza be sung, at any rate until the end of the war. It might have been written today. Unhesitatingly I reprint it:

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust":

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



I HAVEN'T a copy of the senior class yearbook, Harvard '04, but I wonder who was Most Likely to Succeed, and if any clairvoyant editor of the yearbook was crystal-gazer enough to predict that one of their members would succeed four times.

Of course, the transitive-verbalists in both parties are most concerned about who is most likely to succeed him.

It just occurs to me that superstitious as the President was, or pretended to be, about his address to the Teamsters, about his Navy cape and his campaign hat, he never used the Class of '04.



I SIMPLY cannot describe it," said a mother at the family dinner table the evening that this was written.

"Thanks, Ma," said one of her laconic sons.



I'M a diehard about rhymed verse. I can imagine somebody like Robinson Jeffers fiddling when Rhyme burns.



I CAN'T follow detective stories, as a rule, any better than I can concentrate on so-called comic strips. I'd like to read a story in which the first person suspected of the murder has done it. Of course, unless it's the fellow who calls the police, or the woman who remembers exactly what time it was.

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OUR CONFLICTING RACIAL POLICIES

WILL W. ALEXANDER



WHILE there is nowhere any official statement of the policy of this country as to its Negro citizens, an examination of our actual dealing with Negroes indicates that over the years unofficial policies have been developed. In fact, there have been two well-defined policies in race relations and only two.

The first of these is the policy that Negroes shall be educated. Negro education had its beginnings in the activities of Northern churches when, immediately following the Civil War, they established schools for Negroes in the South. These schools have had a profound influence. Their establishment was followed by the inauguration of separate state-supported schools for Negroes in the South, and by the opening to Negroes of schools in the rest of the country. So firmly has the idea of educating Negroes taken hold that today the annual expenditure in the Southern states for the higher education of Negroes exceeds the total income of all private schools for Negroes. The increase in educational opportunity has caused the Negro illiteracy rate to drop from 95 per cent at emancipation to less than 10 per cent today. And the Southern states are showing a tendency to move toward equalization of educational funds for Negro and white schools.

Everywhere the idea of education for Negroes is accepted as part of our American way. Howard, Fisk, and Atlanta

Universities have come to take their place as institutions of higher learning which are making an important contribution not only to Negro life but to national life. In the great graduate schools of the North, wherever knowledge is pursued, increasingly Negro scholars are doing creditable work. In many cases these men and women are doing superior work in fields that have nothing to do with Negroes as such; they are contributing to the enrichment of American culture. The superior quality of the educated American Negroes always impresses foreigners as a striking aspect of American life.

FOREIGNERS are also puzzled by America's second policy regarding her Negro population: segregation. Segregation is not only Southern, but national—it varies not so much in degree as in method in different sections of the country. In the South segregation in schools, transportation, entertainment, and community services is maintained by law and by custom. In the North segregation is maintained by social pressure and by such quasi-legal arrangements as restrictive covenants. In connection with many public services, such as hotels and restaurants, segregation is as rigid in the North as in the South. Thus segregation is accepted in all sections of the country to about the same degree that education is provided and accepted.

Much of the uncertainty and tension in connection with our American race relations grows out of the conflict in these policies. Education is the most hopeful aspect of American race relations. Segregation is one of the most puzzling aspects of American life, and one of the most difficult questions in American race relations. It is generally recognized by Negroes as their number-one problem and is insisted upon by many whites as the one thing in the American race scene that can never be modified or dispensed with. Here we have the greatest conflict between our professed democratic doctrines and our actual practice in day-by-day living. Segregation tends to defeat the inspiring work of Negro education. Unless the problem of segregation can be solved, there is no hope of any alleviation of the race problem in America.

II

THE fact that segregation exists is bad enough. To make matters worse the patterns of segregation are so inconsistent as to be completely bewildering to Negroes. Often they cannot tell just what is expected of them. For example, in one railroad station in the South, Negro and white passengers have to board the railroad trains through separate gates; but leaving the trains in this station, they use the same gate.

In some Southern communities, Negroes are supposed to sit in the front of the streetcar or bus in order to maintain racial separation; in others, they must be seated in the rear of the car.

In some office buildings in the South, Negroes have access to the general elevator service. In other buildings, a special elevator is provided which carries both white and colored passengers. Occasionally special elevators marked "Negroes and Freight" are provided.

In the past, the use of Pullmans by Negroes has been usually confined to "Lower 13"—which means that an influential Negro traveler could occupy the drawing room for the price of a lower. Now, in some cities, Negroes can secure Pullman reservations.

Both North and South, Negroes are

usually denied service by hotels and restaurants that serve the general public. Occasionally, however, if sponsored by some white person with sufficient influence, they are admitted as a special privilege to limited service. This lack of consistency and uniformity occurs all the way through the pattern of American Negro segregation and is very confusing and irritating to Negroes and to white persons who are with them.

MUCH more important than these vagaries is the fact that segregation has meant inferior service to Negroes. The constitutions of most Southern states require that there shall be equal, but separate, schools for Negroes. But an examination of the expenditures for Negro and white education in those same states, and the cities within the states, indicates that segregation in education has meant not equal but inferior service to Negroes. Studies of nine Southern states in 1940 showed average annual expenditures of \$58.69 per white student and only \$18.82 per Negro. In Mississippi the discrepancy was much greater—\$52.01 compared to \$7.36.

In cities North and South, housing is far poorer for Negroes than for whites. Colored people are largely forced to live in slum areas which have been abandoned by other groups. And Negroes who are financially able to secure better accommodations find it almost impossible to do so outside the segregated areas. Residential segregation has forced Negroes to pay higher rents and higher purchase prices for inferior accommodations in every city where they seek housing. Residential segregation, as well as administrative arrangement, has led to a definite tendency in Northern cities toward segregated Negro schools. Since Negroes are usually required to live in the overcrowded sections of these cities, separate schools for Negroes in Northern cities are usually housed in run-down buildings and are similarly overcrowded. In Chicago, sixteen public schools have double shifts—all of them Negro schools.

Where segregation has been enforced in transportation, Negro travelers have had less space per traveler, older and less

sanitary cars, less safety, and less courtesy and consideration from the servants of the railroads—not only the ticket sellers but the brakemen and flagmen, who usually occupy much of the space set aside for Negro travelers.

IN MANY ways the most subtle and most damaging form of segregation results from the fact that while educating Negroes for participation in American life, we have denied them free participation in the economic life of the country. Consciously and unconsciously we have developed, both North and South, so-called Negro jobs which tend to freeze Negro employment in the lower income brackets and to exclude Negroes from an opportunity to acquire skills in other than the poorer jobs. This has tended to lead to segregation within the labor movement; this, until the coming of the CIO with its new patterns of organization, was a means of excluding Negroes permanently from large areas of employment in organized industries. It left Negroes little choice but to become strike-breakers, divided the ranks of labor, and weakened the labor movement in America perceptibly. Even when labor unions were friendly, qualified Negroes were often turned away by employers.

There are some white people who assume that we can have two economic systems—one for Negroes and another for whites. A very charming lady in a discussion of the problems of Negro employment said, "Why don't Negroes employ each other?" When it was called to her attention that there were great difficulties as to capital and organization, she said, "Why, Marian Anderson makes lots of money. She could use that to set up business concerns to meet the economic needs of Negroes." This is quoted because it is typical of much of the thinking on this question.

In an effort to solve their economic problems, Negroes have established some business concerns that employ Negroes and serve the Negro community. The Negro insurance companies are the most successful of these enterprises and the best of them have made large contributions to sustaining the economic life of the Ameri-

can Negroes. But to adopt economic segregation as a means of solving the economic problems of Negroes bears on its very face the stamp of futility. There can be no adequate provision for the economic life of these thirteen million Americans except as they share in the general economic life of the country.

III

THE segregation of Negroes in jobs, their exclusion from free access to the ways in which other citizens earn their living, has meant permanent poverty, degradation, and defeat—not only for the majority of Negroes, but for other large sections of the American people. One of the causes for the general poverty of the South is the failure to develop the economic potentialities of Southern Negroes. By allowing the Negro to remain at a low economic level, the South has kept itself on the bottom rung of the economic ladder. Slavery was responsible for the plight of the poor white in the South, and the low wages and generally low standards of living for Negroes since Emancipation have added greatly to the difficulty of improving the status of the Southern white worker. He is perhaps the poorest and least skilled white man in the world. He will remain so until better economic advantages are available both for him and his Negro neighbor. Poverty cannot be segregated—North or South. Economic realists in the South admit privately that if the South is to succeed, something must be done about the economic status of Negroes. An effort to deal realistically with the question of Southern poverty will reveal that segregation is wasteful, expensive, and economically unsound.

Segregation has impeded the nation in the use of its manpower in the war effort. When the manpower shortage developed, it was discovered that, because they had been denied free access to work experience, many of our Negro workers were lacking in the required skills. But a greater handicap was the fact that in many plants even qualified workers were not accepted, or were accepted only in the lower, unskilled brackets. Their em-

ployment and advancement were opposed by other workers and by many employers, who, despite the long and creditable history of Negro workers in this country, insisted that Negroes could not build ships and planes and guns. Finally the President, in order to meet the emergency, was forced to issue Executive Order 8802, requiring that all war contracts should provide that there should be no discrimination in employment "because of race, creed, or national origin," and that an agency—the Fair Employment Practice Committee—should be set up to enforce this provision. While this has resulted in wider and more intelligent use of Negro labor, much time and manpower had already been wasted by the time the order was issued. And the new arrangement has been only partially successful because of continued opposition and the limited authority of the Committee.

OUR American policy of segregating Negroes has created an almost impossible task for the armed forces. Because of this, in the past the Navy has used Negroes only in the most limited way. The Army has, on the other hand, used Negroes as enlisted men and, to a limited degree, as officers—but always in segregated units. This arrangement has been expensive and difficult to administer, and has limited the use which the Army could make of Negro troops.

Because of the special conditions under which the Negro soldier serves and the attitudes which he encounters outside the Army camps, it is difficult for him to develop a high morale. He feels that he is being asked to give his service and perhaps his life for a country that guarantees him only second-class citizenship. His segregation in the Army symbolizes the limitations he suffers as a citizen. He often feels that he is a limited kind of a soldier—outside military reservations his uniform does not secure for him the respect and consideration given to other men in uniform. In World War II, it has been reported that in some unusual cases prisoners of war have been admitted to eating places in which Negro men in the uniform of their country have been

denied service because of their color. If American Negro soldiers could fight in this war in voluntary, unsegregated units of Americans or with the French or Russians, the question of their morale would be less of a problem. They have already made excellent records in combat, and on today's battlefields are proving themselves able fighting men. But our discriminatory policies—our refusal to use them as widely as their capabilities deserve—are handicapping the war effort. The Negro contribution to it would be much greater if we would only allow it to be.

THERE is no better evidence of our conflicting racial policies than in the churches which have been the champions of Negro education. Certainly, what the church has done for Negroes has been largely within the pattern of segregation. This is especially true of the Protestant churches. It seems to be less true of the Catholic church. The difference is to be found in the fact that, in most cases, a Protestant church is to some extent a social organization as well as a place of worship; the Catholic church, with its emphasis on worship, is more nearly an altar before which all men are equal.

On many Protestant churches are announcements to the effect that "all are welcome." A Negro reading this announcement knows that, in most cases, if he turned up at any of the activities he would not be welcome or the embarrassment on the part of the preacher and the congregation would be such as to destroy any sense of spiritual fellowship. These churches give money for the support of Negro schools, hospitals, and orphanages, but would be embarrassed at accepting Negro Christians into full fellowship in their church activities. In most Southern Protestant churches, Negro worshipers would be seated in the gallery or otherwise segregated.

In many American cities, Negro communities have grown by infiltration into old communities formerly occupied by whites. In spite of the fact that Negroes are Protestants and speak the same language as the old congregations, the churches in these areas do not, as a rule,

offer any service to the incoming Negroes. The advent of Negroes is not looked upon as an opportunity for service, but as a reason for moving on.

In institutions owned and operated by the church, the segregation pattern is usually accepted—at least in a modified form. One of the largest church-controlled universities in the country, while accepting Negro students, does not allow them to live in its dormitories. Church-controlled hospitals do not, as a rule, admit Negro physicians for practice or train Negro nurses. Many of these church-controlled institutions own real estate, held in the form of endowment. Restrictive covenants as to Negro occupancy usually cover such property.

ONE of the great inconveniences to Negroes is the general denial of service by hotels and public eating places, in violation of the civil rights laws. The American population is mobile. Our type of life necessitates travel. The result is our remarkable hotel system, upon which large sections of our population depend for comfort and health. In being denied access to this public service, Negroes are greatly handicapped. Anyone who knows the facts wonders how even so distinguished a person as Marian Anderson can stand up under the hardships of travel which she encounters because of the lack of hotel service.

Segregation carried to its logical conclusion is often dramatized by cruel and inhuman aspects. A few years ago a graduate of Fisk University, Miss Julie Dericott, a young woman of charm and culture, was seriously injured in an automobile accident in north Georgia. She was taken to the nearby hospital, where emergency treatment was requested. She was very fair but when it was discovered that she was classified as a Negro, she was refused emergency treatment. She died on the long journey to Atlanta attempting to reach the nearest hospital known to give emergency treatment to colored people.

Recently in Atlanta a Negro girl stepped off the streetcar on one of the wider streets. A speeding driver knocked her down and left her lying unconscious. A

crowd gathered and one white woman who had seen the accident requested that an ambulance be called. The ambulance came but the driver, seeing that the victim was a Negro girl, said, "We can't haul a nigger," and drove away, leaving the victim of the accident by the roadside. Such incidents are not isolated. They happen frequently and seem to be an inevitable consequence of segregation as it works out in practice in many sections of America. Most white people are not aware of them.

IV

SEGREGATION in the South not only separates the races but symbolizes the idea of the inevitable inferiority of Negroes. It "keeps the Negro in his place," not only on the streetcars and busses, but in the social and economic system. It is more effective as a symbol than as a means of preventing contact between the races. In fact, racial contacts are more intimate in the South than in any other section of the country. Southerners as a rule do not object to contact with Negroes so long as the idea of Negro inferiority is maintained. Segregation does this. This fact explains why the South has never claimed that under segregation there are equal services for the races.

Under the new pressures that have come with the war to save democracy and the stronger pressures that will come when the war is won, the South will probably attempt to attain equal services within the framework of segregation. There are two reasons why this will not be possible—one psychological and the other practical. There will be resistance in the South to any modification of the symbol of the Negro's inferiority. When a person speaks of the Negro "getting out of hand," he usually means getting out of his inferior status. Therefore, equal service would destroy to some extent one of the chief functions of segregation. If Negroes in the South had equal service under segregation, they would have gone a long way toward "getting out of hand," because the symbolic function of segregation would have lost much of its meaning.

As a practical matter, separate but equal service under segregation cannot be rendered. Such service would require, for example, the duplication of the present most expensive phases of transportation, and the duplication of the state university systems, already poorly supported. Separate and equal services for the races in the South, or any other section, are a luxury which cannot be afforded.

It is generally accepted that human beings behave better in the long run when they enjoy a maximum of freedom. Human relations are certainly more satisfactory when they are a result of free choice. Left with the maximum amount of freedom, white and colored Americans would probably adjust amicably most of the difficulties that arose between them. Under the denial of freedom which segregation enforces, there is constant and increasing friction. An examination of incidents where tension has become acute will indicate that most of the tensions are involved in and aggravated by segregation. Rioting is less frequent in mixed residential neighborhoods than elsewhere. Segregation accentuates unduly the racial factors in our civilization and obscures the wide cultural differences that exist within the racial groups. To many white people, every Negro looks like every other Negro and any white man, no matter how unworthy, is better than any Negro, however distinguished. Segregation tends to make every row between a white man and a Negro, whatever the initial cause may have been, a race quarrel.

Left free, human beings group themselves according to their tastes, interests, and cultural backgrounds. American Negroes are not seeking an opportunity to mingle with whites. They desire freedom and opportunity to live as Americans. If there were no arbitrary segregation, common interests and common backgrounds would probably lead most American Negroes to develop their own way of living and find much of their association among themselves as other groups do.

Whenever the matter of freedom or equal opportunity for Negroes is discussed, the question of intermarriage usually arises. It will probably be suffi-

cient to point out that miscegenation in this country has already gone a long way—chiefly in those very sections where the relations between whites and Negroes have been “least free” and where segregation has been most deeply rooted in law and custom. The majority of our colored people in America today are the result of racial intermixture which has taken place under segregation.

THERE are some evidences of changes in the pattern of American segregation—small but significant. There are evidences of dissatisfaction with it. One such evidence is the very vehement declaration by some that segregation must not and cannot be modified in any way. The advocates of segregation protest too much. In the very loudness and continuousness of their protests is one of the best evidences that the country is not satisfied, and that segregation is not succeeding.

The change in government attitude is especially significant. In the past the federal authorities, on the whole, accepted the segregated pattern of employment in government. Government work was open to Negroes only in the lower service brackets. There were many Negro messengers, porters, charwomen, but outside of the postal service no Negroes were employed in positions that required education or technical training. Negroes were excluded from restaurants in government buildings. Since the beginning of World War II this has changed, and today there are in government departments large numbers of Negro clerical workers and an increasing number of Negroes doing technical work. Here the educated Negroes are finding an opportunity for work in which they can use the training they have acquired. The federal government will continue to be one of the large employers in the country, and its employment patterns should have real influence on other employers.

In the long run, it may turn out that the new attitude of labor toward Negro workers, as expressed by the CIO, will have more significance than the changes that have taken place in government employment patterns. Officially, the CIO

has abolished the color line as to opportunity and privileges for Negroes in its unions. An educational division has been created in part for the purpose of bringing the rank and file of the CIO to accept the idea of the essential unity of all American workers without regard to race. Negro workers are finding in the CIO a champion where they most need it, among the masses of workers to which most Negroes belong. The CIO is, at the moment, the most promising force for correcting the inconsistencies in our racial patterns. Furthermore, its policy is already having an effect upon older, more conservative unions and is giving support to many liberal-minded employers who are willing to give Negro workers a chance.

Another source of encouragement is the growing pressure within and without the South for some kind of change. This will probably lead to an effort to furnish equal but separate services to the races. While such an effort cannot succeed, it will certainly result in some improvement of service to Negroes under segregation. In the long run, it may lead to the modification of the present patterns of segregation in the South. How rapidly and how far these changes will go depends upon many factors, chief of which are the strength of the growing liberal movement in the South and the amount of political influence Southern Negroes acquire.

V

IN THE acquisition of political power lies one of the Negro's great hopes for improving his status. Certainly the Negro's vote in border and Northern states will hold for him the gains made in government employment. The organized political power of the CIO is on his side; through its affiliation with Negro political groups and its fight in behalf of all liberal movements, it gives the Negro real help in obtaining the things all citizens want. By the strength of their votes and increasing political representation, Negroes could get better schools, housing, health facilities—all the public services. And they could use their influence to assure the enforcement of the civil rights statutes that are already enacted.

For example, New York is America's most liberal city. Negroes in New York have more political influence than in any other city in America. New York is a city of hotels which deny service to Negroes. New York State has good civil rights laws. It would seem reasonable to expect that before much longer, New York hotels may find themselves liberalizing their service to Negro travelers. Such a thing—if it could be brought about—would have an influence that would be far-reaching. To achieve it would be a good use of the power of New York's able Negro political leadership.

Under the Constitution, as liberally interpreted by our present Supreme Court, many of the legal devices by which segregation is protected could no doubt be declared unconstitutional if properly presented to the Court. This has already been done in important fields. Even though the Gaines decision has not yet put any colored students in the University of Missouri, the fact that prevailing systems of segregation in higher education are unconstitutional has caused uneasiness in the states where such systems prevail. Since the Supreme Court decision declaring the "white" Texas primary unconstitutional, it is apparent that political participation of Negroes in the South has been greatly accelerated.

There is no doubt that the Negro vote, the power of labor, and government attitudes can profoundly affect our racial practices. If the church with its strong influence also took a firm stand, the process could be accelerated. And there are some indications that church leaders are becoming aware of the feebleness of their position. One well-known theological seminary in the South has seriously considered service to Negroes. Opposition was so strong that the idea had to be given up. The American Protestant church has ambitions for extension into Africa and Asia. Its racial policies at home stand in the way. Increasing numbers of American church leaders realize the far-reaching effect of American racial segregation on the influence of the church abroad. Because of this, within the next few years the patterns of segregation within the church and church institutions in America

may be greatly modified in the direction of a more democratic and more Christian practice. The church has wide contacts with many classes and kinds of people in this country. Whatever it might do in the interest of a policy of non-segregation within the local churches and church institutions would be leaven widely placed in American life.

MOST white Americans are puzzled and alarmed by the impatience and bitterness of large sections of our Negro population. They feel that Negroes are no longer pleasant to live with. Whites are inclined to charge this to some subversive influence from the outside. Many Southerners say that agitators from the North are responsible for stirring up Negroes in the South. In other sections of the country, Negro resentment and unrest are usually charged to Communists or whatever bogey happens to be current in the mind of the community.

That there is unrest and bitterness among our Negro population is a fact. This unrest is to be found not just among Negro intellectuals; it exists also in the alleys of our Negro ghettos and among

the remote and inarticulate Negro sharecroppers and common laborers. It will not pass with the war. Negroes were probably never so docile as they seemed. The trouble is that they behave like other human beings. In subjecting Negroes to American education we have made them Americans. So completely American are they that they will not submit passively to being pushed around as they are under segregation. Educational opportunity for the common man is a part of the American way of life. In giving it to Negroes, we have let them in on the meaning of democracy. Their unrest under their special limitations is the result not of sinister influence from the outside, but of our education, which, with all its faults, is the best thing in our democracy.

The education of Negroes in America has not been a mistake. Here we see American faith and American idealism at their best. Segregation, on the other hand, is rooted in fear and in doubt as to whether our democratic principles will really work. It remains to be seen whether or not our faith in democracy is strong enough to overcome our fears as to what may be some of its consequences.

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THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE AFTER THE WAR

DAVID E. SCOLL



THERE are four times as many American ships sailing the seas today as there were before the war. America controls more than half the merchant ships of the world, and will control even more before the war is over. No country in modern times has ever owned so much shipping. Our vast armada of freighters, tankers, and troopships, thanks to the combined efficiency of the British and American navies in destroying German submarines, has shifted the preponderance of maritime power; and temporarily, at least, Columbia, rather than Britannia, rules the waves. What are we going to do with these ships? The search for an answer to this question raises issues which cut through our commercial shipping interest into the core of world trade relations and the nature of the peace itself.

To see the merchant marine policies of the United Nations in proper perspective, and understand the events now occurring in the shipping world, we must look briefly at the situation as it was before the war.

WHEN the shadows of the first world struggle with Germany were just discernible, Admiral Mahan wrote:

"A broad basis of mercantile maritime interests and shipping will doubtless conduce to naval efficiency, by supplying a

reserve of material and personnel. Also, in representative governments, military interests cannot, without loss, dispense with the backing which is supplied by a widely spread, deeply rooted, civil interest, such as merchant shipping would afford us."

The experience of the Allies in World War I proved Mahan's thesis.

In the middle nineteen-thirties, when it began to appear almost certain that there would soon be another world war, the maritime powers began to build the finest merchant ships that naval science could design. New passenger vessels were built which could be converted into fast auxiliary cruisers, with gun emplacements secretly installed. Luxury liners were designed with a view to their ultimate function as troop transports, and their fittings were such as to permit conversion in the shortest possible time. Cargo vessels were built that were too fast to be economical, considering the volume of freight available and the world level of freight rates. Not all these ships were expected to make money. The governments of nearly every major maritime country offered financial inducements to their leading liner companies to build new and faster vessels of all types. While Japan was building the best cargo ships, Great Britain was building the best pas-

senger liners. The United States, which did not get started on a building program till 1938, concentrated on moderately fast cargo and passenger-cargo ships.

Each country, within the most general limits of commercial utility, pursued a policy shaped by its own particular strategic requirements. Japan's ships were designed to keep open the long supply lines of a victorious Japanese army, and to be useful in building up reserves of oil, steel, copper, and scrap for her coming war with the United States. Britain's Atlantic Blue Ribbon champions, the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*, were built to move large armies quickly to any quarter of the globe. Figures already released on the number of troops carried to Europe by the "Queens" give some indication of their importance in the establishment of the second front.

By 1939 Great Britain, Germany, Japan, and Italy were fairly well ahead with their programs for building the ships which they needed for war. The United States was well behind, in spite of the fact that the behavior of our shipping companies had been a noisy political issue for the preceding twenty years.

After the public became aware of the importance of shipping, during the First World War, Congress wrote into the law its determination that we should have a strong merchant marine. In 1920 it declared:

It is necessary for the national defense, and for the proper growth of its foreign and domestic commerce, that the United States shall have a merchant marine of the best equipped and most suitable types of vessels sufficient to carry the greater portion of its commerce and serve as a naval or military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency.

Unfortunately, the program adopted to carry out this legislative policy fell considerably short of the mark. In 1920 we wanted to "keep every ship" we had built for the war and "capture the ocean trade of the world." Though the war was over, we went right on building. By 1922 we had built many more ships than world trade could ever use, and most of them were obsolete when they were launched. Those which the established steamship lines could not absorb were operated by

the government through agents. Britain, meanwhile, sold all her war-built ships on the world market (included among the buyers were a number of unlucky Englishmen). A collapse in world shipping followed. The British merchant marine, being stronger and better established than ours, soon recovered; but American shipping never recovered after the break in 1922. Almost no new ships were built for the next fifteen years.

In 1928 Congress tried to stimulate the building of new ships with mail subsidies, but even these subsidies failed, and there was no new construction of any account under the 1928 law. The mail subsidies did, however, lead to an investigation of the merchant marine, which in the light of subsequent events was a good thing. This investigation, headed by Senator (now Justice) Black, publicized the weaknesses both of the 1928 law and of some of the steamship operators who profited by it, with the result that in 1936 a new agency, the Maritime Commission, was created to make a fresh start. It was given broader powers and more money than its predecessors.

BECAUSE it was the eleventh hour, the United States Maritime Commission, after it was finally organized in the spring of 1937, set out boldly to rehabilitate the American merchant marine in preparation for the possibility of war. Without waiting for American operators (who were rather timid as a result of their experiences with the Black Committee and Congress) to enter into contracts for new ships, the Commission went ahead with the development of new designs and built fast cargo liners for its own account. It was confident that American shipowners could not resist the beautiful ships and generous terms, and would eventually come around to operating them in place of the twenty-year-old rust pots that most of them were still using. By going ahead swiftly with the development of designs and the expansion of its technical organization, the Commission was able, ten months before Pearl Harbor, to jump from producing 50 ships a year to producing 250, thus getting a small start on the German submarines.

EASTON OR
BURLINGAME
PUBLIC

It is no longer a secret that in the spring and summer of 1942 the Germans were sinking Allied merchant ships at the rate of nearly 125 per month. Cargo ships available to the United Nations had dropped from approximately 42 million deadweight tons * at the beginning of the war to around 30 million by May of 1941; and because of delays at bombed ports and the slowness of convoys, the efficiency of this remaining tonnage was cut in half. Had sinkings continued at this rate without being substantially offset by new launchings, there would probably have been several major catastrophes in 1942 instead of limited victories. But in the summer of 1942 American shipbuilding caught its stride, and since then it has delivered enough ships to make up all the wartime losses and provide us with an embarrassing postwar surplus. By the end of 1945, the United States will have built 50 million tons of shipping, of which, on the most optimistic estimates, we can find use for only about 12 million tons!

II

THE future disposition of these ships—and in fact of all international shipping—will be greatly affected by the fact that even in peacetime the operation of ships is no longer governed entirely by freely acting economic forces. While the future success or failure of *individual steamship operators* of all countries will still be determined by their ability to earn a profit, the operations of *the world's merchant marines as a whole* will reflect the political policies of governments as much as, if not more than, the real economic needs of international trade.

Nearly every country has thrown a protective arm around its shipping. The arguments for doing this are economic, but the motives are military power and prestige; and the arguments have, to a great extent, outlived the conditions which gave them birth. Before the war Great Britain and the other maritime competitors of the United States justified their maritime ambitions with two apparently

unanswerable arguments: their need for the dollars obtained from carrying our goods to help provide the dollars required to buy them, and their need for the income derived from shipping to keep up their total national income. A study of the importance of shipping to foreign exchange resources and national income was recently published by the Department of Commerce. It estimated that in 1937 the amount of foreign exchange which Great Britain, for example, received from her shipping operations, in the currencies of all countries, equaled 13.4 per cent of the value of all the products produced in Britain and sold abroad. For Norway the proportion was 36 per cent; for Greece 24.1 per cent; for the Netherlands 9.2 per cent; Denmark 7.1 per cent; Sweden 5.9 per cent; France 4 per cent; Japan 4.7 per cent; Germany 3.7 per cent; and the United States 1.9 per cent.

Thus it appears that the Norwegians and Greeks have the best right to claim that shipping services are a major item of their exports. Great Britain's claim is a fair one as applied to all her foreign exchange needs for her worldwide trading activities within and outside the Empire, but it is perhaps not so strong as applied to her trade with the United States alone. To the other merchant marine countries, and particularly our enemies, shipping services are apparently a less important source of foreign exchange.

Obviously, our maritime competitors cannot buy goods from us unless they sell us goods and services. The application of this principle to competition in shipping, however, depends upon the amount of dollars they lose because our ships collect dollar freights and fares which they might conceivably earn if we did not compete with them. If, as the Commerce Department study indicates, the total of British shipping receipts from all her maritime operations around the world equals but 13.4 per cent of the value of exports of British-made goods (and therefore a smaller percentage of her total exports) it would seem to require a detailed examination of Britain's peacetime dollar requirements and resources to support the proposition that a reasonable increase in the size of the American merchant marine

*The term "deadweight ton" is customarily used to denote the weight in tons of 2,240 pounds that any merchant ship can carry.

would seriously injure British-American trade.

Furthermore, even if American ships carried less, there is no assurance that the business would go to British lines rather than to the lines of some other country. For example, in 1929 Great Britain's share of all the world's shipping income was approximately 37.21 per cent. Norway's share was approximately 5 per cent and ours was approximately 13 per cent. By 1937 our share had dropped from 13 per cent to slightly less than 7 per cent; but the British share had remained almost stationary (declining from 37.21 per cent to 37.07 per cent) while the Norwegian share had climbed from 5 per cent to 8 per cent.

IT CANNOT be denied that Britain's merchant marine is necessary to hold the Empire together. More than this, because of her insular position Britain depends upon shipping for her physical existence. Much of the food and practically all of the industrial raw materials required for this densely populated and highly industrialized country of approximately forty million people must be imported. However, it is significant that in 1937 the income from shipping in Great Britain was only 1.3 per cent of the total national income, according to the Department of Commerce study. Even if this percentage were increased by adding the income from conducting most of the world's marine insurance business, and activities such as shipbuilding and repair, the relation of her shipping income to the total of Great Britain's national income probably would not be greatly changed. The percentage of national income which was derived from shipping for Norway was 11.2, for Denmark 2.4, and for the Netherlands 2.4. Sweden's shipping income was estimated at 1.1 per cent of her national income, Japan's at .7 per cent; France's at .5 per cent; Germany's at .3 per cent; and the United States' at .09 per cent. Thus it appears that none of the maritime countries with the exception of Norway would suffer a great hole in the national pocketbook if it lost some of its shipping business. Possibly, if such losses were incurred, the reduction in national

income would be compensated by other gains.

It can be argued that foreign exchange and national income statistics are not an accurate measure of the true importance of shipping to the national economies of countries. In the case of Britain this must be admitted. But generally speaking, beyond what was necessary for vital communications and access to necessary raw materials and markets, the maintenance of merchant marines before the war was for many countries *primarily a matter of military strategy and national prestige.*

III

THE United States is now firmly committed to a policy of keeping a competitive American merchant marine employed in our foreign trade; and the political problems, both national and international, which are involved in our efforts to do this all grow out of the simple fact that the other countries of the world can build and operate ships more cheaply than we can.

A ship built in the United States, under either wartime or peacetime conditions, costs about twice as much as one built in England, and considerably more to operate under the American flag. American seamen receive higher wages. Repairs, a heavy item of expenditure in steamship operation, are very much more costly in the United States than elsewhere. The same is true of other items of expense. The relative operating disadvantage of American shipping is a manifestation of the higher American standard of living, reflected generally in higher prices for many kinds of goods and services in this country as compared with prices for similar things abroad.

After the unsuccessful attempt to meet this cost handicap with mail payments, Congress in 1936 established construction and operating differential subsidies for American ships in foreign trade. During the war all ships are requisitioned and operated for the account of the government, and therefore no operating subsidies are paid now. When the war is over, however, the need for operating subsidies will return (though to a lesser extent than

before, because shipping costs, particularly crews' wages, have risen for all countries). A few American lines which handle only freight have been able to do without subsidies in the past, but the majority, especially those which operate passenger ships, needed the differential subsidy before the war and will need it after the war.

AS LONG as the cost advantage is with the foreign shipowner, and as long as most of the principal American lines cannot run without government help, it behooves us to talk softly about the size of our merchant marine after the war. Government shipping officials and operators in this country are hoping for a larger but not an unreasonable share of the shipping business between the United States and the rest of the world. The goal has been unofficially set by the Maritime Commission at sufficient ships to carry half our imports and exports. (In 1937 American flag vessels carried only 25 per cent of American imports and exports. In 1922 they carried 41 per cent.)

The 50 per cent goal is not based on any economic arguments. It is frankly political. To satisfy it will be a difficult thing to do. It will be an impossible thing to do unless Britain and our other maritime competitors recognize our cost handicap and our need to resort to subsidies to overcome it, and do not regard our subsidies as a reason for instituting countervailing subsidies of their own.

BEFORE the war, the governments of nearly all the maritime countries subsidized shipping. The amounts paid and the names of the recipients were not accurately known to the shipping world, except in the case of the United States. The United States subsidized under a special statute that laid down the conditions under which the assistance was granted, and required publicity. But the British government was reported to have granted the Cunard White Star Line a large loan at a very low rate of interest to build the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*, an investment that proved to be a fortunate one for the United Nations in this war. The important French lines were known to have been receiving government

aid in very sizable amounts. While the Dutch and Norwegian governments did not grant direct aid to their shipowners, both these countries operate social insurance and workmen's compensation schemes covering officers and crews of their merchant vessels which are financed in part by the government—thus providing an indirect subsidy to maintain Norwegian and Dutch wage levels. Of the Japanese and German subsidy schemes before the war, little is generally known, but they were probably not very different from the others, and on the same scale.

Just before the outbreak of war the British Parliament had before it a bill to provide financial assistance to British shipowners and operators which was well on the way to final enactment when Hitler marched into Poland. This bill is known as the British Shipping Assistance Bill, 1939. It would grant subsidies on a more general basis than American shipping now receives. For our government limits subsidies to American ships engaged in direct trade between the United States and foreign countries. The British bill, by contrast, provides countervailing subsidies for any British liner service anywhere which "is in danger of being discontinued or substantially curtailed by reason of competition from foreign shipping in receipt of official subsidies or assistance." If this bill ever becomes law, pressure may be brought on the British Board of Trade by British lines to unequalize the equalization subsidy that an American competitor receives in a trade which the United States regards as essential to its foreign commerce—including not only the trade with the United Kingdom but also trade between the United States and the Orient, South America, and other places.

The British bill is thus an indication that British shipowners do not propose to be out-subsidized. It is a warning that all the merchant marine countries must reach some kind of an understanding to limit subsidies on postwar shipping. While the United States may properly ask its maritime competitors to recognize its cost handicap, it should not expect to receive special concessions. The only justification for shipping subsidies among nations committed to the elimination of trade

barriers and discriminations is to maintain what shipping is needed to guarantee accepted military commitments, and for vital trade or colonial communications. The ships of a country which are engaged in its direct foreign trade come within that category, but ships engaged in the foreign trade of other countries, as for example ships of Great Britain trading between the United States and South America, do not. British ships and those of our other maritime competitors, with their advantage of lower costs, should be able to hold their own without the assistance of their governments when running against us in our own direct foreign trade.

The necessity of maintaining direct foreign trade routes under the national flag can be justified on political and military grounds, even if the operation is uneconomical and other countries could do the carrying job cheaper. Nevertheless, shipping subsidies should be narrowly restricted. They should be enough to establish normal parity in building and operating costs on direct foreign trade routes and nothing more. An international subsidy race would demoralize competition, and encourage the shipping lines to use uneconomical schemes to get cargoes. The result might be a reappearance, in some new forms, of the bartering schemes used by the Nazis, and world trade would again be tied up in political knots.

IV

BECAUSE the world shipping market is one market, the embarrassment of our tremendous wartime construction is not just an American problem. It affects the future of all the maritime countries. British shipping interests have been quick to recognize this. Their shipping journals are full of the subject. Some international control over the amount of shipping engaged in commercial services will be necessary in the immediate postwar period if a general distress in world shipping, with resulting upsets in world trade, is to be avoided.

The nubbin of the tonnage control problem is, of course, the question of how much shipping each country shall have. Here the difference between the Ameri-

can and British points of view is most pronounced. The British favor a restoration of liner services on the basis of prewar status. This would maintain them in the dominant position in many of the direct trades between the United States and other countries. The United States Maritime Commission and our shipping interests, on the other hand, are not willing to return to our prewar position in our essential foreign trade routes. Other merchant marine countries likewise expect to expand their shipping operations when they can obtain the vessels to do it.

So far, no formula has been accepted in London or in Washington for deciding how the ships now controlled by our two countries are to be disposed of after the war. Such pronouncements as have been made on the subject in the United States, either in unofficial utterances or in the trade press, have gone no further than to state the 50 per cent goal for carrying American imports and exports. This may be all right as a statement of our own postwar aims, but it does not provide a basis for a general program for tonnage control among all nations. Furthermore, it should be considered only as a goal to be achieved, and not as a method of achieving it, lest it be thought that the United States proposes to slice up postwar shipping like a pie. Any global attempt to allocate routes or establish quotas of shipping would probably encourage various countries to maintain quotas on imports and exports; in other words, it would encourage efforts to divide up the trade itself, the very thing which we are anxious not to do when the war is over. Nevertheless, if world trade is not to be dislocated by the presence of too many ships, a fair plan of tonnage control will have to be devised, regulated by the overall requirements of trade, and taking into account the requirements of all the merchant marine countries, and especially of those which accept military commitments under the world security plan.

V

THE course which shipping competition may take after the war is discernible in the kind of co-operation that has ex-

isted during the war. On the record so far, it appears that competition after the war may not be very different from what it was before, except that Germany and Japan will probably be eliminated. There is a growing realization in British and American shipping circles that our interests are complementary and interlocking, and will be for some time to come. On the other hand, whenever, during the past three years of our association on wartime shipping problems, commercial interests have been affected, suspicion has practically smothered the latent hope of postwar co-operation. Relations between Britain and ourselves and the other maritime members of the United Nations are much the same. There has been enough co-operation among the United Nations to win the war, but not a great deal more.

Immediately after the United States entered the war, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill set up the Combined Shipping Adjustment Board to unite the shipping resources of the two countries. The Combined Shipping Adjustment Board, as the word "adjustment" in the name indicates, is a consultative body of the two governments for lending ships back and forth, rather than a true pool in which the parties put all their resources together and employ them jointly for the common effort. The Board is actually two Boards, one in Washington and one in London, controlled by the highest shipping officials of each government. The United Nations' pool of shipping has existed only in the form of the decisions of the Washington and London Boards which determine the employment of shipping in the prosecution of the war. Unlike the other Combined Boards and the Combined Chiefs of Staff, which were created by the President and the Prime Minister at the same time, the Combined Shipping Adjustment Board has no joint organization which functions for the Board as such.

As originally conceived by some of the advisers to the President and the Prime Minister, the Combined Shipping Adjustment Board was to be a real United Nations pool of ships, but political considerations dictated that it should serve merely as a channel for consultation on matters of

shipping strategy connected with the war. Recently a United Maritime Executive Board and Maritime Council were created under the sponsorship of Great Britain and the United States, to provide a means of keeping all Allied and neutral shipping under control until six months after Japan is defeated. Existing arrangements with the Norwegian and Dutch governments for the employment of their shipping would have expired with the defeat of Germany; the new arrangement will give these governments and the other United Nations a greater voice in determining the employment of their ships than they have enjoyed up till now. Hitherto the Combined Board, or Boards, made most of their decisions without prior consultation with the governments of Norway and Holland, which have been the other leading maritime Allies in this war.

The delay in achieving a real United Nations shipping organization for dealing with employment and other wartime shipping problems has been unfortunate from the standpoint of establishing good relations among the Allies. The decisions of the two Boards on the allocation of ships have often resulted in a scrambling of pre-war shipping routes and services. To carry out the strategy decreed by the Combined Military Command, American vessels have sometimes been placed in services that were formerly British, and British vessels have been assigned elsewhere. Sometimes the assignments have been reversed. Norwegian, Dutch, and French vessels, as well as American and British, have been involved in these shifts. The removal of ships from their accustomed runs, and the consequent disruption of commercial relations, has given rise to irritation on the part of shipowners whose vessels have been replaced by those of prewar competitors. The Norwegian, Dutch, and French shipping authorities, whose countries have lost heavily in shipping and may not have the resources to restore their merchant marines immediately after the war, are very sensitive to any act or policy of the United States or Great Britain which appears to put them at a disadvantage in the operation of their ships, or places them in especially hazardous runs.

The allocation of ships has thus been

a minor cause of friction among the United Nations throughout the war—a fact which is worth mentioning only because it reveals the existence of suspicions which could easily grow strong enough to wreck any chance of co-operation in solving the world's shipping problems, and because these are problems which affect a broad range of economic activities far beyond the sphere of shipping.

The principal cause of worry about American intentions on the part of the Allies—which may fan their natural suspicions into actual hostility—has been our handling of the question of replacements. To Norway, and the other heavy losers of ships, replacements are a problem of vital concern. The British government made an effort to supply a few replacements to the countries which had chartered ships to it before we were in the war; beginning in 1941 twenty or thirty ships built in Britain during that year were set aside for purchase by the Allies in proportion to their losses. Ships were assigned on a rotation basis as they came out of the building yards, and had to be paid for in cash. But this scheme lasted only two years. It was abandoned in 1943 on account of the enormous ship-building production of the United States. The Lend-Lease Act gave the Allies reason to hope that some of this American production would be transferred to them. Consequently it was hardly worth while to buy a few token replacements from the British at the current high prices.

But the lend-leasing of ships by the United States turned out to be much less generous than the Allies had hoped for. Notwithstanding the authority in the Lend-Lease Act to transfer outright several hundred million dollars' worth of ships, the Maritime Commission has pursued a policy of lending ships for the duration only. Under the Maritime Commission's Lend-Lease plan, the Allied government involved has the right to put its flag and crew on the Commission's vessel, and to change the name; thereafter the Commission controls the use of the ship and pays the cost of operation. Such transfers are not spoken of as replacements; they are merely loans to take advantage of the availability of Allied

crews. In spite of continuous pressure from certain Allied governments for a more satisfactory replacement plan, the United States has been unwilling to sell any of its war-built ships to potential foreign competitors.

Both Washington and London have expressed a sympathetic interest in the replacement problem facing the other United Nations after the war. However, they have failed to do anything concrete or even to get together on a policy. Washington refuses to sell any ships until it receives specific instructions from Congress, though it already has authority. London, which holds all the insurance proceeds of these countries for the vessels lost (because they were insured there), waits to see what Washington is going to do. In the meantime the affected governments are getting more nervous as the end of the war approaches. The replacement problem is obviously one which the United States and Great Britain cannot handle separately with each of the other United Nations, except to their mutual disadvantage. Yet that appears to be what is going to happen.

Our present policy is a particularly unfortunate one for the long-term interest of the American merchant marine. With or without our help, the maritime Allies will eventually find ways to replace the ships which they lost in the war, and the temporary power which we now hold over their shipping fortunes will disappear rapidly after commercial operation is resumed. We are bound to be the ultimate losers if we use our present control of most of the world's shipping in such a way as to intensify the rivalries which existed before the war.

ALL countries are now intensely merchant-marine conscious. The former maritime rivals are not alone in making postwar plans for shipping. China, for example, is known to be working on plans to operate shipping lines between China and the West, as well as to restore the coastwise and river lines which have always been a vital part of Chinese communications. The U.S.S.R. has plans for a postwar merchant marine. Countries like Brazil and Argentina whose merchant

marines were insignificant before the war have set up government-controlled shipping agencies to operate the Axis shipping which they seized, and plan to operate shipping lines between their countries and North America and Europe when the war is over. These are unmistakable signs that the prewar merchant marine race may be resumed after the war, with each country going its separate way to secure what it considers its fair share of the world's shipping business.

One cannot expect the shipowners of Britain and the United States, and of the other maritime countries, to forget their commercial rivalries, nor would it be good for the development of international trade if they did. However, there are areas

where co-operation at this particular turn of world events would benefit everybody; where, in fact, co-operation is essential to establish a basis for fair dealing and a peaceful expansion of world trade. The problems of shipping subsidies and tonnage control, which are important aspects of the future of world trade relations, can be handled only by international agreement. The United States and Britain should therefore use the bargaining power which each now has to lay the foundations for a stable world shipping industry after the war, before the fleeting opportunity is lost. We went our separate ways in 1918, and the events of the following twenty years should be sufficient reason for trying something else this time.

C A T A S T R O P H E

OLIVER W. EVANS

I THINK a star will fall some time too often,
Smashing our local sphere, scattering celestial flak,
And men, all men, breeds, brands, creeds, races, nations of men
Will scream together in perfect harmony—
Will understand each other too late
In the universal language of terror.
This would be cosmic justice, undevised, accidental
(Our failure not having been close enough to success
To justify a personal revenge).

Could this catastrophe but be postponed
Till man could give his history the lie,
The event would be more spectacular, have greater dignity,
The destruction seem more important.
As it is, we are justified merely in asking ourselves
If universal peace means universal death,
The perfection of our virtue no more worth
Than the last "I repent" of a blackguard
Too far gone to make any but a spiritual difference.

{ William Fifield, author of numerous short stories and radio and movie scripts, is a conscientious objector through religious conviction. }

REPORT FROM A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

WILLIAM FIFIELD



WE'RE located in an old CCC camp near Elmira, New York. There are 165 CO's in this camp, which is the Eastern reception center for Quaker-administered Civilian Public Service—the alternative service provided for men classified 4E (conscientious objector) in the draft.

The men here in camp now are quite young, as most of them are new draftees and thus likely to be eighteen-year-olds. They fall into three divisions: the men who object to war on the basis of the religious precepts of their church or of their personal interpretation of the Bible, all holding that they owe their allegiance to a higher law than that of the state; the humanitarians who object on the basis of Jesus' philosophy of the brotherhood of man and the sacredness of human personality; and the so-called "political" objectors, the socialists, independent liberal thinkers, and so on, who subscribe to the ethic of co-operation as against coercion, but certainly don't consider themselves religious in the conventional sense. This last group is small; the first group is the largest of the three.

This camp, though a Quaker camp, is only about one-third Quaker in membership. There are even fewer Quakers in the other Quaker-administered camps, though in the Mennonite and Brethren

camps the ratio of men holding the faith of the administering church is much higher. In this camp the eleven Methodists are second numerically to the Quakers, and there are five Baptists, seven Congregationalists, eight Presbyterians, one Catholic, an Orthodox Jew, four Jehovah's Witnesses, a follower of Father Divine, eight Christadelphians (the Christadelphian church is one hundred per cent pacifist; in fact a man is expelled from the church if he takes any other position)—and there's a perfectly normal young fellow from New Jersey who sleeps on the cot beside me and who's studying to become a Ramakrishna Hindu monk. About half the men are married, and a fifth are fathers.

The camp is the labor source for the U. S. Soil Conservation Service nursery, and we put in fifty-one hours a week of labor for them. Most of my work since I've been here has been in the big trees—climbing seventy- and eighty-foot pines and picking the cones for seed to be used in reforestation. I've also put in some long days on my hands and knees weeding seedling tree beds, a day latrine-digging, two days spreading manure in the rye fields, and have done other assorted jobs. Most of the men are engaged in this kind of work, only a small number being held in camp to make up the kitchen, maintenance, and clean-up crews.

During our work day—from 7:25 A.M. till 5:00 P.M.—we are under the supervision of government men, civilians. The rest of the time we are under camp government, with rules worked out by ourselves in keeping with the general camp plan laid down by the Quakers and Selective Service. We are allowed two overnight leaves per month, which enable a man to leave camp after work Saturday evening and stay away till Sunday midnight; and we earn thirty days' furlough a year at the rate of two and a half days a month.

Conscientious objectors are not paid and receive no dependency allotment. This has worked a severe hardship on men with families. We wear no uniforms and provide our own clothes. When able to pay it, we are responsible for our maintenance of approximately thirty dollars a month. We have no accident or death compensation; this has caused quite an issue, as a large number of men have been injured, some seriously, and several killed. Some of the men in Civilian Public Service do very hazardous work—notably those in the smoke-jumper unit in the West who parachute into forest fire areas, and the human guinea pigs who submit themselves to various diseases and disabilities. One of the most dangerous—and significant—of the experiments in which these men have taken part has begun this winter in Minneapolis, where a group of volunteers is being systematically starved for six months until their condition parallels that of the most severe war sufferers abroad; they will then be restored through the use of various test rehabilitation diets. The data obtained will indicate the most effective ways of feeding debilitated peoples after the war.

THERE is a very considerable disagreement about pacifism here in camp, though there are no men who could reasonably be suspected of being draft dodgers. The careful FBI investigations—of well over ten thousand cases to date—have seen to that. The disagreement is largely between the humanitarians, who feel called upon to make their pacifism work in the practical world, and the fundamentalists, who are content to let

God's word stand at face value without the need of human modification. The humanitarians believe that only through the spreading of the gospel of love as against the doctrine of force can permanent peace be obtained and a better world achieved. The fundamentalists—many of whom believe in the Biblical War of Armageddon which according to their interpretation of the Scriptures will bring the end of the world—feel that they must adhere to the injunctions of God as they understand them, even if by this they accomplish no positive good on this earth.

The men vary as widely in type as they do in belief. Here we have fewer farmers than in other camps because of the area from which we are drawn, but the majority of the nation's CO's are farmers. This is because two of the historic peace churches—the Mennonites and Brethren—are so generally rural. The farmers are inclined to be fundamentalists, or at least conventionally religious—but along with them we have the philosophical and “political” objectors. These fellows are from the cities, and are inclined to be highly educated. Exclusive of farmers, there are more teachers in Civilian Public Service than men of any other profession. One-sixth of all the men in this camp are teachers—enough to staff a good-sized college. We have a number of men with doctor's degrees, seven scientists, eight history professors, a Broadway actor, the author of a standard textbook on atrocity propaganda, Massine's understudy from the Ballet Theatre, a casket salesman, a relief worker caught by the Germans in France and released from internment in Baden-Baden only last March, three fashion designers, four radio announcers, and to round things off a weight-guesser from a carnival. Perhaps the best-known CO now in Civilian Public Service is Carleton Mabee, who won a Pulitzer Prize last year. Pietro Di Donato, author of *Christ in Concrete*, has been given a medical discharge, and Lew Ayres, still a CO, has taken medical service with the Army.

THERE are about four thousand CO's in the thirty-two camps around the country, and another three or four thousand who have been in camp and are now re-

leased to do special service. This service ranges from smoke-jumping to rehabilitation and health work in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, though the great bulk of men, nearly fifteen hundred, are attendants in insane asylums. The men who refuse to co-operate with conscription by accepting the 4E draft classification (and a small number who could not establish their claim to conscientious objection and subsequently refused induction into the Army) are in prison on terms generally of three or five years. There are many CO's in the Army medical corps; the best estimate is a figure of around sixty thousand. So that altogether, including men who have been given medical discharges, there may be as many as seventy-five thousand CO's who have been called up in the draft. The total number in the country cannot be determined because CO classification is not considered until all deferring classifications have been exhausted, and because all ministers, many of whom would be CO's if they were called up, are exempt from service. In proportion to the total number of men drafted, there are three times as many CO's in this war as in the last.

Two-thirds of the nearly five thousand CO's who have been sentenced to prison are Jehovah's Witnesses, who asked as a group for ministerial deferment and were refused. Almost half of the men in Civilian Public Service are Mennonites. There are nine hundred Brethren and between six and seven hundred Quakers. Most of the rest of the men come from the large Protestant churches, which had almost no pacifists in the last war. The leader among these is the Methodist denomination with six hundred CO's.

It's interesting to note that while pacifism is on the increase in the larger denominations there's a falling away among both Quakers and Brethren. Only about one in ten of the drafted men in both these groups is a conscientious objector, regardless of the peace platforms of the churches. This has brought about a striking situation in at least one Quaker family. The older son is a CO ambulance driver in the American Field Service who's been decorated three or four times for bravery in the African and Italian campaigns and is one

of the very few Americans to hold the British Empire Medal. His brother, on the other hand, is an absolute pacifist who was not conscientiously able even to accept conscription and is therefore in prison serving his second term. And their father, in protest against his sons' stand, has resigned from the Quaker faith and is a captain in the Army.

THE situation of CO's in other countries varies considerably. In Canada they were sent to camps much like ours at the beginning of the war, but later, owing to the labor shortage, they were turned over from Selective Service to the Ministry of Labor and most of them were returned to regular jobs. They live at home and are allowed to keep \$67.00 a month of pay, plus allowances for dependents. Canada believes in separating CO's rather than segregating them in groups, and intentionally gives them no publicity. Thus the general public is not aware they even exist, and they have little chance to organize for pacifistic group action.

In England CO's are put on a separate roster from men available for military service and are called up independently. They then go before a tribunal in public hearing and are given one of four statuses—absolute exemption, partial exemption, noncombatant service, no consideration. Absolute exemption permits a man to walk out in utter freedom; however, only five per cent of England's sixty thousand called-up CO's have been given this rating. Partial exemption corresponds to the Canadian system, by which the man works at worth-while work—though, unlike the Canadian CO, he may keep his full pay. The man refused consideration may report for military duty or refuse and go to prison. Oddly enough, many of the CO's in prison in England are in not for violation of the military law but for violation of the National Service Act. A number of women who have been ordered to assist the Home Guard in various capacities have refused on the basis of conscience and, since the National Service Act has no provision for conscientious objection, have been imprisoned. But English CO's, though unwilling to perform acts of war, have been eager to undertake hazardous

civilian rescue work. In London's air raid fire-fighting team competitions the two finalist groups were comprised of five CO's on one team and four CO's and one non-CO on the other. Because of the dangerous work they have had the opportunity to do, CO's in England are better thought of publicly than anywhere else in the world.

In New Zealand, where the pacifist proportion is very high, approximately three men in every hundred registering CO at the beginning of the war, the men are examined for sincerity under very strict conditions and have no appeal. Those refused (almost all) are sent to "defaulters' camps," which are in effect concentration camps where the men live behind barbed wire without leave or pay. This treatment, the toughest given CO's by any Allied nation except Russia, is strange

considering the fact that the program is administered by a Labor government with an anti-war history and that five cabinet members, including the Prime Minister, were in prison during the last war as CO's.

In Russia, where war objection once flourished under the influence of Tolstoi, the Soviet government no longer recognizes conscience as a basis for refusing military service. The penalty for such refusal is five years' imprisonment in peacetime, capital punishment in wartime.

In Germany, until lately, the many CO's who defied the Gestapo were shot in the public prisons. Recently, however, the policy has been changed. A few are still being shot, but the majority now receive fairly light prison sentences. In Japan, the conscientious objector voluntarily accepts noncombatant service or is forcibly inducted into the army.

Statement on Foreign Trade Policy

HARMONY, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard. — *George Washington*, Farewell Address, Sept. 17, 1796

*For editorial comment on articles and contributors,
see Personal and Otherwise among the following pages.*

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SHALL WE GUARANTEE FULL EMPLOYMENT?

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BACK in 1941 a well-known publicist suggested that "at attainable full employment" the United States could produce even more than the 99 billion dollars' worth of goods and services turned out in the then unequaled boom year 1929. Many an eminent economist and business man politely called him a visionary. But, to everybody's amazement, the war has demonstrated that a production of 150 billion dollars or more is quite possible. Furthermore—and this is the frightening thing—this vast flood of production has been achieved *without any of the ten million energetic and efficient young men who normally provide the backbone of the labor force.*

Obviously, therefore, the problem of finding jobs in postwar production for ten million ex-service men and heaven

alone knows how many millions of unemployed munitions, ship, and aircraft workers is a matter demanding the utmost sobriety and forethought, not the bland wishful thinking of the love-will-find-away school of economic analysis. We must face the gloomy possibilities with the tough-minded clarity of a man taking out insurance to protect his family, or a board of directors setting aside reserves against the coming of a lean year. An effort to deal with such possibilities in advance is an essential part of the duty of every responsible parent and business man—indeed, of every responsible citizen who is concerned for the future of our country.

At present this responsibility is, by and large, being ignored. There has been talk of 60 million postwar jobs, but we have

yet to see a detailed plan, with strong business or government support, which proposes to assure them. Throughout the country a happy-go-lucky optimism says to the soldier and war worker: "Take it easy, bud. There'll be work a-plenty. Three hundred bucks in dismissal pay is a lot of money for a soldier; and every war worker has his little pile of savings. There will be more than enough loose money to get things going again."

But will there be?

In support of the comfortable belief that the postwar world is bound to be one of humming prosperity, three arguments are commonly advanced:

1. Business is planning it that way.
2. The spending of war savings will bring about an unprecedented demand for goods.
3. The plastics, light metals, electronic gadgets, and other scientific wonders developed in the course of the war will create new demands, new industries, and new high levels of business activity.

It would seem to be simple prudence to examine each of these arguments to find out whether it really contains a satisfactory answer to our coming employment problem.

II

FIRST, *let us look at the plans of business.* Many far-sighted business men have realized that another major depression might wreck our system of private enterprise for good, and they have planned as never before to forestall such a catastrophe. It is a poor firm indeed which does not have its Vice President in Charge of Postwar Planning—often with a considerable staff—and many trade associations and special organizations (such as the Committee for Economic Development) have laid plans for whole groups of industries. Moreover, nearly all businesses expect to hire back their veterans "where possible" in accordance with the terms of the Selective Service Act. A good deal of energy and advertising space has been devoted to spreading the idea that this legal provision, together with the well-publicized plans of the business community, will make the return to peace a relatively smooth and painless affair.

A better way of giving business a black eye—since the change-over will *not* be painless—could hardly have been figured out. For if business fails to come up with the jobs, it will find that its generous promises have laid up a store of wrath. Of course business men will do their best to follow the terms of the Selective Service Act, and we may depend upon it that they will do everything possible to provide jobs for displaced civilian workers as well as for returning service men. But we must keep an eye on what is possible, as well as what is desirable.

Business alone could do the job if it had (1) the resources; (2) the united direction; and (3) the willingness to buy raw materials, turn out goods, and keep men at work, regardless of sales, profits, and general economic conditions.

How about the resources? It is true that some businesses have been making enormous profits and have laid aside huge reserves. These concerns may be able to assure postwar jobs to a relatively small slice of the total labor force. But for every firm in this category, there are a hundred others which either do not have substantial reserves or cannot convert to peacetime production. The shipyards, which have been absorbing workers and still more workers ever since Pearl Harbor, are an example. During less than two years of war we tripled our ocean tonnage, and we will go into the peace with a merchant marine at least equal to that of all other nations combined. Obviously we will not need to build very many more ships for some time to come. The huge chemical factories can hardly expect stump-blowing and highway blasting to require explosives on anything like the scale demanded by the siege of Aachen or the bombing of Tokyo. Plane demand, according to the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, is likely to skid by 85 or 90 per cent, and with it will go the demand for astronomical tonnages of aluminum and magnesium. The machine tool industry has turned out enough equipment during the war, in the estimation of some manufacturers, to supply the needs of the next twenty years. And so on. How many jobs can such industries safely promise?

MOREOVER, business is neither a monster directed from some mythical Wall Street lair, as some people believe, nor the single-souled Hercules which the institutional advertisements sometimes picture. It is a collection of many enterprises, big and little and in between. Each of them has a healthy tendency to go its own way; every firm is intent, first of all, on doing the best it can for itself. No spokesman, however eminent and encrusted with directorships, can honestly speak for "business" as a whole. At best, there can be only a great many individual plans, which we hope may add up to something approaching full employment.

And it can be only a hope, not a guarantee. Only one business in a hundred can promise to hire a given number of workers, or turn out a fixed tonnage of its product, regardless of general business conditions. Many a firm has a neat postwar plan for hiring lots of men, for turning out plenty of goods, and perhaps even for expanding its plant; but it also has a reservation which doesn't show on the blueprints—it expects to wait and see how things are going after the war before it puts the plan into effect. A spokesman for the Association of American Railroads, for example, recently asserted that "the nation's railroads do not expect to place orders for new postwar equipment until at least six months after the close of the present conflict, at which time it will be possible to determine their postwar needs."

This wait-and-see attitude is perfectly reasonable. Any business which would guarantee to buy equipment and provide jobs before it had a shrewd notion whether it could sell its product at a profit would simply be risking suicide. But while each individual firm waits to see what other industries will do, what the general postwar business picture may look like, ex-soldiers will be waiting for jobs. In this period of prudent waiting, a deflationary trend may well set in, which will make the shiny postwar plan of each firm look impractical, and which may indeed dictate a further curtailment.

It would be utterly unfair to expect business men—each intent on the survival of his own firm—to shoulder the sole responsibility for guaranteeing jobs for all

veterans regardless of uncertain markets. The business man will have problems enough, in all conscience. He is going to have to help Captain Joe, who commanded a bomber on fifty combat missions, to make the delicate adjustment back to a humdrum stock clerk's job. He is going to have to switch machines which made bomb components over to making some peacetime gadget, and to try to find a market for the new product. He must find some way to make his employees content with a normal wage, in the face of the fact that the GI had an income—including pay, clothing, food, and quarters—considerably higher than the average real income of single men in peacetime. Surely these are problems enough. Is it fair, in addition, to hold a shotgun at the head of business and say: "Employ all these men, or take the responsibility for bringing on a postwar depression"?

The insistence that all will be well just because business wants it to be well not only will fail to solve the basic problem—it also will boomerang on business itself. William Carpenter, economist for the Edison Electric Institute, has warned that "unless planning rests upon a solid foundation of common sense, the public, oversold on the future, will inevitably react in disappointment, and will look around for someone to blame."

There is only one way out of this impossible situation, in which we want employment assured and want business to do the assuring. That is to support the assurance of each individual firm to keep its output and employment at the maximum with some general assurance concerning the overall volume of employment, and hence the overall demand for the products of business. The possibility of providing such an underlying guarantee is discussed in a later section of this article.

III

NOW let us look at wartime savings and postwar demand. Some of the rosy estimates of the pent-up flood of postwar demand are misleading. It would be difficult for the average American to buy in the few months after the war's end the three cars which he normally would have

bought in the war years, or the one and a half refrigerators and two radios which some calculators expect him to buy. And to these swollen estimates of demand is added the confident assumption that people not only will want these unusual numbers of cars and radios, but will be able to buy them. With the billions—some economic soothsayers put the figure at \$250 billion—of wartime savings which will be on hand, we are told that we shall have a perfect thunderhead of spending power, which is bound to sweep us into prosperity.

Here again the comforting legend requires a little cold-blooded dissection. First of all, it must be realized that the massive estimates of "savings" which are being bandied about are savings only in the economist's very special sense. They include such items as decreases in prewar debts, larger holdings of insurance, and increases in the liquid assets of the upper income groups. If we want a realistic estimate of the immediate postwar demand for consumers' goods, such items have to be stricken out. People rarely cash in their insurance policies to buy a new radio. Nor are rich families in the habit of trespassing on their savings in order to purchase a second car or a new set of flat silver; they are more likely to live on their ample current incomes.

Any useful estimate would count only the reasonably spendable savings tucked away during the war by the lower and middle income groups earning less than \$5,000 a year. And it must not include the basic reserves which these families had built up before the war, since what we are concerned with is the increase in spendable money—the "something new" which might bring prosperity. Such an estimate recently was compiled by the Federal Reserve Board, which calculated that in June, 1944, the increase in the readily spendable savings of these families amounted to about \$40 billion. To this may be added whatever sum seems reasonable for the rest of the war. How potent a force do we get?

TERRIFIC, according to one school of thought. This fund will be a source of security. It will ease the mind of the

consumer. It will create a "new pattern of spending and saving. Some 20 million families, thanks to war savings, may be inclined to use their current earnings more freely, and their spending may check the tendency toward oversaving which many students hold responsible for deflationary phenomena in the 1930's."

Maybe so. But most of us know from simple experience, as well as from the budget surveys of the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the Bureau of Home Economics, that the middle and lower income groups always have spent all of their earnings, aside from the slender and probably irreducible margin saved for emergencies. These families will continue to save and spend in about the same pattern after the war—unless we develop a much broader system of social security than we have reason to anticipate. It was not the savings of these families that created the deflationary spiral of the last depression. It will not be their unnatural spending behavior which will create a postwar boom. Forty or 50 billion dollars split among 39 million families is not enough to change their long-established buying habits, or to wipe out their worries about the future.

THERE is another school of thought which admits that wartime savings may not radically change the average man's pattern for spending his current income, but argues that these savings will be spent directly for consumers' goods. Followers of this school point to U. S. Chamber of Commerce surveys which indicate that 1,500,000 families will build or buy new homes, 3,700,000 will seek automobiles, and so on for furniture, washing machines, and refrigerators. Such estimates give some indication of what people would *like* to do. But in order to foresee what they actually *will* do, we need some more information. This was fairly well provided by a recent public opinion survey of War Bond owners. It disclosed that 100 per cent wanted to spend, and that 11 per cent were going to spend right away after the coming of peace. But 73 per cent planned to wait a while and see how things went. While they wait, business will wait. Production will wait. And employment will wait.

The reasons why consumers may go slow in their postwar spending are by no means trivial:

1. Overtime payments—now running at perhaps \$12 billion a year and averaging 15 to 20 per cent of payrolls—will be wiped out at the end of the war, or perhaps earlier if we taper off on production after the defeat of Germany.

2. Many workers who shift into peacetime industries must expect lower pay. For in general, pay rates in those occupations which dominate peacetime activity—light manufacturing, retailing, service trades, farming, finance—are considerably lower for the average worker than wage rates in the highly productive durable-goods industries which are dominant in wartime. For example, in the month before Pearl Harbor hourly earnings in durable-goods manufacturing averaged about 82 cents, or a full 24 per cent higher than earnings in light non-durable-goods industry. Those workers who shift over to the making of durable consumers' goods, such as automobiles and washing machines, have better prospects, of course; but they will be far fewer than those who must shift from highly paid war industries to less lucrative jobs, such as running cotton looms or driving laundry trucks. This shift, plus loss of overtime, probably will more than offset any reduction in taxes and decline in bond purchases.

3. The conversion period probably will range from a week or two for some lucky plants up to six months for those which face a lot of complicated retooling and reorganization. During this period, of whatever length, most of the factory's workers will be idle, and their futures will be uncertain. Naturally they will hang on to their savings until they are sure of steady work again.

4. The price of postwar consumers' goods may determine to a considerable extent the vigor of the buying boom. A few manufacturers, such as Ford and Charles E. Wilson of General Electric, have announced that they hope to price their products as low as they were before the war, or lower—that greater efficiency in manufacturing can be expected to offset higher labor and raw material costs. But many other producers expect to set their

prices as much as 40 per cent above pre-war levels. If this happens on a widespread scale, many potential buyers can be expected to wait a while for prices to drop back to the levels they have long regarded as "normal."

All this might be summarized by noting that the primary factor which will determine postwar spending will be not the size of past savings but the size of anticipated future income. Job security, not wartime savings, is the key to what lies ahead. Give the average consumer a reasonable assurance of steady work and he will spend a good part of his wartime reserves. But leave him uncertain of the future and he will hoard. The mere promise of security, in other words, would go a long way toward creating jobs; while fear of unemployment inevitably will help bring on the very thing we fear.

IV

WHAT about new products? Perhaps the gaudiest of all the arguments that insist on automatic prosperity after the war is the one which points to the Marvels of Science. Technical and scientific developments during the war, we are told, have created a whole range of new products and potential new industries. The demand for plastic houses, electronic quick-freezers, magnesium dishwashers, and a helicopter in every garage is certain to bring jobs and more jobs.

For any given industry, these hopeful predictions may well be true. But we must be quite clear about the difference between such a conclusion and the conclusion we are interested in getting at: will there be a net gain in employment as the result of such substitutions?

IN A few cases there may. If the development of prefabricated plastic-and-aluminum houses, for example, helps break down the network of restrictions which have so greatly hampered a real boom in home-building, then we can look for new business activity and new jobs.

But to the extent that plastics merely replace steel and glass, or magnesium replaces cast iron, there will be no immediate

increase in employment. There will be more jobs in the plastics factories, but fewer in the steel and glass plants. Often, in fact, there may be a net *decrease* in jobs, since one of the most attractive things about many of the new products is that they can be turned out with a lower labor cost. (A recent addition to one of the big aluminum plants in the South cost several million dollars, and phenomenally increased the output of the factory; but the increase in employment totaled only forty workers.)

There will of course be some new hiring to build factories and machinery for the new products, but this source of employment is easy to exaggerate. For the war will leave us with a huge stock of general-purpose industrial buildings and equipment which can be adapted to the manufacture of many gadgets still in the incubator stage. For many years construction of factories is likely to lag below the prewar "normal."

We are not concerned here with the question of whether replacement of old products by new ones is a good thing for our economy in the long run. Every advance in technology may eventually increase employment, by making our industry more efficient and labor more valuable. Our concern here, however, is for the immediate postwar months and years. And within that period there is little prospect that the Marvels of Science will provide a substantial number of additional jobs. Whatever gains are made in one industry are likely to be largely offset by losses in another.

V

IN ADDITION to these three Dream Highways to Prosperity, there are other paths and byways which some people hope may lead us automatically out of the economic woods. In many circles, for example, there is a touching confidence that a soaring increase in foreign trade will avert a postwar employment crisis. This possibility is examined elsewhere in this issue of *Harper's* in an article by Bernard B. Smith and John A. Kouwenhoven on the dangers of an export boom unaccompanied by a great increase in imports.

Here, therefore, it is enough to note that reliance on a foreign trade boom seems to be as ill-founded as belief in the other panaceas.

The GI Bill of Rights sometimes is cited as a solution for the re-employment problem. This legislation is an excellent thing in itself—but it is not the answer we are looking for. The \$300 maximum dismissal pay which it provides will take care of transportation, civilian clothes, a brief necessary vacation, and a short period of job-hunting for the ex-soldier; but it gives him no assurance of steady work. The provision for retraining and education will be a godsend to those service men who want to take advantage of it. They will number less than 10 per cent of all men in the services, however, if Army surveys are correct. It is clear that most of the veterans will want real jobs with adequate incomes as soon as possible to support themselves and their families. No legislation now on the books pretends to give any such assurance to the veterans, much less to the civilians who will be looking for jobs immediately after the war.

How many jobs will they need? In November, 1944, America's total labor force amounted to about 65 million men and women. Of this number, some 10 million were in the armed forces, while 55 million were at work in our factories, farms, and service trades. There were, of course, virtually no unemployed.

Assuming that the war ends sometime in 1946, we can calculate that our labor force will then total something like 60 million. At least 5 million women, old folks, and youngsters now busy in war work can be expected to leave the labor market to raise families, retire, or go back to school. At a guess, perhaps 2½ million men will remain in the services to police occupied countries and to provide a larger standing army than we ever had in the past. Another 2 million or so will fit into what economists describe as "the pool of frictional unemployment." These are people temporarily out of work while they shift from job to job. A relatively small pool of this sort—between 3 and 4 per cent of the total labor force—is necessary to make our economy flexible at the joints; it is not the

kind of chronic, large-scale unemployment we are worrying about.

That leaves 55½ million men and women who will have to find jobs if we are to achieve anything like "full employment." Roughly the same number, or perhaps 1 per cent less, were at work when war production was at its 1944 peak. Nobody really knows what may happen when war spending is cut from the present \$84 billion a year to, say, \$3 billion, which was about what we spent on "defense" in 1940. It is probably conservative, however, to estimate that at least 7 million people might be thrown out of work. The total might add up to a good many more; after all, we had some 7,400,000 unemployed in 1940.

PERHAPS this forecast is too gloomy. Such skepticism about the job-providing capabilities of the wave of postwar spending, the plans of business, and the blossoming of a host of new products may be all wrong. Maybe the optimists will turn out to have been right after all.

The basic moral problem still remains. All the optimism in the world—right or wrong—cannot touch it. That problem is simply this: are we going to let security for our demobilized soldiers depend on chance, on the hope that the optimists are guessing right about an indefinite future? Or does the nation have a responsibility for *guaranteeing* security and an opportunity to work to all veterans and war workers, just as they have the individual duty of doing their share in wartime? Is the economy which clothes and feeds the service man with such amazing efficiency today unable to carry out the essentially similar function of assuring him work the month after the war ends?

I am arguing that when peace comes the nation will have to take on this responsibility. From that day on, it will have to guarantee jobs for something like 55 million people. This will become one of the fundamental tasks of government, just as keeping the peace and providing for the common defense have been its fundamental tasks in the past.

Those who shrink from this conclusion may argue that we have faced large-scale unemployment in the past, and that in all

these crises the government has successfully avoided taking on the responsibility of assuring work to all who wanted it. Even the New Deal in 1933 never pretended to put all the unemployed to work; at most it managed to rig up makeshift, temporary jobs for something less than half of them. Can't we get by in the same equivocal fashion if we run into a postwar unemployment crisis?

WE CANNOT. The veterans are not going to accept unemployment with the bewildered docility which was characteristic of most of the jobless in the last depression. Anyone who thinks they will simply does not understand the vast gulf between what the American civilian is getting out of this war and what the American service man is getting. And if we do not all realize it in time, it will be firmly—perhaps violently—brought to our attention.

The civilian—because of age or a rickety physique—has been able to remain safe and secure at home. He has his wife if married, and the chance to meet plenty of eligible young women if not. He has been left almost completely free to decide where to work and where to move if he chooses. By and large, he has eaten better than he did in peacetime. He has had his choice of a vast range of clothing, from ornate ties to silk hats. He has had at once more security and more luxuries than any other civilian in the world.

By contrast, the men in the services have been given the privilege of forsaking their families, friends, and careers. They have endured discomfort, colossal boredom, and in many cases danger. The years in which they can learn most rapidly, get ahead fastest, are lost forever. The years in which age and economic standing make marriage possible are passing. Many who are already married will return older, less resilient, less able to take up their lives gaily where they left off. Some will return so crippled, physically or mentally, that they cannot take up the thread at all; they will have to begin all over again, under heavy handicaps.

This contrast is underlined in the soldier's mind by the stories which newspapers and gossip carry into every post

exchange and USO—manufacturers remarking: "I don't want much profit . . . with my profit cut down to \$1,200,000 my road is made extremely difficult financially"; contractors who gleefully announce that if the war lasts another two years they will salt away ten million bucks; shipyard workers earning \$5 an hour, \$50 a day; strikes in war industries; war plants palming off defective material on the Army; civilians demanding a halt in war production so they can get more whisky, complaining about gas rationing, whining about a shortage of prime steaks and cigarettes in a world aflame.

None of the stories is pretty. And some of them are true. True or not, these stories get around, and on them (together with others that are unprintable) most service men are basing their attitude toward those who have stayed at home.

What action will result from that attitude, when the veteran hunting work is met with cheery statements that "things are bound to turn out all right," "just wait till the reconversion period is over," and "the spending of war savings ought to produce a lot of jobs any day now"? Nobody knows, of course. But we have some hints, and they are hints which should make any American start worrying.

One of them is the report of a historian who watched fascism rise in Italy and Germany after the last war. He noted then that "everyone who had no chance of a peaceful occupation was offered the opportunity to be a soldier in a civil war in which the opponent was not armed. Pent-up resentment found an easy outlet. . . ." Another is a warning from the commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars that "there has been too much talk and not enough action on the idea of making sure our men in the service have jobs waiting for them after the war . . . a hungry man will listen to proposals he would never otherwise dream of."

And there already are discharged veterans who are saying: "The country could feed me and give me clothes and furnish medical care so long as I was fighting. We can provide jobs for everybody while the war's on—why can't we do the same thing in peacetime, if we really make up our minds to it?"

VI

WELL, why not? What we need is *a firm assurance that unemployment never again will be permitted to become a national problem.* Such an assurance is required not only to meet our obligation to the returning veterans; it is required to protect the stability of our whole system of private enterprise. Nobody can suppose that a war which has put 10 million men under arms and affected every fiber of our economy can end without a dangerously violent shock to the entire system—a shock which we must prepare now to meet. A guarantee against large-scale unemployment would be no panacea, no sure-fire recipe for eternal prosperity; but it might prevent the shock of peace from wrecking our economy.

Such a guarantee might take the form of an official statement of national policy by Congress and the President, with the advance concurrence if possible of the major organizations of industry and labor. It might simply declare that unemployment, aside from seasonal fluctuations, would never be permitted to exceed 4 per cent of the total labor force. If the number of jobless should climb above this level during any three-month period, the Executive, with the advice and consent of a joint congressional committee, would then take action to put the guarantee into operation. And Congress should set forth in specific legislation precisely the kind of action which should be taken whenever the guarantee needed to be invoked.

It is quite possible that the guarantee would rarely have to be put into effect—that its very existence would be enough to prevent a major depression. It would serve as an assurance to business that it could go ahead and put its postwar plans into operation immediately, with confidence that there would be an ample market for its products. It would forestall the retrenchment and precautionary moves which business must make when a depression seems possible—and which themselves help bring on depression. It would assure every family that it could safely spend its wartime savings for that new automobile or radio right now, without waiting to see how the postwar job situation turns

out. It would put an end to that uncertainty and fear of the future which are among the major obstacles to an expanding economy.

THE principle on which this suggestion is based has been universally accepted by Americans for two hundred years. It is, of course, simply the insurance principle. So far, our closest approach to this kind of measure on a national scale is the guarantee of bank deposits by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. That guarantee has achieved its purpose at trivial cost. It has, in fact, almost never been invoked, because its mere existence has eliminated those runs on the banks which were so common and so disastrous in the earlier periods of our history. The entire banking system stands higher in public esteem, safer against any kind of attack, because of that assurance.

Similarly, the National Employment Guarantee might never have to be invoked, if our system of private enterprise still possesses that vitality which has made American production the envy of the world. It should, in fact, be made quite clear that no government action beyond the guarantee is anticipated in the first instance. Operations to make the guarantee effective would begin only when unemployment threatened to become a national problem, only when the economy needed the underpinning which the government alone can provide.

Just how the guarantee should be put into effect if the need ever arose is a matter for Congress and the Executive to decide, after prolonged debate and much careful planning. Undoubtedly the primary method would be public works. Not hastily improvised WPA leaf-raking projects, but well-conceived investment in enterprises which would protect our natural resources and build up our productive capacity. Reclamation projects, reforestation, rural schools, soil conservation, new highways, development of the great river valleys on the TVA pattern—these are the obvious examples. And employment should not be handled on a WPA basis; the men hired for such undertakings should have regular jobs, at regular salaries, and should be held to regular standards of efficiency.

Public works projects might well be supplemented by other measures to stabilize employment, some governmental and some private. A more adequate social security system, higher minimum wages to bolster consumer spending, a shorter work week, incentive taxation, establishment of the annual wage principle in industries where it is feasible—all these would help. A rigid formula is the last thing we want. Experience and ingenuity should constantly produce better economic devices for fighting unemployment, just as they bring forth a continuous stream of new weapons in wartime.

VII

BUT can we afford it? Many worried citizens, who are by no means reactionaries, will point to our postwar debt of some \$300 billion. How can we go on spending to guarantee employment without shoving the country into bankruptcy? And will the guarantee really do much good if people doubt the fiscal ability of the government to make it work? What good is an insurance policy backed by a company of doubtful solvency?

This, of course, is a critical problem, and the question has to be answered squarely. There are at least two factors to be noted.

First, we know that the government is going to have to spend public funds to deal with unemployment in any case. Prolonged unemployment on a large scale is no longer politically possible. The 10 million veterans won't stand for it—nor will the 45 million other members of our labor force. The alternative to the guarantee is not economy; it is spending in a relatively wasteful and haphazard fashion *after* unemployment has reached the stage of crisis.

The real question is: shall we commit ourselves in advance to spend whatever is necessary to keep men at work, or shall we spend hurriedly and on a larger scale to put them back to work after a depression has hit? If we make the commitment in advance, there is a good chance that we may never have to spend at all. If we do, we can spend in an orderly and methodical way to produce the most benefit with the

least waste. We can avoid rushing into expensive boondoggles in an attempt to put men to work as quickly as possible. Moreover, we shall not invite a political upheaval which might smash our traditional fiscal system and endanger our democratic institutions as well.

Second—and most important—the cost of a National Employment Guarantee would hinge upon its success in revitalizing the spirit of enterprise, in opening the door to a truly expanding economy. It is clear that our \$300 billion debt can be handled *only* if we succeed in maintaining a high level of production, employment, and national income. If we can keep the national income at \$140 billion a year, the carrying charges can be met handily and we can make some progress at paying off the principal. If the national income should slump back to the 1932 level, however, the present debt would become completely unmanageable, and we would be bankrupt indeed.

Under these circumstances, the public spending of a few billion a year in order to avert a major depression would seem to be simply good business. If the guarantee enabled us to increase our output of goods and services at a faster rate than it increased the cost of government, it would be the most profitable of investments. The cost should of course be met out of current tax revenues whenever possible, painful as that may seem. If part of it must be covered from time to time by deficit financing, however, that need not be catastrophic. As a matter of fact, the addition of a few billion to a debt already a hundred times that size would hardly be felt—*so long as employment and the total national income remained high*. And if income does not remain high, if our economy does not continue to expand, all considerations of interest, debt, and taxation may become the most academic of matters.

It is true that a National Employment Guarantee would involve some fiscal risk—but it would be far smaller than the

risk involved in taking a chance on another depression. From a cold-blooded financial standpoint, the most hazardous thing we can do is trust to luck and do nothing.

IT MIGHT be noted in passing that an overall guarantee of this sort would have another important advantage. It would reduce the pressure on Congress for a host of costly individual guarantees to protect various special groups in the economy. If farmers did not fear a general spiral of falling prices, they might be less insistent on subsidies and crop control to prop up farm prices. Labor might forego some of the “featherbed rules” and restrictions on output which now protect jobs in certain industries. Business men might be willing to give up tariffs and cartel arrangements which serve as their private dugouts against an economic storm. Each of these special guarantees not only is expensive; it also damages the economy as a whole, making it less efficient, less flexible, less competitive—and less able to resist depression. Yet there is little hope of removing them unless some general assurance can be offered in their place.

The first step is simply for Congress and the President to make a formal acknowledgment—now—of the responsibility which they cannot in any case escape. They need go only as far as Emil Schramm, the sagacious and conservative president of the New York Stock Exchange, who has warned that “any sound postwar domestic program must contemplate the production of goods and services at a level sufficiently high to occupy all who wish to work and are able to do so.” If this can be established as a settled national policy, with assurance that the full resources of the nation will, if necessary, be mobilized to carry it out, we not only will be discharging an obligation to our service men; we will be taking our first effective measure to insure the whole country against another economic disaster.

{ Mr. Smith, a New York lawyer, is counsel for several trade associations identified with British imports. Mr. Kouwenhoven is an editor of Harper's. }

THAT EXPORT BOOM MAY COST US ANOTHER WAR

BERNARD B. SMITH AND
JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN



IF THE United States persists in its present plans for postwar expansion of foreign trade we are headed straight for another world war. Business leaders and government officials are apparently being driven, by their fear of the domestic crisis which will surely come if we fail to maintain something like full employment, into the kind of scramble for overseas markets which at first glance looks deceptively like a perfectly respectable sort of internationalism but which in the long run will force other nations to protect themselves against us by economic and then (inevitably) by military alliances.

Briefly stated, the situation is this: The best estimates indicate that if our postwar production equals that of 1940 (our pre-war peak year) we will still have approximately 19 million unemployed. Business men and politicians are afraid—with good reason—that such a whopping failure to provide jobs would knock the props out from under them. Even making optimistic allowance for the pent-up postwar demand for cars and dwellings and consumer goods of all kinds, they doubt if the home market can absorb our whole production. So they look to foreign markets to take up the slack.

The connection between the fear of unemployment and the demand for increased

exports is perfectly clear in the statements of those who are currently concerned with foreign trade. Spokesmen for the Farm Bureau, the labor unions, and the manufacturers all link the two subjects in their pronouncements. And in his Chicago speech last October the President, having asserted that there would obviously be an increased demand abroad for our industrial and agricultural products, went on to say that he was convinced that, with congressional approval, our foreign trade could be “trebled after this war—providing millions of more jobs.”

It is not surprising, therefore, that two days after the recent announcement of proposals for creation of a new executive department to carry out the Administration's program for expanded foreign commerce, Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson told five hundred industrialists at the annual congress of the National Association of Manufacturers that the United States must find markets abroad “in the neighborhood of 10 billion dollars” and thus provide 3 million jobs in industry and 1 million in agriculture.

The point to notice here is that we are committing ourselves to expanding our export trade *primarily as a means of providing domestic employment*. To be sure, a part of our export program is intended to help

rehabilitate nations which have been devastated in battle. But basically our foreign trade policy is being evolved in response to stark political necessity at home.

It is this fact which explains the emphasis which is being placed on exports, as opposed to imports. We cannot, of course, continue to export to other nations unless we in turn buy from them, thus enabling them to get dollars with which to pay for our goods. In the final analysis, *only by importing more can we export more.* But an increase in imports is politically impossible in the United States today.

NOT that there are not many Americans who understand the ultimate folly of maintaining our tariff barriers against imports. At the recent International Business Conference at Rye, for instance, the American delegation twice called upon the United States "to assume an aggressive leadership in the general reduction of tariffs." In the early postwar period, they agreed, we will have to lend and invest money abroad to assist those nations which want to restore or increase their productive capacity. But dollar loans and investments are, as the delegation pointed out, really "deferred imports" (that is, they merely postpone the time when we must accept repayment in the form of goods and services). Before long we must open our markets to their goods or the loans will be defaulted, as they were after the last war, thus precipitating worldwide economic collapse. The danger is, as the American delegates saw, that the United States "will not willingly face this economic reality and so adjust its tariff schedules as to bring about *an excess of imports at some reasonably early date.*" (Italics ours.)

Judging by the evidence at hand, the danger is indeed acute. Though we agree in the abstract that tariffs must be lowered, when it comes down to cases we refuse to act. Robert Gaylord, president of the N.A.M., revealed just how much the protestations at Rye really amount to when he answered a reporter's question about tariffs by saying, "We favor low tariffs, but we want to protect American industry and living standards." Even the Department

of Commerce, which has announced a plan to encourage exports by finding new markets in this country for foreign products, is careful to explain that it intends to expedite imports only insofar as it can do so "without damaging domestic producers in their home markets."

So powerful are the protectionist interests in American politics that even in the face of urgent wartime necessities they have been able to make Congress toe the line. Two years ago hearings were held on a bill which would have granted to the President, as a purely wartime measure, powers to suspend temporarily tariff and other provisions which limited the free flow of property and information into and out of the country. The Under Secretaries of War and Navy and the Chairman of the Maritime Commission offered testimony indicating that such powers were urgently needed in the prosecution of the war. But there were weightier considerations from the political point of view.

A representative of the National Council of Farmers Cooperatives contended that the powers *could* be used to nullify sanitary safeguards covering importation of dairy and cattle products, and "might lead to importation of beef from Argentina." Similarly, Representative Carlson of Kansas opposed the suspension on the grounds that there were, or soon would be, domestic shortages of beef, milk, and dairy products and, if the tariffs were suspended, foreign products *might* be imported to supply the civilian population and the armed forces—a proceeding which he said would be "unfair" to American farmers. The powers were not granted.

Two years of war have not changed the picture, as witness the testimony last December before the special congressional committee inquiring into the problem of postwar disposal of surplus cotton. A spokesman for the Association of Southern Commissioners of Agriculture asserted that imports of agricultural products (under the provisions of a high Republican tariff!) brought on the financial crash of 1929 and the ensuing depression. Others, including representatives of the Southern Railway System and of the Textile Export Association, advocated a ban on shipments of modern textile machinery

to foreign countries and protection against the competition of nations whose wage and living standards are lower than ours.

This is the kind of political opposition which can be counted on to try to smother any attempts to lower tariff barriers. What is more, it is in terms of an anti-import attitude encouraged by such political pressures that the administrative sections of our present tariff act are construed. George B. Herzog of the National Council of American Importers recently pointed out that Secretary Hull's attempts to liberalize our import policy through reciprocal trade treaties have been negated to an enormous degree by "the clammy, dead-hand" way in which the Customs Bureau has "successfully administered the Hull tariffs in a spirit of Smoot-Hawleyism."

BUT if powerful pressures are arrayed against increased imports, no such political opposition is aroused by attempts to expand our export trade. The result is that we are moving, willy-nilly, into a campaign, backed by all our industrial and financial might, to capture as large a share of the world's markets as possible. And this will inevitably bring us into conflict first with Britain and then with most of the other nations of the world.

As C. B. Morrison said in an address to the Export Managers' Club of New York, such a policy will force Britain and other countries into a series of protective measures which will lead from trade agreements to nonaggression pacts to full-fledged alliances. The United States is, to be sure, in a powerful position to counter such measures, but power—as Mr. Morrison warned—often leads to arrogance "and no nation is strong enough to pit itself against the world."

Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador, has on several occasions made the problem clear. Britain cannot exist after the war without importing tremendous quantities of food, raw materials, and consumer goods. Yet to get the finances merely to maintain her imports at the prewar level she will have to export far more than she did then because during the war she has depleted her treasury, used up her overseas assets, and suffered heavy losses to her

shipping and other income-producing property. In order to pay for the goods which she desperately needs (and which we desperately want to sell) Britain therefore must sell goods which we not only refuse to buy but which we also apparently intend to prevent her from selling to other nations if we can capture the markets for ourselves.

If this deadlock is not broken the consequences will be catastrophic. Behind barriers of tariffs, "Empire preference," and all kinds of trade restrictions, America and England and the other nations of the world will be condemned, in Lord Halifax's impressive words, to "feverish years of jungle life, in a cut-throat war for international trade; of scrambling and outsmarting each other; of stealing each other's customers and blackening each other's faces, until another Hitler arises to exploit the miseries of the peoples and to multiply them ten-fold by another war."

II

LET us look, for a moment, at our foreign trade policy from the point of view of other nations. They know they can get long-term capital loans from us to pay for their postwar purchases of machine tools, power plants, tractors, locomotives, and other American products. But they know also that the loans (and the interest on them) can be paid back only in the form of increased exports to us. And they know, too, that these exports must be in the form not of raw materials but of those manufactured goods against which our tariff barriers have always been primarily directed. For even if we had no tariffs against raw materials and even if our government imported and stockpiled certain strategic minerals for military purposes, our raw material imports would nevertheless tend to diminish in relative importance because of the development of synthetics and other substitutes. (Rayon and synthetic rubber, for example, are certain to cut into our imports of silk and crude rubber—which alone accounted for more than one-sixth of the total value of *all* our imports in the boom years 1926-29.)

What this means to foreign business men can best be understood if we examine the

specific problems of a typical foreign industry. One class of foreign manufactures which has been popular with American consumers in the past is British woolens: Huddersfield fine worsteds, West of England flannels, Borderland tweeds, Scotch chevots, Shetlands, and many others. Yet, popular as they were, the entire prewar volume of British woolens sold in the United States was only 2 per cent of the quantity of woolens produced and sold here by American manufacturers—certainly not a very formidable threat. Here, it would seem, is a field in which the British might reasonably hope to expand their exports to us.

Let's see, though, what the British woolen manufacturer would be up against. Before he could land his woolen cloth at an American port he would have to pay not only ocean freight and insurance but also a specific duty of 50 cents a pound (which amounts to an average of about \$1.50 on enough cloth to make a man's suit, and substantially more than that on overcoating). On top of that he would have to pay a duty of from 35 to 40 per cent on the value of the goods. Clearly, therefore, he could not hope to compete with the American manufacturer on a price basis. What little market his fellow exporters have managed to create here is held solely by the highly distinctive quality of their product.

If the British manufacturer could simply use the surplus of cloth made for his home market to supply his American customers, his costs might be low enough to permit him in a measure to overcome such a tariff burden. But the generally milder climate of America, and the fact that Americans keep their houses warmer than the English, make it impossible to sell in this country the heavy cloths which the English people prefer. Even the patterns and colors for the American market must be different from those which suit the conservative English taste.

British manufacturers must therefore build an export business specifically "beamed" at the United States unless they are willing to content themselves with limited sales to the small group of Americans who go in for tweedy elegance in the pseudo-British manner. If they aim at a

market of any size they must enter into direct competition with American firms, meeting them on their own ground with advertising, promotion, and merchandising techniques similar to theirs. (The costs of such competition may be illustrated by the fact that the total yearly profits on sales of British woolens in this country amount to less than Forstmann and Botany—two of the better-known American woolen manufacturers—alone spend annually on advertising and promotion.)

Suppose, nevertheless, that the British—faced with the absolute necessity of increasing their exports—were prepared to risk sufficient capital to promote their woolens in this country. The British manufacturer would then find that his only course would be to establish an American subsidiary—not a mere paper corporation, but an able, well-staffed organization. This subsidiary would, naturally, be subject to our high corporate income taxes and in addition would have to pay a 30 per cent withholding tax before remitting any dividends to the parent company in Great Britain. At that point the British treasury would step in and impose its own heavy tax on net dividends receivable from the United States.

On top of all these difficulties, the British manufacturer would still have to reckon with the most discouraging problem of all: the unpredictability of American tariff scales. For the more successful he was in persuading American consumers to buy his goods, the more likely it would be that political pressure would succeed in raising our tariff schedules on woolens to a level which excluded his products entirely and thereby abruptly rendered his entire investment in our market worthless.

THE problems faced by the British woolen manufacturer are typical of those faced by practically all other foreign producers who want to sell goods in the United States—whether Belgian lace, Polish ham, or Czechoslovakian china. It should be clear, therefore, that if we are unwilling to make some concessions in our import policy, the other nations of the world will have no choice but to enter among themselves into preferential agree-

ments and trading blocs designed to exclude us from world trade.

Fortunately for us—and for the chances of world peace—the British are by no means unanimous as yet in their approval of preferential trading and “cartel-protected production.” Indeed, so intense were the disagreements among the British business men who came to the conference at Rye that they could not agree on a chairman for their delegation. Business men of other nations also—notably India—have demonstrated strong opposition to all kinds of restrictive agreements. And despite the awe with which Senator Brewster and many other good Americans regard the alleged British genius for beating us to the draw in all contests over trade, there is no evidence to indicate that Britain has yet committed herself irrevocably to the kind of restrictive policy for which we so glibly denounce her while we drive her toward it. On the contrary, the president of the British National Union of Manufacturers—Sir Patrick Hannon, M.P.—recently criticized his government’s lag in export planning as “one of the living jokes of our public administration,” and charged that the government ministers who are responsible for the future of British trade are completely unprepared “to face the well-devised post-war planning of the United States.”

The fact nevertheless remains that the advocates of restrictive trade practices are strong in Britain and in most other countries, and if they shape the future it will not be many years before we must either pull out of world commerce entirely or fight for the overseas markets we want. The irony of the situation is that, as Edward Riley of General Motors recently stated, the advocates of restriction in all lands derive their greatest strength from their countrymen’s well-founded doubts as to our willingness to accept the excess of imports over exports which is demanded by our status as the world’s principal creditor nation.

The inferences are obvious. If we intend to avert a third world war we must cut the supports from under the foreign and domestic advocates of restriction by an unequivocal assurance to the world that we *will* accept the import implications

of our position. This is not by any means to say that we should at once abandon our tariffs. As C. Hartley Grattan and George R. Leighton said in this magazine’s leading article last August, the pressure for jobs in this country after the war “will be so intense that politicians will be tempted to supply them even by methods which, on a long view, are detrimental to international trade.”

But if the terrifying implications of the methods which politicians and business men apparently intend to try are understood, and if (as we believe) there are alternative methods whose short-term domestic advantages would be obvious and whose international consequences would not inescapably lead to war, then surely it is not impossible that both government and business should support them.

It is self-evident, of course, that a sound foreign trade policy can never win political support in the United States until the *fear* of large-scale unemployment is removed. Elsewhere in this issue of *Harper’s* Stanley Lebergott discusses the domestic problems which arise out of this fear and suggests ways in which we can deal with them. For our purposes it is necessary to indicate only that the minimum requirement for political support of a constructive American tariff program is a domestic economic policy guaranteeing employment opportunities, in private business to the fullest possible extent and beyond that in government-sponsored enterprises. Only when the American people are assured that they need not be long out of a job will they be in a frame of mind to face up to the changes in our internal economy which a reversal of tariff policy would involve. Only then will it be possible to appeal to their long-term interests as consumers by demonstrating that high tariffs on imported goods mean high prices for domestic products. (There is real danger, for instance, that the price of all rayon goods will be increased in the next few years, because American cotton interests, who will undoubtedly be joined by the wool industry, are getting ready to demand a tax on rayon, which—thanks largely to the high level of their own tariff-and-subsidy-supported prices—has seriously encroached on their markets.)

Once the fear of unemployment is minimized our government must formally and explicitly commit itself to a policy of gradual but systematic reduction of tariffs. The first move in this direction might well be a guarantee to other nations that for a fixed period of, say, twenty-five years our tariff rates will be stabilized at the lowest levels which are now possible. Such a guarantee on our part (if related to some form of long-term international agreement for exchange stabilization) would make our tariff a known factor in the calculations of foreign business men who, like the British woolen manufacturers, have to compete in our market. And the basic policy (toward which this guarantee would be the first step) would—by strengthening the hand of those in Britain and other

countries who oppose restrictions—help to stimulate the kind of free and expanding world commerce from which all nations, including our own, would profit.

Unless something of the sort is done we are headed for trouble. No one has yet found a sure formula for the postwar domestic prosperity which would almost automatically solve our problems in international trade. Failing such a formula, the Administration and the leaders of business are apparently falling for the illusion that if we can just export—come hell or high water—we can keep our productive system going.

Well, the water is beginning to rise, and hell is just behind those V-2 launching platforms we see pictures of in the Sunday papers.

Fairy Tale?

THERE was once a youth who enlisted as a soldier. He bore himself bravely, and was always seen to be foremost when the bullets were falling. Everything went well with him while the war lasted, but as soon as peace was proclaimed he received his discharge and was told by his captain that he might go where he pleased. He had no longer a home, for his parents were dead, so he went to his brothers, and begged that they would give him food and shelter until war broke out afresh. But the brothers were hardhearted men, and said: . . . "You are of no service to us; you must go and fight your own way as best you can." The soldier shouldered his rifle, which was all that was left to him, and went forth into the world. . . . Full of sorrowful thoughts he sat down under a tree and began meditating on the sadness of his lot. "I have no money," he said to himself, "and I have learned no trade but that of fighting, and for this I am no longer wanted since peace was declared; I see nothing left for me to do but to starve." — *The opening of "Bearskin," one of Grimm's Fairy Tales, originally published in 1812*

(*Mr. Pratt, who has already done a number of articles for us on the war in the Pacific, has recently returned from Pearl Harbor, where he interviewed Admiral Nimitz and other officers.*)

NIMITZ AND HIS ADMIRALS

FLETCHER PRATT



LIEUTENANT LA MARR was called from a late Sunday bath for immediate conference at the Navy Department, no hint as to subject, and was not a little put out as the car rolled through silent streets under the slate-gray skies of December. There were Marines at the door and unusual activity—for Sunday—in the corridors. La Marr learned that the news was war through a chance meeting with an acquaintance and hurried to the Secretary's office, where there was already a desultory conversation going on among Secretary Knox, Assistant Secretary Forrestal, Under Secretary Bard, and his own chief, Rear Admiral Nimitz of the Bureau of Navigation.

Admiral Stark came in a few moments later with his own flag secretary. "Good morning, how do you do," and the conference opened. The Secretary disqualified himself from expressing opinions except as moderator; Admiral Stark seemed to need more time to think things through. Both Bard and Forrestal thought there was much to be done but appeared hampered by lacking both information about what was happening out at Honolulu (where the machine guns were still hammering) and the intimate acquaintance with Navy men and customs that was in possession of the two admirals. When the discussion came down to a specific point it was usually Nimitz's suggestion that was adopted.

His presence in the group was tech-

nically a solecism. He was only one of the bureau chiefs (there are seven) and a rather junior admiral. If there was to be a bureau head at the conference, why not (for instance) the man from Aeronautics? Why not the chief of the War Plants or the Ship Movements Division, or the head of the General Board, the elder statesmen of the Navy? . . . Because it was in no sense a gathering of elder statesmen, debating with careful balance a line of policy, but a council of war. The keynote—whom can we trust? Nimitz of Bunav, which in spite of its name was the office charged with handling personnel and their assignments, would presumably know that; and he was also heir apparent to the command of the Pacific fleet.

A fleet commander in any navy holds office on much the same terms as a heavyweight champion. It is neither punishment nor fear that he will repeat his mistake that causes him to be removed when he is once knocked out. Confidence has been lost, and with it full control of the medium. When Husband E. Kimmel was appointed Cincpac there was a good deal of kitchen gossip to the effect that he had been brought in to succeed the careful, precise, defensive-minded Admiral Richardson primarily because he could introduce into the fleet a spirit of initiative: train it for attack, America's obvious strategy in a Pacific war. In those black hours when the last bombs were still falling

on Pearl Harbor it was not evident from Washington how much damage had been done; but it was evident that neither in spirit nor in mechanical equipment did we any longer possess the means for an offensive.

Automatically the second name on the list was brought up—the list that had been prepared of desirable successors when Admiral Richardson reached retirement age. The name was that of Chester W. Nimitz; when he had heard at the time that his name was on the list, he had asked that it be taken right off again. Admiral Kimmel was his friend and he did not wish to compete; moreover he was very junior, even farther down on the list than Kimmel, who had been jumped up some forty-five numbers to the command. An American military officer who overleaps so many of his superiors in peacetime is bound to have a whole Sargasso Sea of ill-feeling dragging at his keel.

But in war no officer has any right to regard personal feelings, his own or another's. When Nimitz was notified that he would take over the Pacific fleet, he made one request that instead it should be turned over to Admiral Pye, Kimmel's second; and that being refused, asked for his orders without further debate.

Discussions and arrangements had taken several days, with Admiral King, called in from the Atlantic command, participating. Nimitz had not only been operating in the domains of high strategy but also had been carrying on the suddenly complicated work of his own bureau. He had hardly slept at all and had eaten next to nothing. Just before he stepped on the train that was to take him to San Francisco a surgeon beckoned Lieutenant La Marr aside and told him that he was to be head keeper—to see that the Admiral got some sleep and food during the trip, for he would be unlikely to get much later.

THAT trip was made under circumstances out of a picaresque novel. The Admiral and Lieutenant shared a stateroom; Nimitz was "Mr. Wainwright," with instructions to recognize no one; and in fact he did freeze his face up and high-hat an old acquaintance from the aca-

demic world when the latter hailed him in a corridor. It seemed a wise precaution at the time. Whom could we trust? A freighter had been torpedoed between San Francisco and Pearl Harbor and PBV's were going down all over what had become a sea of mystery.

La Marr had been with his chief for over a year but on that trip found a Nimitz he had never met before. Around the Washington offices under the lax discipline of peace the Admiral was known as a good deal of a sundowner, in whose presence four-stripe captains trembled; a man who demanded the last degree of official form and attention to detail. Now he became suddenly human, laughed, told jokes, made bad puns, was humanly bored by inaction, and to relieve his boredom taught the flag lieutenant to play cribbage. The first full report of the Pearl Harbor damage was in the latter's brief case and La Marr had been instructed to keep it from Nimitz as long as possible. With his mind on this the Lieutenant was a rotten pupil; before they reached Chicago Nimitz told him he would never be a cribbage player and switched to a whole series of new varieties of solitaire, constructed by himself to illustrate the mathematics of permutation. It occurred to the Lieutenant to wonder who was soothing whom.

At Chicago there was a wait between trains, employed in taking a long walk through streets littered with dirty ice and getting a haircut for the Admiral. In the process La Marr let slip a remark that led his chief to inquire about the existence of that complete Pearl Harbor damage report. From this point on the character of the journey changed. The Admiral took complete command and set up a routine which began as the afternoon train on the Santa Fé pulled out. Nimitz would have a couple of stiff cocktails, a big dinner, then compose himself for the evening with a section of the report, clucking gently as he read, murmuring from time to time, "It could have happened to anyone"; and so to bed at a late hour.

Not a word about what ought to be done or what he intended to do, and mornings devoted to card tricks or solitaire with the conversation instantly becoming

trivial if the subject of the war leaked in. At the coast La Marr turned back to help clean up the work at the Bureau; the Admiral went on by plane to Pearl Harbor. Those who saw his meeting with Kimmel on the hill at Makalapa Drive described the latter as trying to draw him toward the building, while Nimitz hung back, looking and looking and looking to take in every detail of the wrecks along the shore. The story perhaps marks the difference between the two men.

II

MANY of the more determinative institutions of the Navy lie outside the scope of official regulations. Among these is (or was, before the war) "the Admiral's team." By the time an officer reached flag rank he had been in contact with a fairly good cross section of the juniors in the service and had established bonds of mutual liking and confidence with a certain number of them. It was natural that in making up staff or fleet assignments he should ask for men that he knew and liked. It was equally natural that the Bureau of Navigation should give him these men in whom he had confidence; that he should try to see his young men rapidly promoted; and that the effort of every young officer should be to attach himself as soon as possible to the team of an admiral who seemed marked for high command.

Nimitz himself had belonged to such a team—the team of Admiral S. S. Robison, on whose staff he had served during nearly all the last war, when Robison was commander of subs in the Atlantic and had not yet been translated to eminence as Commander of the U. S. Fleet. On Nimitz's side the admiration remains almost unbounded: "I think Admiral Robison would do it so" is one of his ways of announcing a decision.

When the men of Pearl Harbor filed into the conference room on December 31st to meet their new chief they brought with them not only the black depression of that disaster but the knowledge that they had joined the wrong team. It seemed altogether likely that Kimmel was going back to face a court-martial. The best they could expect was that they would be

called to give evidence, meanwhile taking some paper-work job near the scene of the trial and unimportant enough to give them plenty of free time for attending its sessions—following which they would have to endure the long struggle upward of leaderless men. The Nimitz team was due to move in.

It is not certain how many of them knew Admiral Nimitz except by name, as head of Bunav, which controlled their destinies. They found him sitting behind his desk, very straight, impassive (he has been called both tall and small but this is because he is rather short in the barrel and so wide in the shoulders that his apparent height depends upon the point of view), judicial, no jokes or trivia. He told them that in his opinion the standard of any group of American Naval personnel was high; that he had urged the appointment of Admiral Pye in Kimmel's room and had been overruled; that he wanted the present Pacific fleet staff to stay and work with him, without a single change.

That moment has been described as the true crisis of Pearl Harbor, the victory following the defeat which made all the rest possible. It was also the first of what became daily conferences in the dun-colored building on Makalapa Drive, with all the ranking officers at Pearl Harbor present and the Admiral in the chair.

THERE is no use pretending that these gatherings were all devoted to sweetness and light, especially in the beginning when the news was universally bad. It was inevitable that the air officers—Halsey, Forrest Sherman (who had written that refutation of the independent air force idea which is still basic in all discussions of the subject), Aubrey Fitch, and the other Sherman, Captain Fred of the *Lexington*—it was inevitable that these officers should have a predominant place in the discussions; they led the only effective striking force the Navy then possessed. They were not a little resentful over the first piece of news that had met Nimitz on his arrival—that the carrier task force for the relief of Wake had been recalled because a Jap fleet in some strength had appeared off the island to prepare a landing. None of them, particularly Halsey, could

be described as mealy-mouthed at any time.

On the other hand there were the "battleship admirals," who would have been something more than human if they had not, to a degree unadmitted even to themselves, felt thrown into the background by the air forces. Pye and Theobald at least of this group were little more given to polite understatement than Halsey; and they were honestly convinced that sending cruiser-carrier forces into waters where they could encounter enemy battleships might result in a disaster that would lose our last resource and the war. The *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* had sunk the carrier *Glorious* and her escort off Norway; the only successful carrier strikes of the war to date were Pearl Harbor and Taranto, where the victims did not know there were carriers within a thousand miles until the planes reached their target.

The strategic questions which they debated were, of course, settled a little later at Coral Sea, when our carrier groups were trapped back against Australia by the Japanese fleet rounding the Solomons, and the Jap battleships fled from the contest; but the important point here is Nimitz's solution of the personal question. At some date early in those discussions the violence of the argument reminded him of a story. He told it, and was rewarded by seeing faces relax into laughter and the conversation, when it was resumed, go forward on the basis of an effort to find common ground. Whether the later development of story-telling into a regular Nimitz technique resulted from conscious imitation of Abraham Lincoln or not, no one but the Admiral himself can say; but he did develop it out of an excellent memory, an ability to read rapidly, and a literary skill which permits him to furbish up many an item dredged from an old volume to fit a new case.

The preparations for the Saipan operation, for example, produced a few verbal fireworks between Army and Navy commanders and an expression of opinion that they never could agree. "This all reminds me," said Nimitz, "of the first amphibian operation—conducted by Noah. When they were unloading from the Ark he saw a pair of cats come out followed by six kittens. 'What's this?' he

asked. 'Ha ha,' said the tabby cat, 'and all the time you thought we were fighting.'"

(*En passant*, the Admiral's sense of humor is particularly well developed. When the submarine *Darter* sent a dispatch asking permission to cruise outside her assigned area into another where she thought she might find more "meat," Nimitz dictated a reply: "Yes my darling *Darter*; shoot your fish at the Japanese, but duck their patrols like you order." The staff thought it too undignified to send.)

III

THE sundowner and hard taskmaster was in fact becoming the leader and co-ordinator—the president in the old sense of that word. But this was a change in the service, not in the Admiral. Chester Nimitz had always been a man who preferred oil to blasting powder, a good-natured and friendly man who thought of the convenience of other people. The story of the sailor who called has become a classic of the Pacific. An ordinary enlisted man, he had made a bet with his shipmates that when their vessel reached Honolulu he would pay his respects to the Admiral. Nimitz not only received him and talked man to man, but called out a photographer and had his picture taken with the sailor so the latter could prove he had won his bet. There is also the fact that when the Admiral leaves his office for an evening conference, press of business never keeps him from inquiring whether his Marine orderly has had chow and dismissing him to go get it if he has not.

It was the service that had changed—from the routine performance of peace where men required to be jacked up, to the point where they would shout and pound the table in support of an opinion on such a matter as whether light cruisers ought to lie in the line with the heavies. While they shouted and pounded, Nimitz listened carefully, telling one of his stories when the dispute began to generate more heat than light, anxious above every other thing to familiarize himself with the thought patterns of these men around him in the conference room, to discover where the line of ability lay.

There is a Navy custom which requires the commander of a ship or group to call on the ranking admiral when he enters harbor. It had sloped off at Pearl, and it was generally assumed that the custom would be discarded altogether on the coming of war, along with such matters as wearing dress swords. Instead Nimitz extended it, making the call practically obligatory and setting aside the hour from eleven in the morning for such receptions. His actual technique in handling them did not spring full-blown into being, but as it worked out the visitor would be introduced, hand shaken, "Glad to have you with us," and asked to sit down.

Then he would immediately be faced with the most embarrassing possible question. "What are you doing about quinine?" was demanded of a new medical supply officer. And when Captain Casady of the carrier *Saratoga* reported in after the raid on Surabaya, "Why didn't you send the planes back the second day?"

The answers were filed away in a memory that is capacious without being phenomenal. It was, however, less the answers themselves than their character, the way in which they were made, that the brain behind the pair of gray eyes was interested in observing. The Admiral of the Pacific was looking for men who are at their best in meeting a particular type of difficulty, and his memory for behavior patterns really is phenomenal. This is one of the reasons behind a feature of the Pacific war that has not failed to strike professional observers—the frequent changes of command, not only in the higher ranks of admiralty, but even down among task groups, divisions, and individual ships. It is not a matter of giving each one his turn, but the developed Nimitz method of picking a commander according to the task to be performed and letting the man work out his own destiny.

THIS should not be taken to imply that Nimitz is a mere psychological executive, translating the major strategic plans worked out by Admiral King into terms of administration afloat—that he has no strategy of his own. From the first hours of the war Washington has played

hands off with regard to everything but the broadest outlines of Naval policy. Both King and Nimitz have heartily agreed with the criticism leveled at the British Admiralty during the last war, when it tried to conduct the tactics of the Battle of Jutland from its offices in Whitehall; and moreover the distance from Washington to Pearl Harbor is so great that radio is the only means of communication adequate for speed, with the chances of interception and betrayal that method involves.

Almost as soon as Nimitz had finished his historic conference with the Pearl Harbor staff, therefore, the institution of another series of conferences began—with Admiral King on the Pacific coast, both Naval chiefs flying to the meeting place. Such journeys are the only occasion when Cincpac takes to the air. He came up through the submarine service himself, does not particularly enjoy flying, and always returns exhausted from these trips.

But that may be as much the result of the conferences as of the journey, for Admiral King has an insatiable appetite for facts and figures and there are not many more tiring occupations than conducting such a conference at the absolute peak of mental alertness for several hours on end.

IV

IT WAS at one of the earliest of these conferences that the Marshall-Gilbert raids at the end of January, 1942, were decided upon, as a practical experiment to shed some light on the then debatable question of whether cruiser-carrier forces could take care of themselves on a long-range oceanic move. It is significant that the commander chosen was Halsey—not for seniority alone (seniority can always be avoided by one device or another) but because Nimitz had already remarked him as a fighting leader who would slug on through if he found himself faced by unexpected odds. Aside from the later raid on Tokyo, this was the only occasion when there was any opportunity for a Nimitz or an American grand strategy during the first seven months of the war. All the rest was defensive fighting, conforming to the moves of the enemy.

On a slightly lower level of strategic thinking a novelty was introduced into naval war by the employment of the carriers in individual, widely separated task groups, with the planes achieving concentration only over their targets. The method was so consistent throughout the early campaigns, and under different commanders, that it seems only reasonable to attribute the determining decision to Nimitz. It has more than technical importance: when the Japs came up to Midway they had all their carriers in a tight group in accordance with the old principle of concentrating for battles, and they lost them all, while only one of the more widely spread American carriers was attacked.

AFTER Midway it became possible to think in terms of the strategic offensive. Until the memoirs are written we shall not know whose proposal it was to go into the Solomons, but the final decision on a project of such envergure would rest with Admiral King rather than Admiral Nimitz. What Nimitz did do was to ask that Vice Admiral Robert L. Ghormley be brought in to head the area and the operation.

A good deal can be said about that big, bald, alternately smiling and sulphurous officer, regarded in the upper ranks of the service as the lineal successor of Sims and Plunkett, as one of the most intelligent men ever to wear the blue and gold. A strategist primarily, if one understands by strategy the art of distributing forces in a wide area so that the result of any contact with the enemy can hardly be other than favorable. It is true that Nimitz had already discovered one strategist of a high order in Raymond Spruance, the victor of Midway; but the Cincpac had felt the need of a first-class strategist on his own staff at Pearl Harbor and after the battle of Midway brought Spruance in to head that staff.

Moreover the amphibian command for the Solomons expedition was to be in the hands of Richmond Kelly Turner, who bore a reputation for cold, ruthless efficiency. Spruance was out of the same box, and Nimitz may well have wished to achieve a combination of commanders

who would not be all of a pattern which tends to have an adverse effect on general morale when it is too much emphasized. Finally, Ghormley had made a special study of the geography and oceanography of the Solomons area.

So Ghormley took command of our first offensive. And on its second night there was demonstrated the military truism that the best strategy can be vitiated by tactics—when the Jap torpedo-carriers came down the Slot to sink four heavy cruisers and cripple a fifth, the whole heart of the expedition.

On the morning the landings were to be made in the Solomons, Admiral Nimitz had stepped outside the door of his office to the pistol range that had been set up against the steep side hill on which it stands; and, as was his custom, worked off the nervous tension by banging away at the target with the .22 he uses for such occasions. The first, good news was brought to him there; he knocked off and went back to work. When the story of Savo Island reached him, it was observed that the Admiral stayed on the range for a long time, his face set, pouring the small bullets into the target as rapidly as he could shoot before going indoors to dictate new orders.

One of them obviously would have to be for the relief of Ghormley. He had been nearly seven hundred miles from the scene of the disaster and could hardly be held directly responsible for it, but the thing had happened under his command and the moral effect would inevitably be somewhat the same as in the case of Kimmel and Pearl Harbor. Moreover the campaign in the Solomons was now no longer one in which strategy was particularly useful. It had suddenly become a question of straight dogged defense against superior forces till help could come; and Nimitz, to whom the secret of the imminent invasion of Africa had been confided, knew that help could not be sent soon. There was only one logical commander for the job—Halsey.

HALSEY had been ill at the time of Midway and was still not a thoroughly well man. It took some time to make arrangements for the change, for

Halsey to familiarize himself with the problem. It was mid-October before he was fully in control, and a thrill of hope and delight ran through every nerve in the fleet at the announcement, falling so fortunately with the cruiser action off Cape Esperance, when the debt of Savo Island was paid and overpaid. The two-and-a-half-month interval was probably the blackest period of the war for Admiral Nimitz back at Pearl Harbor: the second crisis he had had to meet, with the Marines barely clinging to Guadalcanal, the Navy under fire for concealing losses, and some of the command and staff appointments in doubt.

No one noticed any change in the Admiral's outward demeanor at this period. In fact, if anything he became more human, more considerate of his subordinates, and developed to new levels the invincible Texanism which is one of his more engaging minor traits. It is to this date that the story of the photographed sailor is usually referred. At the same time a cactus plot was added to the garden behind his living quarters, and one of the staff caught the Admiral teaching his steward how to make Texas cactus jelly. In the field of public business Admiral Ghormley was brought in to become head of the Fourteenth Naval District (Honolulu) where his good strategic brain would be available at headquarters, and was summoned to the conferences there, which were now made part of the daily routine.

Strategic plans normally have to be made about eight months before the guns begin to shoot. It takes that long to assemble the supplies, "fleet in" the ships, conduct the rehearsals. By January, 1943, it was evident that the Japs had given up Guadalcanal for dead and were now only concerned with sealing it off by a ring of island fortresses so that it would be of no offensive use to us. At home Forrestal's shipbuilding program was a success; at least three of the new heavy carriers were afloat with several of the lighter type; the new cruisers and battleships could be counted on. The mechanical means for developing an American offensive strategy were thus reasonably well assured. But what line was it to take?

If it seems to us obvious that the correct direction was up the line of the Solomons, this is at least partly because it was the line successfully taken. The attack on Guadalcanal had been defensive in its implications—it was designed to secure the Australian lifeline against the thrust that remained undelivered only because the Japs were a bare week late in getting Henderson Field ready for use. That line was now secure; and the classical doctrine of American strategy (as revealed by every prewar discussion with the exception of a few heretical items that assumed our fleet would be operating from Singapore) was for a central Pacific offensive. A central Pacific offensive had the obvious advantage of offering a prospect of bringing the major Japanese fleet to battle—something for which the Japs had had a considerable reluctance ever since Midway.

Nimitz plumped for the Solomons line, with the long, slow, costly campaign of beachheads, air battles by day, and destroyer fights by night that it subtended. He has not told his reasons, but in the light of subsequent events there is not the slightest doubt but that he made the correct decision. Our forces had neither the numerical superiority nor the training adequate to conduct a sustained offensive in the central Pacific, and anything less than a sustained drive would have produced more Guadalcanals, with a long struggle to hold each small step gained. Moreover a strong central Pacific offensive, without the groups of carriers that battered down the Japanese land-based planes operating from atolls adjacent to any island under attack, would play into the hands of the Japanese defensive system. Carriers in numbers sufficient really to seal off an island against outside air help were not available before the fall of 1943, when Tarawa was taken with the operation covered by carrier raids against the supporting fields in the Marshalls.

It is possible that some of the thinking I laid at Nimitz's door really belongs at that of Admiral King, though the latter has continually tended to confine his function to criticism (in the sense of revision and approval) of proposals put forward from Cincpac. It is certain that a good

deal of the planning, particularly on the technical side, came from the new officer brought in to head the staff in the spring of 1943. This was "Sock" McMorris, Charles H. He had come up rapidly; had been only a captain in charge of the *San Francisco* during the Cape Esperance battle, then had got his stars and the appointment to command the Aleutian patrol force, at the head of which he had conducted the little-regarded but truly decisive action off the Komandorski Islands.

McMorris's memory is prodigious, particularly where figures—tons, dates, distances—are concerned; and in a few of those brief conversations during the courtesy calls Nimitz found him possessed of a remarkable ability of seeing his way through a tangled web of such figures to an overall evaluation of a position. This was the man Nimitz needed to head his staff in the complex type of war now opening.

It involved finding another place for Spruance; and that place was at sea, as the head of Task Force 58, which conquered the Marianas and fought the first battle of the Philippine Sea. A flood of light is thrown on Nimitz and his methods, on the daily conferences and official calls, on his work as a "specialist in human relations," by a comment made at this time by one of the officers at headquarters. "Yes, the Admiral thinks it's all right to send Raymond out now. He's got him to the point where they think and talk just alike."

It is also noteworthy that during the period of the first Philippine sea battle, when the question still hung in the balance of what would happen when the great Japanese air attack came roaring in, and whether the Marines would be able to maintain themselves at Nafutan Point without the immediate support of the ships, Nimitz went outside his office as usual to relieve his nervousness by shooting on the pistol range. But this time it was a challenge match with one of the junior officers. He fired slowly, laughing and kidding his companion whenever the latter drew a pair of Maggie's drawers. Spruance was in command of the ships.

V

THE process that had begun on the bleak last day of 1941 was by this time practically complete. The fleet was rebuilt. The mechanical and statistical advance of the U. S. Navy during the war has been noticed fairly often, with accompanying graphs. What has generally escaped attention is that there has been a moral and technical advance of no less importance since the days when an officer looking over the news from Pearl Harbor could remark, "This would never have happened to the Atlantic fleet," and an Argentine paper could say that "The British navy is skillful, the German thorough, and the American—photogenic." For this development in the Pacific fleet Chester W. Nimitz must receive the credit, as he would have to bear the blame if it had not taken place.

This is by no means to suggest that he remained the prime mover unmoved. He has changed a good deal, in spite of having one of those quietly dominating Teutonic personalities which is perhaps best illustrated by an anecdote from his high school days, when he insisted to his teacher that four of the answers in the back of the arithmetic book were wrong. (They were.)

The change is partly physical. The fleet surgeon, with whom he and Admiral McMorris share living quarters, is inclined to frown on the stiff game of tennis Nimitz likes to play, and his exercise mainly consists of a long walk before a 7:30 breakfast. The exception is when a very private conference with a single individual is toward; it is normally held on the horseshoe court at Makalapa Drive, well clear of anything that might shadow eavesdroppers. The Admiral has to watch a waistline that tends to grow under the admiring ministrations of his Filipino cook, an ardent but not very successful amateur taxidermist who keeps the place full of bird skins.

There are changes in outlook as well, of course. Navy men generally are positive, self-assured, given to vigorous snap judgments—the natural product of an existence cloistered round by orders and regulations as sharply definite as stone walls, allowing exactly so much liberty of action.

It is possible that the Nimitz of Bunav differed from this pattern, but the evidence is not satisfactory. The Nimitz of Pearl Harbor certainly departs from the norm in the direction of flexibility and an effort to understand causes—which is to say that constant contact with the best minds of the Navy has left him less sure of things than are his juniors.

AND for that matter, contact with the best minds of the enemy across the tips of the engaged swords. It is the Admiral's habit, as it is the habit of every good military man, to try to anticipate the enemy's move by imagining himself in their position and, with the aid of information about their observed movements, figuring out what he would do. The process paid rich dividends in the Coral Sea battle (as a mere matter of strategy, the policy of sending so large a proportion of our then slender sea strength so far from base was exceeding bold, no matter what information Nimitz had); and at Midway (where the move through the central Pacific might well have been the feint and that toward Alaska the main attack).

But after the decisive November battles off Guadalcanal, noncomprehension began to set in. "I don't know exactly what I'd do in their situation, but I wouldn't do that," Nimitz confessed frankly. For something like eight months the campaign in the upper Solomons was a gigantic game of bluff in which the Japanese again and again failed to strike

with their superior forces. The Admiral had established a moral superiority over them.

To an outside observer it would look as though the only thing he did not understand was that he *had* achieved this superiority; that he could not believe any naval men would so abandon themselves to the substitution of stratagem for strategy all along the line. But the result was that Nimitz began an effort to get at the Japanese thought process. He reads a good deal before going to bed, very rapidly, absorbing a book a night with ease. Now his reading was directed toward everything he could lay his hands on about the Japanese, from Lafcadio Hearn to *Off Port Arthur on a Destroyer*. With the aid of Admiral McMorris, whose abilities make him peculiarly useful in a case like this, some remarkable conclusions were reached.

One of these was that the Japanese commanders on the firing line, by the very conditions under which their state has so nearly achieved the totalitarian ideal, were required to report success in any mission they undertook; and that their own upper ranks of command were required to believe these reports even when they contradicted rational reasoning. Out of these conclusions grew the special movements of strategy that led from Saipan to the second battle of the Philippine Sea, with its disaster to an entire navy for the only time in this war. But that is another story.

{ Poems by Gwendolyn Brooks, a young
Chicagoan, have appeared in the
Negro Quarterly and in Poetry. }

FIVE POEMS

GWENDOLYN BROOKS

the preacher: ruminates behind the sermon

I think it must be lonely to be God.
Nobody loves a master. No. Despite
The bright hosannas, bright dear-Lords, and bright
Determined reverence of Sunday eyes.

Picture Jehovah striding through the hall
Of His importance, creatures running out
From servant-corners to acclaim, to shout
Appreciation of His merit's glare.

But who walks with Him?—dares to take His arm,
To slap Him on the shoulder, tweak His ear,
Buy Him a Coca-Cola or a beer,
Pooh-pooh His politics, call Him a fool?

Perhaps—who knows?—He tires of looking down.
Those eyes are never lifted. Never straight.
Perhaps sometimes He tires of being great
In solitude. Without a hand to hold.

southeast corner

The School of Beauty's a tavern now.
The Madam is underground.
Out at Lincoln, among the graves
Her own is early found.
Where the thickest, tallest monument
Cuts grandly into the air
The Madam lies, contentedly.
Her fortune, too, lies there,
Converted into cool hard steel
And right red velvet lining;
While over her tan impassivity
Shot silk is shining.

Soldier Sonnets

*the white troops had their orders but
the Negroes looked like men*

They had supposed their formula was fixed.
They had obeyed instructions to devise
A type of cold, a type of hooded gaze.
But when the Negroes came they were perplexed.
These Negroes looked like men. Besides, it taxed
Time and the temper to remember those
Congenital iniquities that cause
Disfavor of the darkness. Such as boxed
Their feelings properly, complete to tags—
A box for dark men and a box for Other—
Would often find the contents had been scrambled.
Or even switched. Who really gave two figs?
Neither the earth nor heaven ever trembled.
And there was nothing startling in the weather.

my dreams, my works, must wait till after hell

I hold my honey and I store my bread
In little jars and cabinets of my will.
I label clearly, and each latch and lid
I bid, Be firm till I return from hell.
I am very hungry. I am incomplete.
And none can tell when I may dine again!
No man can give me any word but Wait,
The puny light. I keep eyes pointed in;
Hoping that, when the devil days of my hurt
Drag out to their last dregs and I resume
On such legs as are left me, in such heart
As I can manage, remember to go home,
My taste will not have turned insensitive
To honey and bread old purity could love.

love note: surely

Surely you stay my certain own, you stay
My you. All honest, lofty as a cloud.
Surely I could come now and find you high,
As mine as you ever were; should not be awed.
Surely your word would pop as insolent
As always: "why, of course I love you, dear."
Your gaze, surely, ungauged as I could want.
Your touches, that never were careful, what they were.
Surely—But I am very off from that.
From surely. From indeed. From the decent arrow
That was my clean naïveté and my faith.
This morning men deliver wounds and death.
They will deliver death and wounds tomorrow.
And I doubt all. You. Or a violet.

{ *Alice Marriott is a student of the life of the Kiowa Indians* }
{ *of Oklahoma. This story, based on fact, will be included* }
{ *in her forthcoming book, The Ten Grandmothers.* }

THE WAR PARTY

A Story from the Life

ALICE MARRIOTT



THE big posters were out all over town, announcing that the Indian Fair would begin tomorrow. Phillip walked down Main Street and felt proud of his work; he really liked the picture of the dancing man that he had designed for these posters. His grandfather and old Eagle Plume had looked at it a long time, and agreed that it was lifelike.

You could always tell when a fair was going to begin, because the day before it started felt different from ordinary days. People began to come in well ahead of time, and they camped all over the two-acre field southwest of the Fair Grounds. The old people said it wasn't like an old-time camp, but there was something about it that must have felt right to them, for the very first things to go up on the camp grounds were the tipis that the old folks saved for occasions like this. It was a good thing they did put up tipis, or present-day artists would never know how to paint them.

He turned into the post office. The little room at the end of the corridor had been turned over to the draft board. He walked under his own paintings and knew without looking at them where each one was. Buffalo hunt, travel, camping scene—they could stand. They would be there when he was gone and when he got back, if he got back.

The interview didn't take long. He'd had his physical and was all ready to go. You couldn't really say he had dependents. He sometimes helped his grandparents, with whom he lived, but that was just what anybody would do. When he was gone, they'd get along all right. The others would help them then.

The Sergeant said, "You have until tomorrow to finish things up. Be here at nine o'clock, here at this building. We'll give you boys a break, a ride in a jeep in the parade, and down to the station."

Phillip went down the steps more slowly than he ever had. Even when you knew it was coming and you had to do it, it was hard. He forgot his car and walked, walked eastward to the Fair Grounds and his grandfather's camp.

HUNTING HORSE sat in the tipi doorway, with old Eagle Plume beside him. It was not that they were such good friends, but being the two oldest men left living threw them on each other. Eagle Plume was almost blind and was getting deaf, but Grandfather had his sight and could hear well. He helped Eagle Plume along a lot of the time when the old man began to give out.

"Get down, Grandson."

Phillip sat and rolled a cigarette for Eagle

Plume and one for himself. His grandfather wouldn't smoke. It was wrong for a Christian, he said. Lots of old-time white ideas were mixed in with his old-time Indian ideas. It was odd to get things mixed up that way.

"Have you news, Grandson?"

"I'm leaving tomorrow."

Hunting Horse turned to Eagle Plume. The older man always said he could hear Hunting Horse and Spear Woman because they spoke such good, clear Kiowa. The younger people just mumbled and forgot half the words. Now Hunting Horse spoke without raising his voice.

"My grandson says he is going away to fight tomorrow."

"Is there a war going on? Who are they fighting? The Germans, like the last time?"

"The Germans again. And some other people, too, called the Japs."

"Those Germans," said Eagle Plume, "make me think of the Navajos. No matter how many times you go out and lick the Navajos, after a while they grow more young men and come at you to be licked again. That's the way those Germans are. Are the Navajos fighting on the German side?"

"No, the Navajos are fighting on our side."

"Seems like a funny kind of business, Kiowas and Navajos fighting on the same side. Don't let your grandson have much to do with the Navajos, friend. They might change their minds."

Phillip laughed at that, remembering Navajo boys at school who had been his good friends. Indians were getting to know and like each other because they were Indians. Indians had to hold together for that reason. That was what peyote religion taught, and it was right.

Eagle Plume was talking again. "It's a long time since any of us saw the young men ride out and fight. Will they make a ceremony for them?"

Hunting Horse glanced toward his grandson, and Phillip nodded. It would make the old men feel better about it. "Tomorrow. It's a kind of a ceremony. When they have the Indian Fair parade, we'll be in it. We'll be riding in a special kind of car, all of us that are going away

to do the fighting. You'll see us then."

"That's good," said Hunting Horse. "That's the way it ought to be. Showing honor and respect for the brave young men. That's the way we always did."

Eagle Plume put out his cigarette and sat there thinking.

"Will you lend me a horse tomorrow, friend?"

What did the old man want with a horse, Phillip wondered. He was too shaky to stay on if he had it, and had sold all his own long ago.

"Will you need it, friend?" Hunting Horse's politeness led up to all the things his grandson was thinking right out.

"I'm going to need it. I need it to ride in the parade and bless those young men. They're going away to fight, and they ought to be blessed before they start out. I'm the only one left that has the right."

"You are brave, too, to take that ride."

"I know what you're thinking," said Eagle Plume easily. "You think I'm old and shaky and probably I'll fall off. Well, I won't. I still have power, no matter how old I am. I can ride that horse if I'm doing it to bless the young men."

"Thank you for blessing, friend," said Hunting Horse. "I will give you that horse that you will ride."

"Tell your grandson to come here. He must give me another cigarette first."

Phillip rolled the cigarette and passed it across, and the old man took it and blew smoke to the directions, the way he would with a pipe: east, south, west, north, up, down. The smoke went over Phillip.

"Kneel down, young man." He used a term Phillip had heard only when they were telling stories of the old days. It was an honorable term, and it really meant "young man who is going bravely out to fight the enemy." He knelt in front of the old man, sitting flat on the ground below him. Eagle Plume put his arms out and up, to embrace him.

"This is the power that I have. This is the power that my brother got in the Sun Dance and gave me. It is good power and strong power. I've had it a long time, and I'll have it a while longer. This is the power to live until your ribs fall

in and you die of old age. This is the power to go through war and sickness and all those bad things, and come out safe. This is the power I am giving this young man."

He took Phillip's hands in his, and blew four times into the palms of each one. Four times on each of his feet. Four times over his heart. Then he made him get up and turn around and kneel down again, and blew four times in the middle of his back.

"Now you have this power. It is good, strong power, and it will keep you alive through the fighting and bring you back to us safely. This is my gift to you, to keep the power going on. When you are as old as I am, you can hand it on to somebody else."

IT HAD always sounded funny when they talked about handing on power, but maybe there was something to it. He didn't feel any different, but he knew he had been through a ceremony. He went into the tipi and lay down on his back and looked up at the ears to think, his knees up and one knee over the other, his foot swinging in time to his thinking. That was the best way to lie when you had to think. All the men he knew did it.

Outside he could hear the voices of the two old men going on. They were making plans for the next day. Strange. They were the ones who were making the plans, and he was the one who would be doing the fighting, but he made no plan. Now all the plans were made for you. Not like the old days, when each man made his own plan and worked it into one general plan for all to follow. You didn't take orders much, in the old kind of fighting. Now fighting was all taking orders.

He went from thinking into sleeping without knowing it. When he waked, the voices were gone, and there was the throbbing of a drum along the earth from somewhere. He sat up and listened. That was a peyote drum. Nobody ever held a peyote meeting in this camp, though. It was too easily interrupted by white people who just wanted to know what was going on. He went to the door of the tipi and looked out. The drum came from Packing Rocks's camp. Pack-

ing Rocks's deep voice went with it, singing a blessing song. When he stopped, the drum began again, not so strongly, and Eagle Plume's old voice sang a song for strength and help. Phillip went back and lay down. Those old men certainly believed in singing to give them power.

When he roused again, it was morning, and Bow Woman, his grandmother, was bending over him. "You better get up," she said. "I got food all ready for you to eat."

He went outside and sat with his grandfather while she brought the food to them. Meat and broth and fry-bread and coffee—what the old people liked best in all the world. There were other things that he'd rather have, but this was what they thought was the best food in the world. He ate it.

Hunting Horse was dressed in a blue silk shirt. There were bright yellow yarns around his braids and a pair of beaded moccasins on his feet. He had put a spot of red paint on each cheekbone, and his long beaded pipe bag lay on the ground beside him. When they had finished eating, he stood up.

"You better get dressed, Grandson."

"I got my clothes on."

"Those aren't your good clothes."

"I'm leaving my good clothes. I won't need them. They'll give me a uniform to wear."

"That's not what counts. When you ride in a parade, you got to dress up. You got to look your very best. All the people are there to do you honor. You got to show them that you appreciate it."

It was a foolish way of looking at things, but the old man never would give up if he had his mind set on something like that. You might as well give in to him, because that was what you'd end by doing. Phillip got his suitcase out from under his cot and took out his best bright blue suit and a clean white shirt. He had better put on a tie, too. The old man would expect it. He tied the few things he would take with him in a small bundle that he could carry.

His grandfather would probably like to paint his face, he thought, and wondered how he could get out of it. But when he came out, Hunting Horse said

nothing about that. He handed Phillip the lines of the horse he was holding, and said, "You'd better take this over to Eagle Plume."

IT WAS a good horse; it was the best horse he had, a bayo coyote. He took the bridle and led the horse across the camp to Eagle Plume. When he saw the old man, all Phillip could think of was that he was just right to go with the fine horse. All those years, Eagle Plume must have been keeping his Gourd Dancers' Society costume. He stood now coated with yellow paint and with the long breechclout covered with crow feathers trailing behind him. There was a bundle of crow feathers tied in his hair, and all his hair but his scalplock was unbraided. The pink shell he always wore was still tied to the scalplock, but something else was tied to it so that it showed black in the middle of the pink. It looked like an old-time black stone arrowhead.

Eagle Plume took the horse. He thanked Hunting Horse and his grandson. One of Packing Rocks's grandsons mounted to ride the horse into town, and the old man came across the camp and got into the wagon with the rest of them.

Riding into town in the wagon was something Phillip had always done. The dust was deep along the road, powdering out over the camps that lined it and turning tipis and tents and brush arbors all the same red-brown. People and their clothing had the same color as their shelters. It should have flattened things out, but it didn't, because what was going on inside people was sharpened by excitement.

They came to the place where people were lining up to be in the parade. Packing Rocks's grandson was there already, with the horse. Eagle Plume got out of the wagon and sat on the grass by the side of the road, waiting.

Color and movement sang without voice around them the rest of the way in. The feathers, the paint, the beadwork; all the gay, good things that meant the fair and gay, good feelings were around them thick. Somehow they even made the jeep look gay, but the Sergeant looked worried.

"There," he said, when he saw Phillip,

"that's the last one. Let's get going."

They rode back through the singing color and movement that was the most important part of the world right now. Girls' hair that shone; and girls' white buckskin dresses that gleamed like smoke against the blue sky. Silver ornaments and shell ornaments. Smell of sage and herbs for perfume. All the things that women knew how to use to make themselves beautiful. All at once Phillip knew that it was all these things that he was leaving, too.

WHEN they got into line behind the Comanches, where they would be leading the Kiowas, Eagle Plume got up and went to his new horse. Phillip started to get out of the jeep; then he saw that Packing Rocks's grandson was helping the old man mount. He supposed the boy would go along and lead the horse, because it was pretty spirited, but Eagle Plume took the lines in his own old, small hands, that were still strong enough to hold them. There was a minute when they were all standing still, and then the band struck up and the parade started.

It was a loud band, and it was right in front of the Comanches, so that the sound kept coming back over them in spurts. But it wasn't that sound so much as another one that Phillip heard. He heard Eagle Plume singing the Journey Song.

*Going away on a journey,
That's the only thing.
That's the best way there is
For a young man to make himself rich and famous.*

Some of the boys in the jeep knew that song, and riding along through the crowds and the morning, they all began to sing it too. When they had sung it four times, Eagle Plume began to talk to the people.

"This is where you're supposed to look," he told them. "This is what you are to see. These are the young men to give honor to. These are the young men who are going away to fight for you. They will go far away and fight with a strong enemy. Maybe some of them will get killed. Maybe some of them will be hurt. They are brave; they are doing you honor, fighting for you."

Not all the people along the sidewalks knew what was happening. They thought at first it was a parade joke, like the Mud-Heads that were there every year throwing mud at the people. But the old man was in earnest. What he was saying was almost a prayer. Even the white people could feel that he meant it. Voices that had been raised and clamorous began to drop and become easy, and against them Eagle Plume's voice rose more clearly.

"This is the song that my father sang when he was killed. All the men that were with him then in having the right to sing it are gone now. Nobody is left who has the real right to sing this song. But my father would want them to know. He would want these young men to hear his song so that they could fight bravely. This is a song that will make a man strong in fighting if he thinks about it.

*I live, but I will not live forever.
Mysterious moon, you only remain,
Powerful sun, you alone remain,
Wonderful earth, you remain forever."*

They were even with the courthouse, now, and Phillip could see his grandfather's wagon and his grandfather stand-

ing up in it. His grandmother was doubled and twisted on the seat of the wagon as if something were hitting her and hurting her, but she straightened up when she heard Eagle Plume sing. Her eyes went down along the line of the parade and hit the jeep and found Phillip's. For the first time in his life he was looking full into his grandmother's face, and it was beautiful. When she was a young woman, she must have been lovely. She raised her chin and threw back her head and a sound cut through Eagle Plume's song and finished it off. She was making the war-whoop for both of them.

They went all through the town and came back to the edge of camp. Packing Rocks's grandson came and took the lines and helped Eagle Plume dismount. The old man got down and came across the road to the jeep. "That is the best I can do for you," he said. "All an old man can do for young ones is give them his blessing. I hope it's strong enough to carry you through, and you all come back all right." He shook hands with each of them and stepped back to the side of the road.

"O K, boys," said the Sergeant, "Start 'em rolling."

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



As Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit* has progressed through the courts of Massachusetts, it has become clear that the defense of literary freedom has got to be shifted to firmer and bolder grounds than those from which liberals have so far argued. Some time this year I hope to discuss here the direction which our thinking has got to take if writers and readers are to be secured in their rights. Meanwhile I feel obliged, as an American correspondent resident in Massachusetts, to keep you informed about the local censorship. The big development this month is that we are now able to say certainly what the official conception of obscenity is.

I must be careful, however, to say "suppression," not "censorship," for the official position is that Massachusetts has no censorship. Thus when a public forum asked a Boston official to debate the issues with me, he declined on the ground that there is no censorship. There is no provision, he explained, for the Police Department or any other (city) department to act as censors. There is only a section of the General Laws of the Commonwealth dealing with printed matter and prohibiting the sale of obscene books. The police merely present the facts of a sale to the court. If the court decides that the book is obscene, so be it. That, in the opinion of this official, is not censorship.

Let us, then, examine the suppressions that have occurred since my last letter home. There is *The History of Rome Hanks*, a novel by Joseph Stanley Pennell which has been selling elsewhere without reported damage to anyone's purity. It is a pretty good novel; it could have been a lot better if some editor had restrained the author's literary exhibitionism. Most of the book, the parts that deal with the Civil War and the postwar years, is distin-

guished fiction. The framework in which these parts are set, however, is conspicuously bad. The night-town-in-St.-Louis sections are bad Joyce, the heartbroken interlocutor with the disdainful sweetie is bad Hemingway, and a lot of windy rhetoric is bad Wolfe. These are critical considerations, the only kind of issue which the book raises anywhere except in Massachusetts. But we have an organization which undertakes to protect public morals and succeeds in making virtue odious, the Watch and Ward Society. I cannot believe that the night-town passages aroused the Society, for they bring in the wholesome moral that he who consorts with harlots must feed on husks. The offense was the language of soldiers, North and South, which Mr. Pennell makes plain frequently employed the four-letter monosyllables so prevalent in our armies today. Mr. Pennell certainly prints a lot of them.

So the Watch and Ward Society swore out a complaint, under Section 28, Chapter 272, of the General Laws, against a bookseller who had sold *Rome Hanks*. The publisher of the book came to Boston and got the complaint transferred to him. The magistrate read the book, pronounced it obscene, and on representation that the publisher would export no more copies to Massachusetts placed the case on file. That odd procedure is peculiar to Massachusetts and so is the plain fact that the judge's action was magnanimous, a form of judicial clemency.

The Watch and Ward Society struck rough going when it proceeded against Erskine Caldwell's *Tragic Ground* and for a moment Boston recaptured its vanished civilization. In a personally cultivated and socially very wise decision, Judge Elijah Adlow threw out the complaint and rebuked the Society and the police

who had co-operated with them. The plain intent of the statute, he observed, was to prevent the sale of pornography. *Tragic Ground* was not obscene, the police would know it wasn't if they would read more books, and the Society could occupy its time to better advantage than in cluttering up his court with such cases. Judge Adlow was willing to call the book dull but pointed out that it was not his business, nor the Society's, nor the Police Department's, to establish the literary value of books. If their contents could not be shown to be vile, let the police leave them alone. If his colleagues would stand on his ground no one could ask for more, but there is no possibility that they will.

THESE two books and *Strange Fruit* are legally suppressed. Our unique extra-legal suppression continues to operate at various levels. The Watch and Ward Society produced an ingenious and sinister device to take care of Miss Kathleen Winsor's *Forever Amber*. The book is a pretentious phony, thirty-three ounces of tripe unrelieved by style, wit, vitality, emotion, or any other literary merit. It deals with manners and morals at the court of Charles II, a theme which has been treated before and by writers of greater talent than Miss Winsor, who in fact has merely rewritten *Fanny Hill* for the *Harper's Bazaar* trade. Hundreds of thousands of copies sold elsewhere appear to have corrupted no one, but the Watch and Ward Society felt that it put Massachusetts morals in peril.

So the Society made known its willingness to proceed against the book. Thereupon the publisher agreed to ship no more copies to Massachusetts, in consideration of the Society's agreeing not to prosecute. We are calling this device a gentlemen's agreement but you will observe that it is really a deal. Several hundred copies remained in the hands of local booksellers. The deal declared these copies pure and they could be sold without endangering anyone's morals. But when the last of them was sold, *Forever Amber* at once became obscene and we were all in peril. You may think that the publisher's action was contemptible. I'm not arguing with you. You may think

that the Society's action constituted blackmail. I don't know about that, for I don't know how the law defines blackmail, but certainly it was terroristic. Terrorism is the Society's usual weapon and in fact the first weapon used by everyone who undertakes to suppress books in Massachusetts. We are used to it; it rouses no public protest.

Forever Amber remains on sale (and legally so) in parts of the Commonwealth where the Watch and Ward Society's whim does not run. The publishers are living up to their part of the deal but booksellers who want to sell the book can buy it from any jobber. They pay six cents more: a municipal tax on advertising. You have to take such absurdities in your stride when you deal with literary suppression in Massachusetts. A pure book will turn obscene under your arm as you cross the Charles River or come into the South Station on a train. Massachusetts is surrounded by states which find no danger to public morals in any books whatsoever, and the suburbs of Boston differ widely in their conceptions of purity—or safety from bigots. Inside Boston a book's purity will vary from store to store, and of course if you persevere you can always find a store which is bootlegging suppressed books. Purity and obscenity are merely caprices of the Watch and Ward Society, and every suppression looks eccentric because of the books it appears to find decent by default. Sometimes caste privilege operates, as when the most official of our unofficial agencies of suppression, the Booksellers' Committee whose procedure I described here some months ago, withdrew Elliot Paul's *The Last Time I Saw Paris* when it went into a reprint edition. At two-fifty Mr. Paul had been pure in his home town, but at a dollar he became offensive to public morals.

I UNDERSTAND that the Booksellers' Committee has decided to abdicate and will send out no more warnings. That is wholesome but will increase demoralization—desirably, in my opinion. However, some booksellers long ago decided that the Committee was too liberal and latitudinarian in its judgments to provide real security. They have been forced to

compromise so often and retreat so far that some of them are not only demoralized but terrified. (Of what? Of fines or jail sentences procured by the Watch and Ward, and only at some remove of the police.) Acting for their own safety they withdraw from sale every book which they think comes under the shadow of Section 28, Chapter 272. This practice is so common that I will mention only three recent suppressions by a single bookseller. I assure you that others do the same and that these are by no means this man's silliest suppressions.

This bookseller returned to the publisher his entire purchase of Jack Belden's *Still Time to Die*, explaining that he thought it could not be sold in Massachusetts. This is a war correspondent's account of various battles and the reasoning seems to be that the Boston girl cannot legally read the expletives used by the American soldier. He returned with the same explanation most of his purchase of H. E. Hayes's psychological thriller *Lie Down in Darkness*, but kept twenty-five copies. Presumably I should be wrong to conclude that he intended to violate the law by selling to twenty-four favored customers a book which he considered obscene. Finally he withdrew from sale Charles Mergendahl's *Don't Wait Up for Spring*. It took me some time to decide why but I finally concluded that it must be because he considered mention of abortion obscene under the statute.

In the United States, where you have healthy ideas about literature and think intelligence the best safeguard of morals, this bookseller's action probably seems farcical, craven, and socially intolerable. Your respect for civil rights may make you wonder why the Massachusetts public suffers booksellers, policemen, and private organizations of zealots to deprive it of the freedom guaranteed by state and national constitutions. Before you condemn the bookseller, however, consider the jail sentence that hangs over his head—and consider that his interpretation of our statute appears to be correct.

I HAVE already told here how the Massachusetts Civil Liberties Union forced *Strange Fruit* out of unofficial suppression

and compelled the public officials to assume responsibility. The book was found obscene in the first court and that finding was sustained by the Superior Court. Appeal will be taken to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts but I have no doubt that we shall lose that final appeal too. The judge of the Superior Court said from the bench that he had no recourse: he could not doubt that under the statute *Strange Fruit* was obscene. I do not think he will be found to have erred.

Now the high artistic excellence of *Strange Fruit*, its decency and sincerity, and its morality are not open to question. They stand unchallenged; they are universally acknowledged in the United States at large. But artistic excellence, decency, sincerity, and morality are irrelevant in Massachusetts: the book is obscene here. By that token much more than half the fiction on sale even in our sterilized bookstores is obscene. In fact, under the interpretation of the law asked for by the Commonwealth and almost certain to be determined by the highest court, almost all fiction is obscene. The Assistant District Attorney who prosecuted the case in the Superior Court said (I quote him exactly) that *Strange Fruit* "is obscene from start to finish." He supported his assertion with this argument (I summarize it with exact justice): that in order to perceive the book's obscenity you have only to imagine certain acts to which it alludes being performed on a public street corner. The Commonwealth, that is, will not distinguish between performing the act of sexual intercourse in the public view and reading an allusion to that act, however brief or indirect, in the privacy of one's library. It contends that fiction is obscene when it represents any sexual act, portrays any sexual emotion, or deals in any way with any aspect of sex. When literature touches on sex it becomes—in Massachusetts—obscene.

That is the position which the Watch and Ward Society has taken all along. To have the courts confirm it as the position of the Commonwealth will at least clear the air. Law expresses a social sanction and I am afraid that our obscenity statute expresses the majority opin-

ion of Massachusetts. Literature that touches on sex is obscene and, as a corollary which must never be forgotten, literature is vicious. Vicious, dangerous, an ever present menace to the public peace. That basic belief becomes evident whenever there is talk—as lately there has been, not all of it by parties whose motives are above suspicion—about changing the law. The proposed changes take a form which is inevitable in this culture—and which reveal how this culture thinks about literature. A current proposal, which in fact has been made periodically before, would license bookstores precisely as we license saloons—so that any bookseller who sold a contaminated book could be put out of business permanently. An alternative proposal which is receiving considerable support just now would forbid the sale of doubtful but unadjudicated books to minors. Thus even the champions and defenders of literature in Massachusetts instinctively group it with narcotic drugs, whisky, pari-mutuel gambling tickets, and cigarettes. In 1945 this Commonwealth thinks of literature as primarily a danger to the young.

I KEEP coming back to how very odd Massachusetts ideas must seem to you outsiders. Possibly the children you breed are morally more robust than ours. Possibly you despise the requirement, which seems so sensible to us, that literature be made safe, cryptorchid or castrate, and even verbally stainless. Certainly you understand that, though the literary issue is important, the greater issue of civil rights is at stake, and you are surprised, no doubt disgusted, by our acquiescence in flagrant, repeated encroachments on the right which is the safeguard of all free-

doms. But you live in the United States, where freedom is highly regarded and democracy has confidence in itself. In Massachusetts we are afraid of literature and freedom.

One of the supporters of suppression here lately remarked to me, "I believe that too much freedom is dangerous." He is an upright man and I do not question his motives. When he labors to suppress a book he feels that he is safeguarding public morals and even literature itself. For he is afraid, he went on to tell me, that too much literary freedom in Massachusetts, too much insistence on the right of obscenity like *Strange Fruit* to circulate here, would eventually produce the same unfortunate developments that occurred, so he said, "in Europe." Too much freedom, he said, too much circulation of literary obscenity, too much literary "license," forced "the government" there to burn the books. He would not, he said, like to see that happen in Massachusetts but he was afraid it might if advocates of literary freedom should get what they are arguing for. . . . Possibly he knew his Commonwealth but, designedly or innocently, his analogy left certain things out of account. Which books were burned, for instance. And which government burned them. And why.

There speaks the mind of Massachusetts, however, if the current episodes reveal it. That is what a speaker meant when he recently announced that our society had begun to smell and give off phosphorescence in the dark. That is pretty rough language and I share my fellow citizens' dislike of literary vigor. A Massachusetts poet found pleasanter words when he spoke of "the slow and smokeless burning of decay."

Captain Neuberger, biographer of Senator Norris and author of one of the best books on the Northwest, is now stationed in Washington after serving a year and a half in Alaska.

THE GREAT SALMON EXPERIMENT

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER



THE first white men to journey down the Columbia River were a pair of American Army officers named Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. They were amazed by what they saw. From shore to shore the vast river was clogged with fish. The arching backs of these fish flecked the water like waves as they surged upstream in hordes which took three weeks to pass a point where the river had trenched a gorge a mile wide. Twenty-foot falls they surmounted in mighty leaps, and they turned the shallow creeks of the headwaters into a seething mass of fins, tails, and silvery flanks.

Lewis and Clark knew they had seen the greatest fish resource in the land. "Never," they reported, "have so many fish been collected together in one place before." They told President Jefferson that there were enough Chinook salmon in the Columbia River to feed Americans for infinite generations to come.

But the frontiersmen were unaware that in the swift water inhabited by the salmon there lurked, too, a mysterious force capable of transforming the face of the continent which they had explored. Lewis and Clark knew nothing of hydroelectricity. They did not know that the river they had followed through the mountains to the Pacific contained more latent water power than any other stream in North America. Nor could they possibly realize that full development of this unseen

energy might bring about the unbelievable day when the last Chinook would flip its fins in the Columbia.

Two huge federal dams now span the Columbia River—Bonneville, at tide-water 152 miles from the sea, and Grand Coulee, 400 miles upstream from Bonneville. These dams make possible forty per cent of the aluminum production for America's military aircraft. In the top-priority postwar drawers of both the U. S. Army Engineers and the Department of the Interior are plans to construct eight more dams on the Columbia, notching the river into a giant staircase and generating five times the power produced in the whole TVA. If this proposal materializes—and many public works may be needed to cope with postwar unemployment—the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service is ready with a corollary plan which calls for the most tremendous biological experiment in American history.

To save the principal fish runs in the nation, a commercial resource capitalized at \$250,000,000, the Fish and Wildlife Service may have to transplant downstream to rivers near tidewater all the salmon and trout that now spawn in the tributaries of the Columbia between Bonneville and Grand Coulee.

WHAT does this involve? Why is it so unprecedented in magnitude? Why does a committee of ichthyologists

and fishermen recently appointed by Secretary of the Interior Ickes regard it as "a very difficult and extremely hazardous undertaking"? How good are the chances of success?

To understand the reasons for the experiment, it is necessary to understand the life cycle of the most remarkable creature of this hemisphere—the great Chinook or king salmon of the Pacific seaboard. No other beast, bird, or fish has so incredible an existence.

The baby salmon emerge four or five months after the adult fish have deposited millions of eggs far back in one of the mountain ranges which drain into the Columbia River. This is generally at the bottom of a foaming, gravel-strewn creek. After a year in what biologists call "the parent stream" the fry have developed into fingerlings five or six inches long. They drift down the creek, down innumerable other tributaries, and finally into the main stem of the Columbia. So at last they reach the sea, and there they remain for the bulk of their life. Exactly where they go no one is sure. They may range off the Alaskan coast. Possibly they swim to the Kamchatka. Perhaps they do not stray far from the Columbia's stormy mouth. After three years in the Pacific the salmon—a fingerling no longer but a strong, fighting fish powerful enough to conquer rapids and tear a hook from an angler's line—heeds the call of the river, just as once it responded to the urge of the sea.

The salmon fights its way upstream, stemming freshets and dodging nets and traps. Beside it swim all the other salmon which drifted down the Columbia more than three years before and have survived the perils of river and ocean. They thrash through rapids, over falls, up the ladders at Bonneville Dam, and deep into the uplands. Each fish hunts a particular creek or lake. This is what makes the Pacific salmon unique among wild creatures. The migrating Chinook does not seek *any* creek or lake, although the Columbia is ribbed with ten thousand tributaries, but rather the *one* creek or lake where half a decade earlier it emerged from the egg.

Sometimes a salmon will swim for miles up some canyon tributary only to discover

that this is not the parent stream. In such a case, it retraces its course and pokes into another creek in search of its birthplace. Biologists have clipped the fins of fingerlings in the Kicking Horse River in the Canadian Rockies, the last glacial tributary of the Columbia. Five years later—in the British Columbia autumn—fish with these same markings have come back again, wanderers that found their home fifteen hundred weary miles from the ocean.

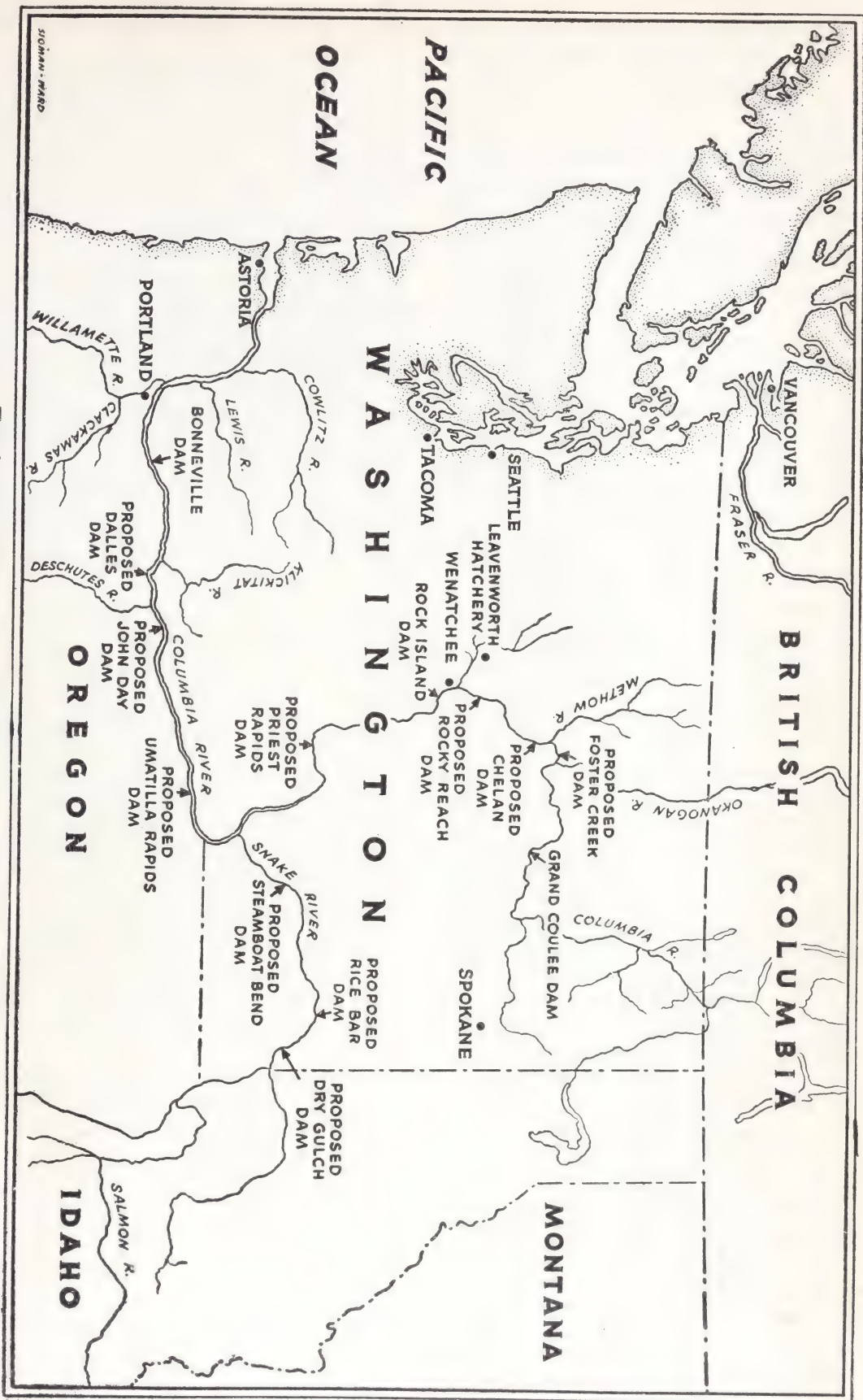
After it enters fresh water across the Columbia's bar a Chinook never feeds again. It will strike at a lure but will not take bait. The oily tissue beneath the salmon's scales must power it all the way to the parent stream. This oil is its fuel. Thus for countless epochs the strongest, stoutest-hearted, and biggest salmon specimens on earth have spawned in the final headwaters. Once the female fish has laid her eggs and the male has fertilized them, the life cycle of the Chinooks is completed. They drift downstream, tail foremost, and die within twenty-four hours.

Only one factor ever varies the pattern of this strange existence. If the salmon cannot reach the parent stream, it perishes without spawning.

If a series of dams is strung across the Columbia the Fish and Wildlife Service believes the one solution may be "to transplant the salmon runs inhabiting the upper tributaries to the rivers of the lower Columbia." Can this be done? Extraordinary though the experiment sounds, a similar one on a smaller scale has been going on for the past five years, and has met with remarkable success.

II

WHEN Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, director of the Fish and Wildlife Service, first saw Grand Coulee Dam looming above the Columbia like a great crenelated fortress, he knew that no Chinook ever would spawn again in the ultimate headwaters of the country's main salmon waterway. For as long as steel and concrete might endure, the 800 miles of river and the 100,000 square miles of watershed behind Grand Coulee were cut off as a spawning ground.



THE SALMON COUNTRY—SHOWING PRESENT AND PROPOSED DAMS

Bonneville Dam the fish could pass via wide, watery ladders. Bonneville, despite its 518,000-kilowatt capacity, is only 72 feet in height. Grand Coulee, largest edifice ever reared by man, towers 550 feet above the Columbia's granite bed. Water crashing over its parapet tumbles twice as far as Niagara Falls, with a roar heard for miles across the arid plateau of the Inland Empire. Not even the biggest salmon, which since time immemorial have spawned in the headwaters of the Columbia, could pass this battlement. In addition, the 151-mile lake formed back of the dam so raised the temperature of the river that most of the migrating salmon would be sure to die before they attained the spawning grounds. Chinooks en route to spawn are extremely susceptible to water variations.

Gabrielson and his associates answered this unique challenge with a unique solution. In 1939 they began trapping all the fish ascending the upper Columbia. The salmon were caught in specially designed cages at Rock Island Dam, a small structure a little below Grand Coulee built by the Puget Sound Power and Light Company. This dam was fitted with the best fish ladders ever constructed by a private utility corporation, and the traps were wedged into the ladders.

From the Rock Island traps the salmon were poured into long, 1,000-gallon tank trucks. Oxygen pumps and ice chambers kept the water in the trucks at the same temperature as the Columbia River. Aluminum paint warded off the glare of the sun. At a speed of 45 miles an hour, the fleet of eight silvery vehicles rolled up into the Cascade Mountains to the little town of Leavenworth, Washington, where the Fish and Wildlife Service had built the biggest fish hatchery in the world. Here the salmon were artificially propagated. Each female fish was hit on the head and split open for the precious eggs, approximately 10,000 to the female Chinook, considerably fewer to the smaller species. The sperm from the male salmon then was squirted onto the eggs. In fields of troughs and pools, the fingerlings thus were hatched and reared. To keep the water in Leavenworth's array of ponds at low temperature, the Forest Service

drove a long rock tunnel tapping Ice Lake on the divide of the Cascades.

Finally the baby fish made their own excursion in the oxygenated tank trucks. They were driven to the sources of the Methow, Entiat, Okanogan, and Wenatchee Rivers and there dumped into the water. These streams join the Columbia *below* Grand Coulee Dam—the essential fact of the whole experiment. It manifestly is impossible for salmon ever to spawn again *above* Grand Coulee. The naturalists of the Fish and Wildlife Service were attempting to school the offspring of the salmon that spawned *above* Grand Coulee to take as their own parent streams tributaries which flow into the main river *below* Grand Coulee.

Frank A. Banks, the white-haired Bureau of Reclamation engineer who constructed Grand Coulee, once called this undertaking "Uncle Sam's Fish College."

HAS Uncle Sam's Fish College trained its pupils? This past spring and fall told the tale. Up the Columbia forged the salmon which five years before had been the first class in the Fish College. They were the offspring of the fish originally trapped at Rock Island.

The weirs in the Rock Island traps were lifted for these voyagers. They were allowed to swim on through. The naturalists watched breathlessly. The critical question was whether the salmon would turn into the mouths of the Entiat, Okanogan, Methow, and Wenatchee Rivers or whether they would migrate on to Grand Coulee and perish in the man-made Niagara billowing over the crest of the dam.

Like well-drilled battalions, the fish swung off up the rivers in which they had been liberated as fingerlings four years before. No stragglers swam on to Coulee's impassable barrier, answering the upland call that had lured their ancestors. Chinooks marked for the Entiat and Methow swam unhesitatingly into those white-watered streams. Blueback salmon, a Columbia River version of the small but meaty Alaskan sockeye, spawn only in rivers with a lake at their source—rivers like the Okanogan and Wenatchee, into which the bluebacks turned as though

they had been coached by a West Point drillmaster.

A few weeks ago Elmer Higgins, chief of the Division of Fishery Biology of the Wildlife Service, pronounced his verdict: "None of the salmon attempted to return to their ancestral spawning grounds above Grand Coulee Dam. The fish entered their appropriate streams, and it is expected that natural spawning now under way will be successful. We believe that the answer is conclusive—that the entire run of Columbia River salmon which formerly passed the site of Grand Coulee Dam has been transferred to the four major tributaries below the dam."

No longer will fish ascending the upper Columbia be trapped at Rock Island and artificially hatched at Leavenworth. The gates in the traps have been lifted permanently. The parent streams of these salmon are now rivers on the downstream side of Grand Coulee. After operation of Uncle Sam's Fish College from 1939 until 1944, five complete cycles of salmon have been put through the process. Yet Higgins interposes a few warnings:

Present success does not mean, of course, that the races of salmon which through the ages have been adapted to conditions in the higher British Columbia tributaries of the Columbia River are equally adapted to conditions found in the streams to which they have been transplanted. It may well be that some of these races have suffered high mortality on being transplanted and may disappear from the Columbia River runs. We are hopeful, however, that most of the up-river fish have found conditions in their new parent streams sufficiently congenial to permit survival.

For the time being the experiment has succeeded—beyond their wildest dreams, some ichthyologists say. But this, after all, solves only part of the problem of saving the salmon runs.

In the past only about ten per cent of the Columbia's salmon have spawned back of Grand Coulee. They have been the largest fish in size but comparatively few in numbers. What about the others? Most of the salmon find their parent stream between Bonneville and Grand Coulee. These are the fish which must be transplanted if the other projected dams are built. Will artificial propagation and transplanting be successful when the number of salmon involved is multiplied

many times? Hatchery fish seldom have the vitality and stamina of their wild brethren.

III

THERE are other obstacles to be overcome if the vast salmon industry is to be kept alive. The incursions of civilization on the miraculous life cycle of the salmon are not limited to cutting off the upland breeding grounds. Survival of the salmon depends on three conditions: (1) enough fish must escape the commercial nets at sea and near the mouth of the Columbia to get upstream to spawn; (2) the upstream spawning grounds must be protected from pollution and diversion, as well as blockade; and (3) the fingerlings must be able to migrate safely to the ocean.

These conditions have not been met for many years. They are not being met now.

In 1885, when the first trains of the Northern Pacific were swaying through the Columbia Gorge, canneries scooped out of the Columbia's wide waters 31,493,000 pounds of Chinook salmon. The canneries are still hauling fish out of the river—though by 1940 their output had been reduced by almost half. And the salmon are subject to peril from other sources too. Trollers take a deadly toll at sea. Cannery fishermen at Swiftsure Bank, off the entrance to Puget Sound, have caught nearly \$10,000,000 worth of salmon every year for many decades. Swimming upstream, the fish must run another gauntlet of nets. Indian spearsmen at Celilo Falls have a treaty with the United States government, negotiated in 1855, which allows them to fish in the Columbia River for "as long as grass shall grow on the hills and the sun shall set in the sky."

Will the salmon last that long?

"Civilization and salmon don't mix," I was told by Grady Miller, hawk-nosed forest ranger at Wallowa Lake in Oregon, as he stood below a dam constructed across the lake's outlet, a dam built by a private utility company that completely destroyed one of the most valuable runs of blueback salmon in the region.

In recent years the settlement and exploitation of the Pacific Northwest have

been greatly accelerated. Developments which might logically have required several decades have been compressed into a dozen months. The war has brought about an intensive demand for food, raw materials, and manufactured products of all sorts. Factories and shipyards have sprung up where not so long ago heron waded and deer foraged. Trees marked by forest rangers for protection and preservation have been sawed into beams, crates, and deck planks. Water which once a tired hiker could drink now bears the chemical residue of paper mills and metal plants and the sewage of new mushrooming war communities. Cattle and sheep have grazed off the bunch grass anchoring the silt on a thousand hillsides. War demands minerals, too, and the slag from mines helps to fill up creeks and choke rivers. Neither salmon nor the insect and crustacean life which sustains them as fingerlings can compete with this pollution and waste.

Not so long ago a large salmon run surged up the Willamette River each fall, leaping the nineteen-foot cataract at Oregon City in spectacular flips. Now no autumn Chinooks invade this major tributary of the Columbia. The offal, chemicals, and junk poured into the water at Portland have killed them off. One afternoon the Oregon State Game Commission released a batch of fingerlings in the Willamette below the interurban bridge. A few minutes later they floated bellies up. There had not been enough oxygen in the river to sustain them.

Even the fingerlings that do not have to cope with hazards of this sort must take their chances with man-made obstructions on their way down to the sea. At Bonneville Dam, where the fish ladders have proved successful and the returning salmon traverse them quickly and easily, the little fish on their way to the sea are at the mercy of the river. They cannot pick out the ladders. They must take the course of least resistance. Often they do not find the fingerling by-passes provided especially for them—concrete flumes which honeycomb the powerhouse. Most of the fingerlings are swept over the spillway. In the maelstrom at the base of the dam some of the baby fish die.

When Bonneville first was completed, the Oregon State Fish Commission released batches of fingerlings both above and below the dam. There were fifty thousand fingerlings in each batch. The fins of the fish were clipped in distinctive patterns so that the two groups could be distinguished. Awards were paid both commercial and sports fishermen for salmon with marked fins which they turned in. At the end of the fourth year they had turned in a considerably larger number of the salmon released *below* the dam than of those released above it. From this test biologists have come to the conclusion that perhaps 25 per cent of the fingerlings going down the Columbia are killed by the stunning impact of the Bonneville spillway. How great an effect will this have on the future of the salmon runs? Here again, the certainties are not yet known.

THE fish ladders at Bonneville have made possible for the first time in history an accurate count of the salmon ascending the upper Columbia. These are wide watery staircases which cost \$7,022,000 and were built by the Army Engineers with the constant advice of the Wildlife Service. Since the dam was completed in 1938, every salmon passing it on the way back upstream to the spawning grounds has been clocked by fish-counters who sit in doghouse-like structures, tapping a meter whenever a fish flips through the grating at the top of each ladder.

The fish count at Bonneville during the past seven years has just been released by the Bonneville Power Administration. This is it:

Year	Chinook Salmon	Blueback Salmon	Silver Salmon	Steelhead Trout
1938.....	271,799	75,040	15,185	107,003
1939.....	286,216	73,382	14,382	121,922
1940.....	391,595	148,808	18,822	185,174
1941.....	461,713	65,741	17,011	118,087
1942.....	403,938	55,464	12,041	151,346
1943.....	313,123	39,845	2,547	92,131
1944*....	238,191	15,071	4,073	93,047

* Up to and including October. (By this month the main run has gone up the river.)

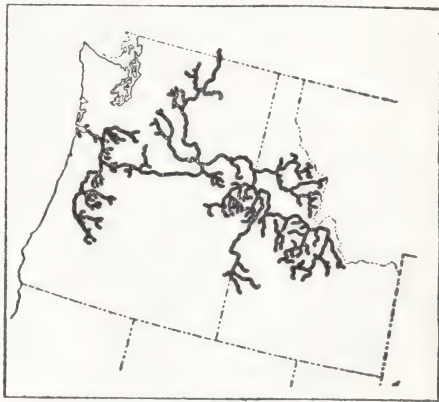
What do these figures mean? What story do they tell a biologist? Inasmuch as the Bonneville Dam first barricaded the river in 1938, the progeny of the first fish

passing through the ladders came back upstream five years later. That was 1943, a year the count of Chinooks went tolerably high. Why has the count been so low for 1944? Did Bonneville in any way cause these discouraging figures? Why was the count comparatively low in 1938, long before the dam could have had any effect at all? Why has the number of bluebacks dropped so sharply? Why have silver salmon almost completely disappeared from the Columbia? Why did the Bonneville count in Chinooks soar from a low total in 1938 to its highest point

ladders were spanned by 33,900 Chinooks, which turned the passages into a boiling melee of fins and backs. Even men who claimed the government was going "dam crazy" now concede that the Bonneville ladders are by far the best fishways ever built.

IV

ON THE wall of Dr. Gabrielson's office hangs a map showing how man-made encroachments have gradually shrunk the spawning areas available to salmon in the Columbia Basin. An im-



The map on the left shows spawning areas originally available to salmon in the Columbia River watershed, while that on the right shows the areas which they can reach today.

in 1941, and then gradually descend to an even lower level for 1944?

"I wish I could answer these questions," declared Elmer Higgins, "but we are in the dark too. This is the first time we ever had a salmon count on the Columbia. Considerable variations may be normal over a span of years. We have no previous standards to go by. But it is far more probable that the small 1944 count is due to the cumulative effect of uncontrolled commercial fishing for many seasons, as well as to the excessive exploitation of mineral, soil, and forest resources which guard the watershed."

But the naturalists do know several facts for a certainty so far as Bonneville Dam is concerned. First and foremost, the Bonneville fish ladders have been a success. Few fish on their way upstream collect in baffled schools at the base of the dam. Virtually all of them find the entrance to one of the big watery staircases. On a single September day in 1940 the

passable dam here, unscreened irrigation ditches there, indiscriminate dumping of sewage and chemical wastes of a hundred towns, logged-off slopes, dredging for minerals—all this has blocked off nearly two thirds of the lakes and creeks where fish originally spawned. Today only a few major tributaries still offer sanctuary to the fish which come home from the sea with the autumn equinox.

In December the Fish and Wildlife Service reported, "The piecemeal destruction of the Columbia River spawning grounds has proceeded to such a point that no more tributary streams can be sacrificed if the largest salmon river in the United States is to continue to contribute materially to the nation's food supply."

To provide adequate spawning ground it may be necessary to move the entire salmon run downstream and to blow up the dams on the Clackamas, Sandy, and several other rivers near the tidewater. The plan contemplates trapping all migrating salm-

on in the Bonneville Dam ladders and propagating them in a series of immense hatcheries far larger than the facilities at Leavenworth. Then the resultant fingerlings would be released in the few available rivers near the sea.

The likelihood of successful transfer downstream is subject to many imponderables. Is there room in the lowland tributaries for the immense aquatic life of the Columbia? Will fish adapted to the high mountains spawn in rivers at tidewater? How many salmon will be lost in the elaborate transplanting process? Will the vitality of the species be irretrievably sapped by the intervening hatchery propagation? At what point does biology rebel against man's intrusion?

And at what point does the biologist rebel at the intrusion of the dam-builder? A vast new project imperils the salmon that survive. There exists the possibility that the construction of new dams is the wise course. The proposed structures would generate 5,894,300 kilowatts of power at the cheapest rates on earth. This hydroelectricity might rehabilitate countless other resources spent by the waste of war. It is claimed that the

Grand Coulee Dam will turn arid sagebrush into 40,000 productive farms; that Umatilla Dam will cut down the cost of fuel shipped to the Inland Empire and reduce the price of the wheat, fruit, and beef that are transported out of that spacious region.

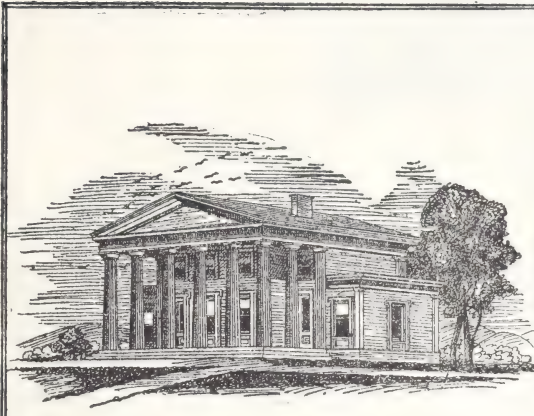
With these benefits in mind, the Fish and Wildlife Service has admitted that "the economic importance of water for purposes other than the propagation of fish is such that it cannot and should not be used solely for the sake of maintaining salmon runs. If conservation is wise use, it is the part of true conservation to choose the more valuable use of a resource whenever two or more uses conflict in such a way as to be mutually exclusive."

If the dam project is undertaken the vast salmon experiment will go on. Millions of eggs will be fertilized, millions of fingerlings sent on their way down to the sea, their fins clipped for identification. Each year, as one class of Uncle Sam's Fish College is graduated, alumni of a previous class will return for their quinquennial reunion on the tidewater tributaries of the Columbia. Each year the faculty will be that much wiser.

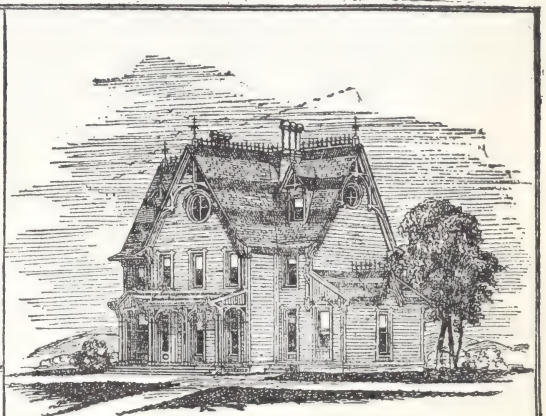
{ The text and pictures herewith are excerpts from }
the book *Old Homes Made New* by William }
M. Woollett, published in New York in 1878. }

OLD HOMES MADE NEW

WILLIAM M. WOOLLETT



VIEW BEFORE ALTERATION.



VIEW AFTER ALTERATION.

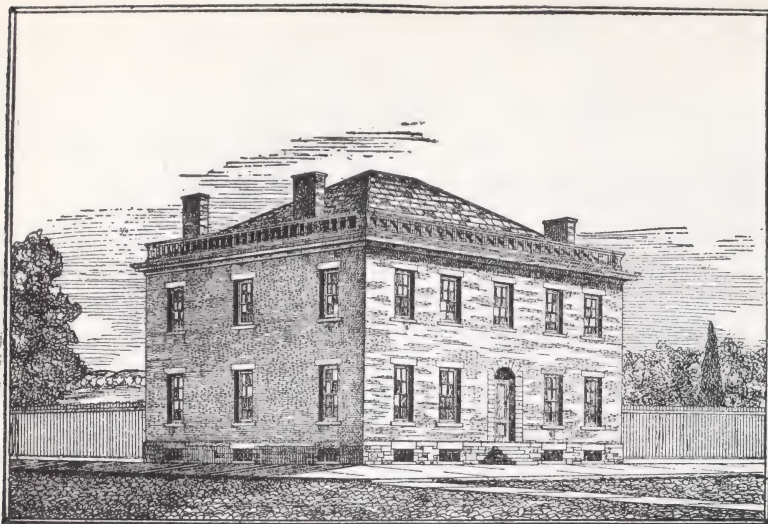
WHETHER a dwelling should be remodelled or not is often an open question, and it is safe to say that under two circumstances only should this be done—one in which the building, in its construction and material, is of such a solid and substantial character as to render its destruction inadvisable; and, again, when, although perhaps in a dilapidated condition, its preservation is in the highest degree desirable, owing to the associations of the family, its peculiar phase or style of architecture, or the historical interest that may attach itself to it. . . . The writer believes that the same general principles that would apply to new work, in this class of buildings, will apply equally to the work of alterations.

First. That the convenience of the plan, its best distribution and adaptation to the wants of the particular individuals by whom it is to be occupied, and the site on which it is to be placed, should in all cases be the paramount consideration. . . .

Second. That the exterior should grow naturally from the plan, its outline being fixed and determined by that; and whether it shall possess qualities, worthy of admiration or pleasure in general, depends upon the skill of the designer; that it should also be a consistent following out of the proper and natural uses of the materials of which it is built; each material being fully acknowledged.

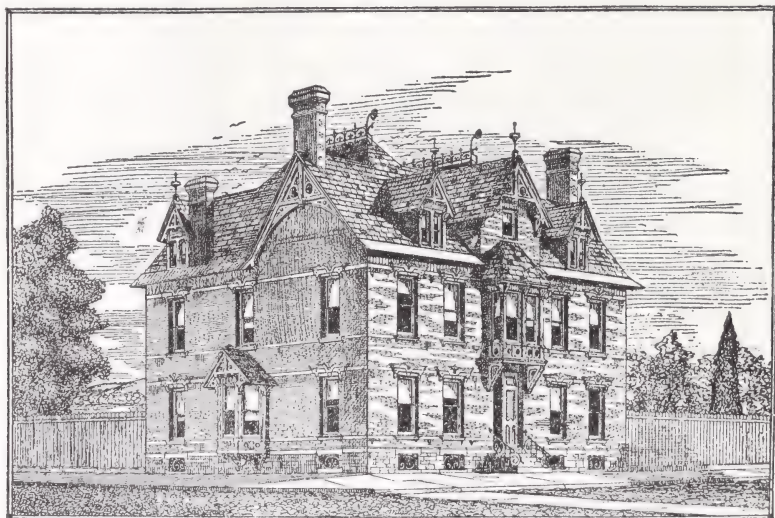
Third. That the architectural effect should be obtained by the natural combinations and workings of the constructive portions of the structure, and not by adding or planting on of these features: and again by the natural variety of the outline rather than by the richness and variety of the detail.

Fourth. That the proportionately greatest work of art in architecture is that which produces the most effective result at the least expenditure of labor and detail in design, which, in the practical mind of the American, is also money.

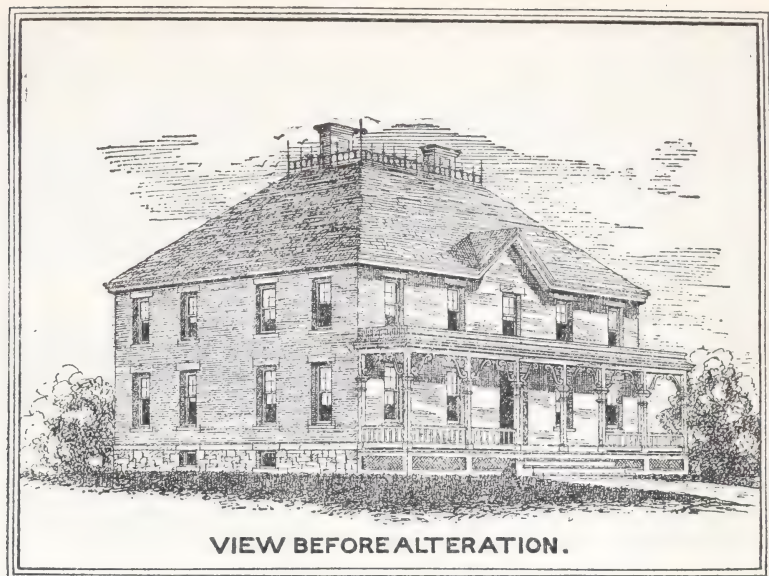


VIEW BEFORE ALTERATION.

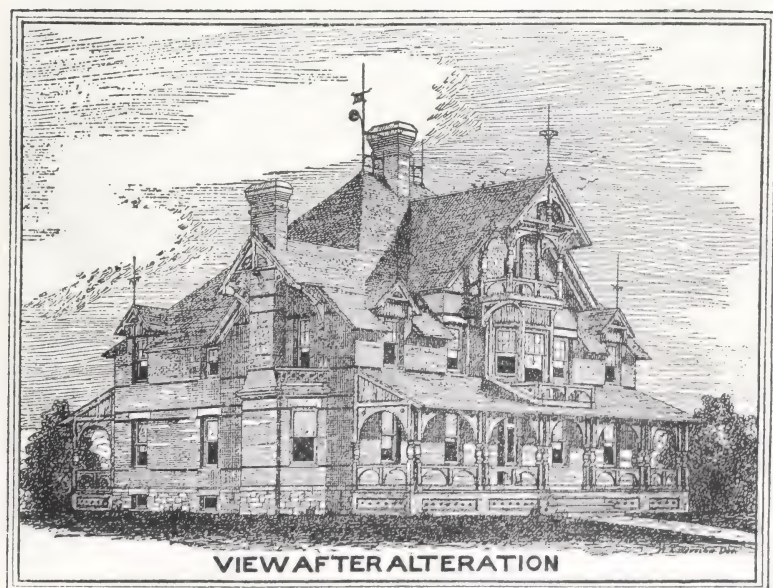
The client desired a "French roof," but the views of the client were met and our own sense of right saved from outrage by the roof shown. . . . The roof is one of the most important features of the building, and is one of the few means at the disposal of the designer, by which he is enabled to remove a rectangular structure from the commonly expressed likeness to a "box." . . . The windows are enlarged with new caps, sills and sash; a bay window placed over the entrance doorway at the end of the second story hallway, and another on the side projecting from the dining-room. These changes give quite a different appearance to the building, and are all countenanced by utility and increased comfort of the interior. Where wood has been used in the gables, cornices and dormers, the material is fully acknowledged, and its forms and details are those of wood construction.

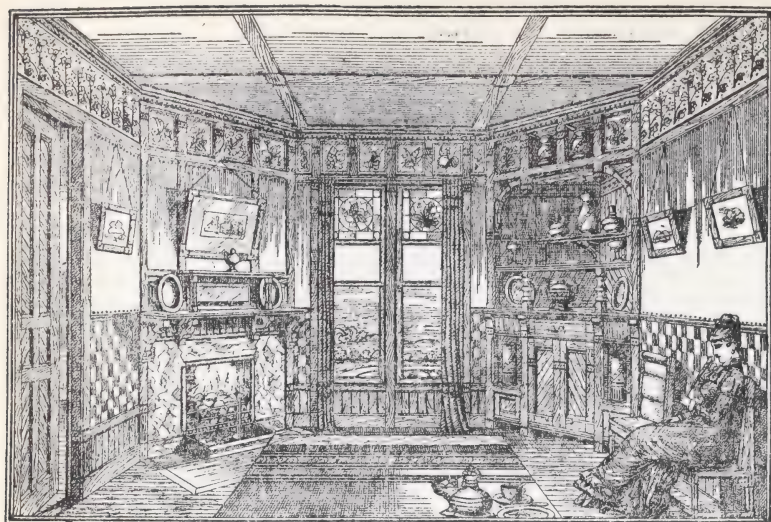


VIEW AFTER ALTERATION.



This house . . . coming into client's possession by purchase, was found to be a substantial brick edifice. The plan was modified so as to present an attractive home for a small family. . . . On the exterior, the plan being rectangular, the effort to overcome this has been made by the breaking up of the features of the roof, and in conjunction with the brickwork, wood and shingle work have been freely introduced . . . The introduction of new piazzas on the front and rear give breadth to the exterior. A bay at the end of the hallway over the piazza and balcony formed in front of same; and balcony canopied, again corbeled out over the bay, help to remove this centre gable from the ordinary. The chimney at the end of the bay is carried up full height with a portion of the gable on the side brought out to meet and support it, supplying at the same time a cover to the balcony over the bay.





INTERIOR OF DINING ROOM.

Some sketches of the appearance of the more important portions of the interior as altered; it being now a generally accepted belief that this portion of the work should receive as much consideration from the designer as the exterior, and that, by a little variety in the grouping and piquancy in the detail, the rooms of a house may become sources of enjoyment rather than places merely to be endured. . . .

This room [above] before alteration was a plain rectangular one, with coupled windows at the end, as shown. The desire was to finish and furnish it with more pretension and comfort, and (if so fortunate) with more taste than formerly. . . .

In this interior [below] the endeavor of the designer has been to gain whatever effect there may be, not through elaborate work or carving, but in the variety in forms and outline; the detail in this and other designs being kept simple and subservient.



VIEW IN HALLWAY AFTER ALTERATION.

{ *Alan Barth, who in the past has worked in several government offices, is now an editorial writer for the Washington Post.* }

F. D. R. AS A POLITICIAN

ALAN BARTH



MYTHS, in origin, are explanations of the inexplicable. When men encounter wonders they do not altogether understand, they sometimes contrive gods or demons to account for them. Just so, the unparalleled political accomplishments of Franklin D. Roosevelt have been widely ascribed to a sort of wizardry.

Quadrennially since 1932, stanch Republicans have been wont to shake their heads in sad perplexity over the redundant successes of "that man." It is scarcely surprising that they should have begun early to designate him a master politician, since this served to explain his triumphs in a way that avoided discredit to themselves. He won, they meant to say, not through merit but through superior skill and seductiveness in his appeals to the electorate. Grudgingly, they acknowledged him to be "the champ." This was intended, of course, as a form of disparagement. Yet the acknowledgment foisted on them a defeatism from which they have never entirely recovered.

What was rather more remarkable was the acceptance of this myth by the President's own followers. They, too, were overawed by the magnitude of Mr. Roosevelt's successes. With the achievement of a third term, the myth became embedded in the national folklore. Mr. Roosevelt's fourth election has now established it as an axiom, unquestioningly credited by friend and foe alike.

What remains most remarkable of all, however, is that the President has come to believe the myth himself. Like the rest of us, he is a subscriber to the doctrine of his own political infallibility. It has been, in his case, a kind of delusion of ungrandeur. The effect has been to make him jealous of his reputation as a politico and therefore to bring his conduct into some measure of conformity with the stereotype created by his detractors.

THE attribution of President Roosevelt's unique political success to unique, or even unusual, political virtuosity may be challenged on the ground that it rests only upon a post hoc, ergo propter hoc type of logic. His victories at the polls can be more rationally explained by other factors which happen to be less palatable to his opponents.

✓ In 1932, having achieved the governorship of New York state through the encouragement and sponsorship of the late Al Smith, Franklin Roosevelt was a likely possibility for the Democratic presidential nomination. There was nothing particular against him—and New York had forty-seven electoral votes.

With this to build on, a professional politico, James A. Farley, set to work to get Mr. Roosevelt nominated. Under his practiced management, it was no more remarkable that Mr. Roosevelt should have won the Democratic nomination in

1932 than that Mr. Dewey should have won the Republican nomination in 1944.

The election of the Democratic nominee in 1932 demanded very little wizardry. Neither the Republican party, which had been in power for twelve years, nor President Hoover, who had inherited the conflicting economic policies of his predecessors, could escape responsibility for the depression. Mr. Roosevelt, with his amorphous New Deal program, represented, if nothing else, a change. And when things are going badly, change is synonymous with hope.

When one reviews the record of President Roosevelt's first term, one cannot help wondering at the naïveté which led so many supposedly practical people to take seriously the election forecast made by the *Literary Digest* poll in 1936. F.D.R. was literally unbeatable that year. He was unbeatable for the simple reason that his administration had been attended by, if it had not actually produced, so large a measure of economic recovery that every major segment of the population was directly benefited.

National income payments, at the level of 46 billion dollars in the year that Mr. Roosevelt took office, were up to 68 billion dollars when he appealed for re-election. Wages and salaries rose from 31 billions in 1932 to 42 billions in 1936. Gross farm income amounted to 4½ billions in the year before his inauguration and stood at 8½ billions at the end of his first term. Retail sales zoomed in the same period from 24½ billion dollars to 38½ billions. Even net profits of corporations went up from 4 billion in the red to 6½ billion in the black. At the same time banks had become solvent and secure; home and farm foreclosures had been ended; a semblance of responsibility had been imposed upon the securities markets in which so many innocents had lost the illusory profits they had come to think of as real property; labor unions had been given a real opportunity to organize and had begun to bargain effectively with employers.

THIS was the record on which Mr. Roosevelt sought re-election. Against it, the Republicans could think of nothing

better to say than that it had been accomplished by methods which were bureaucratic and policies which were communistic. It is a not unreasonable conjecture that the 16½ million ballots cast for Governor Landon in 1936 represented the irreducible core of Republican strength throughout the country and could have been corralled by any Republican candidate without any campaign whatever. What might be called the "business class" was, of course, solidly and fiercely arrayed against the President; but in view of the previous record of business leadership, this probably was for him more of an asset than a liability. If politicking really influenced the election at all, it was more through the ineptitude of the opposition than through the skill of the incumbent. The controlling factor was that Mr. Roosevelt had a record and a program; his opponent had only a querulous complaint.

Mr. Roosevelt's third and fourth elections are somewhat less readily explained, since they had to overcome the tradition of a two-term limitation for the Presidency. But he was blessed again, both in 1940 and in 1944, with an opposition wholly devoid of affirmation. So unregenerate was the Republican party that it could conjure up—again and again and again—only its antique bugbears of regimentation and radicalism.

When things are going well, people do not easily get frightened and they are allergic to change. Prior to the election of 1940, we had profited from the war in Europe without actually getting into it—which was what most people wanted; and prior to the election of 1944, we had prosecuted the war with extraordinary effectiveness—which was what everybody wanted. Perhaps the President deserved little credit for these developments. But the credit was unlikely to be wrested from him by calling him a dictator on the one hand and the puppet of Browder or Hillman on the other.

If Mr. Roosevelt was a champ in the narrow political sense in which the title was intended by his opponents, then he was a champ against amateurs or setups. They persisted in leading with their chins. It was the opposition, not the President himself, who represented him as the friend

of labor and the enemy of business. The allegation is open to serious question. But the political value of it to the President is indisputable. In an industrial society where wage-earners outnumber wage-payers as minnows outnumber whales, this was tantamount to handing him any election on a platinum platter.

II

IN modern usage," says Webster's *New International Dictionary*, "politician commonly implies activity in party politics, especially with a suggestion of artifice or intrigue." It is associated, in the minds of most Americans, with such activities as the manipulation of delegates in smoke-filled rooms; the control of congressional votes by sharp distribution of patronage; the cajolery of influential pressure groups; the maintenance of party discipline and party loyalties; the adroit handling of professional politicians; in short, the subordination of principle to expediency. Since the term "politician" is commonly applied to Mr. Roosevelt in precisely this sense, a cynical look at his record in the role seems warranted.

His relationship with Congress, the fulcrum for nearly all his purposes, affords a good starting point. During his first term, his opponents generally called Congress "a rubber stamp"; in the campaign recently completed, they made much of congressional hostility to the President. Evidently a transformation occurred. Its genesis affords insight into the President's capacities as a politician.

With only six exceptions, all the states in the Union gave Mr. Roosevelt a majority of their votes in 1932. Naturally, they gave him also a Congress composed overwhelmingly of members of his own party. It would have been astonishing indeed if, in voting on the crisis legislation presented to them in 1933, these members had not accorded full and fervent support to their new leader. Endorsement of his recovery measures in the emergency situation of that time was as much to be expected as endorsement of military appropriation requests in wartime. And there is no evidence to suggest that this support was engineered by any extraordinary politicking

in Congress on the President's part. It came as a matter of course.

THERE was, to be sure, the usual use of patronage to stimulate enthusiasm for the President's program among Democrats long denied the fruits of power. James A. Farley attended to these rites. And the houses of Congress were organized under experienced, practical, tough-minded men—Vice-President Garner, Senate Majority Leader Robinson, Speaker of the House Rainey, House Majority Leader Joseph W. Byrns of Tennessee. If Congress was a rubber stamp in those days, these men—most notable among them the Vice-President, functioning informally in his private office with the well-stocked liquor closet which he called his "bureau of education"—were the rubber stampers.

So long as he worked through such men—so long and no longer—the President had a Congress on which he could depend absolutely for support. But with his unprecedented landslide re-election in 1936, the myth that he was himself politico as well as President took hold of him and he began to bypass his leaders on the Hill. Worse, he embarrassed and humiliated them by sending to Congress proposals upon which they had not been consulted and which they were quite unprepared to defend. Whatever else may be said for the procedure, it was not politically astute. Organization is the politician's indispensable implement.

The culmination of Mr. Roosevelt's break with his legislative organization came with the selection of a new majority leader of the Senate after Joe Robinson's death. The choice narrowed itself down to two men—the witty, amiable, amoral Pat Harrison of Mississippi and the slower, stolid, more reliable Alben Barkley of Kentucky. It is easy to see why the President should have preferred Senator Barkley. But it is not at all easy to see why he should have intervened in a situation where political prudence clearly dictated a hands-off policy. Publicly, he promised neutrality. Privately, as the whole Senate knew, he brought heavy pressure to bear for the Kentuckian. The record shows that he won. He procured Barkley's election as majority leader by a single vote in a bit-

ter contest which split the Senate wide open. But from that day forward his control of the Senate was irretrievably lost. Pyrrhic victories are not the meat upon which political Caesars feed.

III

THE election of 1936 seemed to the President, as it must have seemed to any man in his position, a clear mandate to move forward with his program of domestic reform. But the program at every vital turn was frustrated by a Supreme Court which not only had neglected to read the election returns but apparently had not even heard of the Industrial Revolution. To President Roosevelt, the alteration of the Court's character came inevitably to be the sine qua non of progress.

How important he thought it can be gauged from his own words, written with the benefit of hindsight in 1941 as the introduction to the volume of his public papers and addresses titled *The Constitution Prevails*:

This was the year of the famous Supreme Court fight—1937. This was the year which marked a definite turning point in the history of the United States. For this was the year which was to determine whether the kind of government which the people of the United States had voted for in 1932, 1934, and 1936 was to be permitted by the Supreme Court to function. If it had not been permitted to function as a democracy, it is my reasoned opinion that there would have been great danger that ultimately it might have been compelled to yield to some alien type of government—in the vain hope that the new form of government might be able to give the average men and women the protection and co-operative assistance which they had the right to expect.

For that reason I regard the effort initiated by my message on the Federal Judiciary of February 15, 1937, and the immediate results of it, as among the most important domestic achievements of my first two terms in office.

Mr. Roosevelt was never one to acknowledge a licking. Yet, however desirable the corollary results of the Supreme Court fight, they were not the results he had anticipated; and in the fight itself he suffered a most damaging public humiliation.

WHATEVER the merits of the President's plan for judicial reform, it should have been apparent to anyone versed in politics that it would arouse the

most bitter and formidable opposition. It was a plan to change the nature of an institution revered by the American people as almost sacrosanct. Yet the President, despite the renown of his faculty for forecasting popular reactions, seemed to have small appreciation of the religious quality of the fury his proposals would encounter. And he did nothing to prepare the ground for them. Instead, he intensified their explosive force by introducing them without warning in something like the form of a rocket bomb.

He made no effort to enlist in advance the support of farm and labor leaders who might have mobilized their respective groups in support of a measure designed to effectuate legislation they avidly desired. He failed to commit them beforehand by taking them into a partnership of responsibility. In consequence, their support never attained the weight necessary to tip the scales in the President's favor.

More serious still, perhaps, he gave his legislative leaders no inkling of the tremendous job he intended them to undertake. He presented them with a Court bill complete in every detail and simply told them to go and pass it for him. The procedure may have given great gratification to his love of the dramatic; but politically it was altogether fatal.

Even when the full strength of the Senate opposition under the canny leadership of Burton K. Wheeler became apparent to every objective analyst, the President refused to recognize it. And when the prop was knocked out from under his proposition by the eleventh-hour conversion of the Court in its validation of the state of Washington's minimum wage law, the Wagner Act, and the Social Security Act, he quite failed to see that the time for compromise was at hand.

Joseph Alsop and Turner Catledge, in their detailed account of the whole Supreme Court fight, *The 168 Days*, quote Majority Leader Joe Robinson as declaring at this point that the thing to do "is to settle this thing right now. This bill's raising hell in the Senate. Now it's going to be worse than ever, but if the President wants to compromise I can get him a couple of extra justices tomorrow. What he ought to do is say he's won, which he has,

agree to compromise to make the thing sure, and wind the whole business up."

Mr. Roosevelt's refusal to heed this counsel reflected, no doubt, a subordination of expediency to principle which did much more credit to his character than to his political insight. After Joe Robinson's sudden death, what remained of the President's senatorial support collapsed completely, and the ill-fated bill was remanded by an overwhelming vote to the Judiciary Committee to have every reference to the Supreme Court excised from it.

THERE was even less political realism in Mr. Roosevelt's subsequent attempt to purge his own party of reactionary elements in the congressional elections of 1938. He declared at the time that the purge was not intended in any sense as a reprisal upon those who had opposed his Supreme Court plan. Nevertheless, it was widely looked upon as vindictive because it attacked conservatives who had been in opposition to him on that issue. And it was doomed, as any experienced politician could have told him, to embarrassing failure.

It was a quixotic, wholly impolitic, and rather splendid thing for a President to do. It represented an effort to bring real issues before the electorate. But it was based on the fallacious notion that he could transfer his own popularity to candidates he favored. Consider, for example, the candor and courage of Mr. Roosevelt's speech on August 11, 1938, at Barnesville, Georgia. The man whom he sought to defeat on that occasion, Senator Walter George, was on the platform beside him. He put the issue in these words:

You are familiar enough with the processes of Government to know that the Chief Executive cannot take action on national or regional problems unless they have been first translated into Acts of Congress passed by the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States. . . .

What I am about to say will be no news to my old friend—and I say it with the utmost sincerity—Senator Walter George. It will be no surprise to him because I have recently had personal correspondence with him; and, as a result of it, he fully knows what my views are.

Let me make it clear that he is, and I hope always will be, my personal friend. He is beyond question, beyond any possible question, a gentleman and a scholar; but there are other

gentlemen in the Senate and in the House for whom I have a real affectionate regard, but with whom I differ heartily and sincerely on the principles and policies of how the Government of the United States ought to be run. . . .

To carry out my responsibility as President, it is clear that if there is to be success in our Government there ought to be co-operation between members of my own party and myself—co-operation, in other words, within the majority party, between one branch of Government, the Legislative branch, and the head of the other branch, the Executive. That is one of the essentials of a party form of government. It has been going on in this country for nearly a century and a half. The test is not measured, in the case of an individual, by his every vote on every bill—of course not. The test lies rather in the answer to two questions: first, has the record of the candidate shown, while differing perhaps in details, a constant active fighting attitude in favor of the broad objectives of the party and of the Government as they are constituted today; and, secondly, does the candidate really, in his heart, deep down in his heart, believe in those objectives? I regret that in the case of my friend, Senator George, I cannot answer either of these questions in the affirmative.

It is in such temperate terms that college youths dream of debating political issues—without rancor, without obfuscation. Perhaps, in some utopia, this will be the tenor of political discussion. But in the United States, up to and including the year 1938, master politicians did not talk this way.

Of course Senator George was renominated handily. So were six out of the seven other candidates earmarked by the President for retirement. The President himself was roundly belabored by a hostile press for "interfering" in local elections. And the antagonism between the executive and the legislature was dangerously aggravated.

IV

IN 1940, President Roosevelt made his first solo flight as a party boss in a national campaign. Jim Farley was no longer on hand as navigator. In his place was a crew of comparative neophytes—sneeringly referred to as "the palace guard"—men devoted to the President and to the principles of the New Deal, but men less tutored and talented than Farley in the special sort of etiquette which is considered *de rigueur* in smoke-filled rooms.

To these enthusiasts was entrusted the

task of managing the "third-term draft." Renomination was, of course, available to Mr. Roosevelt at the mere drop of a hat into the ring. Instead of dropping his hat, however, he clutched it interminably and ostentatiously until a shout from a Chicago basement rattled it out of his fingers. The "draft" was so transparently synthetic that the memory of it is still an embarrassment. One of the characteristics of efficient political bossism is that it keeps the machinery from clanking.

To say that Mr. Roosevelt would have won the 1940 election even more handsomely than he did, if his "draft" had been engineered more artfully, is obviously to venture into the realm of conjecture. Alf Landon's irreducible core of Republican voters was considerably augmented by Wendell Willkie; but this may have been due to Willkie's personal appeal and to distaste for a third term which no amount of artifice could have overcome. In the final analysis, the damage must be assessed in terms of its effect on Mr. Roosevelt's place in history. That place is far too secure to be more than superficially marred by some clumsy shuffling on the steps which led to it. The record should, nevertheless, cause historians to pause before they swallow at its face value the myth of his political wizardry.

THE myth took another battering in 1942. In that year Mr. Roosevelt elected to cross swords with his old professor, James A. Farley. Mr. Farley had been hard at work for quite some time to procure the New York gubernatorial nomination of the Democratic party for John Bennett, and had publicly indicated that a majority of the delegates to the nominating convention were tucked away in one or another of his capacious vest pockets. It was at this point that Mr. Roosevelt announced he wanted the nomination to go to Senator James Mead. Such intervention might have been justifiable had it come early enough to be effectual. Coming too late, it was politically altogether maladroit. Mr. Farley, it turned out, wasn't fooling, and John Bennett was nominated.

The principal effect of the President's action was to assure the election of Thomas

E. Dewey to the governorship of New York—an elevation without which he could scarcely have become the Republican party's presidential nominee in 1944. Perhaps Mr. Dewey would have won the governorship in any case. But the split in the Democratic party certainly did him no injury. It did a good deal of injury, on the other hand, to the President's prestige in his home state.

The cleavage in the Democratic party, of which the New York situation was but a minor symptom, brought Mr. Roosevelt to the brink of the 1944 campaign with a ragged, demoralized, fractious political organization. Moreover, politics had been so neglected at the grass roots that the Republicans, having made great gains in 1942 through Democratic apathy and dissension, held governorships and substantial control in twenty-six of the states—in most of the country, this is to say, outside the none-too-solid South.

It is true enough, to be sure, that Mr. Roosevelt overcame these handicaps—and rather magnificently—when November 7th rolled around. Can it be said, however, in view of the record, that he overcame them by virtue of the "activity in party politics" and the "artifice or intrigue" which, according to Webster, are the hallmarks of the politician? In point of fact, these were largely the source of his handicaps. Other attributes were responsible for his triumph.

V

IF Mr. Roosevelt is not the greatest of contemporary "politicians," this is not to say that he is without political genius; for he ranks unchallengeably among the greatest of contemporary popular leaders.

The real test of his political success lies not so much in his unprecedented tenure in the Presidency as in the degree to which he has influenced the thought and the institutions of his countrymen. He has taken the federal government out of its traditional role as a remote arbiter of interstate affairs and made it an effective instrumentality of the collective will. And he has induced a majority of the American people to embrace and endorse the change.

Now the faculty in Mr. Roosevelt re-

sponsible for such influence is simply this: he has a profound understanding of the function of leadership in a democratic society. Stated in its simplest terms, this function entails molding public opinion in such a way that it will be receptive to the course which the leader wishes to pursue.

The essence of the democratic process lies not so much in leadership which is *responsive* to the people as in leadership which is genuinely *responsible* to them. A public of 135 millions cannot formulate policies; it can only accept or reject policies formulated by those to whom it has entrusted leadership. Under our political system, the vital consideration is that the leaders be held to a public accounting at stated intervals.

Mr. Roosevelt has been no mere lip-reader of the inarticulate popular mind. Leaving entirely out of account the merits of his policies, the indisputable fact is that he has been their initiator. True, the method of his initiation has been to study the needs and the inchoate hopes of the people whom it was his business to lead; and sometimes these hopes have been indicated to him by unmistakable alarm signals—as when he hurriedly produced the social security plan to take the wind out of the sails of Huey Long and Dr. Townsend. But he had brought to public office an imaginative sympathy for the problems of the people and a readiness to experiment with novel modes of governmental action for their solution; and this sympathy and experimental spirit he has never wholly lost. True, too, the modes chosen were limited by his estimate as to the degree of novelty the people were prepared to accept. No leader can command a following if he moves too far beyond its horizon. All of this was, of course, political—yet in a sense of the term not comprehended within its common usage.

Radio, which had just reached its maturity as a medium of mass communication when Mr. Roosevelt first campaigned for the Presidency, gave him a device for direct contact with the people. As newspapers grew increasingly hostile to him, he relied more and more upon this instrument to put his ideas into circulation. It is generally acknowledged that he used it superbly. He possesses a fine speaking

voice and a knack for projecting the warmth of his personality through the ether. Yet it is a mistake to equate his talents as a broadcaster with the wiles of a politician. The air is filled with able orators. The President's genius lies in his faculty for talking with people about matters in which they are genuinely interested and in terms which, though increasingly vague in recent years, seem to them meaningful and sincere.

PERHAPS the most obvious illustration of this influence upon opinion lies in the transformation of this country's attitude from isolationism to internationalism. The disillusionment which succeeded World War I found expression in the tragic oversimplification of history popularized in the mid-thirties by the Nye Committee. It left us with an inheritance of distrust for all the values and symbols which had led us to fight in 1917.

In such a climate of opinion, no radical about-face was possible. But under Mr. Roosevelt's leadership we moved in stages from an acute moral myopia respecting the conflict between freedom and fascism to a cautious policy of "aid to the democracies," to service as "the arsenal of democracy," to outright support in the form of Lend-Lease, to frank intervention in the "shoot on sight" order. And each stage served as conditioning and preparation for the next. Each stage removed one more layer of the insulation which kept us from a position of responsibility in world affairs. The progression was by no means unflinching; and it was grievously marred by the Administration's acquiescence in the overthrow of the Spanish republic and the Japanese conquest of China. It may well have been, however, as rapid and direct as the awakening national consciousness would warrant.

In all that he did, President Roosevelt had a thorough grasp of the psychological principle that in fashioning public opinion actions speak immeasurably louder than words. Any practical politician could have told him—and very likely a number of them did—that to transfer a portion of the United States Navy to a foreign government would foment a revolution at home. Yet he dared to do this when the

time seemed ripe to him, and there was no rioting in the streets; for the way that he chose to do it brought effectively home to the American public the relationship of the British fleet to American security.

The President has often been upbraided, of course, for not telling us more candidly long ago that our involvement in the war was inevitable. Perhaps he never saw it as inevitable until it came upon us. Perhaps he knew that our involvement could be effective only after we had become morally and emotionally, as well as physically, prepared for it. This much at any rate is clear: he led the United States through a fundamental change of heart and mind. How great the change has been was apparent in the election results of last November. For if any single meaning of the election is now plain, it is certainly that the vast majority of Americans have turned their backs on isolationism. The very word has become an epithet. The change was implicit not only in the personal vindication of the President but to an even greater degree in the outcome of the congressional campaigns. Mr. Willkie's vigorous campaign last spring and Governor Dewey's refusal to take the isolationist line assisted and confirmed the change, but Mr. Roosevelt was its principal political architect.

IT HAS become increasingly apparent, however, that Mr. Roosevelt's qualities as a leader have suffered a grievous corruption from his pretensions as a politico. For he has come to fancy himself in the role of political "boss." Playing this role, he has more and more tended to limit the range of his leadership to the politician's view of the politically practicable.

It was Roosevelt the politico, for example, who gave increasing power in his Administration to such men as Jesse Jones and Leo Crowley and Will Clayton. He could scarcely have picked them for their ideological sympathy with the social and economic objectives of the New Deal. But if he picked them for political reasons—to placate the South or the business conservatives—then he must have been naïve indeed. For big business showed no sign of recuperation from its customary allergy to Mr. Roosevelt; and the South, Texas in

particular, staged a revolt which, if not actually instigated by its leading representatives in the Administration, was certainly not quelled by them either.

It was Roosevelt the politico who threw Leon Henderson to the wolves when the OPA came under fire and who summarily ousted Henry Wallace and Milo Perkins from the Board of Economic Warfare when they forced a showdown with Jesse Jones. And it was Roosevelt the politico who replaced Henry Wallace with Harry Truman in the Vice-Presidency—because the practical politicians counseled it. Were such acts of propitiation to the conservatives really necessary? Or were they dictated only by the narrow and cautious considerations of the politician?

There is another way to pose this question: has Mr. Roosevelt accepted a progressive restriction of his New Deal program because, infected by the myth of his own political acumen, he can now act only as a politico? If so, the New Deal, in his fourth term, will indeed be as dead as he pronounced it for political reasons a year ago.

The President's tendency to play the politician has had another still more important consequence. It has led him to deal obliquely with the people of the United States whose understanding in the past he sought so straightforwardly and so successfully. The leadership of public opinion does not thrive on the kind of secrecy which surrounded the food conference at Hot Springs or the security conference at Dumbarton Oaks. Taking into full account the confidential character of some of the matters discussed at these international meetings, the fact remains that some education of the public as to their significance was essential. Exclusion or frustration of the press served merely to inspire rumor and to invest the negotiations with an aura of mystery which is the breeder of distrust. The President threw away splendid opportunities to shape a public opinion favorable to the projects he hopes to realize. It would be tragic if now, having brought us so far along the road to international co-operation, he should resort to political ruses where only the tactics of great leadership will serve.

For the attainment of all his great stated

purposes, President Roosevelt needs only the qualities of leadership he has manifested in the past. He needs again to work with and through Congress, as he once did—not in defiance or devious circumvention of it. He could well afford, in this connection, to reread his own words at Barnesville, Georgia: "It is clear that if there is to be success in our Government there ought to be co-operation between members of my own party and myself—co-operation, in other words, within the majority party, between one branch of Government, the Legislative branch, and the head of the other branch, the Executive. That is one of the essentials of a party form of government." On the Pres-

ident's side, there has been precious little co-operation in recent years. And he needs, above everything else, to work again with and through the American people—not as a clever manipulator of their will in the politician's fashion, but as an interpreter of their hopes and a guide to their future.

It is unlikely that Mr. Roosevelt can have any further personal political ambitions. He has already won the ultimate. Perhaps, then, he will cease trying to be all men to all things. As a political boss, he can rest on the laurels fashioned for him by a curious mythology. As a political leader, he has still before him the greatest opportunities of his career.

SONNET TO A SCIENTIST

MARY CORWIN

TELL me, was God good? or what was *good*
 Before confusion into comets burst?
 Or was love good? or were our sins accursed
 Before Eve ate an apple in the wood?
 What spark aroused abysmal fish to fly?
 How could birds crawl? and dinosaurs breed apes?
 Even a closer chemistry escapes
 Your definition: what are love and I?
 Though suns and moons and stars confound me now,
 All satellites and planets circle so,
 Give me, my love, a science I may know,
 A man-encompassed truth unveiling how
 Enflaming force and matter flared to birth:
 Show me the burning synthesis of earth.

Another Man's Poison

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL



I'LL go to Alcatraz for this but I just can't keep secret weapons secret. America's secret weapon is the .22 rifle.

For evidence I'd start with three .22's on the wall of our cabin. One belongs to a captain of the Marines who has just slugged his way from the Solomons to Guam, a boy who grew up on the Oregon Trail in Nebraska and played football at Yale. (I've just returned the gun to his father.) The second rifle belongs to an ensign from the University of Colorado, a pianist, wrestler, biochemist, now laying mines off Japan. The third .22 belongs to a retired college professor, my uncle, grandson of a gunsmith who died in the Mexican War. My own old .22 is in the attic. I can trace it back through boyhood deals involving goats, pigeons, bantam gamecocks, and the books of G. A. Henty.

I've asked my contemporaries how many .22's were going around their boyhood neighborhoods. Denver answers run like this: "Four of us had rifles but we could usually dig up a couple more when we went out on our bicycles on Saturdays." A Philadelphia private told me: "We started with Daisy air rifles but shot a .22 in a basement at Forty-third and Pennsgrove and killed birds in Fairmont Park." Here's a Boston blister gunner on a B-29: "Our gang had two .22's. We shot out the windows in the barn back of the old people's home near Truro Avenue and Summer Street. My uncle used another .22 to kill pheasants in Forest Hill Cemetery. We'd make our car backfire while he was shooting." A much-decorated and badly wounded tail gunner from Atlanta, back from the South Pacific, told me: "We had a .22 but didn't

think much of it on the farm. A shotgun was better."

With few dissenting voices—and I've sampled boys from Seattle to El Paso to Bangor—I find young America and the .22 rifle inseparable. It's a gun and more: a boys' cult, a gallant myth, a practical reality. He started with an air rifle. He got his first .22 at about twelve over parental reservation or objection. He learned how to shoot it straight and tinker with it. It stood for peacetime adventure and make-believe. It provided a non-military gun sense on which military gun sense, when it had to come, could capitalize. He never dreamed of being a soldier; but the .22 gave him a head start over his future opponents in becoming one.

His rifle strapped to his Saturday bicycle, he saw even a dump across the tracks as uncharted wilderness. He was Daniel Boone or Buffalo Bill, even, alas, Al Capone or Dick Tracy. (My own gun often killed that dirty renegade Simon Girty, albeit my actual target was a cottonwood leaf in a sage arroyo. About that time I was reading "The Liberty Boys of '76," the dime-novel series.) However murderous his intent, killing was actually secondary to shooting. He told himself he was "going hunting" but he used up his ammunition firing at almost anything that stuck up out of place. For every rabbit ever killed by a .22 there have been a thousand casualties among tin cans, mail boxes, windmills, insulators on telegraph poles. He became a versatile marksman, playing at shooting from the hip as if his gun were a pistol, shooting from his bicycle as if it were William S. Hart's horse.

The kid with the .22 pops at the farmer's "Keep Out" sign for the same reason he throws a snowball at a cop. The gun stands for waywardness, insolence and, if you say vandalism, I'll add a word for that disrespect for authority that has something to do with democracy. I know a Colorado highway marker in Pike National Forest that says "A True Sportsman Does not Shoot at Road Signs." Who the hell says so? Bang! Bang! Bang! The dope who put it up asked for it, didn't he? I'm inclined to think he was a dope—some fatherly bureaucrat challenging Tom Sawyer. Can you imagine even putting up such a sign in the regimented Schwarzwald or on the road to Mount Fuji? It couldn't conceivably be needed and if it were it wouldn't be violated.

Young Buffalo Bill on his bicycle is always catching the devil from cops, game wardens, outraged citizens, and his own parents. He's a hit-and-run marksman. The gun is part of the game and I wouldn't wonder if this trait has become a bit puzzling to the Nazis and Japs. Their rifles were taught to them the army way. They stand for obedience and discipline—killing men the right way under right conditions, a rule for everything. If Sergeant York or Commando Kelly breaks the rules by some screwball strategy, the Old World resents it. It isn't fighting fair. Well, it isn't fair either to pop at a farmer's chicken roost and run like hell, but many a wild American started his guerrilla tactics at about that level.

Three Japanese boys used to come up to the mountains, each a different summer, to do chores for us. They couldn't keep their hands off these rifles. The .22 was a great novelty, but they showed not the slightest interest in target shooting. They had to kill something. They'd demonstrate the manual of arms they'd been taught in Japanese schools, but it was wasteful, immoral, to set up a pine cone and blaze away at it. If I gave them a box of shells for an afternoon's fun, they'd apologize if they couldn't show a dead bluejay or chipmunk for every shell fired. One asked me to take his picture with a dead rabbit to send to his family in Kobe. The rabbit was very dead. It

had been shot three times with a single-shot rifle and I speculated on which shots were post-mortem.

America's undisciplined boyhood experience with firearms enabled a quicker transformation into fighting men. Time and again this backlog of resourcefulness means the difference between outshooting and being outshot. This has always been true of Americans. These aptitudes may be obscured by the thorough training our soldiers now get in the Army, but, for a striking instance, look into the Spanish-American War—green recruits, hastily thrown together, wretchedly equipped and hardly trained at all. What happened? Of our fifteen thousand troops at Santiago, one-third were untrained volunteers and fully three regiments were officially described as "practically useless" because only black powder was available, "revealing their position at every discharge." Yet, as Henry Watterson pointed out, "the American marksmanship was surprising. The vigorous way in which our troops sprang to the deadly work was a tremendous lesson to other nations." Europe was astonished. Count von Goetzen, German investigator, supported the expert opinion of Captains Lee and Paget of the British army that "the United States troops have performed the impossible in warfare." Major Grandpré, French authority, declared that "some of the best-grounded theories of Europe were overturned by the achievement of the American soldiers," while the *Frankfurter Zeitung* stated that "United States troops before Santiago have surpassed all precedents." Santiago was the way of a boy with a rifle in a nation that hadn't forgotten the frontier; city boys, for a large part, who didn't know they remembered it. Europe was still trying to catch up with Braddock's defeat when Washington himself was astonished by formal use of guns by soldiers "in regular European order" as if they were marching "on a field day in England."

THE .22 rifle, which our Army has been using for training purposes since 1903, is a direct descendant of the long rifle that bequiddled Braddock. Military Europe could never see much sense in the

rifle, lagging a full century behind America, from 1730 to 1830, before giving it the slightest backhanded recognition. The war lords went from the fourteenth century straight through the Napoleonic wars with smooth-bore guns which, if they went off, could usually hit the broad side of a cathedral. As distinguished from the smooth-bore musket, the rifle has a grooved bore (German *riffeln*, to groove) spinning the projectile for greater accuracy. The rifle was invented in the early sixteenth century, but only the rich took it up as a hunting hobby. Colonial America had to take to the rifle; game was not everywhere abundant; accuracy counted. German and Swiss settlers were using the rifle in Pennsylvania by 1730 and, when gunning for food involved gunning for freedom, the long rifle of the American hunter played such havoc with the musket-firing British that the British had to hire Continental hunters (*Jäger*) to answer rifle with rifle. British muskets were burnished bright, American rifles dull and rusty. The British learned a valuable lesson. After the war they adopted, not American rifling, but American rust. Rip Van Winkle could have chortled in his sleep to know that the famous "Brown Bess" of the Napoleonic wars was to imitate the appearance of his rusty fowling piece. European armies stubbornly stuck to the random-shooting smooth-bore flintlock musket until 1830, when the *Chasseurs d'Orléans* (again the hunter) were armed with rifles for the invasion of Algiers. British tradition glorified the hired *Jäger* into the King's Royal Rifles and by 1800 one regiment was trying to pound balls into grooved barrels with heavy wooden mallets, but it all seemed a bit awkward; in fact a multitude of Americans had packed rifles to Oregon and California before the British army gave the rifle whole-hearted acceptance.

In passing may I remind you that this serene world of ours is entirely indebted to the holy Christian fathers for everything that makes firearms killworthy in the high art of mass murder. Credit the Chinese, if you like, with incendiary concoctions, but it was the Christian monk Roger Bacon who invented gunpowder. It was the Christian monk Bernard Schwarz

who first fired missiles through tubes. But what stumped both the clergy and the war lords was some way of setting off the explosion, rain or shine. For generations they tried to light the fire in the gun barrel the same way they'd light a fire in the fireplace—flint and steel, matches, everything but rubbing sticks together. Finally the Very Reverend Alexander John Forsyth of Britain, in 1807, patented the principle of concussion which led to the perfection of the percussion cap in Philadelphia in 1814. The Reverend Alexander Forsyth had to sulk in his rectory thirty years before the military masters of Europe would give him a hearing. Philadelphia, of course, always took preachers seriously.

EUROPE has nothing like our rifle tradition, nothing like our "going hunting" tradition. The Nazi youth movement took up guns with the joyous abandon of an American kid racing to a violin lesson on Saturday. *Stillgestanden! Achtung! Legt an! Feuer!* The target symbolized a Jew or an Englishman, no tin can, no jack rabbit, no "Keep Out" sign. Europe has no popular tradition of hunting because the masses lost it when the bow and arrow went out. Today the very word "hunting" specifically means riding to hounds—a fifty-million-dollar industry in England alone before the war. "Shooting" specifically means birds and shotguns, shooting boxes and all that sort of thing, restricted by convention of moor and manor to the affluent only. The British common boy might aspire to be a gamekeeper, he might yearn to gallop from Pickwell to Cold Overton, he might read about eight guns bagging 2,900 grouse in Lancashire, but it came about as close to him personally as the Frohnau Hunt to a boy in Berlin.

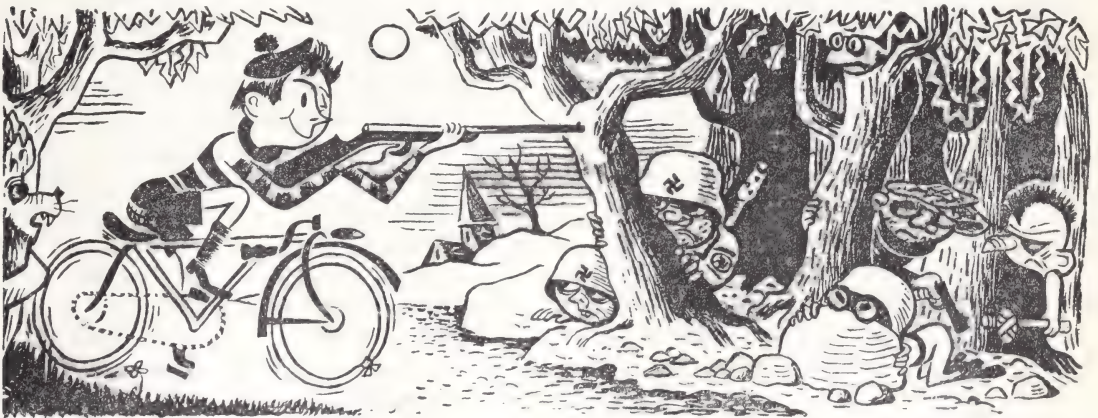
It remained for the American rifle to perpetuate the legends of popular marksmanship that perished with the longbow abroad. The blunderbuss killed William Tell; his ghost lingered in *Ivanhoe*—but the great marksmen of the masses, Egil, Eindridi, Hemingr, Geyti, William of Cloudesley, Clym of Clough, all had to be translated to America, reincarnate in Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Mike Fink, Billy the Kid and, imagina-

tively, in everything from Nick of the Woods to Dick Tracy of the Comics plus the endless cinema lore of the man and the gun. The Homeric spirit of Acastes, whose arrow shot the sun itself, hovered over all of us when we stared at those mystical pictures of the .22 in the Sears Roebuck catalogue, or clipped those precious coupons from the *Youth's Companion* to win that precious weapon. We hardly realize how much marksmanship creeps into our vernacular. We trust the "straight shooter," we suspect the "sharp shooter." Out where I live a free ticket to a show is not a "ducat" or a "comp"—it's an "Annie Oakley." Free tickets had holes punched in them; Annie shot holes through cards tossed into the air for the Buffalo Bill shows.

If the American boy today is expert with the rifle, he is also much closer to the frontier in many ways than his immediate forebears who devoted their lives to breaking with it. He's happiest when he's getting away from the town his grandfather sweated to move to. Prosperity and adversity restored many frontier traits. In good times the automobile gave access to the wilderness, the Scout movement and organized camp gave back more woodcraft than their regimentation destroyed, and there could be long summer treks by the wit of the thumb from coast to coast, sleeping in, sleeping out, camping, wayfaring. In the depression thousands hitch-hiked because they had to, wandered endlessly,

wangled food and shelter as resourcefully as anybody on the old trails, and many a city boy went back to the wilderness through the CCC camp. Emotionally the frontier was romanticized by movies, radio, and pulp fiction. If it was a spurious idealization, it began to have ironic ways of surpassing its own values. The papers spoke of a boy hollering "Hi-ho Silver!" on the beaches of Normandy. He wasn't selling breakfast food. The Masked Rider himself was killed in battle, as was Max Brand, creator of so many frontier tales so many boys were living up to.

A friend thought it strange, he told me, to read about our soldiers getting back to Australia or New Caledonia, after shooting it out for weeks on desperate islands, and—of all things—wanting to go hunting. It wasn't strange at all. There was something homesick and sentimental about it. Whatever the day was it was Saturday, whatever the gun was it was the old .22, and whatever the man had been through, he was that twelve-year-old boy again. Up here at our mountain cabin, in token of some of the things I've said, I'm saving a Carnation milk can with three holes drilled through it at fifty yards by the ensign who left it with me when he was packing up. When he comes back from laying mines in Japanese waters, we'll finish the can off and drink a toast to it with the best damned liquor we can buy in Park County, Colorado.



Drawn by Charles Martin

(Gerald Kersh joined the Coldstream Guards in 1940 and served in the Libyan campaign. "Mr. Pryde and Mr. Mann" is taken from a forthcoming novel to be called Faces in a Dusty Picture.)

MR. PRYDE AND MR. MANN

A Story

GERALD KERSH



MR. MANN stands outside the Hotel Bristol, gently ruminant, a man of books, mature yet virginal, heavy with the fruits of other men's experience; mildly astonished like an artificially inseminated cow. He looks up and down the large, long street, observing the hard white light and hard black shadows. Cairo, he feels, might be a gracious and pleasant place if it were not simmering like a pot with unrest. The people who are walking seem, to Mr. Mann, to be in a little too much of a hurry, while those who are standing still are not sufficiently relaxed. It is as if somebody had told them to stand at ease: they might be waiting for a warning roar and an ear-splitting bark, at which they must leap to attention and get ready to move to the right or to the left . . . or God help them.

A fat man, a prosperous Arab, raises his head, half cringing, to look at the sky as an airplane flies over; his fez slips. A man who is following him at the shafts of a handcart hastily loaded with valuables also looks up. From the back of the cart a piece of tapestry trails in the dust. Mr. Mann smiles a little, looks at his wrist watch, gazes left and right again. More airplanes pass. The street is too full of people. There are women with bundles: stained with the sweat and dust of strenu-

ous journeys they blink helplessly at the upper windows on both sides of the street. Where are they to go? Mr. Mann shakes his head. A Copt, fat and solemn, leads past a melancholy procession of women and children, all crying and talking and carrying bundles. The smallest child struggles under a cooking pot: he has put it over his head so that he walks in the dark, holding on to the garment of the little boy in front of him. Presently the little boy with the pot over his head wanders into the road and a car pulls up with a scream of brakes while a voice from the driver's seat screams abuse. Mr. Mann feels that he ought to do something about this, but before he can bring himself to the pitch of action a thin soldier with the kind of face one associates with a quick quarrel and a hasty blow reaches out a hand as brown and dry as a bundle of cinnamon sticks, hooks the boy with one forefinger, drags him back, smacks his bottom, and sends him on his way.

Mr. Mann, of the Royal Archers, who wears the two pips of a full lieutenant, pretends not to see. He smiles and waits. He is a gentleman who looks upon mankind as a cast in a super-spectacle, and sees each day as an installment in a vivid and enthralling serial story—a fragment of an immense Work in Progress. Mann is well informed: he is one of those keenly

observant, objectively interested men whom the whole world seems to pelt with interesting facts and figures—a lucky lotus-eater reclining under the Tree of Knowledge. Everything comes his way: as soon as a thing is ripe it drops into his mouth. People wonder why such a man has drifted into a common regiment of foot-sloggers, a roughhouse mob like the Archers, recruited from the hard, dour men of the Midlands—obstinate men, grim and joyless, hard to train, slow to trust a stranger, glum and suspicious of new faces. Mr. Mann might easily have got himself a safe, even an interesting job. He speaks four languages fluently, although he has never troubled to acquire any accuracy of accent; it is more important to Mann that he shall understand than that he shall be understood. Intelligence, for example, would have jumped at him. So would any of the Ministries. He could have wangled something, with his qualifications; it is whispered that he has a Science Degree and a B.A. There was no need for him to get tied up in the messy, dangerous, and uncomfortable side of the war; obviously he is an eccentric, for here he stands, idly watching the terrified refugees as they hurry out of the line of the German advance into Egypt.

His friend Mr. Pryde has always found Mann fascinating in his clear intelligence, but irritating in his imperturbability. He knows everything, good and bad, and cares about nothing. Pryde feels vaguely aggrieved at Mann's smiling acceptance of life and death. He ought to worry more, discard a little of his philosophy, grumble about something, express a hate. As for the men, they like Mann because he is sensible and courteous, but they have no great faith in him as a soldier—they can't quite see him with a revolver smoking in one muddy fist, waving his unoccupied arm and shouting: "Come on, boys, let's give the bastards hell!" He is what they call dead cushy; the great white hope of defaulters. If he punishes a man he does it perfunctorily, with a certain half-amused, half-apologetic half-smile that seems to say: *I don't give a damn whether you are late for parade or not; if it rested with me you could go and play housie-housie, and good luck to you.* Nothing ever seems to matter

much to Mr. Mann. His commanding officer has something like affection for him, but cannot help thinking that it would do no harm if Mann assumed, for the duration of the war at least, something of a military manner, and tried to look more like a fighting man and less like the kindly and affable gentleman of independent means that he is. Anyway, what the devil does the man want to come out here at all for, the CO wonders; the fellow has a Science Degree. . . . Why the hell doesn't he go and make poison gas, or liquid fire, or high explosive, as a good-natured and sweetly smiling gentleman of education should?

But Mann does not explain himself. More often than not, when somebody is speaking to him directly, he is only half listening—always half smiling—and thinking of some irrelevancy. The last time the Colonel spoke to Mann, for example, he almost burst out laughing as he remembered that the men had nicknamed the Colonel "Stinkpot"; the Colonel had glared at him from under sulphur-colored eyebrows and his mustache had thrust itself upwards and outwards—a ferocious blond mustache stained by cigarette smoke to the color of an old Malacca cane. "And what, exactly, is the joke, Mr. Mann?"—"I beg your pardon, sir, no joke at all. . . ."

The Colonel's nickname is "Stinkpot"; the Medical Officer, Probyn-Tweed, is called "the Plumber," or "the Vet"; the Regimental Sergeant Major is "the Black Bastard"; Mr. Pryde is "Little Putrid," or most frequently "Pute" for short; General Eagles is called "Tomtit"; Captain Tobin is called "Captain Toe-Rag"; and he, Mann, is known as "the Old Woman," or "Mother Mann." He manages to acquire such crumbs of knowledge, picking them up in his polished way as a boot picks up dust. A strange man, this, standing outside the Hotel Bristol and peering benevolently at a terrified and chaotic world while he beats a little tattoo with his stick on his calf and waits for Pryde.

PRYDE comes. Mann sees him hurrying across the street—a short, dark, compressed-looking man. Glancing at

his face, you first notice his eyebrows, which are furry and mobile as hairy black caterpillars butting head to head over a beaky nose. Although he is young there are lines on his face, especially on his forehead. He is a tense little man with an air of resolution, walking purposefully with a stiff back—not a soldier's back, but a deliberately stiffened back which he holds straight with a conscious effort. A passing soldier out of his company salutes Pryde, who returns the salute with the irritable gesture of a man dashing sweat out of his eyes and snaps off a couple of words that sound like "Good morning," but look like "Damn you." His voice, unlike that of Mann, which is gently hesitant, cracks like a whip—like a whip that is cracked by a man who is not quite certain of the technique of getting a crack out of a whip and who overexerts himself in the attempt.

"Aha, Mann!" he says.

"Hallo, Pryde," says Mann. "What do you say to a drink?"

"Here?"

"Here or anywhere you like."

So they go into the hotel, under a chastely lettered sign which says "BRISTOL BAR." As they walk downstairs Mann says: "We might as well have just one very last one." At this Pryde looks at him sharply; he does not like the sound of "very last," but he says nothing. Two exceedingly beautiful ladies pass them. Behind the ladies walks a venerable gentleman with a superb white beard parted in the middle and brushed sideways, a gentleman who seems to have as many years and honors as one man can possibly carry.

"Prybilov," says Mann.

"Who's he?"

"What? Haven't you heard of Prybilov? Ninety years old, worth a hundred million francs at least; made it out of perfume—Crépuscule de Prybilov and all that kind of thing—terrible muck, stinks most abominably, only he sold it in the most magnificent bottles of the most bizarre shapes you ever saw in your life. He looks like an ambassador or something, doesn't he? But the fact of the matter is that he used to be a chemist of some kind, an apothecary, you know, in

Moscow. Odd, don't you think? Amusing . . ."

"How the devil do you find out all these things?"

"It really is very odd," says Mann, tapping a cigarette on a little silver case—a gesture which causes Pryde to blink with annoyance—"very odd indeed how women—and men too for that matter—like to make themselves smell of something else. Dead violets, squashed roses, the sexual organs of musk deer, the anus of weaselly little civet cats, ambergris out of the guts of sperm whales—"

"Oh, all right, all right, Mann, all right!"

"So sorry; was I annoying you?"

"At a time like this, you start rambling about stuff like that!"

Mann smiles indulgently, and pats Pryde's shoulder.

"Why, Pryde, old fellow! What's the matter with you now?"

"Nothing at all's the matter with me. . . . I say, Mann, do be a good fellow and either light that damned cigarette or put it away! Tap-tap-tap; fiddle-fiddle-fiddle!"

Mann lights it. "You need a drink," he says.

"I'm sorry," says Pryde, ashamed.

"Ah, well," says Mann, "I was only going to say that it's improbable that you or I will see as many years or francs to our credit as Prybilov can count."

"Why drag that up?" Pryde's hand is unsteady; there are dark marks under his eyes.

AS THEY sit down Mann makes gestures. With his thin fingers he holds an imaginary tumbler, squirts an imaginary siphon, drops in imaginary ice. Then his smiling lips pucker at an imaginary straw. The barman, grinning, understands perfectly, and makes two gin fizzes, while Pryde drums with his fingers on his knees. The bar is full of officers. Men are shaking hands with an indefinable air of finality; their handshakes are longer and tighter than usual. The barman is doing well in tips. As Pryde, having gulped his drink, tries to catch his eye, a lanky subaltern throws down a banknote and says:

"There you are, George; buy yourself a gaudy necktie or something, to remember me by."

"Hope to be seeing you again shortly," says the barman, and adds with unctuous enjoyment, "My Lord."

"What's this, Teddy?" asks Mann.

"Since this morning," says the subaltern. "My name is now Hazlitt: no Christian name, just Hazlitt, fourth Baron, and last of my line. A Lord, you vulgar beasts; a Peer of the Realm. Shake hands. Feel that!" He holds out a big hand. "No common flesh and blood there, Manny boy. I wonder whether my blood's gone blue. We'll know soon enough—eh, Pryde?"

"I'm sorry your father—"

"You wouldn't be if you'd known him, Prydey boy. I'm not. So bear up and have a drink." His wink sends George the barman leaping like a galvanized frog at the bottles on the shelves. A big silvery cocktail shaker rattles and bounces; the barman juggles with it, throws it from hand to hand, twirls it like a drum major's baton. Cold white drinks trickle into glasses.

"Hah," sighs Pryde, emptying his glass at a gulp.

"Thirty thousand a year," says Hazlitt. "Thirty thousand pounds. Every year, thirty thousand pounds. And now, all of a sudden, I'm scared to death I'll get killed before I have a chance to lay hands on it. Or crippled, say. You couldn't get much fun out of even that much money if you only had one leg, or if—Christ!—if a stray splinter cut off your—"

"Stop it," says Pryde. "Is *everybody* going morbid today?"

"Ah," says Mann, with mock solemnity, "the conqueror's prize is dust and lost endeavor, and the beaten man remains a story forever . . ."

He orders another round of drinks; alcohol makes him very happy; he seems to want to dance.

"Dust and lost endeavor my foot," says Hazlitt. "Ah, Captain Probyn-Tweed! Have a drink, sir?"

"One only," says Captain Probyn-Tweed. The presence of this hard-faced medical officer chills Pryde, who sits still and looks at the floor; but Probyn-Tweed

eyes him closely and says: "Feeling better, Pryde?"

"Much, thank you," says Pryde, and blushes darkly.

"Didn't know you were ill," says Hazlitt.

"I'm not ill."

"Change of life," says Hazlitt. "Scotch?"

Probyn-Tweed nods absent-mindedly, and reaches out a square, pared, scoured hand for the glass. He is by no means a friendly man. One feels that too much competence has dehumanized him. His hand appears empty, like a cleared table, when it is not holding a scalpel or a thermometer; between his thumb and forefinger the glass of whisky looks like anything but a pleasant drink. A cautious sip, a suspicious taste, an inquisitive sniff, a contemplative pause, and then, in a jerk, the whisky is drunk and Probyn-Tweed is sucking the memory of it off his teeth.

"Getting ready, gentlemen?" he asks.

"Yes," says Mann, raising his glass.

"And for what we are about to receive, may the Lord give us good reason to be truly thankful."

"Morbid, Mr. Mann?"

"Not in the slightest," says Mann, with a laugh.

"Let's have one more for the ditch," says Pryde, shaking himself.

The doctor shakes his head. "Not for me. I've got to go." He moves away, mutters, "Don't overdo it," and strides out with a brusque grunt of farewell.

Mann says: "Ah, our friend the Plumber regards a drink as alcohol, to be taken in doses in order to produce a relaxing effect. Not as an aid to social intercourse, not as an avenue of escape, but as a medicine pure and simple. He doesn't see anything at all except in what he believes to be the light of cold reason."

"Well," says Pryde, "I wish I could do that. I always see things . . ."

He stops. All the life seems to go out of him. But Mann goes on:

"A man like the Plumber simply doesn't know the meaning of things like love, or hate, or fear. All men, to him, are parcels of meat and guts. Himself included, oh, yes, himself included." Mann picks up an olive, takes from his pocket and opens a small penknife, pensively cuts a neat slit in the olive, and removes the stone, which

he holds up and thoughtfully regards. "Well . . . he will see what plenty of us are made of quite soon now. Literally, what we are made of . . ." He cuts a slice off the olive and says: "Zip! One hair's-breadth stands between life and death, that is to say success or failure for Probyn-Tweed . . ."

"Yes," says Pryde, with something like a whimper, "that's all very well. But it's easy enough for him to cover up a slip. What about us? Our lives are in his hands."

Hazlitt has turned away to buy drinks for three or four strangers to whose faces he happens to have taken a fancy. Pryde says: "Let's go; this place is stifling."

They walk to the door.

"Mann!"

"Uh? Yes?"

"Mann," says Pryde, "listen. We've been friends quite a time. You're a clever fellow. You've read all the books in the world. There's a personal thing I want to tell you about, something terribly confidential, Mann, terribly important and confidential. You're a good fellow and I trust you, and I'd like to tell you."

But they are in the street now. The traffic is congested; the whole town seethes with a hideous unrest. Refugees are coming in and soldiers are going out. Mann says: "Of course, Pryde. But don't tell me anything private here. I think I know what you want to say."

"You don't; you can't possibly."

"I think I do, old fellow."

Pryde's face changes color twice in two seconds.

"You can't possibly know—nobody on God's earth knows."

Mann sighs, but the half-smile remains although his voice is sad as he says: "I think I have guessed. Let's wait until we are a little more private."

Nothing more is said.

WALKING again beside Mann in the late evening after mess, Pryde holds himself tense, and has an air of anguish and preoccupation mixed with shame—he reminds Mann of a shy youth who suffers hideous discomforts because he cannot bring himself to ask the way to the lavatory.

"Well, old fellow?" asks Mann.

"Well what?"

"I thought you wanted to tell me something?"

"I . . . it's nothing. I've changed my mind. It's nothing. There's nothing to tell you."

"As you please," says Mann, in his gentle voice.

Pryde says: "It's all very well for you to—" Then he stops, hesitates, and starts again: "Do you know what that confounded MO had the bloody impudence to insinuate yesterday?"

"No. What?"

"That I was malingering."

"Really?"

"You saw his attitude today?"

"Probyn-Tweed's always like that."

"Is he? I think not. I went to him as anybody might, with a bit of a sick stomach. And he as good as told me I was—"

"Oh, come, Pryde, come!"

"But why? Why?" asks Pryde, between his teeth. "Do I *look* as if I wanted to get out of anything? Do I?"

"Don't be an idiot, my dear fellow!"

"Answer my question, Mann."

"Well then, no, you don't. Quite the reverse."

"That's not true, Mann—you don't mean that. Everybody seems to think—"

"Pryde! Better get hold of yourself."

Pryde grits his teeth and says: "Well, the actual fact of the matter is—"

"Um-hm?"

"My nerves have been a bit upset, that's all. Nothing more than that."

"Why, naturally, Pryde, old fellow! Whose nerves aren't?"

"Well, then . . ." Pryde stops again, and this time he says nothing more until Mann speaks again.

A bugle sounds. "Was that all you had to tell me?" asks Mann.

"What else should there be?"

"Nothing else at all. Why should there be anything else? I don't know, Pryde. You told me you wanted to tell me something—"

"Yes, I know I did. And you said you knew, or guessed, or something. What did you mean by that, exactly, anyway?"

"What I said."

"You could guess what I had to tell you?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then that's that!" snaps Pryde. "You mean to say you can—" But he cannot go on: the words won't come out.

Mann has placed a light hand on Pryde's shoulder, and now he says, in a voice which has cooled and set: "Pryde. Go to bed and go to sleep."

"Sleep! Ha!"

"Yes, sleep. You'll sleep. Go to bed now, Pryde, and you'll sleep."

"What a fool I was to start this talk!"

"No, you weren't, Pryde. Now don't say any more. I understand what it's all about. I'll tell you one thing."

"What?"

With extreme deliberation Mann says: "It is not one quarter as bad as you think—this trouble of yours. I know that you're suffering hell. I know that you're going to go through a season in hell. But I give you my word of honor, Pryde, my word of honor that it'll come out well for you once and for all. My word of honor!"

As Mann's voice has become clear and firm, Pryde's voice has softened. He says: "I'm sorry to have been so damned discourteous, Mann. I snapped at you like a dog. Do forgive me. I'm sorry, and I beg your pardon."

"Bed now," says Mann.

"I'll go now. And, Mann—thank you."

"Silly fellow," says Mann. "God bless you. Good-night, old fellow."

"Good-night, Mann. . . . I say."

"Um?"

"I hope you get out of this mess alive."

"Thanks, Pryde, thanks. I shall. So will you."

"I don't much care if I don't," says Pryde. "Good-night." And he goes to his bed, preparing for another wretched night of taut wakefulness. *Can Mann know?* he asks himself, as he undresses. *Does my face tell everybody that I am a damned coward? Do I look as I feel—sick with fear?* He lays out cigarettes and matches. There can be no sleep for him now, no hope of sleep. He is certain that he must lie and listen to nothing, and torment himself with the conviction that when the moment comes for action he will be paralyzed—his heart will beat in his belly

and his throat will close tight while his nerves sag loose; although his reason will spit down at him in disgust his body will die one of the thousand deaths before the grave, and he will be shamed forever.

All night long he will ask himself: *Of what am I afraid? Death? . . . No! Pain? . . . No!* Pryde dreads these shadowy soliloquies; they end where they began, and start all over again: *Of what am I afraid?*

The answer is: Nothing. Simply that he is afraid: Fear is his Familiar—it is always with him, half a pace behind him, playing with him, clawing his hair on end. All his life, Pryde has been on the run, glancing back over his shoulder. And he knows that now Fear is running shoulder to shoulder with him—and that very soon Fear will glide ahead of him and at a certain moment turn and show him its blind, blank, stupefying face. . . . And then . . .

Yes: he is desperately afraid—of Fear.

Pryde gets into bed. Mann was right: within a minute or two he is fast asleep, with his neglected light still burning.

How much of a battle can a soldier witness? If a man is swimming for his life, how much of the ocean does he see? Half a dozen perilous yards in front of him, a few menacing feet to the right and the left of him, perhaps; while as for what lies behind him, he knows nothing and has no time to guess. He is straining every muscle and nerve in order to keep alive. If anger, or fear, or the excitement of combat have not crowded out all other emotions, he may occasionally feel a certain astonishment at not being dead. Mr. Mann has always believed that the peculiar dull silence of old, scarred warriors is not the silence of sick horror but the silence of vague emptiness—the half-shamefaced silence of men who cannot think of anything to say. A soldier can only speak of what he alone has done; and this may be told in a few seconds, because there is not very much for one man to do. When the moment comes, the fierce moment of bloody contact, every man is alone in his own red mist with his own desperate enemy. The beautifully co-ordinated army breaks up, for a little while,

into the atoms of which it is composed—into tiny, lonely life histories.

We attack the wadi.

Now, not even Mann stops to think that this wadi, this dried-up path of an evaporated river, is nothing but an almost invisible mark on a map enlarged to include the pimples and the blackheads between the shoulder-blades of the desert—that this attack is only one jabbing rally in a mighty battle; that the battle itself is nothing but one round in a fight to a finish; that the entire campaign is but an incident in the African War; that the African War in all its bloody magnitude is merely a skirmish in one dusty corner of a battlefield as vast as the earth.

He thinks of nothing but the space that separates him from the Enemy in the turbulent dust ahead.

Pryde grits his teeth and hopes to God that they may charge soon and get it over. Between his ribs his heart is drumming like the fingers of an anxious and impatient man.

From a great distance, half lost in the uproar, there comes a sound of shouting. And then the word comes.

Pryde rises into a crouching position and throws his hand forward in a great sweeping gesture. The Royal Archers throw themselves down into the wadi and charge, yelling, into the open.



AT LAST comes the twilight hour of the stretcher-bearers, the blind man's holiday that falls between the red dusk of the bayonets and the white night of the little knives.

At this hour nobody can think of anything or desire anything but sleep. A battle is not bad and a victory is very good; but men must rest before they can rejoice—they will talk about it tomorrow, after they have peeled some of the black velvet off their eyes. At present nothing matters but unbroken sleep. An untied bootlace is better than glory. If anybody prays now for Peace, what he really means is: *Please God, take off my socks.*

AMONG the walking casualties there is a tall, pale man dressed in the ragged remains of an officer's uniform. He is

unwounded except for a long S-shaped gash on the left-hand side of his face. He stands erect, but his head is bent so that his chin touches his chest. There is an odd expression on his face. A casual observer would say that he was angry: his forehead and eyebrows are drawn down so that there is an indentation like a letter W over the bridge of his nose, and his lips are pressed away into a line. But, if one looks closely at him, it is easy to see that he is not angry—only bewildered.

Somebody says to him: "Shook you up a bit, sir?"

The tall man shakes his head impatiently. "Just a minute," he says. "Hold on just a minute. Now . . . what's that again?"

"It shook you up a bit, didn't it, sir?"

"What do you mean, shook me up a bit?"

"No offense?"

"No, damn it all, of course there isn't. What do you mean? Why should there be any offense? I asked you a civil question. What was it you said?"

"I said no offense, sir."

"Was that what you said? I thought . . ."

People exchange glances.

A company sergeant major who is holding something wet and red over the place where the top of his left ear used to be says: "Not badly hurt, I hope, sir?"

"No . . . I don't think so. Why, what do you mean, badly hurt? And who are you anyway?"

The Sergeant Major raises his eyebrows, winces, and says: "Cox, sir. Cox, Arthur George."

"How do you do? I don't think we've met before . . . ?"

Cox grins uneasily. His quick little eyes glance up and down. "Sorry, sir," he says.

"Sorry? Sorry? Who's sorry? What for? What the devil's the matter with you? . . . And who are you anyway?"

"Cox, sir, Sergeant Major of B Company."

"B Company? Company? Did I work for a company? Were you a director? I'm sorry," says the tall man in a strained and unnatural voice, "I really am very sorry, but I seem to have gone . . . a little . . ."

Sergeant Major Cox murmurs: "You know who you are, don't you, sir?"

"Of course I do," says the tall man.

"Do you, sir?" asks Cox, sorrowfully.

"How the devil should I know?" asks the tall man. "Do I *what*?"

"Do you know who you are?"

The tall man shakes his head.

Cox says: "You're Lieutenant the Lord Hazlitt, sir."

"I am?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've never heard of him."

"Then who are you, sir, if you're not?"

"I don't know. I don't know what you're talking about. . . ."

An orderly asks a staff sergeant: "Staff—will he get his memory back?"

"He might, or he might not."

"He's the one that just come into about ten million pounds, isn't he?"

"Why?"

"Wouldn't it be horrible to forget a thing like that?"

The Staff Sergeant says: "My God!"

MANN has been stabbed in the abdomen, and is in atrocious pain. He has heard that men with belly wounds dig their own graves before they die, because they writhe so hard; he understands now that this may be true. He clenches his teeth and shuts his eyes, swimming on waves of nausea, and feels that every vibration of the air must tear him asunder. Is he dying? He is shivering with cold. Swallowing a groan, he tries to lie still. Stillness, stillness—in stillness lies the secret of survival and of healing. What is the name of the good Surgeon who cures horrible wounds by keeping men still? Trueta? Is it Trueta who puts men into plaster and immobilizes them while Nature crochets, darns, splices, and replenishes burned and blasted tissues? *Still, still!* Let God's steady hand work unhampered!

Some little movement somewhere feels like a thrust with a barbed trident. He rolls his eyes back, and seems to see the inside of his skull as a dome full of mist behind which little weak lights glimmer in opalescent halos like lamps in a deserted station in an autumnal evening . . . and then comes a huge and fearsome darkness that heaves like the Midnight Sea upon

which Fate, in the fairy story, wearily rows his heavy boat forever. . . .

Then he feels, rather than sees, a brightness, opens his eyes and groans. Probyn-Tweed, ash-gray with fatigue, is looking down at him.

Mann whispers: "Is it bad?"

"There are worse," says Probyn-Tweed.

"Will I live?"

"You'll live."

The world is swimming away. Mann, light-headed, asks: "Do you love mankind?"

"No," says Probyn-Tweed, "I do my job."

"Thanks." Mann sleeps.

Ten minutes later Probyn-Tweed says: "Let's have the next one."

WEARY as he is, Mr. Pryde cannot rest. He is drugged with delight as with cocaine—he has sniffed ecstasy and floated up beyond himself. Pryde feels that he is born again, cleansed of fear. Looking at his dirty face in a steel shaving mirror of the kind that is supposed to serve as armor against shrapnel wounds, Pryde knows the joy of an impoverished collector who has crept into a lumber room to die and discovered an Old Master among the rubbish. At such moments as this a man forgives all his enemies—even himself. "Fear?" says Pryde aloud, and laughs. He is happy; he wants to be kind and helpful to all the world. Putting the mirror back in his pocket, he looks about him for somebody, anybody, to whom he may say a cheerful and friendly word. He speaks to the first man he sees:

"What's your name?"

"Roast, sir."

"Roast. Well, Roast? Are you all right?"

"Yes, thank you, sir. You all right, sir?"

"Oh, fine, fine! Have a cigarette? Here—take the packet. Hadn't you better get that hand tied up?"

"Hand?" Roast looks at his hand; the skin over all the knuckles is split. "That's nothing, sir. I took a tumble."

"Well, look after yourself."

"Yes, sir. Sir . . ."

"Yes, Roast?"

"Will we get letters soon?"

"I daresay we shall. Why?"

"I'm worried about Mrs. Roast, sir—we were expecting a kid."

"Good man! Oh . . . I'm quite sure there'll be no delay. And I'm quite sure that everything is going to be all right."

"Thank you, sir."

NIGHT comes. An enormous quiet has fallen upon the desert. Under the stars men labor at the broken shells of ruined tanks, while grain by grain the sand rolls down quietly obliterating their tracks, and a few last white ribbons of smoke creep out of the battered iron giants in the dust.

Face

ONE August afternoon in Kaifeng I arrived at the railroad station at ten minutes to six to take the six o'clock train to Chengchow, forty miles distant, only to find that the ticket window was closed.

"*Wai*, open up, you! Sell me a ticket to Chengchow."

The only response was the unmistakable sound of a lively gambling game in progress within.

"*Wai*," I shouted, and banged again, and waited. No answer. I shook the wicket.

"Better get on the train. It leaves at once. No time to sell tickets." This was shouted through the wooden barrier by one of the clerks, who was obviously engaged with business wholly unrelated to railroading.

Fearing lest I really miss my train—which was standing in the station—I hurried out on the platform, climbed aboard, and found my way to a seat in a rather sparsely filled third-class car. A slight little man in a stiffly laundered white linen garment generously offered to share his seat. I accepted, but neither he nor I felt it necessary to make conversation past the point of bare amenity.

I was determined, partly out of mischief and partly out of annoyance, to have it out with the ticket collector on the train, knowing that the fare to Chengchow was eighty cents if one bought a ticket in the station, but a dollar if one paid cash on the train. He was certain to try to collect the larger sum, which, I always had suspected, was one of the perquisites of his office. I had not long to wait for my opportunity to discomfit the railroad. Convoys fore and aft by half a dozen armed guards, the conductor presently appeared and stopped at my seat. The train was making a deafening clatter. Every window and door of the third-class car was open to the swirling yellow dust of the roadbed, and the noise of the springless trucks and wooden coaches reduced conversation to monosyllabic shouts.

I handed the conductor four twenty-cent pieces and, smiling pleasantly, yelled, "Chengchow!"

"Chengchow, one dollar!" he shouted, declining the money.

"Eighty cents," I countered.

"Only," he rebutted, "when ticket is bought; silver money on train, one dollar."

"But I tried to buy a ticket, and the rascal of a ticket agent was *ma pie*. Do you propose to penalize me twenty cents for something that was your railroad employee's fault? What sort of way to treat the guests of your honorable business!"

The conversation attracted the attention of nearby travelers, who got up and crowded close. I seemed to have stated my case well, for the

listeners approved by saying, "The foreigner talks reason."

But the ticket collector, nothing daunted, smiled and returned, "Quite; there is no justice in treating a guest of our contemptible railroad thus. I am chagrined and apologize. But," and his voice grew almost raucous, "if I turn in any cash at all for your fare, it must be one dollar, nothing less. Do you think *I* should be penalized because you have not paid according to the rules? Must *I* make up the deficit? What justice is there in that?"

The audience was by this time highly entertained. The foreign passenger was right; but so was the conductor! Again the forum registered its vote. "Good; the railroad boss talks reason too."

As the argument continued, all interest in the fares of other clients farther down the car was for the moment suspended. Here was a test of wit and stubbornness. By my attitude I was risking my face, and inferentially the face of all Americans, if not, indeed, of all foreigners. The official was also risking his face, and by implication the face of the railroad and perhaps of all railroads. If I backed down from my lofty and plausible perch, I would lose face before the crowd that had applauded the logic and justice of my case and my determination not to yield. The same fate awaited any compromise which my adversary, in a mood of conciliation, might accept.

What to do? The crowd was talking it over, and obviously without partisanship. For each of us was right, and being right, neither should yield. The train lumbered along; clouds of dust billowed in through the windows.

The little man at my side had shown no more than a genteel interest in the encounter and had said nothing. Finally, as if quite detached from the matter under dispute, he turned toward me and said:

"You are Mr. Poo who lives on Drum Tower Street. Right?"

"Yes," I answered. "I am desolated that I cannot identify you. Asking your pardon, may I inquire your honorable name?"

"I have the clock shop around the corner from you on Big Horse Street. Many times I have seen you pass our door."

I responded casually that I would feel honored to stop in some day for a cup of tea and a look at his wares, and was of course assured by him that while the burden of so great an honor would be grievously borne by his feeble shoulders, nevertheless I would be grandly welcomed. It would be delightful to sip tea together. Clocks, yes; he had lots of them, all makes from all over the world.

Presently, without apparent reason, he leaned his head toward me, covered his mouth with his fan, and asked, "By the way, Mr. Poo, have you twenty cents you would be willing to lend me for a few days?"

"Of course; and with great pleasure," said I, fishing a coin out of my pocket and slipping it into his hand.

"Thank you," he said; and, straightening up, he reached around me and, while I was apparently oblivious of what was taking place, put the coin into the waiting hand of the ticket collector.

The crowd responded spontaneously, "*Hao, hao*, very good; everybody right, everybody has good face!" And the rumbling train swallowed their laughter as they immediately dispersed to their seats.

I remember subsequently visiting the clock shop on Big Horse Street, but nothing was ever said about the twenty-cent loan. That is the sort of thing no gentleman would think of mentioning. We drank tea and talked about clocks. — Edwin McNeill Poteat.

{ *Gove Hambidge is Co-ordinator of the*
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of the Department of Agriculture. }

THE NEW INSECT-KILLERS

GOVE HAMBIDGE



WE HUMAN beings are only fairly good at killing. At intervals a few million men wipe out another few million in recurring wars. But we lack persistence; only now and then, with a good deal of effort, can we work ourselves into the killing mood. Moreover, our methods are relatively crude and expensive.

It is doubtful whether we can ever catch up with the bugs in the killing business. The louse, for example, operates with a casual efficiency which makes Lublin or the robot bomb seem ridiculously awkward. In his everyday browsing for food, he simply picks up the germs of epidemic typhus from one victim and deposits them in the next man he visits. The result is fever, a terrible headache, a rash—and death. Death on a really large scale: 150,000 people wiped out in a single year in such a tiny area as Serbia.

So with the *Anopheles* mosquito, dribbling malaria parasites into the bloodstream; the *Aedes* mosquito, spreading the virus of yellow fever; the *Culex* mosquito, carrying the minute worms which cause filariasis, the tropical disease dreaded more than Jap bullets by our soldiers; the fly, which can handily stow among its body hairs up to six million bacteria of dysentery, typhoid, cholera, and gangrene; the flea, transmitting bubonic plague and endemic typhus; the ticks, carrying spotted fever, tularemia, and re-

lapsing fever; and the mites, carrying scrub typhus. And the war of insects never has an armistice. Its casualties—the dead, crippled, and enfeebled—are numbered by the millions, not once every two or three decades, but every year.

To this must be added an incalculable toll of damage to property. Day and night the bugs are nibbling away at rugs, houses, fruit, cattle, grains—almost everything man needs or uses, barring the metals (though even lead cables are attacked by one kind of beetle). Their devastation is less spectacular but unquestionably greater than the damage men do in war.

Moreover, the bugs aggravate the evils of man's own wars. Hans Zinsser once wrote that "Typhus, with its brothers and sisters—plague, cholera, typhoid, dysentery—has decided more campaigns than Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon, and all the inspector generals in history." So war intensifies research in methods of combating insects.

During this war the results of such research have been extraordinary. Ways have been found to bring wholesale death to the louse, the filth fly, the flea, the bed-bug, and the mosquito—perhaps to exterminate them altogether, if we go at the job vigorously enough. (On at least one bug-ridden island, our Navy *did* exterminate virtually all insect life in a few hours.) Consequently, one by-product

of this war may be a tremendous saving of life and property in years to come. And millions of people (not to mention dogs) will not need to scratch so much as they have these hundreds of years past. A boon not to be taken lightly; for a sufficiently unwashed citizen may pasture more than 10,000 lice at one time—and this, as one cautious entomologist put it, tends to induce “an irritable and pessimistic state of mind.”

INSECTS that attack human beings can be counterattacked in three ways. The best way is to kill them before they strike. If this is not possible, the next best is to keep them away. Finally, if they do get through to bite or sting, it is a good thing to have a remedy handy.

Concerning the second method, it may be noted that repellents have been developed which are far more effective against more kinds of insects than anything ever used before. They will not be available for civilians until after the war. Nor, for that matter, will the new bug-killers—the really revolutionary weapons in our long war against the insects.

II

MOST spectacular of these weapons, of course, is DDT—dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane, or more accurately, 2,2 bis-(parachloro-phenyl) 1,1,1-trichloroethane—which really isn't new at all. This practically colorless, odorless crystalline substance was first synthesized by a German chemistry student named Zeidler back in 1874. Later the formula became the property of a Swiss dye firm with a subsidiary in the United States. Nothing much was done with it until the late 1930's, when the Swiss firm tested it for mothproofing. In 1940 it was patented in Switzerland as a moth-killer; and by that time it was also known to kill flies and plant lice.

When entomologists in the United States got hold of it in 1942 and began detailed tests, they soon realized that they had the most remarkable bug-killer ever discovered. They are now beginning to worry lest it may be a little *too* effective for comfort. For it is capable of blotting out insect life so completely throughout

large areas that it may upset the whole balance of nature.

The most dramatic—and perhaps frightening—demonstration of DDT's lethal power was staged on Saipan. Swarms of flies, mosquitoes, and other insects there were waiting to cause suffering and illness among our invading troops from the time they hit the beaches. The Navy's remedy was simple and drastic. Low-flying planes sprayed DDT over the island from end to end. The result was almost complete extermination of all the bugs. This was a godsend for the fighting men, of course. But what will happen to farmers after such a thorough operation, when there are no insects to carry the pollen for their crops? Conceivably, if DDT were widely enough used, the pollinating insects might be so reduced in numbers that many fruits and vegetables would become rarities.

Another large-scale experiment was conducted in Pennsylvania, where a considerable area of forest was sprayed with DDT. It killed the pests which destroy the timber, all right. It killed virtually all other insects as well. What will happen to the birds and fish and small animals in such an area which normally feed on insects? And to the other creatures which in turn feed on the insect-eaters? Will the whole population be starved out, driven to new hunting grounds? And if so, what will happen then?

We don't know. We do know that when we tamper indiscriminately with the balance of nature, the results are sometimes disastrous—witness the dust bowl, the floods, the erosion caused by careless farming and lumbering operations. DDT has a frightening power to upset this balance. Nature will always strike a new balance, of course; but will this be as much in our favor as the old one? The entomologists plan to make a thoroughgoing investigation to find out. Meanwhile, they do not view DDT as an unmixed blessing, and they will not go off the deep end in recommending its use in agriculture until they know a lot more about it.

IN ADDITION, the U. S. Food and Drug Administration is working hard to find out just how poisonous DDT may be to human beings. We already know that

it is so powerful that a little goes a long way against bugs—a solution containing one-tenth of one per cent is effective in some cases—and that this potency lasts a long time. Because DDT will not dissolve in water (though it will in most organic solvents, such as alcohol and kerosene) it is hard to wash away; and it does not evaporate readily.

This means that when it is sprayed on a wall indoors it will kill any fly that lights on that wall for as long as three months afterward. On an outdoor wall exposed to the weather, it will be effective for as many weeks. A blanket treated with DDT can be laundered five or six times or dry-cleaned three times, and still remain toxic to moths. A treated mattress will be deadly to bedbugs for nine months or more. No other insecticide has this staying power. The effectiveness of the pyrethrum used in ordinary household sprays, for example, lasts only a couple of days.

This long-term deadliness which makes DDT so useful also raises many problems whenever it is used in connection with food. Arsenic spray, for example, can be washed off an apple without much trouble; but DDT may prove much tougher to handle. Some poisonous insecticides can be absorbed by the human stomach in very small amounts without harm. So far, however, nobody knows for sure how much DDT a human being (or a cow) can tolerate, or whether small and apparently harmless doses may not do serious damage if they are inadvertently absorbed over a long period of time.

ALL this simply means that there are limitations on the use of DDT which have not yet been accurately defined. It would be a mistake, moreover, to assume that it can serve as a universal insecticide. Certain hardy bugs—such as the Mexican bean beetle, the cotton boll weevil, the red spider, cotton aphids, and the cattle grub—are apparently immune. Against others, including grasshoppers, stinkbugs, thrips, and various leafhoppers, it is only moderately effective.

Even so, it is wonderful stuff. If it were never used in agriculture at all, if it were confined entirely to exterminating

lice and mosquitoes and other disease-carriers and disturbers of the peace, it would still be wonderful stuff. When the Army ran into a typhus epidemic in Naples, it suppressed it in a few weeks by delousing thirty thousand people a day with DDT. Today every soldier in our Army anywhere in the world gets a two-ounce can of DDT powder. He need only sprinkle a little on his underwear to kill every louse that touches the fabric until it is washed again. Thanks to DDT and a new vaccine, typhus no longer is a menace to our soldiers. This is one of the reasons why Brigadier General Simmons of the Army's Preventive Medicine Service ranks it even higher than penicillin as a life-saving medical discovery.

III

FORTUNATELY, just before DDT was brought to this country, the entomologists had perfected the aerosol method of applying insecticides—a method which increases the usefulness of DDT and similar weapons manifold. An aerosol is a fine mist or fog, about like your breath on a frosty morning. The individual droplets in the fog are so small that they float in still air for nearly an hour and cover a surface completely, with no bare spots between drops such as you get when using an ordinary spray.

The main device now used to produce aerosols is the aerosol "bomb," a small, sturdy metal cylinder five by three inches in size, with a nozzle at one end which can be opened by a trigger or thumbscrew. The cylinder is loaded with a mixture of insecticide and liquid Freon 12, a chemical that becomes a rapidly expanding gas at ordinary room temperatures. When the nozzle is opened by a flick of the thumb, the gas pressure inside the cylinder forces the mixture through the small aperture in the form of a mist. In eight seconds enough spurts out to fill a large room and cover every exposed surface in it.

Several million aerosol bombs are being used by the armed forces to spray tents, barrack rooms, mess halls, kitchens, and other closed places. They are also used to spray the cabins of airplanes arriving from certain bug-infested areas—a matter of

great importance, since the worldwide growth of air transport might otherwise spread dangerous pests with great rapidity.

If the small containers with their pressure gas can be produced inexpensively enough after the war, they will find extensive use in homes and in such farm buildings as barns, milk sheds, and greenhouses, because of their effectiveness and simplicity of operation. Whether they can be used for crops outdoors is another matter. The finely divided fog makes for an economical use of insecticide in a closed space, but it increases dispersal by moving air; and at best the pressure gas will not be cheap.

However, it is not necessary to use pressure to create an aerosol; it can also be created by heat, as smoke or steam. Smoke screens are widely used in modern warfare; citrus growers have long used smudge pots to protect their orchards from frost; and quite possibly the same principle might be used to spread insecticides. The entomologists are now carrying on experiments that look promising.

Almost certainly we shall see airplanes, possibly including helicopters, used extensively after the war for spreading aerosols of the pressure or the smoke type or both. (Airplanes have of course been used for some time for dusting large acreages of cotton, but not for spraying.) This opens up some of the most exciting of the new possibilities for insect control. An airplane can whisk back and forth over a huge acreage in a few minutes. It can reach places, such as swamps and rugged forest terrain, that are practically inaccessible to men lugging cumbersome and costly ground equipment. In some cases, work that would take several men several weeks of hard labor could be done by one pilot in a few hours. The aerosol, with its unusual spread and penetration, would cover every surface in the sprayed area; and if the insecticide were DDT, the job would probably need to be done only at fairly long intervals.

It is easy to let the imagination go on and vision the complete eradication of some of the most dangerous and destructive insect enemies over vast areas. Possibly that is just what will happen, though it has already been pointed out that

there are potential dangers which must be explored first. Even if it is found that there are strict limitations to the use of DDT in this way, however, the airplane and the aerosol in combination will make it possible to use other insecticides on a larger scale than ever before.

IV

THIS account does not tell the whole story of the advances made by the bug-fighters during the war. Some are still secret; others are of interest mostly to growers of certain crops or victims of special pests. Three of these developments, however, are worth noting here.

Killing body lice and their eggs in large masses of clothing has always been an awkward military problem. In the last war, the clothing of troops was steam-sterilized in delousing centers—a cumbersome process that incidentally ruined the appearance and fit of uniforms.

So one of the first things the entomologists did, even before the development of DDT, was to start testing fumigants. They found what they wanted in methyl bromide, a colorless chemical that boils or turns to vapor at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit. The vapor quickly penetrates large masses of clothes, killing all lice and their eggs within half an hour. It can be used in the field in a portable vault which travels on a trailer and holds a considerable number of barracks bags. Or the individual soldier can stuff his lousy duds in a specially designed gas-proof bag, put in a glass ampoule of methyl bromide, close the bag, and break the ampoule by stepping on it. When the fumigated clothing has been shaken out and aired, it can be worn immediately.

Another wartime discovery is the fact that certain substances which are not themselves deadly to insects will greatly increase the killing power of the traditional insecticides. An example is sesame oil mixed with pyrethrum; in aerosols this is several times more deadly than pyrethrum alone. Why, no one yet knows.

And in quite a different field, plant breeders and entomologists working together have been making real progress in developing insect-resistant plants, a goal

which was in the realm of speculation only a few years ago. Two varieties of wheat which resist the destructive Hessian fly already have been released to farmers, and others are on the way. Moreover, there are prospects for new kinds of corn resistant to the ear-worm and corn-borer, sugar cane resistant to the cane-borer, alfalfa which can fend off the pea aphid, and sorghum which defies the chinch bug.

Responsibility for most of the victories in our war against the insects rests with a handful of scientists in the United States Department of Agriculture and in the experiment stations of the states. Because control of insects is so overwhelmingly important in modern farming, most

peacetime research in entomology had centered in these organizations, and it was natural that the Army and Navy should turn to them for help with the military bug problems. Dove, Knipling, Travis, Bushland, Lindquist, Deonier, Goodhue, Sullivan, Latta, Richardson—these men deserve special credit, but many others in the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine worked with them. And other agencies vitally concerned did their share, including the Surgeon General's Office of the Army, the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, other branches of the armed services, the U. S. Public Health Service, and the Office of Scientific Research and Development.

PSYCHIATRIC CASE

JAMES STEEL SMITH

CRIES with no sound
 before the psychiatrist and his G.I. assistant;
 fingers a rosary of air
 and in the other hand grips unwritten letters to friends untouchable and distant;
 sways without hope, squints at gritbleared pane
 into sunlight on tarpapered barracks and platoons drilling;
 turns and faces questioners as would the blind,
 and does not let these two so brave and sane
 past the sunglare on the eyes of his running mind;

cries unlike babies or girls for lovers
 or men dying angrily or weeping for those dying;
 instead cries shyly and selfishly and wearily, as under covers,
 like a child who knows his strongeyed parents are lying.

{ *This month we present the second of two articles
based on material collected for Mr. Adams'
forthcoming biography of Alexander Woollcott.* }

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, TOWN CRIER

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS



BY THE early nineteen-thirties Alexander Woollcott's literary wares were becoming shopworn. Ever since he had abandoned the daily chore of dramatic criticism and turned to free-lance writing and lecturing, he had been ringing interminable changes upon his stock subjects: his friends, his dogs, his mysteries, his favorite murders, his war experiences. He had done it with inimitable art and wit, with infinite adroitness. He had done it with such astonishing popular success that by the summer of 1929 he had put aside one hundred thousand dollars, and even after he lost this in the Wall Street crash he had been able to raise his prices and increase his income. But he had rung the changes too often. Editors were becoming restive.

A *Cosmopolitan* scout was sent to sound out Woollcott about doing a series of articles for the magazine, and returned with a favorable report.

"Do you think he's got the subjects?" asked the editor.

"Why not?" the scout replied. "His memory is unimpaired."

The author, himself, was becoming worried. He badly needed a new medium.

The radio saved him. Here he could use the familiar material all over again for the entertainment of a new and untouched audience. There would be no blue pencil to interpose impertinent marginal queries about his thrice-told tales of Irving

Berlin, Katharine Cornell, the Marx family, Father Duffy, Noel Coward, Vermont, George Kaufman, the Lunts, the Borden murder, the Verdun dog, and all the pleasing phantasmagoria of an absorbent and retentive memory.

WOOLLCOTT made his debut on the air in September, 1929, with the Mutual Broadcasting System, under the sponsorship of the Colonial Radio Company—and had a bad attack of mike fright. He approached the test with apparent composure, but the blank, unresponsive aspect of the implement which carried his words to an unseen and therefore terrifying audience unnerved him. Roger Bower, in charge of the program, tried to steady him, but he became wheezy and breathy. His sibilants hissed spitefully. His tongue clacked. He lost his sense of timing. His words, as he painfully read, were being distorted by that mysterious and malevolent little contraption into something quite alien to himself. He staggered to the finish in a cold sweat. All Director Bower's tact was required to persuade him that he was not so bad as he believed himself and would be better at the next trial.

At the neophyte's request, a new form of microphone was constructed, the tube coming up from under so that he could read over it. This was better, though it furnished no indication of the phenomenal

success he was to achieve through patient experimentation and conscientious work.

By the end of the thirteen-week contract, he had built up a small following. After this he graduated to the sponsorship of the Gruen Watch Company and made an inconspicuous success of his critiques as the Early Bookworm, while hoping always for a broader field. His chance came when William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, heard him and decided that, while he would never win the wide popularity accorded to a crooner or a professional funny man, there was an individuality in his matter and manner that gave it potential "quality value." Columbia took over Woollcott from Mutual and put him on a sustaining program, where he remained more than a year before he got his big chance.

The Chicago automobile show was putting on a gala Christmas performance, a two-and-three-quarter-hour feature with a popular orchestra, five bands, Heywood Broun, and other attractions. A master of ceremonies was wanted. Columbia suggested Alexander Woollcott at a price which was promptly accepted.

When Woollcott learned that he had been sold without previous notice, he gave his famous impersonation of a wounded jaguar. Was he a slave? Did the contract contain any clause permitting the company to make him the mouthpiece of, for example, a house of ill fame? What the hell did they take him for? Who the hell did they think they were?

Everybody from President Paley down tried to pacify him. He would have none of it. He announced that all negotiations were off. And he was won over only by the reluctant intermediation of Miss Ann Honeycutt of the CBS staff, who arrived at his apartment bearing two dozen roses—which she had impulsively bought on the way there—and wearing an air of such abject misery that Woollcott's sentimental heart was melted. Whereupon he produced for the automobile show a script so effective that after the broadcast Columbia sold Woollcott, this time with no protest from him, to Cream of Wheat, for three broadcasts per week at five hundred dollars per broadcast.

II

WOOLLCOTT set about devoting himself to his new occupation with the fervor and assiduity which a violin virtuoso accords to his scales. When one of his earlier efforts was recorded and played back to him by the studio, he distressfully declared, "I never heard such a disgusting old croak in my life," and arranged for a series of lessons in voice production.

A definite asset which he possessed was the device of the Town Crier with his bell. Paul Davis, an advertising man, had thought this up and sold it to him. That introductory *ding-ding-dong!* "Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!" was to become a distinctive slogan of the air waves.

Woollcott now marshaled the veteran legions of his pen to deploy across the air spaces as they had so often marched across the printed page, Verdun Belle, the canine camp-follower of the World War, in the van. Upon hearing that much-touted dog's virtues celebrated anew, ex-Private Winterich, who had first encountered her on the copy desk of the *Stars and Stripes* more than a decade before, relieved his feelings in *Squads Write*:

Ever since the late spring of 1918 Verdun Belle has been supporting Alexander Woollcott. Her story has become a byword and a barking. I have heard it in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps . . . it has appeared in print (under various titles but always over the signature of Alexander Woollcott) in virtually every American periodical except the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Harvard Alumni Weekly*.

The Crier became a stylist, perhaps the first stylist of the art of radio locution. His quietly introductory "This is Woollcott speaking" was an exudation of friendliness. He produced the effect of laying his hand on your shoulder and addressing you like an old and confidential comrade. His fan mail was vast, intimate, often emotional. He could command both laughter and tears. When he appealed for a charity, "you can make a dollar twitch in my pocket," Otto H. Kahn once told him. No broadcaster excelled him in naturalness, aplomb, and apparent ease, though his blood pressure habitually mounted twenty points while he was broadcasting.

His pulling power was beyond question. When he sent out an appeal for

cast-off spectacle rims, thirty-seven hundred crowded the mails. In the course of a broadcast he described a book of Gibson drawings that lay on the embroidery-covered table beneath the lamp in the cottage in which he was brought up, and said that though he had advertised widely for a copy he had never been able to get one. That night when he got home one of the desired volumes was awaiting him; the morning mail brought promises of seven others.

Popular in the broadest sense he never was: his highest Crossley rating was 6.5 as against a top of 43 for a highly touted comedian. This is, however, an inconclusive basis of estimate. "Many factors enter into evaluating Crossley ratings," Earle McGill, his CBS director, points out in reference to Woollcott's status as a broadcaster. "A single individual with no large orchestra, spotted in the early part of the evening without any of the window-dressing of a big comedy program, might be well off with a 6.5 rating."

THE Town Crier had come to the Columbia studios with a solid reputation for ferocity. But the CBS officials were agreeably disappointed. They found him scrupulously faithful to whatever task he set for himself, amenable to suggestion and correction, and—a prime radio virtue—accurate in timing. He thought nothing of telephoning to San Francisco or Seattle, or cabling to London, all at his own expense, to pick up some amusing anecdote or quotation. And although he had his little fads, few of them were unreasonable. After a few trials he would have no announcer but Paul Douglas. Without an audience he could not, he thought, do himself justice; so for each performance he would gather around him a friendly court including such people as the Lunts, Noel Coward, Gertrude Lawrence, Ruth Gordon, Dr. Gustav Eckstein when he was in town, Harpo Marx, Ethel Barrymore, Eleanora von Mendelssohn, Paul and Mrs. Robeson, Neysa McMein, Helen Hayes, the Paul Bonners, the Gerald Murphys, and the Theodore Roosevelts.

A stiff test of his amiability came when the Red Cross asked him to put on an all-star radio show for its drive. He threw

himself into the work with the unselfish fervor which he characteristically devoted to any cause that enlisted his sympathies. Ethel Barrymore was drafted from Chicago, Orson Welles from Hollywood; the Chicago Symphony was to play; there was a soloist from the Metropolitan Opera and the Negro choir from *Porgy and Bess*; it was to be a super-production.

On the morning of the broadcast, the Town Crier sent for S. James Andrews, in charge of the program. "My boy," said Aleck in his most amiable manner, "the way this show lines up, it doesn't look quite right. It needs a last word—just a word—from me to round it out. I've sat up most of the night preparing it."

The "word" was a solid type-page—reading time, two minutes—for a program already crowded. Andrews tried to explain that the show was "tight"; no room for expansion. The broadcaster waved him away.

"I've given up a night's sleep working this out, and I don't want a syllable cut. If you work on it the way you fellows sometimes do, you'll only spoil my rhythm."

Desperately seeking expedients, Andrews got Ethel Barrymore, always the most amenable of performers, to speed up; he cut out the choir; and he was all set when, at the last minute, with the orchestra ready and Aleck's little court of listeners grouped at the studio, an appalling message came in from Hollywood. Mr. Welles had underestimated his time: the reading would have to have an extra minute—and there was no minute to be had except at the sacrifice of the Town Crier's nocturnal masterpiece. Drawing a deep breath, Andrews advanced to battle.

"Mr. Woollcott: you and I are going to have the damndest battle ever staged in this studio."

"Are we? Why? What's the trouble?"

"We've got to cut you out. Not a single word of your finale will hit the air."

To his unbelieving ears came the soft rejoinder: "Dear boy: you are the director. If you say it must be cut, it must be cut." Then turning to Ruth Gordon with an expansive gesture, Aleck added, "What in the world makes people think I'm hard to get along with?"

"Whew!" said the director, mopping

his brow. "Well, I long ago discovered that if you're going to have trouble with anyone, the best way is to tell him so, flat, and it won't happen."

His self-gratulation did not go so well with Aleck, who turned a glowering regard upon him.

"It worked this time, you so-and-so; but don't you ever try it again." And out he stamped without saying good-by.

Silence followed, lasting a week. A friendly note was delivered at the studio, saying that Woollcott had discovered the voice of the century, and asking that Andrews please arrange for an immediate audition. Andrews did so.

The "voice" whom Aleck sent over was his barber!

BEING Woollcott, he must play the gamin at times. For years he had plagued editors by including off-color material in his articles and battling furiously for its retention; while he was writing his "Shouts and Murmurs" series for the *New Yorker*, the warfare had been so continual that it became an office cliché to say, when the telephone jangled, "Probably that's Woollcott resigning again." But only once was he shut off the air. And this was not in the studio but at a banquet where he had not been warned, so he claimed, that a microphone was distributing his words. The speaker was much amused when told that his highly spiced anecdote had penetrated to many a pure and unsullied American household. Yet he was later horrified into a cold sweat at his narrow escape from reading over a nationwide hookup the following preface:

"I am here to introduce the Hamilton College Choir, a group of forty-seven young Christers drawn from the undergraduate body."

He checked himself barely in time before the word "choristers," which, by the slurring of a vowel in the script, had become "Christers" to his startled eye.

HIS Cream of Wheat "serenades" caught on at once. He would pick some conspicuous personage, ascertain his or her favorite musical selection, give a character sketch of the subject, slightly

varied from what he had previously published, and have a fine orchestra play the chosen number. Thus he celebrated a long list, ninety per cent of them his personal friends: Booth Tarkington, Jerome Kern, Helen Hayes, Alice Longworth, Mr. Justice Holmes, H. L. Mencken, Charles Chaplin, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Walt Disney, Willa Cather, Harpo Marx, Katharine Cornell, Mrs. Laura Richards, Ed Wynn, and Irving Berlin.

He could think up little ingenuities to enliven a program. For his panegyric of Father Duffy he had a bugle blow taps. Filling a radio engagement from a post-operative hospital room, he started with a few pungent observations on the locale. But one of the cleverest schemes went awry through no fault of his own. The broadcast was on that sure-fire topic, dogs. He proposed to break off in the midst of it, with the crisply interpolated remark,

"Is your dog in the room with you? Watch him now!"

Then he would blow upon one of those whistles whose pitch, too high in the scale for registry by the human ear, rouses a canine to rapt interest.

"Every dog within hearing will prick up his ears and come to attention," said Woollcott anticipatively. "It will be a big hit."

The studio heartily agreed and the program was prepared for rehearsal. How the dogs might have reacted will never be known. Nobody had considered that unpredictable translator, the microphone. A dog was brought into an outer room equipped with radio, for a checkup. The Town Crier delivered his line and blew his whistle. The dog merely looked bored. For the mike had transmuted what should have been a spirited summons into a sickly gargle worthy of Mrs. Leo Hunter's Expiring Frog. The experiment was dropped. There is no arguing with a microphone.

III

BY THE time the first Cream of Wheat contract expired and Granger Pipe Tobacco bought the Woollcott name, fame, and salesmanship on a half-year schedule—thirteen weeks at \$3,000 a week,

the second thirteen at \$3,500—the Town Crier was unexcelled as a technician. He would take home his own records for intensive study. He could “tailor” a script to the exact period of delivery. Seldom did he make a mistake or have to repeat. Yet, astonishingly, he remained a student, with the student’s willingness to learn. Let a magazine editor so much as touch a comma of a Woollcott manuscript, and the author bristled like the fretful porpentine; in the studio he was a wholly different person and, incidentally, much better liked. The CBS people have nothing but kindly memories of him, which is more than can be said of any periodical office with which he was associated.

But in the course of time he wearied of the studio grind. His industry flagged; his labor-saving propensities asserted themselves. He read superbly; and by the convenient device of incorporating a poem, a historical pronouncement, or even a contemporary address, he saved himself hours of laborious writing. Thus he thrilled his listeners with President Wilson’s war message, King Edward’s touching radio speech of abdication, the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and William Allen White’s editorial on the death of his daughter Mary. His sponsors were less thrilled than the public. One of the tobacco company executives, after clocking the White editorial, which consumed a major part of the allotted period, complained, “If we want to pay \$3,500 a week for readings, why not get Clark Gable?”

As time went on, he was increasingly annoyed by the critical thrusts of his audience. As a “class” feature Woollcott appealed to the intellectual upper ten. If he mispronounced a word, perverted a quotation, or was guilty of a slip in grammar, the morning mail pointed out his offense in specific and uncomplimentary terms.

When Laurence McKinney of Albany complained in light verse that Woollcott should not pronounce the name of William Rose Benét as if he were blood brother to Jack Benny, Broadcaster Woollcott repeated the quatrain in his reply, without mentioning the authorship, and shrugged off the criticism:

“Surely nothing in the matter or man-

ner of these broadcasts can have justified anyone in thinking I attach any importance to what is laughingly called correct usage, whatever that may be.”

This would have been all very well had not Woollcott presently set himself up as an arbiter of that same correct usage which he derided. Before long, warming over for radio presentation some material which he had published previously in *McCall’s Magazine*—and would later warm over yet once more in the *Reader’s Digest*—Woollcott uttered an impassioned plea to his hearers to respect the purity of the English tongue; to accord to the precious language of every day the same care which a tennis champion bestowed upon his racket. Thereupon the snipers opened up.

“None of them were prepared to maintain,” said Woollcott in the course of a dissertation. Fourteen letters pointed out that “none” was not and could not be plural; hence “none were” was ungrammatical. The unhappy locution “his insignia was” brought forth a sneering suggestion that Hamilton College’s classical education might not be all that its affectionate alumnus claimed for it. A reference to “the New York *Herald Tribune*” elicited a score of challenges to the speaker’s justification for accenting the last syllable.

He pronounced “dour” to rhyme with “sour,” and complained bitterly that “forty thousand Scottishmen would know the reason why.” He labored under the conviction that the plural of “gladiolus” is “gladiolas” until a well-wisher tartly advised him to stick to his flowers of rhetoric and shun those of the garden. A slip of the tongue which betrayed him into “perculate” for “percolate” brought him a cheap dog-eared dictionary with the gratuitous suggestion that he spend five minutes a day on it.

Attacks upon his most vulnerable point, self-plagiarism, also harassed him. Fans would write indignantly, “I’ve read that Berlin stuff at least twice in the magazines,” or “That John Mulholland broadcast was all in the *New Yorker* a couple of years ago,” or “How much do the Marx brothers pay you for being their press agent, Woollcott?” Such complaints he

simply ignored. For that matter, they were fewer than might have been expected considering that his program was rarely made up of original matter.

Commercial sponsorship grated upon him too—of which more later.

IV

BREAKFAST and fan mail came together for the *Town Crier*, and were attacked with equal avidity of appetite. Much of the correspondence was winnowed out in the studio, but it was understood that all appeals and requests were to be delivered to the principal for disposition. One such message, reaching him late in February, 1935, stirred him to the depths by its simplicity and sincerity, and not less because of an element of mystery which never failed to excite him.

On the evidence of this and later records, Minnie and Susan, sisters far along in years, eked out a miserable existence in a single tenement room somewhere north of Troy, New York. Only their sewing machine stood between them and destitution. Their environment was a slum, bordering a disused canal. Fuel they grubbed from refuse heaps. All their water must be carried by hand up the long, dark flights of stairs. Their light was from an electric fixture of the public utility system which obligingly shone in at their window. While one sewed on piece-work for a local shirt factory, the other recited passages from the Bible in which they were well versed by childhood training. They had but one wish: to stay together until the end. After all these years of sisterly association, a sundering of the tie would be intolerable. Minnie was eighty-six; Susan, ten years younger. Both were ill and crippled with rheumatism.

Ninety-nine times out of one hundred that sort of letter ends in importunity, brazen or covert, for a small donation. This was the shining exception. Since no identification was possible, neither last name nor address being given, almsgiving was out of the question. The sisters wanted something quite different. Desperate as was their condition, one luxury remained to them, their radio, "a great blessing," since it brought to them the

inspiration and comfort of the *Town Crier* broadcasts.

"Life is a little hard," the letter went on, "and this winter we have been so lonely and cold and were hungry at times. . . . Old age is so frightening when one is sick and alone. But we have each other. And we have real pleasant times in the evenings. I prop Minnie up in bed and, oh Mr. Woollcott, I wish you could see her face when she hears your voice. You see, you make it seem as though one of our own had come back to us through the long-ago years. . . . We are glad that you are young and strong and famous and have so many friends."

Would Mr. Woollcott read the Twenty-third Psalm to them over the air? "It would mean so much to Minnie. Perhaps your people would not like it. Young folks want to be gay. But we are so near the Valley of the Shadow. If you can ever do it we will whisper it with you, word for word. The Lord is my Shepherd."

The writer, signing merely "Susan," apologized for not giving their full names. They feared that it would be thought "very rude, but we are fearsome that the charities will find out about us. They might put us in a home—separate us. We shall be separated soon enough."

The whole letter breathed a spirit of fortitude and resignation. Against such an appeal the always impressionable Woollcott heart had no defense. Read them the Twenty-third Psalm? He would do it though it cost him his contract. The Cream of Wheat officials made no objections; indeed, they were heartily sympathetic.

Accordingly their star artist appended to his message of the evening the following passage, a notable example of his special talent for sentimental stimulus:

There is something I must read because I have been asked to do so by one whom no one could refuse. The next two minutes of this program are addressed solely to her. I do not know her name nor where she lives, and would not tell you if I knew. She is eighty-six years old and will not see again the childhood home toward which all her thoughts run on these long, cold winter nights. I wish I had some magic carpet on which she could be transported to that hilltop farm on the coast of Maine—near Belfast, it was—where she used to stand with the wind whipping the skirts of

her checkered pinafore [the anachronism is Woolcott's, not the sisters'] and her hand shading her eyes while she looked out across the waters of Penobscot Bay, watching for the first glimpse of her father's sailing vessel coming down from Boston. I can almost see the shower of apple blossoms from the twisted trees behind the farmhouse. I can almost see the little girl herself, a shy, forgotten Rebecca of some unchronicled Sunnybrook Farm. She asked me to read something to her tonight and promised that, lying in the frightening darkness, she will say the words with me as they leap the miles and miles which lie between us. Man and boy, I have worked ever since I was a kid and have, in my time, been given many and varied jobs to do, but none—I think you cannot doubt this—none in all my life I have been more earnestly anxious to do well. I can only try. I will try now.

From all accounts he was never more effective. He read with fervor, simplicity, and such authentic emotion that it communicated itself to his hearers. The response was impressive. Radio addicts flooded the CBS mail with offers of aid; some with peremptory demands that they be allowed to help.

THE sisters kept silence for a month. Then came a second letter; this one signed "Susan Lovice Staples," which might have indicated abandonment of anonymity had there been any address. Again there was an apology for secrecy; explaining ". . . dear Mr. Woolcott, we wouldn't let you see us, so bent and twisted and soiled." The letter began, "Dear Friend and Gentle Heart," and went on:

You can never know the help and comfort you have been to us. . . . Oh if you could only have been in our little room that February evening when your kind voice spoke The Lord is my Shepherd. . . . It seemed as though you had taken our feeble old hands into your strong young ones and were showing us the way home to Mother, Father, and the boys. Dear Mr. Woolcott, you brought a little bit of heaven to us that winter night. . . . We could hardly believe you were talking to us. For of course we realize you know so many accomplished, scholarly ladies and gentlemen.

The sustaining message had come barely in time. Minnie was dead of weakness and privation.

Further family details in the letter developed the background, though not definitively. There was a deep-sea father, lost in a gale with his two older sons. A third brother, "dear little Justin," had

"gone wrong," though the loyal sisters were persuaded that he never meant any harm. Grief and shame had killed their mother. The old house on the hill must be sold, together with the Indian shawls, the gold breastpins, the family silver, etc. The impoverished spinsters had drifted to New York state, to live their starveling life on the meager wage of the shirt factory. The Town Crier carried copies of the letters in his pocket and read them emotionally to his friends.

"The finest tribute ever paid me," he declared.

He did not take it out in emotion. His philanthropic and his detective instincts both clamored for action. Inquiry in the collar-and-shirt districts, set afoot after the earlier letter, had been fruitless. Maine might yield a better return. Woolcott sent an emissary to Belfast who scrutinized tombstones, investigated records, and interviewed Oldest Living Inhabitants. No such names as Staples or Lovice came to light. There was neither record nor memory of a lost sea captain who left children named Minnie, Susan, and Justin.

It was bewildering, infuriating. The tender-hearted broadcaster could not rid himself of an intolerably affecting picture: the aged spinster alone in the tenement room, too proud for charity, certainly in dire want, quite possibly starving, and so waiting for death. There had been a hint of finality, of farewell, at the close of the Staples letter, with its assurance that the two sisters would be loving him in heaven, "just as we loved you on this earth. God bless you, my dear boy—my dear boy."

With the Cream of Wheat officials warmly concurring and only waiting to dig generously into their own private pockets, an appeal over the radio was formulated. The Town Crier called upon Susan to reveal herself. Let her look upon him as her lost brother, eager to help her. Her secrecy would be respected. All that he asked—and with him many friends unknown to her—was to give her comfort and security, put her beyond the fear of want for the rest of her life. Minnie was dead; there was no longer the question of separating them; would she not write him on his promise

that her privacy would be respected?

No reply. Susan, as a baffled studio official remarked, had crawled into obscurity and pulled the obscurity in after her.

The final chapter was written several months later. Susan, too, was dead: had died happily in the very act of listening to the Town Crier. One who signed herself "Nurse Obrien," otherwise unidentified, wrote in very bad typescript:

When it got time for you to talk she asked me to raise her up in bed and put her sister's Bible in her hand. I turned the dial and Mother of God pretty soon if you didn't begin to talk to her. I wish you could have seen her little wasted face when you called her your sister. It looked like a light had been lit and was shining through her eyes and skin. She stretched out both her arms like she was taking hold of your hands. . . . Once she called your name and blessed you and once she said something about some still water. She died at just eleven o'clock.

There was a reference to a Father O'Reily and an enclosure: an old-fashioned gold-mounted locket containing a strand of Susan's mother's hair.

FOR most people this would have ended the matter. Not for Alexander Woollcott. His sleuthing instincts were rampant. Furthermore, he was not convinced by the Obrien letter. It seemed to him quite possible that Susan, having learned of the efforts to trace her, had taken fright, and with her delicacy up in arms at the impending threat of charity, had promulgated the mortuary letter with a view to checking the investigation. He sent his business manager and general factotum, Joseph Hennessey, to Troy with instructions to stay until he had uncovered something definite.

Clues were not lacking. The three postmarks were all in the Troy region, one being Watervliet, the other two, Albany. The Obrien missive also came from Albany. The epistolary style of the sisters was convincing, the letter paper cheap and ruled, the spelling not impeccable, the handwriting of the rounded type taught in the sixties and seventies. The locket, too, was authentically in period.

The local indications, carefully indefinite though the writers had been, offered some help. The tenement, as de-

scribed, stood beside the old canal bed. It was without modern heating, illumination, or plumbing. The electric light bulb outside might be identifiable. It was not much to go on, but it was something. Hennessey proved himself a patient and careful investigator. He skirted both banks of the abandoned waterway throughout the region. The scope of his inquiry was conveniently limited by the fact that very few tenements in the district were so ancient as to be wholly devoid of conveniences. None of these had a public utility light shining into an upper room. Nobody in any of the rookeries could identify two aged spinsters as tenants. The name Susan Lovice Staples drew blank.

Next, the investigator took up the death of Susan. All was equally dark here. No Nurse Obrien was registered in the district. No Father O'Reily was known in the diocese. Mortuary records failed to show the death of Susan Lovice Staples or any other seventy-six-year-old spinster, on or about November 24th, nor did an exhaustive canvass of local undertakers yield any results.

Now all deaths in New York state are reportable. Bodies must be duly certified for burial. The inference was inevitable. Susan had not been buried. Presumptively, then, she had not died.

Neither had Minnie! Parallel inquiry into the matter of her decease drew another blank. No person who could by any stretch be made to fit the measure of an eighty-six-year-old maiden lady from a canal-bank tenement appeared in the vital statistics at the time of her supposed demise.

ON THE strength of this impressive array of negations, Hennessey suggested fraud and chicanery to his principal. Woollcott was indignant. He would not listen to such heresy. The letters were indubitably genuine. Look at the handwriting! The locket was authentic beyond doubt. Was it conceivable that anyone would perpetrate so laborious a hoax for no ascertainable reason? If hoax it were, the practical joker would be sure to reveal himself presently to reap the enjoyment of his coup. He, Woollcott,

would gladly lay a heavy bet that no such revelation would be made. He would have won the bet.

Once and once only, so far as the record shows, did he admit to a doubt. It was obvious that if malign inventiveness had been at work, it must have been fathered by some person or persons with (1) a grudge against Woollcott, (2) literary ability of no mean order, (3) a sense of "period," (4) a habitat in the Albany-Troy region. The speaker-author-critic had plenty of enemies, well or ill earned, but none of them, so far as he knew, lived in that region. The three last requirements were fulfilled by Harold W. Thompson, who had been a Freshman when Woollcott was a Senior at Hamilton College. Dr. Thompson was a scholar, an antiquarian, the author of several books, and a resident of Albany. No grudge existed, to the best of Woollcott's knowledge. Still, you never can tell. He could not be expected to keep in mind all the people who imagined themselves injured by him.

To nobody else did he confide his suspicions. But at Thompson's quarter-century reunion, the former Senior detached himself from a group of his friends, crossed to the Class of 1912 and addressed Thompson with the classic freedom of the campus.

"Well, you plushy pedant, your little jest has cost me just about a thousand dollars."

Quite genuinely astonished, Thompson replied, "I haven't a notion what you're talking about."

"You did it," growled Woollcott. "Nobody else could have done it. A low, Slimer trick." ("Slimer" is the opprobrious Hamilton epithet applied by an upper-classman to a Freshman.)

The accused repeated his denial, and mildly suggested that maybe the 1909 man might like to buy him a drink and elucidate. Woollcott snorted and withdrew. Some months later he brought up the matter after a trustee meeting, and told Thompson the whole story. Thompson replied with some feeling that if he were concocting a joke on Woollcott it would be at the expense not of his best quality, but of some less admirable characteristic. Whether his denial was accepted he never

knew, though the pair parted on good terms.

One feature of this, the most elaborate and skillful fake in radio annals, which had eluded Woollcott was the date of the Minnie and Susan letter displaying the family picture in all its detailed and archaic perfectionism.

It was April first.

V

WHILE always preferring the picturesque to the factual, Woollcott, so far as I know, never deliberately faked his writings. Though often careless in his articles and negligent in verifying their basis, notably when pursuing one or another of his enthusiasms, he stopped short of deliberately perverting facts. On the air—where the spoken word does *not* endure—he allowed himself greater latitude. At least once he took flagrant liberties with history.

One of the most effective of his international broadcasts was on John Howard Payne and his "Home, Sweet Home." He delivered it in England and repeated it, in slightly modified form, in this country. His theme was that the song was the sole salvage from a tragically unsuccessful opera, Payne's *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*. According to Woollcott, the work was "a resounding flop" when produced in London early in the nineteenth century. It had to be so represented in order to support the Woollcott thesis that the medium for the best-loved song in the English language was a hopeless failure. The opera, asserted the broadcaster, "was given for twelve performances *and never mentioned again*. The disappointed Payne . . . asked only that [it] be mercifully forgotten. But you never can tell. *The show itself was forgotten*, but one part of it was not," etc., etc. (The italics above are mine.)

It was most appealing; far more so than the much less pathetic facts, which were that while *Clari* did not do well in London at first, it crossed the ocean to a long and brilliant career. Presented in New York and Philadelphia in 1823, it scored a success in Washington in the following year, was revived in 1826 and

1829, and continued in sporadic revivals until 1854. *Clari* may not have been any *Abie's Irish Rose*; on the other hand thirty-one years of stage existence is not precisely "a resounding flop."

Ignorance or carelessness on Aleck's part is not the explanation for this performance. He knew the record, and, as I was making a study of the origins of popular songs of the past, had written me an outline of the stage course of the Payne opera, only a few months before the broadcast—which astonished me the more. In this instance, his urge toward the dramatic and striking overcame his literary conscience. Truth, unadorned, would have made a dull presentation, and dullness to Aleck was a worse offense than inaccuracy. So he did not attempt to adorn Truth; he simply tossed her out the window.

VI

IT WAS not his human critics that drove the Town Crier from the air (though never permanently) but—first—a steamboat, and then—later—the conditions of commercial sponsorship.

At the close of his tobacco contract the Liggett & Myers Company stood ready to renew, and Woollcott, though again weary of the routine, might possibly have acceded but for the mischance of a bursitis which took him to the Doctors' Hospital for an operation. The pain was severe; the sufferer would have been justified in calling off the broadcast. But he stoically arranged to deliver it from his hospital room overlooking the East River. A few fellow patients, elderly ladies, were invited in to form the always needed immediate and visible audience.

Against the handicaps of nonprofessional surroundings and physical pangs, he was turning in a good performance, when, as his delivery was at its most seductive phase, a tugboat, butting its way through Hell Gate rapids, punctuated the artful periods with derisive toots: *Whoo-oo-oo! Hoo-HOO! Whut-wut-wut-hooooo!*

Woollcott turned red, then purple, then white with helpless wrath. He could picture his widespread hearers, captives of his voice, twisting in mirth over the sacrilegious interpolations. To his physical ago-

ny was added mental anguish. At the end of the broadcast he lay back and delivered himself of sentiments so forceful that his lady guests scurried from the room. He was through, *through*, THROUGH—so help him God!—with this accursed and tricky business of the air waves. Oh, he might deliver an occasional broadcast for some cause in which he was interested. But as for a contractual series, never again!

Within a year, however, he was back before the microphone with the Hamilton College Choir; and he was never thereafter quite proof against the seductions of the little mechanism. "For better or for worse" he wrote to Katharine S. White of the *New Yorker*, "I am going back . . . as a drunkard to his bottle."

Putting the Town Crier on the air involved a risk because of his increasing tendency to polemics, particularly in the international field. The Cream of Wheat people had their troubles with him when he turned his fire upon Hitler and Mussolini. Their purpose in employing Mr. Woollcott, they pointed out, was to sell Cream of Wheat, not to offend prospective customers belonging to various racial groups. Woollcott persisted in denouncing fascism and nazism with increasing heat, until the company put the issue squarely before him: either drop all matter of a controversial nature or terminate the series. (As this was long previous to our entry into the war, the protest was, of course, commercially defensible.)

The Town Crier argued the point with candor and good humor. His sallies, he claimed, stimulated interest. He doubted whether they alienated customers. Anyway, if he were compelled to watch his step every minute, all the life would be sapped out of his broadcasts and they would cease to attract people. From the first, he had built himself up by freely reporting his likes and dislikes of books, plays, manners, and customs. How could he "with self-respect agree in advance never to take pot shots at such targets as Hitler or Mussolini, or, for that matter, at any other bully, lyncher, or jingo whose head happened to come within shooting distance?"

Only one end to the debate was pos-

sible. The series closed. Woollcott surmised, composedly enough, that, as all the good time on the air was pre-empted by the national advertisers, none of whom was likely to be more liberal than Cream of Wheat, it would probably mean that "I must drop out of national broadcasting altogether, which, as you know, would be a solution entirely acceptable to me. I would merely be driven back to the comparative privacy of the printed page where, in my opinion, I belong and where, at long last, I might get some writing done."

He could not refrain from taking one of his pot shots at his sponsor. The occasion was a lecture of his in San Francisco; the subject, freedom of speech. When he came to radio, he began: "As some of you may know, I have recently been broadcasting in the interests of a breakfast food whose name for the moment escapes me." And when the laughter died down, he paid his respects to the anonymous cereal company for what he termed its restrictions upon the right of free opinion.

LATER he had a change of heart. He was fair enough to admit that controversial matter was out of place on a commercial program. The Cream of Wheat people harbored no rancor; and toward the end of his life they approached him with

another contract with which he expressed himself satisfied, but which was never consummated.

Yet there is no telling what might have resulted. At an earlier stage of his career he had once agreed to refrain from attacks upon organizations and individuals if there would be no objection to his speaking a kindly word, now and again, for a worthy object. This he did while exploiting a national product which had experienced labor troubles and was addicted to seeing the specter of communism in every shadow. The Town Crier's known liberal tendencies had kept the sponsors' nerves taut, and CBS's smoothest diplomat had often been at call to smooth out misunderstandings and allay suspicions. A *modus vivendi*, so he supposed, had been reached. He came back from a trip, during which he had missed one broadcast, and called upon the vice-president of the sponsoring concern to assure him that all was well. He found that official bristling.

"Did you hear that blankety-blank Woollcott last night?"

The diplomat confessed that he hadn't.

"Then you don't know what he did. On *our* time, *our* broadcast, paid for with *our* money, he"—the voice rose to a modified yell—"gave a boost to the *Civil Liberties Union!*"

{ *Joseph Z. Schneider, an economist now*
living in this country, was born in
Prague and served in the Imperial Aus-
trian Army during the First World War. }

HOW AN ARMY FELL APART

JOSEPH Z. SCHNEIDER



JUST after dark on the night of October 25, 1918, I stretched out for a brief rest on the edge of the main highway running through the Piave Valley in north Italy. Like the rest of the men in my battalion, I was tired but in a pretty good humor. All of us thought that the First World War was almost over. Throughout the day there had been rumors that we were about to start home. Most of the men in the First Battalion of the Eighth Austrian Fusiliers, Imperial Austro-Hungarian Army, were Czechs from Prague and so were many of the officers, including myself. After four years of war, I was only a second lieutenant. Because I had sometimes talked about Czech independence in my university days, I was considered "politically unreliable," and had been refused a commission until I had finally won it in action a few months before that night.

Only the commanding officer, a Captain Schlederer, and a few members of his staff were Austrians, but our battalion was considered a good one. It had proved thoroughly dependable in battle, and until that evening discipline had been tight and unshaken.

While we were resting, the Captain ordered an extra 120 rounds of ammunition and four hand grenades issued to every man. That caused a good deal of anxious talk, because such an order usually meant we were going into action. We persuaded

ourselves that it couldn't be true this time, however; no officer would be foolish enough to plan an attack when Germany and Austria obviously were already as good as beaten. We decided that we had to carry the extra load because there weren't enough wagons to haul both ammunition and other supplies on the long march back to the frontier.

When it was entirely dark, Captain Schlederer told us to fall in and resume the march. But instead of starting north toward Austria, he led us off to the south toward the Piave battle front. We marched. Nobody said anything, and for a long time there was no sound except the scrape of boots along the road and the occasional clink of a bayonet against a field spade.

Suddenly somebody shouted: "*Vojno povol!*" This bit of Czech army slang is hard to translate; it means something like "This war is all washed up." For some time it had been used around the camps and trenches as a sort of half-jocular greeting, but no one had ever dared say it in ranks. I never found out who shouted first that night, but I remember well how his voice sounded, wistful and resolute and in a way almost desperate.

For many minutes nobody else said anything. Then at the other end of the column another voice shouted: "*Vojno povol!*" I knew then that discipline was breaking fast, and in a little while men were calling

out the phrase all up and down the line. They began to repeat it in unison, like a marching cadence. But they still marched toward the front.

The Captain didn't understand Czech, but he knew something was going wrong, very wrong. He sent his executive officer, an Austrian who did speak Czech, to find out what was the matter. As he ran along the column, the shouting would die out for a moment as he passed, and then pick up louder than ever behind his back.

WHEN the Captain learned what his men were shouting, he called all the officers together. I found him with his pistol in his hand. He wanted us to shoot every tenth man and "bring the rest of them back to their senses." I can't remember that any subordinate officer actually protested against this proposal, but somehow it dawned on Schlederer that we Czech officers weren't going to shoot our own people—and that if shooting started in the dark, almost anything might happen to the Austrian officers, including the commander. He calmed down a little, and suggested that we Czechs walk up and down the column and persuade the men "to stop this nonsense."

We went, but every Czech officer was enjoying the show thoroughly, and there was no serious effort to stop the shouting. As soon as the men caught on to the fact that we were on their side, they weren't satisfied any longer with just shouting. Somebody decided that there was no sense in carrying all that extra ammunition, and shot off his rifle into the air. Then there was a ragged fusillade of shots, and pretty soon someone tossed a hand grenade off to the side of the road. Before long we were marching in the middle of a regular fireworks display—grenades popping on both sides of the column, bullets flying in all directions as the men pulled the triggers without even bothering to unsling the rifles from their shoulders. But still we marched toward the front.

After we had gone several kilometers, a staff car drove up to the column. It was full of important officers, who ordered us to turn around and head back to the village where we had camped the previous afternoon. Immediately the shouting and

explosions stopped, and we marched quietly back to our billets, which we reached about two o'clock in the morning. Like all good soldiers, we went to sleep as soon as the column halted.

II

NEXT day nothing happened until mid-afternoon. Then a general arrived, called us into parade formation, and made a speech.

"Army Headquarters realizes that you do not wish to fight any more," he said. "We all know that you have fought with courage and distinction for four years, and now we shall respect your wishes. From now on, this unit will serve as a labor battalion, and will never have to go into combat again.

"As a labor battalion, of course, you will be issued axes and spades, and you will not need your rifles any longer. Therefore I command you to stack arms."

At this moment four trucks drove up behind the line of troops, and got ready to haul the rifles away. We knew what this meant. Earlier in the war other units of the Austro-Hungarian army had tried to mutiny, and had been disarmed. As soon as they were helpless, every tenth man had been executed, and the rest had been imprisoned for life. Someone in the rear rank shouted: "Don't give up your rifles." The few men who already had started to stack arms scrambled to get them back. The General realized that he had lost his gamble, and he drove away fast. The trucks followed.

For the first time, we began to realize what we were doing. This was no mere horseplay in the dark—now, for the first time since the war started, the whole battalion had refused to obey an order. We had rebelled against the whole might of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, openly and in broad daylight, and it was too late for us to turn back. We began to organize the village into a defensive position to meet an attack from any direction.

IN the uproar, Captain Schlederer and all the other non-Czech officers somehow had disappeared. Without any kind of election or other formal action, a new set

of leaders quietly took over. One of the best was a second-class private, who had belonged to a labor union before the war and once had taken part in a strike. He was almost the only one of us who had any experience with social or political conflicts of any sort, and he understood better than anyone else the situation in which the battalion—to its surprise—now found itself. The men naturally went to him for counsel.

I also became a kind of leader, for a curious reason. Late in the spring of 1918, Army Headquarters had started a program of "patriotic education" in an effort to persuade the heterogeneous troops—drawn from some fifteen different nationalities—that the Central Powers eventually would win, and to inspire hatred of the enemy. This was a fatal mistake. The Austro-Hungarian army was a surprisingly good one so long as the Czechs and Bosnians and Slovaks and all the other racial groups were handled like robots and were never permitted to think about anything beyond sleep and rations and obeying orders. As soon as they were encouraged to use their minds, however, they began to think like Czechs and Bosnians and Slovaks, not in the rigid and unnatural Austro-Hungarian mold which the Imperial Army had tried to force on their brains.

For example, one of the "patriotic education" lectures outlined President Wilson's Fourteen Points and explained how disastrous they would be to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. We Czechs were not as horrified as we were supposed to be. In fact, the Fourteen Points sounded pretty good to us, because one of them promised more freedom for the Czechs and the other suppressed nationalities of Central Europe.

Because I had attended a university, I had been selected to deliver the patriotic lectures in Czech to the men of my company. Whenever there were no Czech-speaking Austrian officers within hearing distance—which was most of the time—I transformed my lectures into a broad burlesque of the official text, and buttered them heavily with Czech nationalist sentiments. The troops thoroughly enjoyed such *katzenjammers*, and in a few weeks

I had become the most popular lecturer in the battalion. The commander was pleased with my ability to hold the attention of the men, and made me chief lecturer for the whole unit. From then on I spoke to an audience of about 800 two or three times a week, and gradually became fairly well known. It was hardly surprising that the soldiers turned to me when they needed a new set of leaders.

There were plenty of decisions that had to be made in a hurry. Soon after the General left us, we heard that he had gone to two other battalions of our regiment in a neighboring village and had succeeded in persuading them to give up their arms. I took twenty volunteers and sprinted to this village. The trucks in which the guns had been loaded were just starting to pull away. My volunteers overawed the drivers without firing a shot, while I explained the situation to the men of the two battalions, who were milling around their camp in considerable excitement. They promptly reclaimed their rifles and announced that they were ready to join forces with my men. Together with the other Czech officers, I was now responsible for about 2,200 rebels, deep in a foreign land and presumably surrounded by many divisions of still-loyal Austro-Hungarian troops. I told the men to get ready for a fight.

WE didn't have long to wait. That night an entire regiment of Hungarians deployed in battle formation just outside our makeshift fortifications. They were traditional enemies of the Czechs, and Army Headquarters apparently had no doubt that they would put down the mutiny with enthusiasm.

Several of us crept through the dark to the Hungarian lines and began to talk to the soldiers in German, the one language that both Czechs and Magyars understood:

"We Czechs are well armed, and we will fight to the last man. Maybe you can overpower us in the long run, but many of you will be killed. What is the sense of that, when the war is almost over anyhow? Leave us alone and we will get out of here without harming anybody. All we want is to march peacefully back to Bohemia."

That sounded like good sense to the Hungarians, who were never very enthusiastic about a fight, and were just as tired of the war as we were. Before dawn their lines simply melted away.

All next day nothing happened. We spent most of the time talking over what we should do next. It seemed fantastic to suppose that we could march some six hundred miles through the heart of Austria to Prague—but obviously we had to go somewhere before we starved. The only food we had was a little dark rye flour, which we cooked with salt and water into a kind of brownish mush. The following morning we started off to the northeast, toward Bohemia, moving in a combat formation and ready to meet an attack at any moment. The weather was cold and raw, we were hungry, and we carried all the extra ammunition and weapons we could find, but since the beginning of the war I had never seen troops march with such discipline and enthusiasm. We made thirty kilometers that day.

I now was serving as executive officer for the battalion, and I worried a good deal about our failure to meet any other soldiers in what was supposed to be a heavily occupied area. Much later I learned that we were marching in a kind of military vacuum. At about the same time we revolted, the whole Austrian front had collapsed. Cavalry and artillery galloped their horses to the rear. Motorized troops drove backward until their gasoline ran out, and some aviators even flew their planes in the direction of their homes until they had to make crash landings. There was no co-ordination in this mass movement; it simply happened spontaneously at about the same time everywhere, just as it had in our battalion. The High Command could no more stop this disintegrating army than it could halt an avalanche.

Our little group of Czechs was traveling on the rear fringe of the fleeing mob which once had been the Imperial Army; and because the collapse had come so unexpectedly, the Allied forces to the south had not yet caught up with us. For nine days we tramped over the mountains, without seeing anyone but a few frightened peasants, and without the slightest idea of what

was happening in the world beyond. Not until November 6th, when we reached a little village near Lienz in the Puster Valley, did we see a newspaper. It turned out to be a fantastic document. I still remember the headlines: "British and French Military Mission Reported in Berlin"—"Kaiser Karl of Austria Runs Away"—"Austro-Hungarian Fleet Turned Over to Yugoslavia" (a nation we had never heard of)—and, most important of all, "Czechoslovakian Republic Proclaimed." We no longer had to fear punishment, because the old Austro-Hungarian Empire to which we had been forced to swear allegiance apparently had disappeared. All we had to worry about now was getting home.

III

At Lienz, according to the map, there was a railroad. When Captain Schlederer had disappeared, I had taken some pains to get hold of his horse, the only one in the battalion. I now climbed aboard this weary, underfed beast and started out to find a train. Before we had galloped half a kilometer, my trousers—which were never designed for riding—split open in the most embarrassing manner, and I rode into the town with a new worry on my mind.

The railway station was surrounded by thousands of soldiers, from scores of different units and every branch of the service. Nearly all of them were drunk. In the middle of this mob I finally found the stationmaster. He was the saddest, most upset man I had ever met, and he was almost pathetically glad to see a sober officer who would listen to his troubles.

"I'm in charge of this station and all its warehouses," he screamed at me. "I'm the man who is responsible—I must make an accounting for every penny's worth of government property. And what happens! These drunken soldiers steal everything. They break up the warehouses. They make my station look like a pigsty. You are an officer; order them to go away at once."

It was obvious that nobody in Lienz would pay the slightest attention to any order I might give. Soldiers were staggering around the railway tracks with

their arms full of wine bottles, canned food, and tobacco looted from the quartermaster's base stores. Others had found some big casks of vermouth and were distributing it in buckets. A few found this method too slow. They simply lay down under the spigot, opened their mouths, and turned on the tap. One or two got too drunk to turn off their taps, and drowned in vermouth as they lay kicking feebly on the floor.

"I will make a bargain," I said. "Outside the city I have 2,200 troops, all sober, who will obey my orders. If you will give us trains to carry us to Prague, we'll clean out the station for you."

"Impossible," he replied. "Every train in this part of Austria already has been stolen. The drunk soldiers just clambered onto the first train they saw, held a pistol at the engineer's back, and made him drive away. Many were killed in collisions, because they would not let the engineers stop for red signals. Many others were scraped off the top of cars when their trains went through tunnels. And of course no train ever came back."

"No train, no help," I said.

He pleaded and argued for a long time, while I stood there with my legs close together to hide the tear in my breeches. At last he confessed that there was one more train—a locomotive and forty cars which was due to reach Lienz at three o'clock the next morning. He had hoped to carry away some of his precious stores aboard it, but he would give it to me if I would put down the riot in his station.

I galloped back to my men and brought them into Lienz on the double. The station was on the bank of the Drau River, and I threw around it a cordon of soldiers with both flanks resting on the river. The rest of our men cleared out the enclosed area in a hurry, since the rioters were too drunk to offer any effective resistance. Then I took an axe and smashed every remaining keg of vermouth. When that was out of the way, we took food out of the warehouses and prepared our first real meal in more than a week.

The train did not come at 3 A.M., nor at dawn, but the stationmaster swore he had not tricked us and that eventually it would come. We kept him a prisoner, just to

make sure. Shortly before noon it did arrive—a rickety locomotive, one third-class passenger car, and thirty-nine open coal cars. We crowded all 2,200 of our men into space which normally would have carried about 1,600, and also managed to pile in three field kitchens, a modest supply of food, and a good deal of our ammunition. Reluctantly I left behind hundreds of regimental carts, a six-hundred-wagon field hospital which had joined us near Lienz, and Captain Schlederer's dapple-gray horse which I had ridden so proudly into the station.

There was no train crew except for the engineer and his fireman. We kept them under constant guard, but gave them full responsibility for operation of the train, because we wanted no collisions or tunnel accidents. In addition, we assigned soldiers to serve as brakemen on each car, since frequent braking was necessary in crossing the Alps. One toot from the engineer's whistle and they slammed on the brakes; two toots and they loosened them again—unorthodox railway practice, perhaps, but it worked.

In this way we traveled for four days. Luckily we always found coal and water for our locomotive at the stations en route. Our worst trouble was the Alpine cold. A few of the box cars gradually acquired improvised roofs, as the men picked up a few boards during coaling stops, but most of us had to get along with blankets and tents, which gave little protection against the snow. To make matters worse, it was not possible to distribute much food during the journey, and of course nobody ever dreamed of washing. I managed to darn my trousers, however.

As we approached Linz on the Danube, the capital of Upper Austria, we heard a rumor that the authorities were halting all Czech troops at the railway yard and forcing them to give up their arms. People who wanted us to give up our arms were an old story by this time, and we rather welcomed the prospect of a diversion from our monotonous and highly uncomfortable traveling.

When we rolled into the freight yards, we had sharpshooters and machine gunners in position all along our train. The moment it stopped, our people also set up

strong points on the roofs of two trains on adjoining tracks. Then we waited. It was soon apparent that all we had to face were a few hundred cadets from the local school for professional officers; all other military formations in Linz had dissolved. The cadet commander saw quickly enough that the idea of his half-trained boys trying to halt my tough Czech veterans was ludicrous, and he "authorized" us to proceed. The following morning—November 11, 1918—we crossed the border into the new-born nation of Czechoslovakia.

Somewhat to our surprise, we found that we were heroes. Every town we

passed was hung with white-and-red Czech flags, and girls dressed in the national costumes met us at stations with food and coffee. When our train ended its journey at Prague that night, representatives of the new government gave us an official welcome. They told us that we were the only Czech regiment which had returned from Italy intact, arms in hand, and they marched us to our barracks behind a military band. I'm afraid that we didn't make a very impressive lot of heroes. We were gaunt, half-frozen, so stiff we could hardly walk, and for two weeks we had not taken off our clothes.

What We Thought We Had Learned Last Time

IT is probable that there will never again be such a multiplicity of styles and models in machinery and other heavy and costly articles as there was before the restrictions necessitated by the war. Undoubtedly the discovery that traditional methods had involved the excessive use of materials for many purposes will be remembered and applied. The revelation of the possibilities of conversion and the ease with which supplies of manufactured goods can be produced to meet the most extraordinary demands will result in satisfaction with profits that will not be too attractive, and in a better balance between production and consumption. It is also likely that . . . individual corporations and industrial groups will concern themselves with the gathering of data that will make possible the avoidance of periods of extreme surfeit as well as of extreme scarcity. In this manner commercial and industrial stability will be promoted. — *Grosvenor B. Clarkson, Industrial America in the World War, 1923*

{ Going the cat two or three better, an editor (in this case, of Harper's) may look on a Marshall, an Arnold, and a King—and write about them. }

MARSHALL, ARNOLD, KING: THREE SNAPSHOTS

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN



ONE day in December a small group of editors and members of the Writers' War Board met with General Marshall for a prolonged press conference arranged by the Office of War Information. It was followed by a luncheon given us by the Army Air Forces, a series of short talks by General Arnold and other high officers of the AAF, and a short press conference with Admiral King. What was told us was off the record—what the boys in the fact trade call “background stuff”—but at least I can report the impressions of a civilian on seeing for the first time at close range, in quick succession, three of our top American military leaders.

Some twenty-five of us, arriving in the morning at the River Entrance of the Pentagon, were decorated with cardboard dogtags to hang round our necks and then were led to General Marshall's big private office. He stood by the door and we were introduced to him one by one.

The General was somewhat taller than I had imagined him to be—not far from six feet—and I noticed the lightness of his handclasp and thought, “Here is a man who is not intent on appearing powerful.” We settled ourselves to listen—in three rows of chairs drawn up at the right of the General's desk, two rows drawn up at its left, and a sofa and another row of chairs

facing it—and the General seated himself and, after a few introductory words by Elmer Davis from the sofa, started talking to us about the military situation: what were the hazards that the invasion of Europe had faced beforehand, how they had been met and overcome, and what was the current position both in Europe and in the Pacific. Seated at the General's left, so that I had him in profile view, I divided my attention between the surroundings, the General himself, and what he was telling us.

The General's desk was an antique-looking, highly ornamented mahogany one, with elaborately carved drawer-pulls with brass rings on them. On it there was only a wooden OUT basket, a wooden IN basket, a telephone, and a desk-blotter-size pad of some glassy-looking material. Behind him, between the two big windows, stood a small table on which was an inter-office communicator. Behind where I sat was a big table covered with a colored relief map of the Philippines; above it hung an oil painting of a First World War battle in the woods. On the opposite wall there was a companion picture, an oil portrait of General Pershing with a fine red sash across his front. To my left, opposite the General, stood a grandfather clock with a standing flag on either side of it—an American flag and what appeared

to be a general's flag. And in the corner of the room behind me at my left was placed a big easel on which were colored maps of the European front, marked SECRET. Each map showed the front lines at various dates and had little colored paper slips pinned on it to show the location of the various divisions, both ours and the enemy's. As the General described the situation along the front he had a young officer show us with a pointer the parts of the map that he was referring to.

The first thing that struck me in General Marshall's appearance, I confess, was his double chin—a big roll of fat between his not-so-aggressive jaw and his collar. This might seem to suggest physical softness, but his face otherwise is both friendly and strong. He has rounded features, blue eyes, sandy-brown hair (a full head of it) graying, especially at the temples; and fine hands, smallish, a little loose-skinned and freckled, which he uses expressively in quiet gestures. His uniform that morning was in no way exceptional save for his ankle-height shoes: he wore the standard dark blouse and light pants ("pinks"), with the four stars of his rank on his shoulders, three bands of decorations on his chest, a star on the lower lapel (meaning General Staff Corps), and four V-shaped chevrons on his left forearm (meaning four six-month periods overseas in the last war). He sat at ease behind his desk, one knee crossed over the other.

His voice is rich and full; his accent cultivated, with hints in it both of Southern softness and of a Midwestern roundness of the *r*'s and the vowel sounds. He spoke quietly, not in any sense speechmaking, not talking down to us, but as one expounding a complex situation to a group of people he respected.

I was impressed by his ability to convey, without referring to notes (and presumably with hardly any preparation), a coherent and unconfused sense of the overall situation, and also by his ability to recite exact figures on such matters as the amount of tonnage handled by the invasion ports. Here, I thought, is a man who has not succumbed to that occupational disease of high executives, an inability any longer to seize and remember details. The General's delivery seemed

effortless, but it had precision: when he used a word which did not convey his exact meaning he corrected it. By contrast with Arnold and King, whom we heard later, he was clearly a word-minded man, an intellectual with something of the artist in his sense of language. At times he was amusing in his turns of phrase, as when, speaking of the tendency of the Japanese to reinforce forlorn hopes, he said that they seemed to feel that it was an act of revenge to disembowel themselves on your doorstep. At times, as when he answered shortsighted criticisms of our strategy, his voice rose in power and you had a sense of the force behind his quietness. But at all times he was unhurried, relaxed; gave us a sense of the difficulty of finding answers for some of the problems that came before him, but did not seem bowed down with responsibility. The main impression he made on us was of an absolutely first-class mind, in grasp, range, and judgment—and of complete unaffectedness and equanimity.

Perhaps it was because of the General's unaffectedness that I had to pinch myself mentally from time to time with the thought: "This is not something from 'usually reliable sources'; this is not something which somebody got straight from a man who got it from George Fielding Eliot; this is the source itself: *this man knows*." Even when he swung into his peroration on the need, as he saw it, for universal military training after the war, he did not preach down to us. He ended by saying he guessed that this closing argument was the price of admission.

FROM General Marshall's office we were led through the interminable corridors of the Pentagon to a dining room where presently the Army Air Forces gave us lunch. They did it in style. At one end of the dining room a large placard advertised that "AAF WELCOMES WRITERS' WAR BOARD AND EDITORS," and each of us had a place card decorated with the AAF wings. Here we aging civilians were interspersed between assorted officers, many of them astonishingly young. At the head of the table sat General Arnold, a merry, rosy, white-haired man, with a smile on his lips so much of the time that it was

obvious his nickname "Hap" must stand for "Happy." A solid man, friendly, energetic, conveying force when he turned serious—as he did later when addressing us; but it was the smooth-shaven pinkness of him, and the merry smile, which lingered in my memory: I thought of a beardless Santa Claus.

After lunch we walked the corridors again to a conference room with a long table down the middle and a speaker's lectern and movie screen at the end; and here the AAF put on a show for us—speeches by General Arnold and several other generals (each younger than the last) on various phases of the war in the air, a speech on war production by Assistant Secretary Lovett (bald-headed, dark-haired, beak-nosed, gracious, a benevolent eagle of a man), and, to clinch the sale, a movie about the making of the B-29. Here the contrast with our session with General Marshall was sharp. This meeting was no seminar with a word-minded student of complexities; this was a rapid-fire sales conference, with a smiling extrovert reading a prepared speech (which might have been written for him by a public relations department) and introducing his team of brilliant youngsters who gave us the technical data on the goods to be sold. Here was push, organization, efficiency. The young generals told, piece by piece, a story of colossal jobs well done, and they told it with halting modesty; but some of us editors felt we were prospects, not confidants.

FOR all the efficiency, the movie had to be stopped in mid-career to let us get away for our appointment with Admiral King. A few minutes later we were across the river in another conference room at the Navy Department. Here was an even more majestic long table than the Air Forces had provided; here, on the walls, were photographs of ships, and just one small map left uncurtained as suitable for civilian eyes, a map of the Pacific—in Mercator's projection! Here, presently, Admiral King joined us.

The Admiral is a tall man, bald, gray, with a very fine face: clear, small blue eyes, a beautiful longish thin nose, a fine mouth, and tiny crows'-feet at the corners

of his eyes, which may have come from nothing more than long years in the glare of sea and sky but suggest sympathy or humor or both. He wore a blue shirt, a blue uniform with a wide gold band and three narrow ones round each forearm, and rows of decorations on his chest. He stood in kindly gravity while Oscar Schisgall of the OWI introduced us to him in turn; then we seated ourselves, Elmer Davis said a few words, and Admiral King began to talk to us in a low voice, consulting a sheaf of yellow scratchpaper notes held together with a paper clip. He spoke in stiff generalities, gave us no specific facts such as Marshall had, told us almost nothing that we hadn't known before. Obviously he was no bluff seadog but a man of sensibility, fine fibered, the possessor of a keen intelligence; but he was not a skilled expositor. One felt that he had been persuaded, as a matter of obscure duty, to speak to a group of people whom he saw no compelling reason for informing. One reflected that although since the hush-hush days of 1942 Navy Public Relations has been doing a clean-cut and useful job—knowing clearly what it is permissible to print, where the information can be got, and why it should be got if not subject to legitimate censorship—this job must have remained almost meaningless to Admiral King. Here was a man in whose view the Navy didn't need to be explained or sold. It had a big task to accomplish. If any part of that task was ever made more difficult by, let us say, the divulging of information about submarine operations, the thing to do was to stop telling anybody anything about submarines. Here before him now was a group of editors and writers. He was told that editors and writers made some difference, and that he ought to talk to them. So he scribbled some notes in pencil on a scratchpad, went to the conference room, greeted the people courteously, patiently, as an officer and a gentleman should, and talked. But he had his job to get back to, his tremendous job which took all his intelligence and understanding. He was neither a professor of naval interpretation nor a salesman with a glad eye; he was the man who had to run the United States Navy.

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CONSCRIPTION FOR PEACETIME?

HANSON W. BALDWIN

For a thorough examination of the arguments for and against permanent compulsory military training, we turn to a civilian who stands in the top rank of writers on military and naval affairs and knows the armed services well. — The Editors

ONE of the greatest issues of our time—the permanent peacetime conscription of American youth for military training—is now before the court of public opinion.

This session of Congress is being asked to consider in the midst of war, and under pressure, a law which would have an abiding, though imponderable, effect upon our foreign, domestic, and military policies.

The importance of this forthcoming debate cannot be exaggerated. Permanent peacetime conscription—universal military training—will profoundly influence our social, economic, physical, and educational life, as well as our military organization.

Conscription is a military measure, but it cannot be thus simply pigeonholed. It is a sociological measure too, but that cannot be its primary purpose, or its mili-

tary value is nil. It is, in a sense, a foreign policy, but it must not be regarded as a guarantee of security or strength. It is a measure which will affect not only our generation but our children and our children's children; the decisions made now will have lasting importance.

There must, therefore, be careful understanding and thorough study of the bills before this Congress. Colonel Herman Beukema of West Point has written: ". . . democratic conscription has in every instance occurred as the voluntary dedication of a nation's resources to the cause of defense. The armies so raised have not always been notable for their efficiency; often, the contrary . . . the benefits of democratic conscription have persisted to the day of peace only for the nations which in the heat of war have not lost sight of their own true interests. Na-

pooleon's early successes blinded the French people to the fact that their liberties were being wiped out. A gullible people, dazzled by military success, are all too apt to overlook the necessity of qualifying a grant of power to the nation's leaders with the proviso 'for the period of the emergency' only, and of leaving in being the popularly elected instrumentalities which shall determine when the emergency has in fact ended. Therein, as history has clearly shown, lie the greatest social and political dangers of democratic conscription." *

THE legislation now an issue before Congress must not be confused with the wartime conscription act.

The present wartime draft law, which terminates May 15, 1945, is applicable to all men between 18 and 45, and every inductee can be required to serve for the duration or until the services decide they no longer need him. At the time of this writing there is a possibility that the German war may continue into late 1945 or even into 1946; in any case we must prepare for such an eventuality. The Japanese war may well last through 1946 or longer. With about 7,000,000 men overseas or aboard ship, it will be one or two years after the end of hostilities before our forces can be returned to this country and demobilized. And the interim unsettled period, following the cessation of hostilities, when extra-large garrisons and occupying forces will be required at many overseas points, may last anywhere from one to ten years. Obviously, therefore, the present wartime conscription act must be extended. The peacetime bills, which provide for one year of training for all youths reaching eighteen, cannot provide the military manpower necessary for fighting the rest of this war or for the immediate troubled postwar period. There is, in this observer's opinion, no alternative to the extension of the present wartime conscription act to a termination date of two to five years after the end of hostilities. This, it seems to me, is

something upon which all segments of public opinion can agree; the present Congress *must* extend the present wartime act to give us the military manpower needed to finish the war, and to take the first steps in building the peace.

But to agree on the necessity for such an extension of the present act, though it clears the air, is merely to beg the question. It merely poses more forcibly the problem of the proposed acts.

THE peacetime conscription acts—one or more of them was introduced before the present session of Congress was far advanced—differ only in detail. Most of them were patterned after two bills which died with the last session of Congress—the Wadsworth-Gurney bill and the May bill. These bills provided, and any future bills are likely to provide, for one year of military training (not service) in the Army or Navy. The age of induction suggested varies from graduation from high school or preparatory school (or the age of 18, "whichever first occurs") to 22. After completion of the year of training, each man may be enrolled as a reservist for a stated period and may be subject to periodic refresher training.†

It may well be asked why such *peacetime* legislation is being considered now in the midst of war.

The answer, about which the Army is frank, is that our past experience has shown that after the end of a war public interest in national defense and military organization subsides. Many measures desirable for the national defense obviously can be passed in wartime which would not even reach a vote in time of peace. If lasting benefit to the national defense is to come from this war, the necessary legislation will probably have to be passed now. Such is the argument for the affirmative.

The argument for the negative is that so grave a piece of legislation should not be subject to hasty judgments formed in crisis. And the opponents point to the further fact that 11,800,000 men and women are now in the armed services—perhaps 7,000,-

* "The Social and Political Aspects of Conscription: Europe's Experience," in the book *War as a Social Institution*, edited for the American Historical Association by Jesse D. Clarkson and Thomas C. Cochran.

† The new May bill, introduced in January, 1945, does not provide for refresher training, but the Army backs such a provision.

000 serving outside the territorial limits of the United States—and are therefore able to make relatively little use of their constitutional right to influence pending legislation.

The opponents of peacetime conscription use prohibition as a parallel; the dry law was foisted upon the country during another war, they recall, and it took years of peace and wrangling to repeal it. But prohibition required a constitutional amendment and ratification by thirty-six of the forty-eight states to pass it—and also to repeal it. Conscription, on the other hand, could be approved or repealed by a simple majority of Congress. Congress also retains a checkrein on the conscriptive process through its appropriation powers; actually conscription could be nullified by Congress, without repeal of the authority to conscript, by a refusal to appropriate funds.

II

WHAT are the basic issues? What are the arguments for and against peacetime conscription?

They can be logically considered under three principal heads—the domestic arguments, the international arguments, and the military arguments. Each argument, of course, affects the others. And there are many false issues, straw men, and red herrings. The discussions of the peacetime draft already have been confused and obscured—in some instances deliberately—and are likely to be still more confused as the discussion before Congress progresses.

Let's look at the issues; let's set up the straw men—and knock them down again; let's see what are the real merits and demerits of peacetime conscription.

Let's consider, first, the domestic arguments.

Health

ON December 1, 1943—3,354,460 men in the 18-to-37 age group were classified as 4-F or physically unfit for military service. Among the 18-year-olds the rejections for physical or mental disabilities were running about 25 to 30 per cent.

The affirmative argument is that a con-

siderable percentage of these men—"at least 20 per cent"—were rejected because of easily remediable defects, such as bad teeth, etc., and that compulsory military training would enable the Army to rehabilitate through medical treatment those with trifling disabilities. And all inductees, it is held, would profit physically anyhow from a year of training.

But the peacetime draft act would apply only to men between 18 and 22 years of age. The unfit in the older age groups could not and would not be drafted, and hence would not be affected. Of the 18-year-old group, those "unfits" who have remediable defects are in a relatively small minority. By that age the basic troubles which cause rejection—tuberculosis, heart trouble, mental deficiencies, neurological disorders, or crippling injuries—are so definite and so far advanced that quick cure is impossible. The Army can do nothing for these unfit.

For those drafted, a program of military training and discipline plus good food, medical care, and physical conditioning would be definitely beneficial to some, probably to most, but not to all. The Army, like civilian life, has sedentary jobs. All of us have seen some flat-chested, stoop-shouldered, pot-bellied service men. Some woodsmen, farmers, and others used to outdoor life have found the Army training far less active and healthful than that to which they have been accustomed.

Army training might be beneficial in teaching many of our youths to make emotional and physical adjustments—but, again, not all. Many of those drafted, as this war has shown, may be on the verge of emotional, nervous, or mental instability; the rough-and-ready give and take of Army life is rarely a good cure for such cases. Moreover, those who experienced mental and physical benefits as a result of Army training would receive at best transitory help. After his year of training the youth would tend to slip back into the habits of the past, unless a national program of health and physical education accompanied military training.

The permanent benefit to the national health would therefore be slight and slow—though (over decades) definite. Conscription might, as after the Civil War,

promote interest in outdoor sports and camping. But Army training would be at best remedial and corrective, not preventative. Conscription would not strike at the root of our physical and mental deficiencies; only a widespread program in the schools and improvement in the home can do that.

Furthermore, improvement of the nation's physical and mental health is *not* a job for the Army. The Army cannot and must not be perverted into a medical or health institution, or it will deviate—with consequent danger to the country—from its fundamental aim, that of preparation to defend the country in war. The school and the home, the medical profession, and the state and federal governments operating through public health associations and similar agencies must shoulder this responsibility. It is *not* an Army or Navy function.

Discipline and Character

IT is argued that a year of military service, under discipline, for young men in the formative years would provide a character-molding and stabilizing influence. But it is questionable whether *military* discipline contributes materially to moral fiber. Certainly the blind obedience and the frenetic discipline of the Germans and Japanese are not for us; in the name of discipline and in the name of morality they have perpetrated some of the most horrible crimes of history. Intelligent and democratic discipline and emphasis on self-control rather than on control by rote or through fear should yield positive results; but this is not the kind of discipline, generally speaking, the Army has today. This author has been too closely associated with our armed forces to believe that. Let a GI speak:

"In regard to discipline, I am not quite sure what people mean. . . . No one knowing the Army can describe the standards of morals and habits formed there as uplifting. Quite the contrary. . . . The discipline our young men need is that provided by a job which they respect, and which, in its requirements of punctuality, interest in work, and skill, and in its demands for visible accomplishment, provides a chance . . . to grow and to ac-

quire positions of higher responsibility. The Army, except for a few who are professionally inclined toward an Army career, does little to give this real discipline. It does much to destroy it, and is thus an evil to be lived through.

"The discipline of the battlefield—unquestioned obedience of orders—is a limited affair. Its connection with civilian life is remote indeed."

And Dr. Leonard W. Mayo, writing in the *New York Times*, points out that "not all of the influences incident to military training . . . are on the constructive side. . . . It is inevitable that some destructive influences should be present in spite of all that the military authorities can do, and they do a lot. But it is naïve to assume that compulsory military training can be expected to build or 'stabilize' character. The main purpose of military training, as such, is to teach men to fight and kill."

Without a major revision of the disciplinary and leadership methods of the services (particularly of the Army), the desired end—improvement of the national character—probably would not be accomplished. Given such change in disciplinary standards, the results achieved would be beneficial, though very gradual. As conditions exist today it seems probable that military training would result in some "toughening" of the national character and greater realism in the mental approach of the American people. Both of these are desirable results, but they would almost certainly be accompanied by other, undesirable results: "toughening" can coarsen and strain as well as harden and refine.

Again, as in the case of physical health, it is a mistake to conceive of the services as reform schools, or as institutions for character building. They are police forces, not schools. The nation's moral health must be preserved and improved by the home, the school, and the church.

Leadership, Citizenship, and Education

OUR own experience in this war has shown that illiteracy, provincialism, failure in basic qualities of leadership, and lack of a sense of the responsibilities of citizenship are far too common among our

young men. It is argued that military training would educate the uneducated, broaden the education of the partially educated, and tend to develop the qualities of leadership which are so little developed in normal civilian life. Another argument has it that the year of training in the Army should not be entirely military, that military training should occupy only part of the time, and that the remainder should be devoted to education and vocational training.

Army training, if it were to be strictly a year of *military* training, might stimulate somewhat the mental processes of some recruits and would somewhat improve the educational standards of the nation, but only after many decades. For *military* training requires full-time effort; the best soldiers in modern war are men who already have been educated; there is no time in one year of service to educate *and* to train. Conscription must do one or the other; it cannot do both. The Army is not a trade school; neither is it an educational institution.

A program of vocational and educational training plus military training would be neither fish nor fowl; the military program—which is the fundamental purpose of conscription—would be hopelessly hobbled, nor would there be sufficient time to educate properly. The net result would be boondoggling.

Moreover, attempts at compulsory mass education under the aegis of the federal government could not fail to have a deleterious effect upon American education as a whole, and might lead in the direction of greater and greater federal control of education—a dangerous trend. For all these reasons military training cannot be advocated on educational or vocational grounds.

On the other hand military training can stimulate qualities of leadership to some extent, particularly if the training program and the officers who administer it are wise. But the military system with its insistence upon a strict obedience is not always conducive to moral courage; in the past it has produced far too many of the “yes man” type of leaders. The Army and Navy are one kind of school, but not necessarily the best kind of school, for leaders.

Political

THE political effects of conscription would be definite, though imponderable. Just as the American Legion has been a force in politics since the First World War, so in time permanent peacetime conscription might tend to create a “soldier bloc,” which would add another pressure group—perhaps good, perhaps bad in its effects—to the forces already influencing Congress. This group might be opposed, as a pressure group, to labor, though it would more probably be split in its social and political philosophy. More important, perhaps, in its consequences, would be the effect of conscription upon the balance of power in government. One has only to study the experiences of this war to realize how great is the power in wartime, not only in military matters, but also in civil matters, of the professional officer class. Is it wise to extend this grant of power to peacetime? Peacetime conscription would certainly increase the stature and authority of the military leaders as against the civil leaders. The natural, human tendency on the part of the professional toward perpetuation of this military power has resulted sometimes in past history in the establishment of a military dynasty, or a professional hierarchy, which has not only influenced but often determined foreign and domestic policies (as in Germany and France).

Economic

THE most dangerous and fallacious argument that has been made for conscription has been advanced—not openly but surreptitiously—by high officials in Washington. These officials apparently fear that the country’s economic problems may be insoluble after the war, and that it will be better to put 800,000 boys or so every year into uniform than to have them in bread lines.

Conscription, it is held, will reduce or eliminate unemployment. It is further claimed that conscription, by transferring the purchasing power of perhaps 800,000 youngsters from private to (largely) governmental hands, may tend to dampen inflation and preserve economic stability.

This is a plausible and glittering argument, and one which—if times are bad after the war, as they may well be—will find wide appeal. But it is a signpost to the primrose path of disaster, domestic and international. It is the very argument that Hitler used; it is the apologia and last resource of a government which has failed to solve its domestic problems. To put men into the Army in order to avoid unemployment is an invitation to imperialism and war.

Such a step for such a motive means the end of labor's gains in this country. It means the eventual breakdown, sooner or later, of our economic system. It means the end of our political system as we know it. Just as the Army is not a health or educational institution, just as it cannot substitute for the home, the church, or the school, neither can it be used as an instrument of economic well-being without danger to the republic.

But even if this fallacious philosophy should be rejected and conscription should, nevertheless, be found necessary as a security measure, it is clear that the nation's economic processes would be affected anyhow.

The removal of 800,000 boys each year from the labor market, at a time of life when most boys are getting a start in the business of earning, would affect—just how we cannot yet say—the pocketbook of every American. In some instances—where the sons were the family's chief support—deprivation would result. In apprentice trades, the interruption of the learning process might mean considerable business dislocation, at least initially. The year in the Army might result in a gradual deferment of marriage, and postponement of the process of starting a family, with a consequent effect upon America's already falling birth rate. Conscription would also undoubtedly result in the further centralization of purchasing power, and taxing power, in the hands of the federal government. The citizen would be taxed, on the one hand, to pay the costs of conscription; his son would be paid during his year of service from these taxes, but probably not at a rate commensurate with his civilian earning power. In other words, the cost of conscription

would come from the pockets of the citizens, and would bring no economic gain. For the Army, like a police force, is non-productive, and the money that goes into it bears no interest, produces no profits, and is, in effect, dissipated capital.

The increased military drain upon the federal budget would probably limit the amounts that could be spent upon public works, social improvements, etc. In the long view of history the checks and balances that might thus be created might or might not be beneficial to the body politic; only vision and long study can forecast the probabilities.

Psychological and Moral

ONE intangible but important argument against conscription is, in effect, the distillation of all the domestic arguments outlined above. It is that many of Europe's millions came to America to escape conscription—and the undemocratic and dominating body politic that to them it implied; that America was the land of opportunity, which meant physical, mental, and moral freedom, religious, educational, economic, and political opportunity; and that these dreams must not be lost.

No matter what may be the demands of security, no matter how much the evolution of American life demands a greater control of our economic and political processes by the federal government, no matter how much we must confine and limit and control the *laissez faire* practices of the past, America must remain a land in which the state exists for the people, not the people for the state.

III

LET'S consider, next, the international arguments.

One of them can be quickly dismissed. It is often said that conscription is required to maintain the peace, so that American forces will be available to occupy enemy countries and to conduct, by international agreement, policing operations to prevent future aggression. But a one-year *training* act will not—cannot—provide troops for overseas (or domestic) *service*.

The program suggested by the War Department is plainly a *training* program, not a *service* program. It would be impossible in one year to train men, ship them overseas, use them for garrison or police duties, and ship them back again for discharge. It would be highly undesirable, even if possible; well trained, disciplined troops—not green, hastily trained youngsters—will be needed for the onerous business of preserving peace in a hostile, seething country like Germany. And any attempt to combine military *service* with military *training* in the short span of one year would be likely to be fatal to both concepts; the boys would be hastily and inadequately trained and their service would be brief and inefficient.

Clearly the postwar occupying forces and policing forces will have to be composed of long-term men—provided either by a limited extension of the present wartime conscription act until four or five years after the end of hostilities, or by volunteers, or by both. The peacetime one-year draft laws, now under discussion, cannot be applied to the occupation of Germany or of Japan or indeed to military *service* of any description.

ANOTHER of the international arguments can also be checked off.

It is often said that conscription is international insurance *against* war. The President, in his annual message to Congress, supported peacetime conscription "as an essential factor in the maintenance of peace." Historical experience does not support this statement. It may be argued logically that conscription is national insurance *when war comes*, but conscription has never stopped war and never made war less frequent. We have only to recall the examples of France, Italy, Russia, China and the many other countries that—despite conscription—have been embroiled in war. On the other hand the reverse of this argument seems no less untrue. Conscription and armaments are not, *per se*, the cause of war. Again France is a classic example: French conscription in the twentieth century certainly was not a cause of either of the great World Wars, nor was it synonymous with imperialism. As Brigadier General John Mc-

Auley Palmer has written, "It all depends upon what the training [conscription] is for."

It is, of course, true, as Norman Thomas has said, that "arms and conscription as a worldwide policy tend toward war, not peace." One of the causes of World War I was the challenge to British sea power implicit in the increase in strength of the German fleet. Yet behind that expansion of the Kaiser's sea power lay German political and economic ambitions. Political and economic security is a necessary precedent to disarmament; only a fool would have his nation disarm if the world about him were in arms. An America whose ideal is worldwide justice and security must follow a definite middle course; we must steer midway between imperialism and isolationism and choose neither.

It should be quite clear, from a brief glance at history, that if the basic causes of war—political, economic, psychological, and military—exist, conscription will not stop the *outbreak* of the conflagration, though it is quite possible it will alter the *method of starting*, and the *rate of burning*, of the fire.

STILL another of the international arguments, used by both the proponents and the opponents of conscription, concerns its application to the role the United States will play in the future international political order. Of the international issues, this is the basic one.

The opponents of conscription argue that American universal military training is incompatible with the plan for a new and stronger League of Nations reached at Dumbarton Oaks. On the one hand, they say, we provide for "durable" peace; on the other we prepare for war. The proponents of conscription, however, see it as a measure necessary to give strength and power to Dumbarton Oaks. Both arguments are specious; both represent misreadings of the accomplishments, and perhaps even of the intent, of Dumbarton Oaks.

Far too many Americans have been bemused by their leaders' eloquence. Far fewer than in the last war, but still too many, believe that this is the last of the

great wars. Dumbarton Oaks has been too often described as a vehicle to "lasting peace." This is distortion and falsification of a high order.

In this stage of the world's development, and for centuries to come, there is, and there will be, no such thing as durable peace. Struggle is a part of life, wars are a part of history. Only the slow process of education and basic changes in the essential nature of man will outlaw them. And that will not be in our time, or in our children's children's children's time.

The Dumbarton Oaks plan is no insurance of peace. The preservation of tomorrow's peace depends, not upon the new League of Nations, but upon the three great powers, Britain, Russia, and the United States, and upon the agreements reached among those three great powers, *outside the framework of the Dumbarton Oaks agreement*. The police forces provided for by the Oaks agreement are *national*, not *international*, forces. They will be, essentially, ad hoc forces—that is, mixed forces composed of contingents from various member nations of the new League, mobilized for specific and temporary police purposes, not permanently organized as an international army. They will be large enough, perhaps, to prevent or suppress small wars, but they will have neither the size nor the power to prevent large wars; indeed, the Oaks agreements do not contemplate that they should be able to do this. If there is basic disagreement among the three great powers, the new League will be a façade and nothing more; if one of those three great powers commits aggression, nothing the League's "police force" can do can prevent it, or alter it.

It is clear that conscription can do little to make effective a League whose effectiveness depends not upon the police forces provided for but upon the agreements, political, economic, and military, arrived at among the three great powers outside the framework of Dumbarton Oaks. It should also be clear, as we have previously seen, that no one-year *training* force could be suitable for overseas police service. The arguments of the proponents of conscription, are, therefore, dismissed on two counts.

On the other hand, the arguments on this score of the opponents of conscription can likewise be dismissed as of no pertinence. For if we recognize that Dumbarton Oaks is merely a plan, a step—imperfect, but the best that could be achieved under present world conditions—to try to reduce the frequency of wars, and to try to provide a stabilizing factor in an unstable world, we should both welcome it and not behave as if it provided real security. Above all, because of the basic nature of man, we shall be well advised not to put all our eggs in one basket, not to trust too much to international agreements, but to bolster those agreements with our own strength.

How can we debate conscription, and the kind of defense we need in the world of tomorrow, without first defining what kind of a world that is to be, and what part the United States will play in it?

The world of tomorrow, like the world of yesterday, is certain to be a world of power politics. Already, long before the last shots are fired, we can dimly see some of its complexion. Regions, and spheres of influence, are being established—by Russia in eastern Europe, and quite probably in Manchuria and Korea and northern Persia; by Britain in western Europe, the Mediterranean, southeastern Asia, southern Persia; by the United States in the Western Hemisphere, west-central Pacific, perhaps in the Middle East. The Italian and Greek troubles are previews of things to come. Ideological strife is not ended. Suspicion and economic rivalry are rife. The world of tomorrow will not be any bright new world, but the same old world with patches. But this is no reason for despair; world betterment cannot be measured in the life span of a generation. Americans must retain their hope but acquire a historical perspective.

American foreign policy in the near future will presumably try to provide some form of *international* security, while at the same time hedging and bolstering our position by *national* security. It is against the background of such a policy that the issue of conscription must be judged.

Whether or not conscription is needed to enforce such a foreign policy cannot, how-

ever, be decided until we examine in more detail the nation's military problems of tomorrow. And it is this issue, the *military* necessity of conscription, that is the real one. Neither the domestic nor the international arguments for conscription stand up.

IV

IS CONSCRIPTION necessary, from a strictly military point of view, for the proper defense of the country?

The War Department says yes. Adequate "security demands universal military training."

But what is "adequate security" and what is the "proper defense" of the country?

A comprehensive definition is not easy to find unless we know against what specific dangers we are to prepare. Today, with the war still unfinished, it is impossible to know exactly what these will be. But we do know something about the strategic position of the United States.

Despite a lot of loose talk to the contrary, despite the great increase in the range and power of the plane, we know that our geographical position is still our greatest *defensive* asset. There is no neighboring great power which might suddenly invade us by land. And although flying bombs and long-range rockets, planes, airborne troops, and new and perhaps revolutionary types of fighting ships which could span our defensive sea barriers are potential military threats, and fifth-column activities (which cannot, however, be met by military means) are potential psychological threats, the defense against these forms of attack is in the air and at sea, and in the mind—not on land. No great land army is needed for the defense of the continental United States, at least not in the initial year of war.

But no war can be won by defense. And our military obligations go far beyond the borders of the continental United States. We shall certainly oppose infringement of the Monroe Doctrine in this hemisphere. Whether we like it or not, we are morally obligated to ensure the security of the Philippines. Our commercial interests will take our flag to China and to other distant parts of the world; and

already the government and private interests are committed to a continuing interest in the Middle East. Furthermore, strategically it would be against our vital interests and would represent an eventual potential threat to our economic and military security if any one power were to control all of the western coastline of Europe, or all of the eastern coastline of Asia.

These things, then, are some of the things for which we might have to fight—outside the continental limits of the United States. To enable us to fight successfully, and to protect the continental United States effectively—even against air or sea attacks—we shall require bases outside the continental United States, bastions for defense, springboards for offensive.

In the Atlantic, Greenland, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the West Indian bases are a minimum requirement; we should also secure by treaty the *right* to use bases in Canada, Labrador, Iceland, the Azores, and Brazil. In the Pacific, we shall need connecting links to the Philippines; Alaska and the Aleutians must be guarded; and bases will be required also at Hawaii, Midway, Johnston, Palmyra, Canton, the Marshalls and the Carolines, the Marianas, the Philippines themselves, and perhaps the Nansei group—with the *right* to use bases (acquired by treaty) in Australia, New Guinea, New Britain, and possibly Singapore, China, and the Kuriles.

Our bases must be heavily defended and fortified against surprise attack of all kinds, including amphibious landings.

It is also clear from a glance at the map that the chief elements of our defense should be air and naval; the plane and the ship are the only elements that can link together outlying bases with the continental homeland and make the whole a strong system. Clearly, therefore, we shall need a sizable air force and a big navy for defense of the continental United States and its overseas interests, supported by small but well-equipped and highly trained land garrisons and small amphibious forces. We need no mass army in being at the *start* of a war (unless we intend to wage a *war* of aggression). This is particularly true today, because, as John Fischer correctly pointed out in a previous

issue of *Harper's*, the great importance of the machine in modern war, with the tremendous industrial capacity of America to produce machines, "makes it possible for the United States to buy a greater degree of security with a smaller investment of manpower than ever before."

However, we shall certainly need a large army to *finish* any major war. To which it may be argued, "The United States intends then to fight on foreign soil?" To which I say "Amen." The whole object of any sound defense policy is to ensure that any wars into which we may be drawn will not be fought on our soil. It will be too much to expect that in the next war our land can be kept inviolate from bombs or rockets; but our objective must be to make such air attacks as do penetrate our defenses militarily indecisive and to keep the land fighting on foreign fields.

In the military establishment thus envisaged four things will be essential—the best equipment in the world with industrial facilities geared to produce quickly masses of it; research and scientific facilities and scientists and supply experts to keep American military design and development ahead of the world's; a sizable cadre of highly competent professional soldiers, sailors, and airmen of all ranks trained to use this modern equipment to best advantage, and ready for instant action, and yet flexible and imaginative enough to develop constantly new tactics of war; and finally, and perhaps most important, a reserve corps of officers not as professionally polished in the military sciences as the regulars, but selected for their outstanding qualities of leadership.

How many men will be required for such an establishment?

The impossibility of answering this question with any precision, with this war still to be won and the peace to be settled, becomes more and more obvious the more one turns each facet of the problem to the mind.

What size army, what size navy, what size air force we shall need cannot be determined in a vacuum; their size obviously must be relative to the armaments of other world powers. Today we clearly have by

far the world's largest navy, by far the world's largest air force, and an army of trained, armed combat effectives equaled or exceeded in size only by the Russian, the German, the Japanese. We shall not need even half of this great force in peacetime.

But the process of reduction of our fighting services to a peacetime norm cannot, and must not, go to the crippling extent that has followed all past wars. The Navy is talking in terms of a permanent establishment of 500,000 men, 40,000 officers, plus 100,000 or 200,000 conscript trainees each year. The Army is talking in terms of a permanent *service* personnel of perhaps 250,000, plus about 600,000 or 700,000 trainees each year to be trained by a rotating "overhead" of some 150,000 to 250,000 more. The Army Air Forces would be in addition to these strengths.* These are very sizable forces, far larger than any we have ever retained in peacetime before. They seem to me too large, yet at this juncture no one can say with certainty that they are; we shall not know until the war is over. Nor shall we know until then what proportion of our military strength should be air, what should be sea, what should be land. This is another unknown in the conscription problem.

THE most valid argument that can be made for conscription is that this system, and this system alone, will provide a backlog of at least semi-trained reserves, who will help to bridge and perhaps to shorten the gap between the outbreak of any war and the time, perhaps a year to eighteen months afterward, when our industrial facilities and manpower mobilization will have turned out a very sizable trained and equipped army. I know of no other system except conscription which in peacetime, before a war starts, will build up a large reserve for the ground forces. I know of no other system which enables the skeleton of an army—

* The permanent *service* personnel of these sizable forces would have to be raised by voluntary enlistment, since the conscription acts are envisaged solely as *training* acts. Whether or not such a large number of volunteers could be raised in peacetime would depend upon the incentives offered by the military services—rate of pay, prospect of promotion, etc.

its professional, permanent cadre—to be filled out so rapidly, and on the whole so easily.* This is conscription's greatest advantage.

But it has certain concomitant disadvantages. The utility of a soldier trained by this method would be reduced by time. At the end of his year of training (and in my opinion, a year is the indispensable minimum) the citizen should be a pretty good soldier, lacking primarily two qualities which only war can provide—war-time incentive and actual battlefield experience. One year after his training period had been concluded, his value as a soldier would probably have retrogressed considerably; two years later, he would be still less valuable; five to eight years later, his military efficiency would have been reduced by perhaps forty to sixty per cent, even despite periodic refresher training.

All this means, therefore, that the reserves trained by conscription would be of greatly varying quality. Those who, at the outbreak of war, were actually engaged in training or had just finished training would be an immediate valuable addition to the permanent cadre. Others would require more training both to refresh them in old techniques and to train them in new ones. To fit this varied mass of reservists into an army would take time.

In view of the fact that time would also be required—one year to eighteen months—to get our industrial establishment into wartime production, and the additional fact, just noted, that we are not likely to need a mass army at the start of any war, there is a reasonable doubt as to whether or not the peacetime creation of a large mass reserve for the ground forces is essential to our national security.

Against the advantages of such a mass reserve, furthermore, must be weighed its disadvantages. Conscription would be expensive: the cost of maintaining not only the permanent service estab-

lishment but also a great training establishment might run to a billion dollars a year for pay alone, and this might tempt Congress to cut down on funds for research and development, for equipment, and for officer training. Make no bones about it: conscription would be more, not less, expensive than other military systems. It might ease, but certainly would not accomplish by itself, the task of building up a large pool of well-trained reserve officers; for conscription's main purpose is to produce trained privates, not trained officers. We must also face the possibility that the existence of a mass reserve, if this reserve were trained in the concepts of the past war, not the future war, might stultify all military progress in this country; even the military might confuse peacetime conscription with military strength.

There is something to be said for a compulsory training program which starts, not in the piping days of peace twenty years before a war, but at the eve of international crisis, when the will and incentive to learn are whipped by events. With a year or so of time in which to mobilize a large army—time furnished by geography, our Navy, Air Forces, and permanent base garrisons—time needed to get our industrial wheels turning—there is less reason for peacetime conscription for America than for any other great or medium power.

The arguments outlined above, pro and con, bring us to no clear conclusion. For the truth is that to arrive at any clear conclusion the discussion must be on a broader basis than is possible now. So far, in the current debate, the cart has been put before the horse. We are being asked to conscript, not for an army and navy of determined size, not to round out a military system of determined shape, not to support a foreign policy of determined pattern, but in advance of decisions on these interrelated matters.

I should like to see, therefore, a far more thorough investigation than has yet been made, not only of all aspects of conscription but of all aspects of our postwar defense problem: the size of our armed forces, the relative weight of each organization; bases, equipment, research, industrial facilities, the merchant marine,

* It is idle to talk of the Swiss militia system. The Swiss have not been a military power since the days of the pike; their security has been dependent in the last two wars on political, rather than military, considerations. The Swiss militia system provides too short a training period for an army of machines such as ours, and if adopted in this country would represent a military compromise of dubious efficacy.

communications, and the training program, including the conscription question—all these things to be studied in the light of our foreign policy and what we need to implement it.

The present Army and Navy groups that are studying various aspects of the problem are too little integrated to produce a rounded study; moreover, Army and Navy studies are bound to be *ex parte*. Nor can a congressional committee do the whole job. What is needed is a fact-finding commission, after the pattern of the Morrow or Baker Board, composed of some of the most capable men in the country: a commission appointed by the President, or by Congress, or by both together, and made up of judges, lawyers, scientists, educators, and congressmen. It should have Army, Navy, and Air Force advisers, but probably no military members. Thorough hearings on the broadest possible basis should be started immediately, and the commission should continue its studies until such time as world developments and its analysis of the war's lessons

permit it to make final findings. Only in such a way can the framework of a sound, integrated defense system, keyed to our foreign policy and to our social and economic and political life, be set up.

Whether or not such a solution is adopted, upon two things we should insist. First, that peacetime conscription is not a separate issue; it should be treated as part of a far broader problem—the whole problem of postwar defense. Second, that it must stand or fall on its military merits. If it is adjudged essential to implement our postwar military policy we must have it, but we must remember that the harm it may do to our political and economic and social institutions may well outweigh its incidental political, economic, and social benefits.

Above all, we should not permit hasty legislation. The issue is too important to our sons and our sons' sons to be given a "once over lightly." We are legislating for tomorrow, not for today, and sound thought and long study are essential to the success of future investments.

Books Without Authors?

THERE are a surprising number of books whose titles, at least, are very familiar though almost nobody can remember who wrote them. No one in our office, for instance, could offhand identify the authors of more than eleven of those listed below, and the average score was four. How many can you get? (You will find the correct answers in the Personal and Otherwise column at the end of the magazine.)

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1. The Swiss Family Robinson | 9. Hans Brinker |
| 2. Quo Vadis? | 10. East Lynne |
| 3. Black Beauty | 11. The Prisoner of Zenda |
| 4. John Halifax, Gentleman | 12. Elsie Dinsmore |
| 5. Baron Munchausen | 13. Graustark |
| 6. Lorna Doone | 14. David Harum |
| 7. Ten Nights in a Barroom | 15. The Covered Wagon |
| 8. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | 16. Ben Hur |

{ *This is the first of two articles based on several weeks
of fact-collecting along the Coast by Mr. Grat-
tan, economist and contributing editor of Harper's.* }

THE FUTURE OF THE PACIFIC COAST

I. California's Prospects

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN



CALIFORNIA is not exactly a shrinking violet among the forty-eight states. It assiduously cultivates the attention of the citizens of the other forty-seven. Appropriately like a movie star, it must be talked about at all cost or fade away into the obscurity of, say, South Dakota—a fate worse than death. The citizens of the other states respond by moving to California in surprising numbers. That every census since 1849 has shown California outstripping the nation as a whole in population growth is a matter of statistical record. This is not because Californians are notably prolific—as a matter of fact their reproduction rate fell below the national average in recent years, though it has now recovered at least temporarily—but because it is a place to which thousands of people migrate each decade. California is in many ways the most significant focus of that perpetual internal migration that makes the American people one of the most mobile in the entire world.

The war hasn't changed all that. It has accentuated it. Today California is actually faced with a most unusual prospect: *once the war is over, it will have too many people.*

The principal war-born industries—airplane and shipbuilding—which have drawn 1,500,000 people to the state in recent years, will have to drop perhaps 90

per cent of their employees. For a time after the war the labor market will be flooded with excess workers. Californians are planning for public works with the knowledge that these will palliate but will not cure the problem of surplus population. The crisis will not last long—but it will last long enough to be a problem both to the victims and to the authorities.

It will not last long because California expects to continue to receive migrants for years to come, the god of the economic machinery willing. Supposing the war will be over by 1950, *California will emerge by then with more people than ever before and ready to take in still more.* That is, it will if economic conditions in the nation as a whole are reasonably good. For while California has striking peculiarities, mostly pleasant, which distinguish it from its fellow states, it is still an integral part of the nation and possesses no magic formula for thriving when the rest of us don't. (If it did, all of us would try to crowd in and—remarkable as it must seem to the boosters—there are perverse people who feel no urge whatever to go there permanently.)

THE first thing to fix in our minds as we consider the prospects for California's future is that it is one of the most highly urbanized states in the nation. Some-

thing like eight out of every ten people there today live in the cities and metropolitan districts; and of these eight, seven are concentrated in three principal areas: Los Angeles County, the San Francisco Bay Area, and San Diego County. Of these three great concentrations Los Angeles is of course the largest (estimated total as of last January, 3,371,000); the San Francisco Bay Area is a good second (1,948,000), and San Diego a poor third (422,000). Outside these—aside from the minor cities of Fresno, Sacramento, San Jose, and Stockton—is rural California.

It is expected that in the postwar period the state's population will be redistributed somewhat to the advantage of the rural counties. Irrigation will make this possible. The great Central Valley irrigation and power project, for example, now the subject of excessively bitter controversy, is expected to draw people into the eight counties of the San Joaquin Valley, of which Stockton is the commercial and industrial capital. Californians still cherish to their bosoms the greatest of their many paradoxes: they boast of a climate an outstanding virtue of which allegedly is the relative freedom from rain and snow—and then induce the federal government to spend millions to bring to the land the fructifying water the wonderful climate denies it.

Even irrigation, however, will not disturb significantly the strikingly urbanized character of the state. And therefore anybody who proposes to study California's prospects must first of all look long and hard at Los Angeles and San Francisco. They aren't the whole of California, but they are obviously reasonable samples. They are the places anyone seeking a glimpse of the future would inevitably visit.

II

LOS ANGELES, which has grown like a weed since the 1880's, is today a disquieted city. It is not dissatisfied with its phenomenal wartime growth, but it is disturbed by the fact that most of the recent increase has been caused by the expansion of the airplane industry. The general belief is that only one worker out of every ten currently employed in making

planes will be needed to care for postwar business. Had the people who flocked into the airplane plants arrived in the city in peacetime over a period of five or six years, they might, assuming reasonable prosperity, have been absorbed in a normal fashion. But they arrived suddenly and were directed into a fantastically expanded war industry; how, then, can they be cared for when that industry even more suddenly gives them up?

A good many will return to their homes. (Thousands have already done so, for labor turnover is high.) But even if only two-thirds remain, half of them firmly intending to stay permanently, half hanging around for a while to see what will turn up, the problem of caring for them will be immense. No wonder that there are gloomy folk who wish that most of them would go away. "Better that they go home and rake leaves with which they are familiar than that they stay here to rake leaves they know nothing about."

This hardly sounds like the Los Angeles of old—and the irony is compounded by the fact that within the decade the city will be welcoming more people. In spite of the dislocations of reconversion, the state authorities expect it to grow beyond the 1944 total by 1950. The fundamental belief in the future of Los Angeles is most clearly reflected in the forward plans of the city-owned Bureau of Power and Light, which has a three-year plan to spend \$35,500,000 exclusively on new power production and distribution facilities, and an eight-year plan to spend \$23,000,000 on water distribution. Both plans are indicative of a basic optimism. (A substantial life of William Mulholland [1855-1935], who pioneered this system; would tell us much worth knowing about Los Angeles. Why has one never been written?)

The trouble is that Los Angeles cannot today discover a peacetime industry that promises to provide jobs as prolifically as wartime airplane building. It is possible to see the established industries expanding. It is thought possible to make an increasingly good thing out of clothing, especially sports clothing, Hollywood styled; oil has a promising future, especially on the chemical side; the making of oil machinery for

export seems a good bet; the movies are not likely to peter out; branch factories of Eastern concerns, which have been accumulating rapidly in recent years,* will be bigger and better and some new ones will certainly be added; plastics will probably put down roots, and in addition to forming and shaping imported materials, the industry may make the materials themselves; and there is a hopeful list of "Products not Manufactured in Los Angeles County" which suggests lines of possible growth.

This list is an interesting phenomenon. The list-making itch has become epidemic. Wherever one goes a list is produced. "These things we use. We buy them elsewhere. If we could make them, think how many people we could employ!" Often the list is accompanied by a calculation of the percentage of the total product consumed, but not produced, in the city, or state, or area—apparently implying that production up to that percentage at least should be planned, an idea to which I shall return later.

The basic desire of Los Angeles is to get on with its industrialization program. This is the basic desire, for that matter, of most of urban California. The rate of growth of factory industry in California has, for some years, been considerably greater than in the nation as a whole. War industry gave this trend a tremendous lift—but the lift is lopsided. The problem is to get industrial development back on the rails and moving forward in a "normal" fashion.

THAT Los Angeles should want to industrialize is hardly astonishing. It is in the logical line of its economic evolution. But the pattern of economic opinion in Los Angeles is decidedly different, not only from that of the nation as a whole, but also from that of the rest of California; and it gets in the way of any discussion of concrete plans to solve the city's problems.

Now I am no believer in the necessity of conforming to trends of opinion. I regard the recent outbursts of Henry Wal-

lace and Harold Ickes against persons who aren't camp-followers of the trends they fancy as irritating tosh. But it is odd, to say the least, to find so powerful an organization as the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce dedicated to *laissez faire* of a variety that has had few partisans these many, many years.

Only in Los Angeles would a Chamber of our day offer for sale a tract by Herbert Spencer as a guide to the perplexed. And surely only in Los Angeles would a Chamber economist believe in free enterprise so ardently that he would want to strike down, not only the New Deal devices for "giving the so-called 'masses' a little plunder and pap" (social security, collective bargaining, wage-hour legislation, government banking), but also all devices for giving business men their plunder and pap (tariffs, "fair trade laws" and other price maintenance schemes). Surely this is carrying *laissez faire* to an altogether puritanical extreme. It isn't playing the business game as played elsewhere. For the game as ordinarily played requires that every effort be made to deprive the other fellow of his plunder and pap, while hanging on like grim death to one's own.

Why should the Chamber—which is to say the dominant figures in the business community—hold to such an uncompromising policy? An explanation which makes sense was suggested to me by two persons, one of whom was for, one against, the result. They both called attention to the fact that Los Angeles industry is a complicated mosaic of small and medium-sized businesses. The only really big industry is airplanes. The characteristic businesses are mostly creations of individual entrepreneurs within their own lifetimes. This fact gives their creators a sense of the reality of the rags-to-riches pattern which is a basic assumption behind the *laissez faire* ideology. These businesses are not yet institutionalized, or bureaucratized, but are still owner-managed—a circumstance which gives the entrepreneur an overweening sense of his competence to run his own affairs. Since he wrestled out his own business, he is prepared to continue to wrestle with all comers as long as he can lay down his own rules and abide by the result, whether

*For example, General Motors, Ford, Goodrich, Goodyear, U. S. Rubber, Firestone, Willard Storage Battery, Bethlehem Steel, etc.

survival or extinction. He therefore strongly resents "outside interference," for that prevents him from the untrammelled exercise of his ingenuity. Hence the opposition both to price maintenance laws and to collective bargaining, to "pap" of all kinds.

The end result is that in Los Angeles you can hear men say that they would like to cut both prices and wages in order to win a competitive advantage over the rest of California and the nation. Indeed I was told that only if Los Angeles can do so can she realize her full industrial potential. And, by the same token, it is freely predicted that there will be a showdown between capital and labor in Los Angeles after the war.

It would be flying in the face of the evidence to see in the Los Angeles business opinion anything but a backwater on the main stream of American business opinion. The Angelenos are well aware that they stand by themselves, and this gives their pronunciamientos a fighting edge. But the essence of politics is compromise. Meanwhile the Chamber's ideas rumble through all discussions of economic affairs in Los Angeles as those incredible old rattletraps of streetcars rumble through the city's streets.

THE climate of Southern California is the most highly publicized climate in the world. But like Fred Allen, I feel that it is a wonderful climate if you are an orange. Californians have a hard job thinking their way past the climate. I have even read that it has provided a powerful stimulant for building factories and homes—an opinion which quite overlooks the fact that most factories and homes in the world have thus far been built in climates all good Californians would unite in condemning as intolerable. The fact, I believe, is that California's climate is a contingent boon. The real secret of the state's growth is the fact that the average income is bigger in California than in the rest of the country—38 per cent bigger than the average U. S. income in 1939, and as much as 43 per cent bigger in 1943!

As Warwick S. Carpenter emphasizes in his interesting brochure, "New Market

Measurements of the Western States," the effective buying power in the hands of Westerners has consistently been above the national average for many years. Only in spots—such as Hollywood, perhaps—is the income taken away as fast as it is delivered. So one must conclude that what brings people to California is the fact that many of them can improve their economic positions—in a climate which is generally thought to be supremely attractive. I strongly doubt that poverty is easier to bear in California than elsewhere because of the climate, though I was often told it was. I'd say it would be harder to bear because of the prevailing prosperity. It is easier to be poor where everybody is poor. I suspect that movements like "\$60 at 60" originate in a determination to conquer poverty by trick laws in order that the wonderful climate may be enjoyed with the mind untroubled by dollars.

Incidentally, it is indicative of the present California enthusiasm for industrialization that a lovely city like Santa Barbara, traditionally a tourist paradise, is arguing whether to retain its traditional character or try to attract industry. Personally I'd vote with the traditionalists. After all it would be a shame to spoil Santa Barbara; and anyhow the tourist trade is big business in California, ranking as a major income producer.

III

BUT let us move north. Before the war, people in Los Angeles used to say that San Francisco was going to be a ghost town. While Los Angeles was growing at a great rate, San Francisco was standing still. (The rivalry between the two cities is intense to the point of being ludicrous; the only parallel I know is that between Sydney and Melbourne in Australia.) But today San Francisco is a wonderfully lively ghost and shows every sign of retaining its vitality into the future.

There is an important point to keep in mind in comparing the two cities. Long ago Los Angeles, by a process of municipal imperialism, extended its borders widely until it became in area the largest city in the world, whereas San Francisco has far

more modest territorial limits. The real comparison, therefore, is between the nucleus of southern California and the nucleus of northern California—between, on the one hand, Los Angeles with its satellite towns in Los Angeles County, and, on the other hand, the whole San Francisco Bay Area, which includes no less than nine counties (Alameda, Contra Costa, Marin, Napa, Santa Clara, San Francisco, San Mateo, Solano, and Sonoma) and no less than five well-known cities (San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Richmond, and San Jose). During the present war the two areas have gained population about equally; and while Los Angeles still has a large edge in numbers, the Bay Area no longer has a slower rate of growth. Whether this will continue after the war remains to be seen.

How can San Francisco ensure that it will never again show signs of ghostliness? This is, of course, a Bay Area problem, and considerable effort must be spent to temper ancient rivalries between Bay Area cities—especially San Francisco and Oakland—in order that the Area concept may be firmly established. But there is considerable optimism that this will be done.

In fact, San Francisco is, generally speaking, an optimistic city. While there is the usual soul-searching about the shattering readjustments that the reconversion period will require, the leaders in San Francisco, perhaps heartened by the discovery that San Francisco really can grow like Los Angeles, seem fairly confident that they can master all difficulties. In San Francisco it is shipbuilding that will let loose hordes of workers when the war ends. Admitting that a considerable outflow of workers is inevitable—perhaps a large proportion of the very best workers—it is nevertheless felt that by and large the Area can retain its wartime industrial gains and go forward to bigger and better things. What this optimism really stems from is hard to say, but it appears to have three roots other than the fact of population growth: (1) the taproot is a strong confidence in the future of West Coast manufacturing, especially steel fabrication; (2) San Francisco shows a striking ingenuity in exploring every possible nook and cranny for possibilities of expansion

(well illustrated by Robert Elliott's daily column "Tomorrow's Job" in the *News*); and (3) there is a widespread conviction—as yet unanalyzed—that foreign trade is in for a future boom.

It is exceedingly interesting that whereas I heard little talk in Los Angeles about Henry Kaiser's new steel plant at Fontana, only about eighty miles inland from Los Angeles, near San Bernardino, I heard a lot of talk in San Francisco about the vast new Geneva steel works near Provo, Utah, about eight hundred miles away. Geneva primarily, and Fontana secondarily, are the focal points of interest for those who recognize that steel is still the basic product on which to found an industrial economy. The Geneva plant, with additional equipment, can provide most of the needed steel for Western industry, and Fontana will play a vital, if supplementary, role.

THE importance attached to Geneva in San Francisco suggests again that it is impossible to localize California's problems in California. Geneva is in Utah. Yet the effort to keep this particular war plant in operation after the war is as much California's task as Utah's. Just as California's prosperity depends in large measure on national prosperity—and increasingly on international well-being—so the continued operation of the Geneva plant is a sectional rather than a state interest. I want to emphasize that while I talk here of California for my convenience and yours, it is nevertheless obligatory before this report is concluded to get across the idea of the Western states as a sectional grouping of mounting importance.

This idea came through most clearly in talking to San Franciscans, particularly Attorney General Robert Kenny. Mr. Kenny is an extraordinarily attractive public figure. While it would be absurdly puritanical not to note the overtones of political ambition in his activities—the suggestion is that when Senator Hiram Johnson is gathered to the angels, Governor Earl Warren will go to the Senate and Mr. Kenny to the governor's chair—it nevertheless remains true that Mr. Kenny is today seeking to break down

state provincialism, to promote a sectional perspective on the West's problems, and—without sacrificing sectional interests—to fit them sensibly into the national picture, a useful and necessary job. In February of last year Mr. Kenny played a strategic role in arranging a meeting at Carson City, Nevada, of the Western State Committees on Interstate Co-operation for the specific purpose of discussing the problems of Geneva. This emphasized that Utah might have the steel mill, but its operation was a Western problem, not Utah's alone. Out of such events, and the ideas which inspire them, one can clearly see emerging the elements of a Western way of thinking.

The West Coast's ideas on foreign trade find fullest expression in San Francisco. The notion, so widely prevalent in the United States, that foreign trade will play a magical role in the future of the American economy has struck deep roots in California. It is impossible to report any great precision of thought about the matter. Like most other Americans, people in California think in terms of selling abroad, not of buying abroad, and where that can lead has been discussed from several angles in this magazine recently. The idea in San Francisco is that the Orient, China specifically, will want vast quantities of goods after the war. But I found very little attention being paid to discovering (a) the nature of the Chinese industrialization program; or (b) the nature of the controls—over foreign exchange, for example—that the Chinese are likely to impose on imports into their country. There was no apparent effort to match up probable Chinese needs with the West Coast's capacity to satisfy them. The Chinese, given luck, will want a lot, but can the West Coast supply enough of it really to matter? To this question people answer that the foreign demand will help justify the establishment of new industries in California, and that these will solve the problem. But their argument today rests almost entirely on generalizations.

On the buying side the case is vaguer still. To be sure, Robert Elliott has written:

... it is inescapable that we must open our

ports to receive more and more of the riches of the world, if we are to cash in on our new role in peaceful international commerce.

That points in the right direction; but after all, Western economic thought—except in Los Angeles—still includes a basic belief in tariff protection.

SAN FRANCISCO recalls its labor troubles of a decade ago with considerable pain. The bad reputation for labor relations it then acquired plagues it still. (It was even alleged to me that this bad reputation is kept alive by Western managers of Eastern-owned enterprises, to enable them to say in effect, "See what smart fellows we are. In this town of bad labor relations, we don't have any trouble at all!") The current San Francisco attitude seems to be epitomized in the remark, "We are playing ball with labor. In L.A. they never heard of the game." The chances seem good that the playing will go on into the postwar period if general economic conditions are favorable, for disturbed labor relations and industrial expansion don't fit well together. But it illustrates an uneasiness under the surface that Harry Bridges' current line—no strikes, intimate co-operation with employers—is not very fervently embraced. Everyone wants to know what it really means. Bridges' past record is inefaceable and his words simply aren't taken at surface value; they are suspected of symbolizing something sinister.

HENRY KAISER looms large in San Francisco but his stature is reduced as one comes closer to him. He is not the whole Pacific Coast, as he sometimes appears to be from an East Coast coign of vantage. There is general admiration of what he has done, of his power to create, and an amused hopefulness about his innumerable realistic and fantastic postwar plans. It is slyly suggested, as it is so often in the East, that Kaiser is a creature of government spending and that it is yet to be proved that he can make out on a big scale in a normal market. It is stated that President Roosevelt's campaign speech in Chicago—the one in which he foreshadowed his postwar economic program—was largely inspired by

Kaiser's ideas. Kaiser is in and out of the White House ever more frequently. But it is also suggested that even his associates are worried by his increasing tendency to appear before the public as a kind of economic swami, propounding windy ideas about the future.

Kaiser is a large element in the West Coast picture today because he is so deeply involved in shipbuilding, which provided the excuse for building two great steel works; and it is hoped that his postwar plans will in some measure materialize. But obviously his yards will be a principal source from which thousands of excess workers will flow out into the various communities. For this reason he probably figures less in a positive way in postwar discussions than his probable contributions to solutions actually merit. Henry Kaiser is more than a Big Wind Out of the West; he is an immensely complex human being and a portentous economic-political force. I am convinced that nobody has yet pinned him to paper for the nation to assess his real significance.

IV

THE reconversion problem in California will be especially acute because, paradoxically, it will not be truly a reconversion problem. For the vast new industries which have mushroomed during the war are largely truly new. They do not represent, to any great degree, old industries converted to war uses. Before the war the five principal factory industries in California, by wage-earners employed, were:

- Canning fruits and vegetables
- Lumber and timber products
- Bread and bakery products
- Aircraft and parts
- Petroleum refining

Aircraft, you will note, stood fourth on the list; shipbuilding didn't even rate in the first five. Obviously the task of utilizing the workers and equipment which have been concentrated in these new monster industries will be much more difficult and more problematical than if it were an ordinary task of reconverting plants back to their original functions. California's problem is fundamentally to re-

store a normal economic balance, using as much of the wartime expansion as is humanly possible, but setting no exaggerated store by every building and machine that was run up for war production. This will not be easy. The tendency is to fuss altogether too much about the prospect of having to abandon anything that the war has brought to the state—an allegedly forward-looking attitude which may serve as a subtle obstacle to true progress.

In this connection it may be well to bear in mind two facts about prewar California which may together hold a lesson for the state's future. The first fact—which I have already mentioned—is that the average income has been higher in California than in the country as a whole. The second fact is that before the war a larger proportion of population were engaged in the service industries in California than in the country as a whole, and a smaller proportion were engaged in farming and manufacturing. (To be specific: in March, 1940, only 10.5 per cent of Californians were in agriculture, whereas 18.5 per cent of all Americans were; only 16.5 per cent of Californians were in manufacturing, whereas 23.4 per cent of all Americans were. But the California percentages in a whole series of services such as wholesale and retail trade, personal services, professional and related services, government, transportation and other public utilities, etc., were higher than the national percentages were.) Here, perhaps, is a neat demonstration of the general truth—which I mentioned in my article last September, "Factories Can't Employ Everybody!"—that a high standard of living and a high proportion of people in the services go together. And the lesson for the future may be that along with more industrialization, California may well watch and hope for an expansion of its services.

I HAVE already said something about the Los Angeles and San Francisco points of view on these problems. But something remains to be said about the all-over Western point of view on them.

It must be a rare Westerner who can phrase the Western point of view, for nobody I encountered made much of a

fist of it. To be sure, everybody feels the élan of the West, the bounce, gusto, free-and-easiness, or whatever it is that allegedly distinguishes the region, but just what it really means is difficult to say. It is easier to name than describe or assess. In some measure, I am convinced, it is simply the lift in psychology associated with expansion and expansiveness—an outlook slanted toward the future rather than the past, or the humdrum present, in a land which still has plenty of elbow room. But if this be true, then it becomes, not something uniquely Western, but simply an expression in a more flamboyant fashion of a basic element in the psychology of millions of Americans who have never been in the West.

Perhaps this is near to the mark, for it is striking how many people in positions of consequence one meets in the West who migrated there only recently. Many of them are ardent boosters, even professional boosters, and their talk has all the characteristics of the so-called Western outlook. One is amused to find these people grouching about the older residents, who apparently do not share the sectional weakness for exuberance. In California there is considerable hostility between the newcomer boosters and the settled, cautious, exclusivist descendants of the pioneers. In most of the great cities the old guard seems to be in the minority; only in Portland, Oregon, does it seem to be almost in the majority. But the existence of this conflict of opinion clearly illustrates that the expansive element in the Western psychology reflects the fact that the West is still growing, and attracting men interested in growth.

Yet even if the Western élan is based on belief in the future, one cannot on that account assume that the West is united in the choice of a road into the future. When it comes to selecting the road, the conflicts which appear are often identical with those elsewhere. Throughout the West it is agreed that the federal government should deal with the problem of bringing water to the arid and semi-arid lands. There is no suggestion that private enterprise should own and operate Boulder, Shasta, Bonneville or Grand Coulee Dams. But there are nevertheless those who

think that the electricity generated at these dams should be distributed by private enterprise, in whole or in large part. The conflict between public power and private utilities is sharp. And in the case of the Shasta Dam, which will serve the Central Valley Project in California, there is a rather disagreeable controversy over who should benefit from the irrigation water—small owners (160-acre farms), or large landholders whose properties were accumulated in earlier days. The West certainly wants the water and power on which to found its future expansion, but it isn't united on how to govern their use once the federal authorities make them available.

As to factory industry, the conflicts are of a different kind. Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada stirred up a hornet's nest when he proposed to use federal authority to shut down government-owned factories in the East in order to keep open the Western government-owned factories. This scheme he attempted to justify in one of the most fantastic publications lately to come out of Washington, "A Graphic Guide to Decentralization" (October, 1944), published by the Special Committee to Investigate the Centralization of Heavy Industry in the United States. McCarran's whole program was based on the generalizations that the East is overpopulated and overindustrialized. No criteria to prove either were offered in the monograph. The West, by contrast, was taken to be underpopulated and underindustrialized. But when the deduction was made that the correct way to redress the alleged imbalance would be to deprive the East of something with one hand, while distributing largesse to the West with the other, and doing both by using federal authority, then both sections had ground for annoyance. They *were* annoyed. Senator McCarran in his turn was annoyed by the small amount of support his idea got on the West Coast, presumably the principal beneficiary. It is expected that the weird publication will be shuffled into oblivion.

But if the Senator got off on the wrong foot, he was certainly headed in the right

direction. With a little skillful footwork his committee will strike pay dirt. For the West is certainly hell-bent on industrializing. Its outlook is an example, on a sectional basis, of the universal urge to industrialize on a national basis to which I have made frequent and skeptical reference in these pages.

The role that the federal government should play in this sectional effort is variously conceived, but since the private enterprise approach is quite certain to dominate in the years immediately ahead, the government is rarely envisaged as playing the role of factory operator. Rather the range of conceptions of its role should be thought of as running from those of the Los Angeles Chamber, through that of the Committee on Economic Development, to the notion that public power authorities should be guides, philosophers, and friends to private entrepreneurs (if any can be found who will welcome them).

There the discussion branches out in two directions, both of which lead us into stormy country. First, the one mentioned earlier: the notion that the West should manufacture at least as many goods of all descriptions as it consumes. Second, the idea that the Western struggle to industrialize somehow sets it at loggerheads with the East.

THE first idea—that the West should manufacture as many goods of all sorts as it consumes—seems to me nearsighted, just as economic nationalism is nearsighted. It brings up visions of sectional competition of an extremely disagreeable kind. Obviously the so-called Western market is but a fraction of the national market, not something uniquely separate; and it should be open to the competition of all comers whether they make their goods in the West or not. If the Western entrepreneurs can produce and distribute in successful competition with entrepreneurs located elsewhere, more power to them. (It is generally agreed, by the way, that the Westerners are weakest when it comes to distribution, in which they have limited experience.) If Easterners can meet the demand more effectively by setting up branch factories, as

they have done in the past, they should not be denied. In affairs of this kind, a free field and no special favors would seem to me to be the desirable rule.

There seems little reason, moreover, to introduce a hothouse principle of forcing Western industrialization to conform to any particular percentage of national consumption. For it would obviously be folly to make a policy of fragmenting the nation's industrial plant on a sectional basis. Unless industry disperses in such a way as to provide usable additions to the total national capacity, we shall have change but not progress, as when a housewife rearranges the furniture in a room. She adds nothing, she takes away nothing, and the only result is that the room "looks different." The psychological consequences may be great, but the material consequences are nil.

BUT," say some of the ardent Western sectionalists, "the Eastern industrialists keep us down. They treat the West like a semicolonial area which they exploit to their great profit. We must fight the East to establish our maturity."

This view has had spectacular expression in some quarters, and has even been taken as the majority view. My investigations convince me that few Westerners really accept it holus-bolus. It is mostly "conversation." I was assured again and again in responsible quarters that A. G. Mezerik's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* last spring—in which he said that "Western America has a postwar plan . . . to wage war against the financial monopoly now held by the East. The goal is industrial self-determination"—was a raw caricature of Western attitudes.

The West does hope that government action will loosen up the laws wherever they now allow older entrepreneurs to control production to the disadvantage of new, whether through cartels, monopolies, patent licensing, or what have you. This, however, is not a peculiarly Western attitude by any manner of means. It is a general American hope, in some respects an international hope. The West, too, hopes that the great Eastern corporations will not have a determining say in the disposition of the vast government-owned

plants of the West. It wants to see them disposed of in the light of the needs of a Western economy. It will be deeply resentful if it suspects that they are junked or held out of use to the direct advantage of Eastern industrialists. (The same sort of resentment will arise for different reasons in the East.) However there is general agreement that the West has not the local capital to purchase and operate all the plants; and the idea seems to be that if Eastern capital will allow a Western-oriented management to run the properties, its participation will be welcomed. (If this were not so, I fail to see how the West could not only tolerate existing branch plants of Eastern corporations but also welcome with cheers even idle rumors that more branch plants are coming.)

Even in the case of Geneva steel, ownership by an Eastern group would be an acceptable alternative to a complete shut-down. But the management would have to be free of prejudicial interference from Eastern steel interests to win popularity in the West.

THE sum and substance of the matter is that there is in the West today some old-fashioned populism. This recurring political outlook is based on the feeling that the East, as the seat of financial power, somehow calculates every economic move in terms of Eastern advantage. The Midwestern farmers, who eventually made William Jennings Bryan a national figure, stood for such things as railroad regulation, co-operative marketing, and currency inflation, all generated out of hostility to the Eastern capitalists. Today the West is gathering up vague ideas about Eastern obstructionism, Eastern exploitation, Eastern hostility to the West's best interests, into a queer amalgam which I can only think of as a new populism.

What substance there is in these suspicions is hard to say. True, Easterners have made a good thing out of the West in

mining, railroads, private power, and so on. A brilliant presentation of the case is Joseph Kinsey Howard's *Montana, High, Wide and Handsome*. Yet in a publication of the California Reconstruction and Re-employment Commission we read, with reference to prewar income:

California residents received a higher proportion of their income from returns on capital investments than did residents of the nation as a whole. *This indicates that California residents probably receive more income from investments in other parts of the nation than residents of other states take out of California through their investments here.* [Italics mine.]

But populism isn't analysis; it is an emotional reaction. So today in the West there is a mild anti-Eastern slant. It presages, not a war as Mr. Mezerik thought, but a constant "on guard" attitude on the part of the West when Eastern interests directly or indirectly enter its domain. For the West is determined that the West shall in full measure get all that is coming to it—which may sometimes be more than Easterners would offhand think!

This Western populism will inevitably have its political expression. The activities of Attorney General Kenny of California fall under this heading. So do those of Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada. So apparently will those of Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, who declared ten days after his election: "We must have a greater unity among the Western senators back in Washington in order to get the Eastern part of the United States to recognize the industrial importance of the West." I do not think, however, that the Eastern editorial writers need sharpen their knives to operate on anyone the way they operated on Bryan in 1896. For though the West is not today disposed to "take" much quietly, there is little undisciplined bellicosity; and no new political messiah looms on the horizon to build Western sectionalism into a national menace. Which is lucky for the West—and the East!

[A second article by Mr. Grattan, on the prospects for the Northwest, will follow.—The Editors]

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



IF WE seem to be traveling by a long detour this month, I explain that this is written at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in January, nearly six weeks short of March. Something can be said for March in Cambridge; at least William Dean Howells, who used to write the *Easy Chair*, once said something about it. He said that it was like the Italian Riviera overhead and the breakup of the Ice Age underfoot, which sanctions you to think of gracious places if you keep your eyes fixed on the sky. But in January there is the Cambridge snow turning the color of Cambridge houses (though a householder, I cannot tell you where we get that paint), with the winter's wastes frozen in its surface and blowing loose bit by bit. There are the sidewalks of eighteenth-century boards or primeval earth, the death rattle of your neighbor's heating system, and the smells which were already a seasonal fixture when an aide of General Burgoyne's noted them the winter after Saratoga.

In Cambridge, unlike upper New England where the annual death in life occurs in April, January is the cruelest month. I count on getting by with this column because the editor of *Harper's* once lived in Cambridge, and I explain to you that if New England writers are more introspective than most, and Cambridge writers most introspective of the subspecies, the winter is responsible. One survives it by living in phantasy.

My phantasy begins with the only Great Industrialist I have ever met, the president of an automobile company. Before the war I occasionally wrote an *Easy Chair* about the defects of the American automobile and the aberrations of its designers. When I met this manufacturer he told me that those *Easy Chairs* were always clipped and sent to his engineering department,

and he courteously omitted telling me what memoranda came back. So now, on January mornings when I find that the east wind has detached some December garbage from Harvard Square and blown it to my front porch, I picture myself reminding him that I have served the automobile industry and suggesting that I am capable of serving it again. It seems probable that, duly licensed by the government, he has some experimental models on the road right now. They are made of soy beans, coal, argon, and a secret glass that is lighter and stronger than magnesium; they are equipped with automatic pilot and a compact search radar; the air-cooled radial engine is suspended over the front axle, the fuel is a milkweed derivative, and if I know the industry the driver cannot see his right front fender. In my phantasy it is June and Mr. H. has engaged me as a critic, and for three months I am helping American business prepare to meet the challenge of peace by driving one of those models over a great variety of grades and road surfaces, in many climatic conditions. There could be no more useful test of the car of tomorrow than a carefully annotated trip with me at the wheel from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia, by way of the Missouri River, Lemhi Pass, the Clearwater, and the Snake.

IT NEED not necessarily be the automobile industry. In the past three years I have worked for various departments of the Army as a writer and a speaker. One department proposed to send me on a speaking tour by plane, and that plane would have burned more gasoline per week than my modest proposal would burn all summer long. There are many Army posts, camps, fields, and stations between St. Louis and the mouth of the Columbia;

my phantasy has me making a speech at every one of them. Or attention publicity directors of the General Land Office, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, the National Park Service, the Forest Service, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Bureau of Mines, the Bureau of Ethnology, and all other relevant branches of the government. You want to get the story of your war activities before the public, don't you? This pen and this typewriter are at your service in return for enough gasoline to get me from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia and back. In fact, for enough to get me there.

Properly one should go up those chocolate-colored waters by dugout, pirogue, keelboat, or the *Yellowstone* or the *Assiniboin*. All have distinguished precedent and no doubt those primordial steamboats get into the phantasy because George Catlin and Charles Bodmer traveled on them, the first artists who painted the badlands. But I should be content to let my antique Buick or my industrialist's 1950 model keep me reasonably close to the trail Lewis and Clark took. In Cambridge all the rich variety of countrysides it crosses seem fair: the prairies becoming the plains and these rising in a long slant to become the high plains, then the mountain ranges, the intermountain plateaus, and finally the descent to the Pacific. The vast landscape is cut by rivers whose names have been orchestrated in our ears. One would follow the Missouri past the mouth of the tremendous Yellowstone, past the Milk and Marias Rivers to the three forks, and up the Jefferson to the place beyond which the dugouts could not go. From here Lewis and Clark crossed the Continental Divide and reached the Salmon River but its valley proved impassable, and they had to go back over the Divide again and work northward to the Clearwater, which they followed to the Snake. In Cambridge the finest part of this phantasmal journey, finer even than the triumphant last leg that leads to the open sea, is this passage along the Snake. It is one of the noblest of American rivers—to my mind the most beautiful—and one of the least written about. I will make sure that someone writes about it if my indus-

trialist or the government will give me godspeed, and at any rate its flashing water makes therapeutic thinking in a Cambridge January.

OUR historians have not told us too much about Lewis and Clark. Their expedition was an outcome of energies which are still vigorously at work, so vigorously that we tend to think of them as originating in our own time. It was conceived by the earliest, most farseeing of American geopoliticians, Thomas Jefferson, as a necessary step in the defense of the United States against expanding, rival empires in the Western Hemisphere. The immediate need was to defend us against Napoleon's re-establishment of the French empire in North America. Napoleon threatened to impose on Jefferson the foreign policy which he described as marrying ourselves to the British fleet and nation, impelled him to send Lewis and Clark to spy out the land westward to the ocean, and presently forced on him the first step in our unique, interior imperialism, the purchase of the wilderness called Louisiana. Following Lewis and Clark from St. Louis to the Pacific, one would be taking a trail that was blazed in order to make the nation secure against a dictator's blueprint for world conquest. Napoleon was not the first who struck that note in our history, as he has proved not to have been the last.

But the menace of Napoleon was not the only energy that bore upon this journey, which in fact challenged other empires besides the French. Long before Meriwether Lewis was named to lead it, before the Constitutional Convention assembled, even before the Revolution ended, the Western lands and their necessities were in Jefferson's mind. By the time Lewis and Clark set out in 1804 there had arisen an urgent need to establish overland connection with the activities of certain American adventurers that had begun a good many years before. In May of 1792 the ship *Columbia*, out of Boston, Robert Gray master, crossed the bar into the mouth of a river whose existence had been rumored for well over a century but which no white man before him had ever seen. It was the "Ouragan," which Robert

Rogers had proposed to travel to by land thirty years earlier, which in fact the Venable had actually set out to find thirty years before Rogers. It was not only the Oregon, it was a cousin of two myths, the Multnomah and the Buenaventura Rivers which no one will ever find. Still more, it was the unnamed passage to the sea toward which La Salle had traveled in 1670, and Radisson and Groseilliers before him, and Nicollet before them, and Jacques Cartier and a good many others in the sixteenth century. Well, Captain Gray had found it at last—under the nose of an English captain who was looking for it too and followed him into it a few weeks later. And already, as the result of an earlier voyage by Gray, Americans on this coast had invaded the interests and impinged on the conflicts of the British and Spanish empires, had made contact with the expanding Russian empire, and had begun the trade with China which produced our first great maritime era. One reason why Lewis and Clark were sent out to span the continent that was not yet ours was to make secure the opening on the Pacific which sailors and sealers and fur traders and China merchants had established for us.

But their journey was born in Jefferson's mind long before the *Columbia* gave her name to the great river of the West. The phantasy that is following their trail here reaches energies even more durable and more powerful. No doubt he developed the idea in conversation with the scientists whose society he found so enjoyable, Philadelphians mostly, and the scientists may have worked it out as the result of a suggestion originally Franklin's. But long before that, when Jefferson was an agent of the Revolution in Paris, there had appeared in his study a Connecticut Yankee whose life had been fantastically adventurous so far and who had all but incredible adventures ahead of him. John Ledyard had come back from the third voyage of James Cook, the voyage which led Cook to the discovery, or rediscovery, of the Sandwich Islands and eventually killed him there. He had been with the great navigator when he touched the western coast of North America, one of the few Englishmen who had done so. Except for

Jefferson, Ledyard was the first American on record who understood the importance of that coast to his countrymen—Congress had ratified the peace with England just six months before. He wanted to go back there and he wanted to make sure of going in an American ship. That project proved impossible and so he proposed to go to Russia, walk across Siberia, take ship to Nootka Sound, and then come home on foot to Virginia. He would thus have broken the trail for Lewis and Clark from west to east, twenty years before they started out. Jefferson gave him what help he could and, after one complete frustration, Ledyard actually began that fantastic journey. From St. Petersburg he had got as far as Irkutsk—a long way—before Catherine the Great's police seized him and turned him back.

IF EVERY period of this geographical phantasy deals with the heroic, Ledyard has brought it in touch with marvel and James Cook with the universal. For the purpose of Cook's third voyage to the Pacific was to take the next-to-the-last step in proving or disproving the existence of a Northwest Passage—the step of determining whether any inlet, bay, gulf, or estuary on the west coast of upper North America might lead far enough into the interior of the continent to connect with known rivers and so provide a water passage to the Arctic Ocean, the Great Lakes, or Hudson Bay. So in the last quarter of the eighteenth century we have rejoined Cartier and with him all the great explorers of the sixteenth century, French, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch. In fact we have moved back into the fifteenth century and picked up the first voyage of Columbus.

We have, that is, leaped backward over American history altogether, to a stage in the mind and culture of Western man when the American continent was merely a barrier between Europe on the one hand and Cathay, Cipango, and the Spice Islands on the other. History, only lately centered on the Mediterranean Sea, had established its Atlantic phase and was beginning to move toward the era which we are ushering in today. In sailing westward to reach the east, navigators encountered this continent—and produced

the four and a half centuries of American history as an incidental and originally frustrating interruption of their voyaging. That history began at once but the voyaging went on concurrently with it. Unquestionably a strait must lead through the barrier and Columbus made his last voyage for the sole purpose of finding it. But nine years before he sailed for that disastrous failure, John Cabot had set out to find not the central strait but a passage that must lead round the barrier by the northwest, the passage which Captain Cook was still looking for in 1778. And equally there must be a passage round it by the southwest, and Diego de Lepe sailed to find it in 1500. He took with him a literary person and in the end that proved to have been incautious, for the artist plagiarized the voyage and gave his own name forever to the continent of Columbus. De Lepe did not find the southwest passage but adventurers kept looking for it and in 1520 one of them, Magellan, burst at last into the South Sea which Balboa had first seen, silent upon a peak of Darien.

Magellan sailed on, through the Marianas Islands, and reached Samar in the Philippines, and Cebu, and Mactan, where he was killed. From Magellan onward our phantasy may be as flexible and as telescoped as you please, so long as you will take account of men who sailed these seas and left their names on islands there which have acquired a terrible significance in our day. Men like Bougainville, Torres, Marshall, and Gilbert. Some of them were sailing for the continent down under, some were following their predecessors toward the Moluccas, China, and Japan, and they put Oceania on our maps. But Vitus Bering, unlike most, was sailing eastward to find us and prove at last that North America was not a part of Asia. So

from Magellan on, the womb of history began to shape the era which we are entering, only a few years after the era we are ending had begun. But it was far from ready to be born.

IT HAD to wait for Cartier and Nicollet and La Salle. It had to wait for New Spain and New France and New England. It had to wait for Louisiana, for Robert Gray and the *Columbia*, for the sea otter and the triangular trade. It had to wait for the Russians to work eastward to Kamchatka and the Kuriles, and on to the Aleutians, and down the American coasts almost as far as San Francisco Bay. It had to wait for the history of the United States, for the most powerful of American energies, the thrust straight westward to the Pacific "by land, from the U. States." It had to wait for that other beginning, the one which Lewis and Clark made.

They crossed the Continental Divide by Lemhi Pass, and in November of 1805 they reached the Pacific. Thus they built an arch which bridged the fifteenth century and the nineteenth, brought many of history's threads into a pattern that has become fundamental, and polarized many energies to make a single one working straight toward today. During the past three years, with our Army and Navy, history has crossed another great divide. It is a divide as final, as fundamental, and as unappraisable as the one history crossed when it came out of the Mediterranean into the Atlantic. For we have now reached what Columbus set out for, the Indies, Cipango, and Cathay. Our arrival there has given time a new meridian and the world a new orientation. From now on as far as man may look ahead it will be a Pacific world, as in 1492 and from then on to yesterday it was an Atlantic world.

Mr. Smith, a New York lawyer, has written extensively in the field of radio since his first article, "What's Wrong with the Broadcasters?" appeared in Harper's in June, 1942.

THE RADIO BOOM AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST

BERNARD B. SMITH



DURING 1944 thirty-two radio stations sold for a total of more than ten million dollars. Most of them were small stations. Most of them sold at prices which represented fantastically high profits—so high, indeed, that the Federal Communications Commission got worried and asked Congress what to do about it.

Here are some typical cases:

Station WINX in Washington, a little five-year-old 250-watt station the net value of whose assets at the time was—according to records filed with the FCC—about \$75,000, sold for \$500,000.

WCOP, Boston, a 500-watt station which was bought in 1936 for \$57,000, sold for \$225,000.

KECA, Los Angeles, a 5,000-watt station the book value of whose tangible broadcast property was no more than \$70,000, went for \$800,000.

The reason for these high prices is clear enough. The sale of radio time to advertisers and others is big business, and has been getting bigger and bigger. In 1927 the gross time sales of all broadcasters were less than \$5 million; in 1932 (in spite of the depression) they were nearly \$62 million; in 1937 they had jumped to more than \$144 million; and in 1942 they totaled almost \$200 million. From 1942 to 1944 they almost doubled, jumping the figure to nearly \$400 million last year.

If these increases in sales had been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the number of stations, there would be no

problem. The fact is, however, that few if any new stations were built between 1942 and 1944. What is more, almost all of the standard broadcasting frequencies (in the centers of population where broadcasting is profitable) are now assigned. There are practically no good frequencies left to apply for. The consequence is that anyone who wants to acquire a standard frequency in order to get in on the profitable radio business has to buy a station which already exists. In other words, *he has to buy a frequency from someone who already has a license to broadcast.* It is the value of the frequency, then, which (allowing something for such intangible assets as good will) accounts for most of the difference between the value of a station's assets and the price for which it can be sold.

But radio frequencies cannot be sold. The Supreme Court has held that *a license to broadcast on a radio frequency does not constitute property.* Congress, by the Federal Communications Act of 1934, set up the Federal Communications Commission specifically "to maintain the control of the United States over all the channels of interstate and foreign radio transmission; and to provide for the use of such channels, *but not the ownership thereof*, by persons for limited periods of time, under licenses granted by Federal authority." (Italics ours.)

Congress provided that licenses to broadcast were to be granted free by the FCC "if public convenience, interest, or necessity will be served thereby," but not for a longer term than three years. It further provided that such licenses could not be transferred without FCC approval and could not be renewed except on the same terms which apply to the granting of original applications.

But the purchasers of radio stations know what they are doing when they pay huge prices for a frequency which cost the original licensee not a penny. They know that, whatever the law may be, the FCC almost invariably renews radio station licenses; that out of 9,000 renewal applications, 98 per cent have been granted without so much as a hearing and only a handful of the others have been denied. They know, in other words, that for all practical purposes the purchase of a radio station gives them a perpetual right to a channel of radio transmission which in fact and in law belongs to the people of the United States.

II

Two members of the FCC, Commissioners Clifford Durr and Paul Walker, have in the past year expressed increasing concern over the immensely profitable traffic in these nationally owned frequencies. Finally, last July, after Mr. Durr bitterly dissented from the Commission's approval of three station sales, FCC Chairman Fly appealed to Senator Wheeler and Representative Lea (chairmen respectively of the Senate and House Committees on Commerce) for guidance.

Under the present state of the law [he wrote] it is not clear that the Commission has either the duty or the power to disapprove of a transfer merely because the price is inordinately high—even though it may well be deduced that a substantial value is placed on the frequency. In the absence of a clear Congressional policy on this subject, we thought best to draw the matter to the attention of your Committee . . .

As a result of this appeal, both the Senate and House Committees are preparing to conduct hearings to determine whether legislation is needed to curb station sales prices. The proposal has even been made that Congress enact a law providing for a system of annual, graduated

charges to be paid to the government by station owners for the right to use a broadcasting frequency. Such a law would, of course, reduce broadcasting profits and thus undoubtedly bring about a cut in station values and sales prices. But this sort of approach misses the real point at issue.

The fact is that the problem of inordinately high prices for stations need never have arisen if the FCC had, as the law provides, from the beginning revoked or refused to renew licenses "because of conditions . . . which would warrant the Commission in refusing to grant a license on an original application, or for failure to operate substantially as set forth in the license."

Every broadcaster knows, from the form of application he files when he originally seeks his license, that the FCC is directly concerned with the class or type of programs he will broadcast. The applicant is required to "describe fully and in detail the character and types of program service proposed (e.g., entertainment, educational, religious, agricultural, fraternal, news, etc.), showing the total average weekly time to be devoted to each type of program, and the sources of each," and, further, to state the number of hours and percentage of time per month to be devoted to commercial programs and to sustaining programs. The same information is again required when the broadcaster applies for a renewal.

Some there are who like to insist that the FCC has no right to regulate the character or type of broadcast programs. They claim that such regulation is censorship, or an interference with the right of free speech, both of which are expressly forbidden in the act which set up the FCC.

The Supreme Court of the United States, however, in upholding the right of the FCC to control the conditions under which individual stations may contract for network service, said that the Federal Communications Act "does not restrict the Commission merely to supervision of the traffic. It puts upon the Commission the burden of determining the composition of that traffic."

Though some people argue that the

Court's use of the words "composition of that traffic" does not necessarily refer to classes or types of radio programs, the heads of the two principal networks—who are presumably advised by the best of legal counsel—disagree.

William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, testifying before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee in November, 1943, and referring to the Supreme Court decision, said:

I hardly need to add that "the composition of that traffic" in radio means the programs which go over the air waves and can mean nothing else.

Niles Trammell, president of the National Broadcasting Company, testifying before the same Committee a month later, said:

The Supreme Court has declared that Congress placed upon the Federal Communications Commission the burden of determining "the composition of the traffic"—that means programs to us.

Yet the FCC has never made any attempt to require a licensee to provide the "public interest" sustaining programs which he promised when he asked for a handout of one of the nation's radio frequencies. The only station to which it has ever denied a renewal upon anything remotely resembling programmatic grounds was, in the words of the then chairman of the FCC, "engaged in constant and repeated broadcasting of false, fraudulent, and misleading medical advertising, the sale of worthless stocks over the air, etc. The principal owner of the station was one of the chief advertisers of spurious stock-selling schemes." According to the FCC, apparently, any station serves "the public convenience, interest, and necessity" as long as it conforms with the Commission's technical and engineering requirements and its programs are not fraudulent.

Take, for example, the case of Station WIBC, Indianapolis. Six years ago 51 per cent of its stock was sold for \$10,000. Soon thereafter its broadcasting time was extended and its power increased. Last year, when the net value of its assets, according to records filed with the FCC, was approximately \$75,000, the station was sold for \$440,000.

Obviously, if a new frequency had been available in the radio spectrum, no one would have paid \$440,000 for WIBC. He would simply have applied for the new frequency (which the government would have given him free), spent \$100,000 or so to build and equip a station, and saved \$340,000. Making the most liberal allowances for good will and other intangible assets, something like \$300,000 of the sale price of WIBC must have represented the value of WIBC's license.

In order to obtain that license in the first place, the original owner of the station stated, under oath, that he would provide certain types of programs. His statements are contained in his application and in the FCC's decision, dated May 4, 1937, granting a license. Let's look for a moment at this decision:

The applicant offered in evidence a tentative program schedule which appears to be well balanced, entertaining, and instructive. . . . It will be the policy of the applicant to furnish ample time free of charge on the proposed station for broadcasting of educational, religious, civic, and agricultural programs. . . . The applicant proposes to form a community radio council composed of representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, Better Business Bureaus, Service Clubs, Public Schools, Parent-Teacher Associations, Department of Conservation of Indiana and other organizations the purpose of which would be to co-ordinate service clubs employing radio facilities, to determine civic programs best suited to meet the needs of the community and to secure the best talent available for the production of such programs. . . .

The applicant also proposes to establish an educational schedule in connection with the subjects currently taught in the schools and will broadcast such programs for two one-half hour periods five days each week for the benefit of the pupils of these schools. The enrollment of the schools of Indianapolis is approximately 60,000 and there are 89 school buildings in the city, a large percentage of which are equipped with radio receiving apparatus. The Parent-Teacher Association will be assisted through the use of a 15 minute broadcast period each day. Time will also be assigned to the University of Indiana, Butler University, the Indiana Central College, and other educational institutions. The applicant will also broadcast religious programs for the Church Federation of Indianapolis which has a membership of approximately 175 churches. . . . It was contended in behalf of the applicant that since the two stations now situated in Indianapolis each have chain affiliations they are unable to devote a sufficient amount of time to the broadcast of programs of purely local interest to satisfy the listeners. . . .

To accomplish all this the licensee, according to his application, promised to devote 10 per cent of free sustaining time to the broadcast of educational programs, 5 per cent to religious programs, 5 per cent to agricultural programs, and 10 per cent to civic programs.

On January 28, 1944, however, when Station WIBC filed its application for renewal, it stated that at that time it was providing not 10 per cent of free sustaining time to educational programs, but four-tenths of one per cent. While it had sold a good deal of commercial time for religious programs, it was providing not 5 per cent of free sustaining time for such programs, but only 1.1 per cent, and 1.5 per cent instead of 10 per cent for civic programs. For agricultural programs it was providing none whatsoever.

It does not appear that in the renewal proceedings WIBC was asked why it was no longer providing any free time for agricultural programs, or what had happened to the two half-hour periods five days a week during which it was going to broadcast programs "for the benefit of the pupils of the schools of Indianapolis," or to the fifteen minutes each day that was to be assigned to the Parent-Teacher Association. Nor were any questions raised about the fact that although this station originally applied for its license on the ground that both the others in Indianapolis were chain affiliates and hence unable to devote a sufficient amount of time to programs of purely local interest, WIBC itself is now a member of the Mutual Broadcasting System. The license was renewed.

III

THE case of WIBC is not unique. Few, if any, stations provide the percentage of free public service sustaining programs which they promised when they were applying for a frequency. If they did, it is unlikely that stations would sell for the inordinately high prices which have been troubling the FCC and Congress. For the plain truth is that the enormous increase in revenue from radio time sales—from \$200 million to \$400 million in two years—was brought about mainly not by

charging higher prices for radio time but by dropping public service programs in favor of commercially sponsored ones. One by one the sustaining public service programs disappear or are shifted to undesirable hours when few listeners are on hand. In the typical week ending November 20, 1944, during the peak listening hours from 8:00 to 10:30 P.M., not a single program of this type was broadcast over either of the two principal networks.

Consider the history of the programs which CBS has broadcast from 7 to 9 o'clock on Sunday evenings. For a number of years they were sustaining programs, chiefly because advertisers were reluctant to spend their money on programs which had to compete for listeners with NBC's Jack Benny and Charlie McCarthy. During those years CBS presented shows like "The Columbia Workshop," "Hello, Americans," and others which by almost anyone's definition would be accepted as in the public interest. Now, however, Kate Smith broadcasts over CBS at 7 o'clock for Jello and Sanka, and at 8 o'clock "Blondie" goes on the air for Super-Suds.

I have nothing against Kate Smith or Blondie (or Jello or Super-Suds, for that matter). Nevertheless, entertaining as Kate and Blondie may be, I am not convinced that the public interest was served when they displaced programs like "The Columbia Workshop." Yet, so long as stations are not required, by law or by FCC regulation, to devote *any* time to sustaining public service programs, it would be silly to expect CBS or any other broadcaster to pass up a commercial.

As a matter of fact, the networks sometimes find that the only way they can keep a worthy program on the air is to find a commercial sponsor for it. Last year the Blue Network developed a program called "The Baby Health Institute," designed to provide sound advice on the care of small children. For a time the H. J. Heinz Company sponsored the program and it was broadcast over virtually the entire Blue Network. Even after Heinz dropped the program, the Blue continued, in the public interest, to make it available on a sustaining basis to all of its stations. Almost at once, however, the vast majority

of the stations jettisoned the program, so that last June, when it was finally withdrawn from the air, it was being broadcast by only 30 of the 194 stations affiliated with the Blue.

The same sort of situation threatened the program called "Town Meeting of the Air." It will be recalled that there was a good deal of opposition to the sponsorship by the *Reader's Digest* of this program, which had been broadcast on a sustaining basis for almost ten years. Here is what George V. Denny, Jr., moderator of the program and president of Town Hall, Inc., said in an article in the *New York Times* as justification for seeking commercial sponsorship:

Since local stations are not obligated to carry [sustaining] programs offered by the network, a number of local stations on the Blue began to drop Town Meeting for local commercials, while others sold this time to a competitive network. A tabulation early last fall revealed that while the Blue Network had 168 affiliated stations at that time, Town Meeting was being carried by only 120. It was pointed out to us that this situation was likely to grow worse rather than better in the months ahead.

Once a sponsor was obtained, the program was carried by almost all the stations. Nevertheless, not too much reliance should be placed upon commercial sponsorship as a means for rescuing the few public service programs which remain on the air. At the present time there are a great many companies who look on the sponsorship of radio programs almost entirely as institutional, or prestige, advertising. For the time being they are content if they can build up some good will (and, incidentally, reduce their excess profits taxes). But once the war boom is over, and especially if there is a business slump, it will be a rare corporation which spends money on a program that doesn't show results in dollars and cents.

As Commissioner Durr said recently, in an article in the *Public Opinion Quarterly*:

The only barriers to the complete occupation of the air by advertisers, and the consequent total elimination of public-service programs, are self-restraint on the part of the broadcasters and networks themselves—somewhat fortified, perhaps, by the complaints of their listeners—and the public-interest provisions of the Communications Act. . . .

IV

THUS far, however, the FCC has failed to set up anything like a clear-cut standard of public interest with respect to programs. The indirect result, as we have seen, has been something approaching a scandal in the sales of radio stations. What, then, is the solution?

It is perfectly clear, as the networks have agreed, that the Supreme Court has unequivocally supported the FCC's power and duty to regulate the types of radio programs. This has absolutely nothing to do with censorship or infringement of the right of free speech. It simply means that the Commission has the right, and the obligation, to insist that the radio frequencies it assigns shall be used, as the applicants promise, in the public interest.

At no time in history has an informed public opinion been more necessary than it is today, and the radio could be a powerful vehicle for public education and information. Surely the nation has a right to insist that those who are licensed to use its radio frequencies shall contribute to this end.

Before going further, however, let us remind ourselves that if radio is to retain its vast audiences, *it must serve principally as a means of mass entertainment*. It has been demonstrated, beyond any reasonable doubt, that this can best be achieved through advertiser-supported radio broadcasting. It is essential, therefore, that the major portion of radio time be devoted to commercially sponsored programs.

At the same time, however, it is essential that a reasonable proportion of the programs broadcast should directly serve the public interest.

The proposal I make, therefore, is that the FCC require, as a condition in granting or renewing a broadcasting license, that each station devote a specified half-hour in the morning, afternoon, and evening (a total of an hour and a half a day) to the broadcast of free public service sustaining programs. These might be defined as programs of education, information, or enlightenment—*specifically including the presentation of controversial issues and problems, national and local*.

For example, the FCC could require that between the hours of 11:00 and 11:30

in the morning, 4:00 and 4:30 in the afternoon, and 9:00 and 9:30 in the evening, every one of the 950-odd radio stations in the United States should broadcast sustaining public service programs. Under such a plan no station or network would need to fear that while it was devoting itself to the public service its competitors would be lining up an advertiser-sponsored show. Competition under the proposed plan would be for listeners, on the basis of program quality, rather than for advertisers, and it might well turn out that public service programs at fixed times which the listener could count on would attract a whole new group of listeners. (After all, there is no single half-hour under the present system when more than 35 per cent of the nation's set-owners are listening to the radio.) The networks would provide programs on matters of national interest, and their affiliated stations could either broadcast the network program or provide a public service program of purely local interest, whichever they chose.

There is a reasonable chance that the networks and station owners would welcome such a solution to the vexed question of what to do about radio licenses. Most broadcasters already provide at least a half-hour of public service in the morning and another half-hour in the afternoon; it is only the half-hour in the evening (when radio time is much more valuable) that would cause them any pain. But to counterbalance this, they would at last know the minimum programmatic requirements with which they must comply in order that they might be deemed to be operating "in the public convenience, interest, and necessity."

Nor would the listeners need to fear that these public service programs would be dull or boring. No one could be compelled to listen to them, anyway; and I never discovered anybody who enjoyed every half-hour of radio fare under the present exclusively advertiser-regulated system. It is worth pointing out, further, that the networks and the stations would be subject to powerful economic pressures—from the advertisers who would be sponsoring programs before and after the public service programs—to make these pro-

grams so interesting that people would want to listen to them. For the audience that a good program creates spills over onto the programs which precede and follow it.

During election campaigns these half-hours should be employed for political speeches. Today candidates, or the parties behind them, are obliged to pay full station and network rates, without discounts, for radio time, and in addition pay the salaries of the radio artists whose programs they displace. Accordingly, a party, or any minority group within a party, which isn't backed up by a moneyed interest such as organized business or organized labor, is licked before it starts. There is no use standing on a street corner hollering your lungs out to a tiny group on a cold, rainy evening in November while your well-heeled adversary—from a microphone in a comfortable studio—is reaching into the living rooms of vast numbers of the electorate.

SOME segments of the radio industry argue that, since the licensing of FM stations will create many new problems, there is little point in the FCC attempting at this time to establish programmatic standards of public service for the standard stations. Others argue in a similar vein about television. But it will probably be some years before there are enough FM sets to make it possible for FM to compete with standard broadcasting for advertiser support, and it is increasingly apparent that a truly national system of television may not be with us for a decade.

Whatever the truth about this may be, it seems clear that if we establish sound programmatic public service standards for standard broadcasting now, those standards will be carried over into FM and television. If the FCC would adopt the plan here outlined it would no longer need to concern itself with the prices paid for stations. If the owners of radio stations were required by a vigorous and watchful FCC to observe the proposed minimum standards of "public interest, convenience, and necessity" in programming, the profits from radio would not be likely to get out of hand, and the sale prices of stations would bear a more reasonable relation to the value of their property.

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in the Department of Agriculture. The views ex-
pressed here are of course personal, not official.)*

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR THE FARMER

JAMES G. MADDUX



IN SPITE of the fact that they are making more money than they ever did in their lives, most farmers are worried about the future. Within a year or two after the war ends, many of them expect the market for farm products to shrink and their prices to skid downward. Some, in fact, are looking glumly for another major agricultural depression, perhaps as bad as those of 1921 and 1932, with the usual accompaniment of foreclosed mortgages, homeless families, and crops rotting in the fields.

Farmers can often cite plausible-sounding reasons for their fears. During the war they have increased their food production by an almost unbelievable 30 per cent. They have fed our soldiers better than any other troops in the world; they have helped feed our allies all the way from Bristol to Vladivostok; and in spite of rationing and occasional shortages, they have enabled the average American civilian to eat better than he ever did before. They have made those economic soothsayers who were predicting famine a couple of years ago look pretty silly.

Now it is obvious that this stream of agricultural production will be hard to shut off. An output considerably above the prewar level undoubtedly will continue after the peace. Although we clearly need all we can raise this year and probably in 1946, many farmers remem-

ber the collapse of farm prices after the last war, and assume that the same sort of thing may happen again when our armies come home and we stop lend-leasing food at the rate of some \$2½ billion a year.

Nobody knows for sure, of course, whether these gloomy expectations for the long pull are right or wrong. It is possible, however, to make a pretty shrewd guess. For many months a small group of economists in the Department of Agriculture have been trying to work out a basis for the best possible guesses on the kind and size of farm problem we may face at the end of the war. Their raw materials have been a mass of statistics—the most accurate and complete ever collected in any country—on the production, prices, exports, and home consumption of every major crop, and on the spending habits of the American people. Using these data, it is not difficult to build up a set of forecasts, much as a weatherman predicts tomorrow's temperature; and although economic forecasting is by no means so precise as the weatherman's, there is some ground for hope that they may be reasonably accurate.

These forecasts indicate that if the United States achieves "full employment"—if we provide jobs for the 55 million people who will be able and eager to work after the war, and if the national income climbs to the neighborhood of \$150 bil-

lion a year—we may still have a problem of surplus farm production, but it is likely to be minor and fairly manageable.

If we have a “moderate” amount of unemployment—say 7 million men out of work, which is not quite as many as we had in 1940—the farm problem will be serious. Surpluses will pile up rapidly, farm income may fall as much as 25 or 30 per cent below its present level, and there probably will be a strong demand for government subsidies and other kinds of help.

Finally, if the country slumps into a major depression, comparable to that of 1932, the farm problem is likely to prove unmanageable. Demand for farm products will drop sharply, and the farmers' cash earnings probably will be less than half what they are today.

II

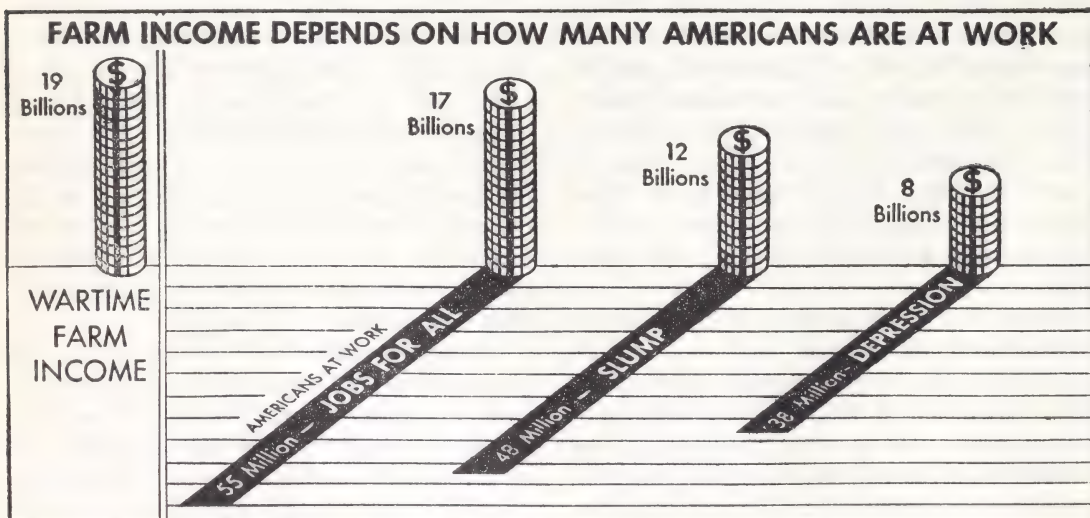
As a starting point for working out these forecasts, it seemed reasonable to assume that both the war and the immediate postwar reconversion period will be over by 1950, and that farm prices will drop some 15 per cent below their wartime peak. Then, *assuming that we may reach something like full employment in industry and the service trades*, it is not too difficult to figure out what the demand for farm products is likely to be.

Obviously it will be considerably higher than it was in the prewar years, when we had 6 or 7 million unemployed, since people eat more, smoke more, and buy

more clothes when they have steady jobs and comfortable incomes. Moreover, there is a good deal of evidence from the long-term trends in American buying habits, plus surveys of family budgets in all income groups, to show just how the money will be spent.

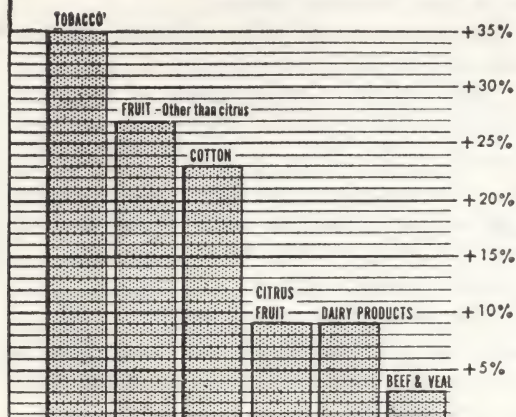
These studies indicate that if the national income can be pushed up to \$150 billion, food consumption will be not only greater than it was before the war, but also from 10 to 12 per cent higher than it has been in the past year or two, when many foods have been rationed. This gain will be partially offset, of course, by a drop in exports as Lend-Lease shipments taper off. Food exports may still be expected to remain higher than they were before the war, however—say a total of \$1 billion or more, as compared with \$750 million annually in the five years before 1940. This should be a fairly safe guess, because our exports always go up when business is humming at home; we buy more goods from abroad, and our customers in turn can afford to buy more from us.

When the domestic and export demands for American farm products are added together, they will call for a total tonnage between 2 and 3 per cent higher than even the record-breaking output of 1944. The farmers' cash income will amount to nearly \$17 billion, or a drop of only about \$2 billion under the figure for 1943, when wartime prices were near their peak. Even this relatively modest drop

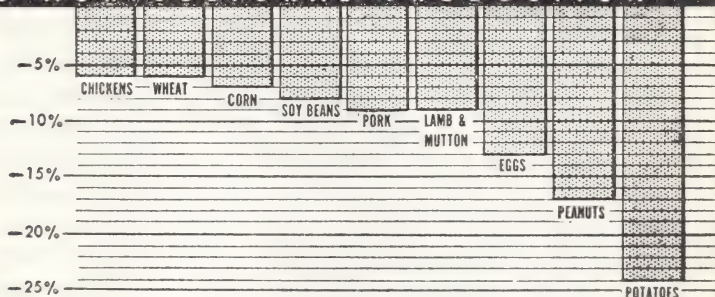


IF WE GET PROSPERITY, WE'LL NEED

More of these commodities . . .



LEVEL OF 1943 AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION



... and less of these commodities

in income may not be felt as badly as it might appear at first glance, since a good many people undoubtedly will leave the farm for city jobs if industry is booming. A shift of about 750,000 workers seems probable; and as a result the cash income for each worker left in agriculture will not be much below what it is now.

These rosy prospects do *not* mean, however, that general prosperity and jobs aplenty will automatically solve all of the farmer's problems. When a family's income goes up, strange things happen to its buying habits. It eats less bread and potatoes, for example, and more butter, milk, sugar, and meat. And changes of this kind mean that the farmer will have to change his production to fit.

Under conditions of full employment and a \$150-billion national income, then, we will need approximately 7 per cent less wheat than we did in 1943, and 25 per

cent fewer potatoes. Since we shall again be able to get coconut oil and other cheap vegetable fats from the Pacific areas now held by the Japanese, the demand for peanuts will drop by about 17 per cent and that for flaxseed will probably be sliced in half, along with a small reduction in soybeans. Rice sales may be expected to fall almost 30 per cent.

On the other hand, we may reasonably look for a higher demand for all dairy products, beef, poultry, most kinds of fruit, sugar, wool, and tobacco. A fully employed America, for instance, will eat about 9,975,000,000 pounds of dressed beef and veal every year—a full quarter above prewar consumption and 3 per cent more than consumption in 1943. Milk and citrus fruit sales will climb 9 per cent above wartime levels, and tobacco will gain about 35 per cent.

We may even expect a demand for some

13,500,000 bales of cotton, or slightly more than the average prewar crop. Many economists doubt, however, that cotton sales will continue at this rate for long, even if their most optimistic hopes for a booming prosperity come true. Nylon, rayon, and the other synthetic fibers will offer strong competition; and at the same time expanding cotton production in other countries may crowd into a world market which once was almost an American monopoly.

All these shifts in demand may prove awkward, or even painful. They will mean that some farm families will be uprooted, some will go broke, and others will have to learn an entirely new set of skills, such as raising dairy cows in place of peanuts. But they will by no means be insurmountable problems. The market for farm products as a whole will be expanding, and farm income will be much better than it was during most of the period between the two world wars.

How much land will be needed to meet the national food and textile budget, if 1950 is such a prosperous year as we are supposing?

This question is difficult to answer. If we have normal weather conditions, instead of the unusually good weather of the past three years, and if farming methods and efficiency remain about the same, about 370 million acres will have to be cropped to raise all we need. This is about 16 million acres more than we had under crops in 1944.

But farming methods are not at all likely to remain what they are today. On the contrary, there is considerable evidence that agriculture is in the midst of a technical revolution which may continue for many years. Machinery is doing a larger and larger share of farm work, and doing it more efficiently than men and mules ever could. The familiar tractor is by no means the whole story. The cotton picker, the hay dehydrator, the corn picker, the flame cultivator, and a long list of other weird-looking machines promise to change farming almost as drastically as the steam engine and electric motor changed industry. In addition, there is a wide range of technological

developments—better fertilizers, new varieties of seeds, more potent insect-killers, improved livestock feeding practices—which are rapidly increasing the yield of crops and meat per acre.

The meaning of this technical revolution was underlined recently in a speech by Howard R. Tolley, chief of the government's Bureau of Agricultural Economics. "In every year since 1939," he said, "the average yield of our twenty-eight major crops has been 20 per cent or more above the 1923-1932 average. . . . On the human side of the picture, production per farm worker in 1944 has been twice as great as in 1910, three-fourths more than in 1917-18, and one-third more than in 1939."

It would perhaps be safe to assume that by 1950 these technological advances will increase crop yields by another 10 per cent per acre, that every dairy cow will give 5 per cent more milk, the average hen will lay 5 per cent more eggs, and that hogs, sheep, and beef cattle will put on $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent more meat for every pound of feed they eat. If such a guess turns out to be correct, all of the farm products we can conveniently use may be raised on about 325 million acres. This means that between 25 and 30 million acres cropped in 1944 will have no market for their products.

We are not likely, however, to take our farm land out of cultivation in such wholesale chunks—especially if there is any considerable number of American families who do not have enough to eat. And there will be some such families, even if we reach full employment. Nobody can guess precisely how many, but some workers will not earn enough to provide an adequate diet for themselves and their children. If the government makes up the difference by special subsidies, such as free school lunches and food stamp programs, perhaps it will provide a market for an additional 5 to 6 million acres. Even so, however, we shall still need at least 20 million acres *less* farm land than we had under crops in 1944.

All this adds up to the conclusion that the old problem of farm surpluses—at least on a small scale—may be with us again in the postwar years, even if the

optimistic assumption of a high national income and jobs for everybody proves true. It could be avoided only if agricultural technology should lag, or if we should have a series of bad droughts, or if we should find an exceptionally heavy export demand for our farm products. Or, of course, the farmers themselves might solve the surplus problem if they would stop working their land and themselves so hard—if they would follow better soil-conserving methods and spend more time taking vacations and whittling on the front porch. Farmers, however, are notoriously energetic people, and they are not likely to do any such thing.

III

IF WE should not reach full employment in the postwar years, agriculture would be headed for real trouble. Even if there were only 7 million unemployed, the farmer's cash income would be likely to drop 25 or 30 per cent below the level we might expect under conditions of full employment. Farm prices might fall as much as 35 per cent below their present levels; but production would not show any marked decline. Farm families, which raise children at a considerably higher rate than city people, no longer could send their youngsters off to get factory jobs, and some idle factory workers would move back to the country. As a result, population would begin to pile up on the land—and at the same time warehouses would bulge with a steadily growing surplus of wheat and cotton, corn, rice, and wool.

These troubles would look trifling, however, in comparison with the farm problem we would find on our hands if a really major depression were to hit us. If 17 million people should be unemployed in 1950—about the same proportion of the labor force as that which was out of work in 1932—both farm prices and the consumption of farm products undoubtedly would fall at a rate which might be described as catastrophic. The cash income of all farmers probably would drop to \$6 or \$7 billion, or little more than a third of their present earnings. That would mean real suffering on a large scale—and

it also would mean, inevitably, a thundering demand for government control over production, support for prices, a suspension of mortgage foreclosures, and many other kinds of farm relief.

Meanwhile, the total national income could be expected to shrink to less than \$58 billion a year, as compared with \$150 billion with full employment and \$105 billion with "moderate" unemployment; and tax yields, of course, would tumble even more sharply. The government's ability to carry the \$300-billion debt left over from the war might well be jeopardized; and at the same time, irresistible pressure would be building up for heavy outlays to relieve unemployment and agricultural depression.

It is plain that our only real assurance against another perennial farm problem, like that which has harassed the country for the past twenty-five years, lies in our getting *both* full employment at home and a strong foreign demand for our farm products. Even if we achieve both of these goals, there is still a strong possibility that rapid technological progress may result in greater farm production than we really need to give everybody a good diet and supply our foreign customers with all the food they can buy. Certainly there is no prospect that agriculture can provide a refuge for any large number of workers from shut-down war factories, or for many returning veterans, even under the best of circumstances.

IV

WHAT can we do about it if we still have farm surpluses in spite of full employment, an active foreign trade, and government subsidies to make sure that every low-income family gets plenty to eat? There are four possible courses of action for handling such a surplus problem:

1. We might let farm prices fall, without government support of any kind, in order to "freeze out" the excess producers in traditional *laissez faire* fashion.

2. We could deliberately hold down production by government crop control programs, without trying to reduce the number of farmers. This would mean that most farmers would be producing at

less than their top efficiency—that they would be part-time unemployed.

3. We could try to get rid of more farm products abroad, by underselling our competitors and making up the difference out of the Treasury, or by giving our food away to the hungry people of other lands.

4. We could take aggressive measures to increase industrial output and employment still further, while at the same time we inaugurated programs to siphon off the surplus farm population into factories and service trades.

Each of these four alternatives has strong proponents, and in the end we probably will hammer out a compromise course of action which will combine elements of all of them. From the standpoint of economy and efficiency, however, the fourth alternative has certain long-run advantages.

For if, under conditions of full employment and fair prices, we produce more farm commodities than will be taken both at home and abroad, while there are undersupplied demands for such things as houses, automobiles, refrigerators, education, and travel, it can mean only one thing—that the United States is allocating too much of its labor, capital, land, and managerial ability to farming. Consequently, it would seem to be common sense to produce more of the non-farm things instead of continuing to grow additional amounts of farm produce that we don't really need or want.

Moreover, in recent years nearly 90 per cent of all the farm products going to

market have been grown by only about half of our farmers. This means that the other half of our farmers have been only partly employed. Their land and equipment have been so limited that they have grown crops mostly for their own pantries, and have contributed relatively little to commercial production. Their incomes have been low, their families large, their living standards miserable. They are neither efficient producers of farm commodities nor good customers of industry. Many of them would be delighted to get out of farming, if they had a reasonable chance of making a living in any other way. If they could be given jobs in factories or the service trades making those things we really need, their living conditions could be vastly improved and the standard of living for everybody else could be lifted as well. It is probable that an agricultural labor force of 6 to 7 million workers on efficient, mechanized, family-size farms could produce all the agricultural commodities we will need in 1950, even if we achieve full employment and a large export trade. This is 2 or 3 million fewer workers than have been employed in agriculture during recent years. Obviously, there is a potential labor supply here for a much greater industrialization than we have yet accomplished, even at our peak output for war. Until we find some way to use these surplus farm people effectively, we cannot honestly claim that our postwar farm problem is solved.

{ *As Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Berle* }
{ *presided over the Civil Aviation Conference in* }
{ *Chicago. He is now our Ambassador to Brazil.* }

FREEDOMS OF THE AIR

ADOLF A. BERLE, JR.



THE government of the United States has taken and maintained the view that:

Worldwide development of civil aviation is a powerful force for world unity and world peace;

A general system of rights for planes to travel and to carry international commerce should be set up, becoming the established custom of commerce by air, as similar arrangements have become the settled law of commerce by sea;

These rights of transit and commerce should be available to all nations, permitting equal opportunity and reasonable competition; and

All nations should join in a world organization designed both to prevent competitive excesses and exploitation, and to maintain technical facilities and standards.

At Chicago in November and December of last year, fifty-two nations assembled in conference made substantial progress toward writing these principles into basic law of the air. Thereby the movement was begun to open the sky, as in earlier days international action had opened the seas.

WHEN new forms of transportation throw out their long lines, and begin to grow strong, they frequently do

certain strange and dangerous things. Pioneers who develop and use the new methods and the new routes are usually strong and daring men. Their pioneering is at first discovery and exploration. Later it is communication. Then it grows into true commerce; and the people who pioneered often seek to control that commerce. They seek help from governments, or perhaps governments try to use them. The game of international politics intensifies around their acts. Monopoly of routes, of forms of transport, of commercial activity, or perhaps of great areas, is sought by the pioneer-become-politician and is used by the government behind him. It becomes unclear where commerce leaves off and empire begins.

Then a counterforce develops. However it may appear, its real basis is the driving demand of people in general for access to the new services which have been developed. Demand grows that the new forms of transport and commerce shall not be vehicles of individual or national adventure, nor private nor even public kingdoms and empires, but that they shall become part of the free economic life of nations.

This has been happening in the air. To understand it we must look back three hundred years.

The year was 1604; the place was Holland; the scene was a Dutch prize court which had before it a strange case.

Daring and resolute explorers—Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and English—had established ocean transport between continents and had discovered new lands. On their triumphal return they had asked—and got—commercial concessions to exploit their discoveries. By grant of Spain, Columbus secured a commission as Admiral of the Ocean Sea, and the King of Spain laid claim to all of the lands and waters along Columbus' path. The great Portuguese captain, Prince Henry the Navigator, who had sailed round Africa to India and the East Indies, claimed vast parts of the sea for Portugal. Dutch traders had staked out a great concession, later organized as the Dutch East India Company. Commerce with the East Indies thrived, and both Dutch and Portuguese merchants had developed an exceptionally profitable business.

A dispute arose between the rival trading companies, as a result of which a Portuguese galleon was captured by a Dutch vessel and haled before a Dutch prize court. The main question at issue was whether the Portuguese had the right to close off great areas of the Pacific Ocean and to bar other vessels from those seas. The Dutch East India Company retained the services of a promising young lawyer, famous today under his Latin name of Hugo Grotius.

Grotius attacked, root and branch, the right of any nation to close the high seas to trade. Part of his brief in that case is the essay *Mare Liberum*—"The Freedom of the Seas."

Grotius' eloquence did not, of course, settle the matter. The British, among others, claimed lordship of great tracts of sea; and they employed a notable English jurist, John Selden, to write the argument for monopoly areas. His book *Mare Clausum*—"The Closed Sea"—was an endeavor to answer Grotius' argument in international law. Elsewhere, Spanish, Portuguese, British, and other navies were answering him with gunpowder and round shot. Behind them were growing empires, thinly concealed under the title of trading companies—the British East India Company, the Dutch East India Company, the monopoly rights of the Spanish and Portuguese conquistadors.

Wars followed for the better part of two centuries. Not until 1805 did Great Britain formally abandon her contention that the seas could be pre-empted; and it was only after the Napoleonic wars, in 1817, that the British courts conclusively recognized freedom of the seas. That recognition was given in the best English tradition, graciously and magnanimously, by a great English judge, Sir William Scott (later Lord Stowell) in a legal decision whose words echo today in parts of the Atlantic Charter:

. . . two principles of public law are generally recognized as fundamental.

One is the perfect equality and entire independence of all distinct states. Relative magnitude creates no distinction of right; relative imbecility, whether permanent or casual, gives no additional right to the more powerful neighbor; and any advantage seized upon that ground is mere usurpation. . . .

The second is that all nations being equal, all have equal right to the uninterrupted use of the unappropriated parts of the ocean for their navigation. . . .

It had taken two centuries and half a dozen major wars to establish that the seas were open to all nations on equal terms for peaceable commercial trade.

Since that time, the problem of peaceful commercial use of the sea has not threatened the peace of the world.

II

IN 1927, Juan Trippe and a group of American associates interested themselves in international air transport. They started modestly enough with a line from Miami to Havana, and gradually extended it through the West Indian islands to South America. The pattern was strictly that of the explorer: the novel and dramatic form of communication was welcomed by most countries; concessions were gladly offered, granting landing rights and not infrequently monopoly rights for a period of years. Alone, Pan American Airways opened the great line down the east coast of South America; in partnership with the famous merchant shipping and banking firm, W. R. Grace and Company, the Pan American-Grace Line (Panagra) was organized to connect Panama with Valparaiso, Chile, while

Pan American Airways supplied the connection from Panama north to the United States.

Meantime British and Dutch aviation were not idle. A long line across Europe and the Middle East to India was worked out by British Imperial Airways, known now as British Overseas Airways Corporation, or more usually as B.O.A.C. Hollanders connected Amsterdam with the Dutch East Indies through a line known as K.L.M. Air France represented the French aspiration to get into international airways. The sinister operations of the German Lufthansa, and its ostensibly disconnected but closely controlled subsidiaries in South America, had spread over great areas.

In 1935, at the instance of the United States government and with government money and vessels, Pan American Airways pioneered a route across the Pacific Ocean. West of Hawaii new importance came to islands whose names now belong to history: Midway, Wake, Guam, Manila; farther to the south, Palmyra, Canton, the Fijis, and New Caledonia, from whence one leg could go to Australia and another to New Zealand. The trans-Pacific flight could at last be made.

Earlier survey flights had crossed the Atlantic, though it was not until 1939 that regular service was established via the Azores to Lisbon. Intercontinental flying across the great oceans became an established fact, largely through American pioneering.

But, as great air systems grew, the old, simple concession-and-monopoly grant to the single company became increasingly difficult. Pan American Airways had indeed negotiated a monopoly contract with Portugal, securing thereby a stranglehold on the Azores—a pivotal crossing point in the Atlantic. But it had not been able to secure monopoly on landing rights in Newfoundland, the nearest point of North American land to the Azores. Small countries were becoming conscious of the fact that they, too, might wish one day to fly the great trade routes. Consequently, they were increasingly reluctant to grant entry to the aircraft of other nations, unless they were sure that their own planes would get equal privileges in return.

Negotiations with Britain had brought merely an understanding that the American company would be allowed to put down two planes a week in England, provided two British planes a week were allowed to land in the United States. Many of these private concessions—most of them were only that—contained clauses that if similar rights were ever denied to the country granting the concession, the grant to the American interest would at once become void. In the case of New Zealand, Pan American Airways undertook, in return for landing rights there, to use its best efforts to secure reciprocal rights for New Zealand craft in the United States. Arrangements with Australia had foundered because the Australians had asked the right to land at Hawaii en route to Canada as a condition of their granting commercial air rights in Australia; and Pan American disliked that idea. South American countries took the position that reciprocity was implicit in their own permission to American planes for transit and entry.

Pan American Airways, beginning probably as early as 1934, had long-range discussions with the British Imperial Airways Company and its successor, B.O.A.C., regarding what is probably the greatest of all commercial routes—the north Atlantic run. These, like all cartel discussions, were secret; but we have a fair estimate of their probable scope. The British air magnates thought the north Atlantic traffic ought to be divided half-and-half between the American and the British interests; other countries, apparently, were expected to keep out. Also, they thought that American aircraft in general ought to keep out of Europe and the Middle East, or at any rate ought not to travel much east of the cities on the western shores of Europe. The British had aspirations in South America, though they were content to leave the American air companies a major position there. Pacific development apparently was to remain largely—though not exclusively—in American hands.

There is solid reason for believing that this general division of the world would have been satisfactory to both Pan American and the British monopoly. Certainly

it was not so satisfactory to other airlines in the United States, nor to other countries—to whose overseas aviation the idea meant death. For it implied that the two great lines would be able to eliminate any competition which might appear, either from other lines within their own countries or from other nations less favored by geography or politics. Imperial Airways, reorganized as the government-owned British Overseas Airways Corporation, maintained that it was the heir of British aviation interests for all the people of England. While it had no legal right to a monopoly, it did have a monopoly on the necessary government subsidy. On this side of the water, Pan American Airways had defeated the application of the American Export Lines for a mail subsidy which would have enabled the smaller competing firm to enter the Atlantic trade.

In 1944, one of Pan American's great protagonists in Congress, Senator McCarran, introduced a bill to make it the sole authorized monopolistic company for American overseas aviation, and to require the Department of State to give it whatever diplomatic and political support it might request. The bill did not name Pan American Airways, but as it was drawn there was no possible question which company was to step into this vast aggregation of combined commercial, diplomatic, and political power.

Titans in air transport were emerging, just as the great trading companies had emerged as a sequel to the era of discovery. The precise problem before the United States government from 1940 to 1944 was whether to attempt a policy bringing common law and common peace in the air—as had been done on the sea—or to let matters take their course. Clearly the base of the emerging system was the existence of preferential or monopoly rights in huge stretches of the air and particularly in the great air routes. If such rights should be confirmed; if they were to become matters of international barter; if, with great financial and commercial advantage as stimulus, governments were to be involved in a struggle for economic empires in the air—then a world system was building whose possibilities none could foresee.

III

YET the growing history of air commerce was not merely repeating the history of sea commerce. A new idea had entered the world between the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries—the straining hope that international co-operation might replace international conflict as a means of settling disputes. In politics this idea is old enough: Henry of Navarre had suggested it in France even while Grotius was arguing for the freedom of the seas. But it had not extended into the realm of international economic life. In precisely the period in which air commerce appeared, the idea of international economic collaboration was beginning to gather headway. Tentative gropings toward that end were powerfully stimulated by the arrangements which the United Nations made to fight a common war. Britain particularly began to reduce these ideas to tangible proposals, especially in respect to air commerce.

The essentials of this line of thinking are simple, and they have to be approached with respect. It was considered that trade rivalry tended to lead to wars. It was also considered that countries—especially trading countries like Britain—needed economic security quite as much as they needed military security. To achieve this, it was thought that certain trade areas might be marked out and apportioned among various countries, assuring to each its necessary markets and sources of supply. In the air, this would mean division of territory within which various countries might carry on air commerce, or, conceivably, agreements splitting traffic in each area between a few prearranged participants.

This, of course, transfers into the field of national action the kind of things done by great cartels for purely business reasons. In the United States, agreements dividing territory or traffic are criminal under the anti-trust laws; but in Europe they have been normal for a generation. Economic co-operation among nations on this model would elevate into national policy the type of arrangement on which the European private cartels had built a system of industrial and mercantile power

comparable to the power of the old feudal princes; but presumably the public interest would be kept in view.

THE movement is not unnatural, given the steady trend toward socialist states in the Old World. If its principles were generally adopted, competition would exist only between nations—and that fact alone is a plain indication that a co-operative system must be worked out if international peace and stability are to continue.

The Americas do not have socialist states, and American progressive doctrine looks towards the state as a stabilizer or backstop to cover situations in which a system of free competition fails to provide employment and supply. Americans rarely realize how thoroughly competition has been discarded across the Atlantic, and how increasingly European progressive thinking looks toward socializing, rather than destroying, the cartels.

This problem is going to push itself on the world in endless forms. The shank end of the question thrust into the air, as great bodies of thought (particularly in Britain) advocated experimental co-operation along this line in civil aviation.

It may be noted that this movement necessarily includes some of the features of the old mercantile trading companies which became colonial empires. But it short-circuits the period within which those huge concerns were private monopolies run for private enrichment. Moreover, it fails to answer the problems of all peoples, unless all peoples are assigned a place in the scheme of things. A naked division of air commerce among, let us say, Britain, the Soviet Union, China, and the United States—which was actually proposed by Senator Brewster, who is a recognized spokesman for Pan American Airways in the United States Senate—necessarily means wiping all other countries out of the international air. Other countries intensely dislike the idea. What is more, they can cite chapter and verse for their protests—the Atlantic Charter states as one of the joint war aims of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill:

To further the enjoyment by all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access on equal terms to the trade and to the raw materials of the

world which are needed for their economic prosperity.

This they consider a necessary premise of the following article of the Charter, which calls for the fullest collaboration between nations in the economic sphere, looking toward improved labor standards, economic advancement, and social security.

It is easy for critics to assume that the advocates of economic collaboration in the air—as in other fields—are merely endeavoring to find a new form of words to justify economic imperialism. Yet the criticism is by no means necessarily just. Like any plan which rests on governmental power, the result will be liberation or oppression, depending on whether the plan is fair to all or whether it favors some at the expense of others. "Internationalism is as internationalism does" is a good test to follow.

IV

SO FAR as civil aviation is concerned, the movement for international collaboration flowered into three separate projects, which were discussed at the International Civil Aviation Conference in Chicago.

The first was proposed by one of the greatest moral characters the present World War has produced, Peter Fraser, Prime Minister of New Zealand. He, with the backing of Australia, proposed quite simply that international civil aviation be truly international in character: all the international civil aviation in the world, he thought, should be carried on by a single international corporation in which every nation should participate. This was and is a noble conception, and one to which the world will increasingly turn as the years roll by. But it cannot be expected to become a reality until all nations are prepared to pool their interests; unhappily perhaps for all of us, this has not yet occurred.

The second proposal was advanced by the British. It began by assuming an international board which should do for the world substantially what the Civil Aeronautics Board has done for the United States. Carriers which wished to fly international routes should apply for a license, and it would be granted or refused

on an economic showing of international convenience and necessity. Such a board might even do things which the Civil Aeronautics Board cannot do and has never done: regulate the number of flights each company might make, determine the percentage of traffic which each country's lines might carry in any region, and allocate certain routes to certain countries to the exclusion of others.

The third, and by far the most carefully worked out plan of co-operation, came from Canada. The Canadians saw that merely assigning naked power to any international body answered no questions. In consequence, beginning with the idea of an international Civil Aeronautics Board, they endeavored to analyze the job it would have to do.

In their analysis they split the work of international air commerce into five elements, now known as the "Five Freedoms." These were in order:

1. Freedom for peaceful commercial aircraft to fly through the air of another country. This would mean that an American plane, for example, could travel freely over England, although it might be required to follow certain lanes for reasons of safety or military security. British planes, of course, would have similar rights of flight over the United States.

2. Freedom for such aircraft to land in other countries at agreed ports solely for the purpose of refueling and overhaul, but not to take on or discharge commerce. In other words, an American plane bound for Paris might land at the great British air base near Prestwick, Scotland, for gasoline and repairs; but it could not leave passengers and freight there, nor could it pick up in Prestwick passengers who wanted to go on to Paris.

3. Freedom to carry traffic from the plane's country of origin to any other country. This simply would mean that a Pan American or American Export Lines plane could fly passengers and freight from any United States airport to designated ports in all other countries.

4. Freedom to pick up in other countries traffic destined for the plane's homeland. Under this freedom, an American plane returning from Paris to New York could accept passengers *bound for the United States only* both at Le Bourget field and at Prestwick or any other base it might touch on the homeward journey. But it could *not* (unless the fifth freedom were agreed upon) carry a passenger who wanted to go only from Paris to Prestwick.

5. Freedom for a foreign plane to carry traffic between countries outside its own. Thus, the American plane homeward bound from Paris could take on and drop off passengers and cargo

moving between Paris and Prestwick, or between any other two countries along its route.

If all these freedoms were added up, a commercial plane would have very much the same rights in the air which ships now have at sea.

The Canadians found common ground with American thought in seeking to work out international co-operation, not on a basis of rigid allocation, but on a basis of freedom of opportunity. Canada does not exclude the idea of competition any more than we do; and the Canadians were and are very much aware of the extreme dangers arising from an attempt to exclude any country from opportunity to get into the air. They and the Americans also found common ground in working for an international air regulation body which would seek to compose disputes and which might be able to intervene in certain recognizable cases of dangerous and unfair competition—for example, rate wars such as have disfigured commerce on land and at sea.

THE point of view of the United States government, after many discussions with other governments and with varying interests within this country, crystallized around the simple statement which appears at the head of this article. Equality of opportunity in an open sky is possible at this time. Equality of allocation is not; for some countries are prepared to enter the air now, others will wish to enter it later, others may never enter it at all. Further, there is not even a shadow of a reliable estimate as to what air commerce will be in the future, just as no group of automobile men sitting in Detroit in the year 1908 could possibly have imagined the scope and effect of automobile traffic in the year 1938. The only certainty is that traffic will increase widely, and that the rate of its growth cannot be forecast. In these circumstances, it is not wise to try to bind natural developments.

The world needs the greatest dividend which air commerce can bring: a steady, unifying, close contact between nations. The argument for restraint of competition is probably weaker in aviation than in almost any other field of human endeavor,

since the next phase is certain to be expansion in unforeseeable degree. Here competition does not mean taking away from someone that which he has—though it may mean that one will get more of the increase than another.

There is not even convincing evidence that there will be undue competition—for international flying, and particularly intercontinental flying, has yet to become a profitable business. It is on the eve of paying its own way in the heavily traveled lanes; but international lines do not as a rule even commence operations unless they are assured of a certain amount of subsidy. The logic of the situation calls for the classic doctrine of equal opportunity in an open sky, along with arrangements to prevent certain evils of competition, notably rate wars, unfair practices, and possibly an undue crowding of the air with empty planes scouring the world in search of traffic. None of these evils has as yet appeared in the air; but they have been part of the history of other forms of transport.

In consequence, the United States government desired the widest available freedom of air commerce, accompanied by development of international institutions which, growing in experience and prestige, could deal with the problems of air transport as they arose on a basis of fact, rather than on a basis of conjecture and assumed future interest.

V

THE British government, in August, 1944, requested that the United States call a conference on civil aviation, adding that if it were inconvenient for the United States to do so, the British government would be glad to convoke one in London. The Canadian government presented a similar request; and the President replied by inviting all of the nations of the world, except enemy and enemy-held countries, to meet in Chicago on November 1, 1944.

It is well to appreciate exactly what the situation was at the beginning of that conference.

In the American hemisphere, partly by agreement and partly by practice, a wide exchange of freedoms of the air (to adopt the Canadian language now generally

used) had been achieved almost by informal growth. Even in this hemisphere rights were not established, but were rather in the nature of customs.

Aside from the American hemisphere, the United States was not well off in its access to the air. We had the right to put down two planes per week in Britain, conditioned on our willingness to accept a similar number of British planes here. We had like rights in France, and a right of transit away from France. Pan American was fairly well fixed in Portugal and in Ireland. American Export had accumulated some prewar rights in Italy. In the main, the Mediterranean and the European continent were closed to us. In the Pacific we had highly limited privileges with New Zealand, with the British colony of Hong Kong, and with certain other points in the southwest. Limited and generally temporary landing rights had indeed been secured from more than sixty countries; but the aggregate of all of them, set against their limitations, did not make it possible for American aviation to do more than touch the coasts of the Old World.

Other countries were in a still worse situation. And it was not improving. For instance, the Pan American agreement with Portugal required that every aircraft which landed at the Azores must also land at Lisbon; and that any aircraft coming from the continent of Europe to the United States must make Lisbon its last port of call. And so forth, ad infinitum: the use of each bit of geography was obtainable only by acceding to conditions designed to bind or circumscribe the future use of the air. The Air Minister of one of the smaller countries told me that he had been many months in working out a simple three-state arrangement connecting the principal cities of the three countries involved. Discrimination was tending to become the rule; invisible walls were being erected throughout the entire world.

Much of the work of the Chicago conference consisted of a weary search for a formula by which each country might have an initial allocation of opportunity to fly, but flexible enough to preserve for the public the right to choose the line they

desired. The British stressed the need for order in the air and for limiting competitors (principally ourselves); the Americans, the need to open the air to opportunity; the Canadians, the need for an evolutionary mechanism by which co-operation might be continuously increased.

THE results are what count. The conference obtained:

1. Agreement to a method of international organization, calling for an air council and for annual air meetings.

2. An agreement, familiarly known as the "two freedoms" agreement, by which all of the nations which sign it exchange among themselves the privilege of going through the air of one another's countries along reasonably direct routes (which, however, may be designated in each country), along with the privilege of landing for refueling, repair, and the like. This amounts to a generalized right of transit for a plane to go from its own country by reasonably direct route to and through other countries, and to refuel and overhaul on the way. As of January 10, 1945, this document had been signed by representatives of twenty-nine countries, whose area includes more than half of the area of the globe and an overwhelming majority of its population.

3. A second instrument, known as the "five freedoms" agreement, consists of a mutual exchange of privileges not only to transit, but to take on and discharge traffic, including not only traffic between the country of the plane's origin and the country of its landing, and from there back home again (the third and fourth freedoms in the Canadian analysis) but also the privilege of picking up traffic en route. This last is essential, of course, if long lines are to be maintained; for airlines, like shipping lines, subsist not merely on traffic from the homeland to other countries and back, but also on traffic between points on the way. Again at the date of this writing, this agreement had been signed by some eighteen nations and several more had indicated their intention of signing it.

These agreements, taken together, open whole subcontinents to peaceful air com-

merce. Any country, by adhering to the documents of the two freedoms and the five freedoms, may at once enter this already great and growing basin of air commerce. There were no such opportunities open before.

VI

THUS the bold outlines of the future air development begin to appear.

The custom of peaceful transit for peaceful planes in peaceful commerce has obtained an acceptance which, if not universal, is at least widespread.

The custom of peaceful and nondiscriminatory commerce by air under the rule of equal opportunity, contained in the document of the five freedoms, has been accepted by a large community of nations, with every prospect that it will grow.

There has been proposed and agreed upon an international organization to which may be referred disputes arising from the use of the air, and a method by which continuing discussion of air matters may go on as a matter of regular world business. If successful, this body in peace and reason will evolve that growing law of the air which at sea cost the world decades of war and endless sacrifice of brave human life.

At the close of the conference, and perhaps with undue optimism, I observed that the conference had met in the seventeenth century, but had closed in the twentieth. A wise and level-headed European statesman later commented that this statement, if not wholly true, was true enough to be worth making. Steadily, the sky is becoming open.

IN THE END, I WILL KNOW YOU...

A Story

ANN CHIDESTER



UNDER my breath, I said: "Ah, Parnell, stop spitting in the face of God and get down off that stepladder before I clout you a good one over the head with my yardstick, being as it's the only thing handy at present." But there he stands all foggy and big and dumb and black as the creatures under the ground, like a useless hoe, you might say, blinking his eyes and standing on the ladder just the same. Every time he does that, my heart in my throat fears he'll fall and bust himself wide open. Every time, nary a fall, but let it be me or one of the others that can make for ourselves and be witty and all, and we'd fall and be down in bed a month at least. But not Parnell.

Look at him stand there blinking in infinity, wearing those old stinking overalls, looking in the window of the sewing room. His face is breaking with the great happiness of doing something, and there is a fierce heart in him to do something and to love and to be loved, like a St. Bernard, we always say. Now it is the storm windows, but tomorrow it will be a rain pipe or a tree to be doctored and the next day, God knows, but it's something else to lay a strong, gentle hand to. That Parnell.

"Mother," I said down the air vent, "Parnell is standing on the ladder looking in the window like a giddy owl."

"Oh, is it!" she said.

I went back to the sewing table and knew the black hawk face was there behind me in the wind and I knew all that face, the quivering lips and dark eyes that looked out, always looked out without telling. Then I heard Mother go outside and stand in the orchard and call up to him. Thud, thud, thud was the sound of the ladder as slowly he went down to the ground, and then there was a scraping sound as he moved the ladder against the house. And after that, he was at the window that was at the far end of the sewing room. My cousin Parnell, that has gimlicks in his head. Gimlicks we used to call it when we were children and Parnell sat like a great animal, thin with the thinness that is not of the body and with light inside him and coming through his weathered skin, and he sat there in the orchard leaning against the strongest tree and looking into the sky.

"Burds," he would say.

Ah, but then we realized that he knew the seasons and so knew it was spring. And later, there he was looking at the "burds" when the rest of us had gone off to Chicago or New Orleans and forgotten them. You do not know why people like that are brought from the earth and given breath and the look of sanity, but then when you have lived with them, you know what it is. It is very dark, I swear, the

darkest thing a child can see and know about and feel kinship. And then, the facet of such a diamond is terrible in its beauty. To see him move so slowly there, picking up the storm windows and bringing them up the ladder, breathing hard through his mouth, the lankness of his black hair over his eyes. I swear there is a Reason, and this Reason is beautiful and dark.

The Reason is not Sin as the priest used to say. He came in the afternoons in an old Essex touring car. Mostly it was Fridays, and he came to have tea with my mother and my aunts. The men stayed out in the wide field or in the barn and would not come, but spat in the grass or in the hay and talked hard and believed in the Reality. But in the parlor my mother and the aunts moved through the dream that was holy, the dream that saved them, and Parnell sat there, and the priest looked at him.

Now I remember it with a shudder. The priest would speak out with it as if it were nothing to say, as if there were no hurt to it, and Parnell was sitting on the floor with his big boots scrappy with mud and listening all the while with his thudding animal heart, and the priest would say it. (Lord, I wish I would not think of a thing like that when it is past because it turns me against Them, the saints I mean and the Holy Mother and Everyone and even the One, Himself.) But the priest said: "God takes care of the dumb ones like our Parnells. Someone has sinned greatly and he is here to remind us of this sin, and no one will sin again when they look at such."

They had called him Parnell, and it was never a joke and never will be in their mouths. They were so proud of the one that went down in infamy, the one that was King of Ireland and Prince of it, too. And so when they called him Charles Parnell O'Connor it was without mirth but with gravity, though it was not truly a saint's name but only of him who could have been Saint if they had not trampled on his image. That first Parnell was a dream the fierce people had, and now this one named for him is another dream who moves within still another dream. I see him move in the cold, autumnal afternoon

sun, washing the windows with a bit of a sponge and bringing them up the rickety ladder, and he is in a dream of no understanding, and I, by choice, would move in such a bitter dream.

ONCE, with great, spouting rationalizing, they had to take him away from here, and when they brought him back it was never the same, for once you take them away they are never the same, no matter. The lovely thing, whatever it is, goes from them a little now and then, and they know fear. I swear, before this I never saw the black, rotten mark of fear on Parnell or anything he did. What he did, he did from inside himself, with cunning, moving in his wonderful dream all the time—but never with fear before this time.

I was about ten when they took him away. I was the one in a Girl Scout uniform that hung below my knees, and that was the summer I had a snotty nose from June till September and was whooping around the house day in and day out, with only Parnell there to listen to me and nod his head without saying to go outside and blow it or go to the bedroom and blow it or for Lord's sake have pity and shut up now. They took him away in the new blue Dodge car that had a radio. It was the first one to have a radio, and they put him in there one Sunday afternoon. Sunday it was, because it was so long and sleepy—yes, it was Sunday, I know. We rode down to the state hospital with Parnell sitting between them in the front seat, turning his head from side to side with delight. Once, going by a field, there was a blue and yellow plane, and it came down very low in the sunlight, and Parnell sobbed. It was one big sob, and he sucked in his breath and his wide chest heaved and he followed the plane with his eyes until it was nothing more than a tiny bug in the sky, and he kept on following it. He sat with his hands open and moved them up a little and then let them fall, and in him there was a flying thing, I know, and it was like none of us could ever feel.

Afterwards, we left him at that place that was long, of red bricks, with wide avenues, with men in blue serge suits,

with wide porches where some of them rocked back and forth, not feeling the rocking, but just rocking, pale ghosts on the wide porch, and I saw them there and knew nothing about any of them because by looking with your eyes you cannot tell. I remember we played the radio all the way home in silence, and that night we ate in silence, and where Parnell had sat no one sat nor wanted to sit, and no one looked at that place.

We could not stand it without him, for as we all said: who had come to harm by him at any time? And the answer was: no one has come to harm by him at any time. Besides, the orchard needed him, and the house needed him to keep the doors oiled, and so we ourselves in some way needed him as the body needs a mineral substance. But we knew it was a small tragedy, small as a stone and something lost in a well, for we had sinned against him. We called him at one time a bother, a fright, we said, and we ourselves were these and knew it. Botherous people who talked too much. Frightful people who did not see the birds fly over the orchard at midday. And so we had to have him back at last, but it was different, as I have said, and it was different forever.

OH, WELL, look at him and how slow he is now. They say he'll be forty in March, but I do not believe it. A man could live to be a thousand and still be young if, in his wits, he had as much sense as the Black Creature down there. But no one knows how to do it, and no one knows that Parnell, either. Does he remember anything? The water of the womb, the break of light, the days when he was a baby, the days one upon the other? I do not believe it is so single a thing. I do not believe it is ever Monday to him, nor Thursday, not yet night or day, because there is no time to this one, no time, no day, no one color, and it is all one thing to him. I have seen that he is as one thing. The stone that breathes is like him. The water that endures is like him. The earth that flies is like him.

I have watched him since I first knew there was a difference, eaten with him, lived in this same creaking old house.

And I know nothing that is true of him or even where he really lives or where his beetling spirit dwells. He sits outside in the summer nights and stares at the stars as he once stared at the "burds." In the winter he looks at the snowflakes on his mackinaw, and what he sees is lost except in the end, perhaps.

"Ah, well," my granny said, "what man knows another man anyhow until the end?" And some I have no care to know.

They say he has queer ways. It is true that often, in a strange quiet madness, he eats the bark off trees, and sits chewing it and smelling it and touching it until it bends like leather. Other times he runs away to the orchard beyond Monson's Ridge and sleeps there in the night, until we take out the searchlight and drive the car over the bumpy, unroaded land and find him sleeping there like some prehistoric creature. "You'll catch cold," we say to him, and he picks up his jacket and comes back with us, but I sense reluctance in him. And he turns his head back to where the berry bushes made a sheltered place. Now, because he does this more frequently, five, six times a month, we leave the searchlight on the car, and we go after him and bring him home, shivering a little, and numb from his mortal pain.

So he does not read nor write nor wear a hat nor speak many thank-you's and how-are-you's that have no sense, either.

But he wipes up after the dog, sniffing with pleasure as he does it, and he oils the doors and scrubs the stable floor and polishes the silver on Saturday afternoons. And for no reward. What is his reward? There is a reward. There is a hell—and so what is there for him? You give him a cold pear from the refrigerator, and that is his gold and his heaven. You give him a harsh look, and that is his hell. You give him a clean new shirt and a bright tie, fur-lined gloves, hand-me-down overcoat, polished black shoes four years old, and you take him to church on Sunday and he stares at this and then at that with pleasure as from eating peppermint candies. You give him the Montgomery Ward catalogue or a few nasturtiums for his belt buckle where he likes to wear them, over his navel. You give him twine to move end-

lessly through his fingers. You give him sweet warm cherries, fresh warm milk, a good warm bed, and from it you receive, hidden, the whole wide and secret thing which you cannot tell.

There is a giant in the orchard, you think, when you see him there suddenly.

And no one can ever tell about what he is or even know until the end, but in the end, without the heaviness between us, I will see what is there, and he will see as well. If there is an end, if there is seeing, I will know him then . . . if there is ever an end . . .

Two Styrian Oxen Shipped Collect

IN THE summer of 1918 my brother and I were sent to a children's camp in the Austrian province of Styria. The place had an overwhelming attraction to half-starved Viennese after four years of war: it promised abundant food, for Styria was famous for its cattle. When we arrived, however, we found even less food than in Vienna, partly because the camp's ration stamps had not come through, and partly because the local peasants refused to sell food to imported Viennese. We were reduced to a miserable diet.

But after a month or so a bureaucratic miracle happened: not only did the camp get its ration stamps, but it got also a special allotment of meat out of army stocks. I shall never forget the day when the telegram arrived from the provincial food administrator: TWO STYRIAN OXEN SHIPPED TO YOU COLLECT. Solemnly we children marched to the railway station and returned leading the oxen, bedecked with flowers; they were slaughtered and roasted that night.

It was with less elation that we received, just one week later, another telegram: TWO STYRIAN OXEN SHIPPED TO YOU COLLECT. The camp wired the food administrator to send no more oxen. It was with positive dismay that we learned, a fortnight or so later, that *four more* oxen had come: all our telegrams had accomplished was to stop the authorities from notifying us. There was nothing to do but to give them to the local usurer to be sold on the black market. From that moment on, the camp heads and the fathers of several of the boys did all they could—protested to the authorities, pulled every wire—to bring the shipments to an end. But somewhere in the mazes of the Imperial bureaucracy a routine had been set up which nobody could trace to its source. Although by September the Austro-Hungarian Empire was breaking up in wild disorder, on the day we left camp the morning freight pulled in—and on it were two Styrian oxen shipped collect.

I had all but forgotten the incident when, in 1932, I found myself in that province. The camp was little remembered, but still, every Thursday, there arrived two Styrian oxen—to the great convenience of the local community. Only during the worst weeks of 1919, I was told, had the shipments been interrupted; as soon as order was restored the new Yugoslav government had resumed where the Austrians had left off.

Sometimes I wonder whether, after the liberation of Slovenia, I shall learn that the Styrian oxen are still shipped weekly. ♦ Peter F. Drucker

Mr. La Farge, who in 1943 wrote several southwest Pacific stories for Harper's, here develops an "orientation" talk he recently gave at ten Army Air Transport Command bases.

SOLDIER INTO CIVILIAN

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE



WHEN the good day of peace comes—and it doesn't look at all imminent from where I sit—the members of the armed forces of the United States are going to have a big problem to face. That problem is their homecoming with all the readjustments that it implies.

It is too bad that coming home should be a problem. God knows they have done enough now for their country by any reasonable, or indeed unreasonable, standard, and their release from service to civilian life should be the joy and pleasure which many of them now anticipate. But the facts are against them, and so is the record of all history. Both facts and record point to the inevitable conclusion that it is a hard and a long job for the soldier to readjust himself to the ways of civilian life; and that if he cannot make that adjustment, he receives for his service a bonus of misery and loneliness and, sometimes, of despair.

I shall attempt here to examine the most obvious and common of the problems which will confront the man who has served in the armed forces and is about to become again the civilian he formerly was. I am not attempting to solve the more serious problem of the neurotic or the psychotic soldier, but only to help the normal, war-weary veteran by forearming him with a knowledge of himself. That self has changed: if he can see the changes and recognize them, and if he can under-

stand why they have occurred, half his battle has been won. The veteran who will have the hardest readjustment is he who, stumbling blindly against the differences he has not foreseen in himself and his world, resents them and fights against them. It is always a losing fight.

Let us recognize then, at the outset, that most men don't realize that they are forming habits until those habits are interrupted or brought forcibly to their attention. We have all, at one time or another, been brought up short by the observation of a friend (or an enemy) on our habits—of someone who said, "Why do you always have to do thus and so?" The comment can refer to anything from starting every sentence with "Well . . ." to always going to sleep on the left side—a habit sometimes discovered in odd ways. Most of us don't recognize how strong is our habit of smoking until we find that we can get no more cigarettes.

This applies equally to soldiers (a word I shall employ throughout this article to cover all members of the armed forces). They have formed the habits of soldiery. How far are they aware of them? How many, if they do realize them, do they want to hang on to in civilian life? How many will they be forced to alter?

THE most frequent topic of conversation in armies is sex. The next most frequent topic is the dream of home (though

these are not mutually exclusive). That dream is usually phrased as, "Boy, what I'm going to do when I get out of here!" It is a dream that can run from planning life to going fishing, and it can include work or the chance to stay in bed for a long, long time—and it has remarkable variations.

But there are usually huge differences between the dream and the reality, and if those differences are allowed to become too huge, the reality is shocking. Many a soldier—and this is particularly true of the combatant—returns on leave or furlough to the home he has dreamed about so often, only to find that it is not as he had dreamed. It has changed. His parents, his wife, his girl friend—they have all changed. Even the physical attributes of his homeland have changed. Only the rarely intelligent soldier, used to a certain healthy amount of introspection and analysis, realizes that it is really he who has changed; that he is seeing this world of his through a totally new pair of lenses. Most soldiers are young when they go to war. They are not so young, or not the same kind of young, when they come home again. The eyes they see with are not the same eyes they had when they went forth. This is a major and essential truth to face.

When the soldier was young, he was a civilian—a civilian boy. Boys often have exalted dreams. As they grow older and mature, the dream is modified, day by day, until finally it merges, after the passage of years, with the rather hard and stubborn realities of life. The civilian boy has time for this process of change. The soldier has not that time, nor will he have it. When he returns to civilian life he will not be given even the time he was allowed in which to become a soldier. He will jump slap from the dream of home into the reality of home. There is where the shock can arise. The wise soldier will think of this in advance. He will use the GI Bill of Rights to the fullest possible degree, to extend for himself that time of readjustment. He will realize that it provides him with time to fail—not once, but twice, as most men, including the most successful ones, have had to fail before they arrived at their ultimate success.

But even though he uses all the benefits government puts at his disposal, and uses them well, he will need above all to realize that only the passage of time will finally solve his problem of adjustment. He will, in short, need to give himself time to be patient, time to know his new self. He who does not know himself, doesn't know much.

II

HERE are some of the differences he is going to have to realize if he is to know himself.

Possessions—that's a big difference. When he was a civilian, he owned certain things. Whether he earned them or was given them is of little importance. The *fate* of those things was in his hands. His house, his machinery, his car, his radio, his gun and fishing rod, his books—if he took good care of them, they lasted him well. If he neglected them, they deteriorated or broke down, and in order to repair or replace them, he would have to expend his own time and his own money. He got the rewards of his care, and he suffered the penalties of his carelessness.

Now, as a soldier, he owns practically nothing. He owns only so much, as a rule, as he can carry about with him without personal inconvenience. Ninety-nine per cent of what he uses is given to him or, more exactly, loaned to him by the government. It is GI—Government Issue. The *fate* of these things concerns him, but quite differently from that of his civilian possessions. If he breaks, loses, wastes, or neglects these possessions of the government without valid reason or excuse, he is fined or punished or both. But if, on the contrary, any of them is broken or lost through no fault of his own, but by use or by enemy action, not only is that not his funeral but a vast organization, comprising an entire and efficient nation, is working night and day to see to it that he gets a new one, as good as possible and as soon as possible. This applies to everything from a B-29 to a pair of underdrawers. And if the object which we are discussing needs a repair, there are enormous supply dumps, kept in a high state of inventory, from which he can draw the necessary parts for his repair job.

This fact breeds in soldiers a final contempt for possessions. It is not that they do not take care of what they have; as a rule they do. But at any moment—particularly in areas of combat—if it is expedient to abandon or jettison matériel, that is done without qualm; and if it is not possible to replace matériel quickly through regular channels of application and supply, then what is needed is stolen without application. Anyone who has seen forward areas of war will vouch for the truth of this. On Guadalcanal, a detachment that had subsisted too long on its own initiative reached the point where its members took the clocks from unguarded planes (flown into the area with difficulty) to replace their broken wrist watches.

I know it is true that soldiers do become attached, for instance, to a particular plane. But it is not the attachment of the civilian; for the soldier knows that if that plane is destroyed and he survives he will find himself in another, and that at any moment, for reasons that must remain to him purely arbitrary, he may be transferred to another plane, another crew. Nothing similar could happen in civilian life.

To a certain extent this same attitude toward possessions extends to money. Unless he is an officer (who must pay for his clothes, though he is given an allowance for them), the soldier is clothed free. And if he wants to spend his money—and many do—on an extra, specially made uniform, that is not very important, for he will either spend it for that or lose it in a crap game. The nearer he gets to combat, the less money means to him, since it is, for him, only something he has as an extra, and without which he can subsist on about the same level as everyone else. And another odd thing about money and soldiers is that everyone knows exactly what everyone else is paid, and when, and (usually) just how long the money lasts.

When the average soldier goes home, then, he is going back to a world that is totally without supply dumps or free replacements, where nothing is ever given away free—except by the Salvation Army.

EVEN food enters into this picture. When the soldier was a civilian, he had to earn his food. Even though he lived at home, he often had to help out there, and if he didn't, he went hungry. The world of civilians is a very hungry place. But now, as a soldier, no matter what happens, he always eats. Not always regularly and, God be my witness, not always well. I have often wondered by what miraculous mismanagement armies select their cooks. But most of the time most soldiers, even in combat, get food, though it may be only packaged rations. Men in combat tend to complain less about food than any others, because they have seen too many mobile kitchens (or the jeeps or trucks that brought up the food) destroyed by enemy action. Even so they complain. Why? Because they have not had that which they have learned it was their immutable right to expect: three square meals a day.

That is very different from civilian life. In the army, the chow line is an honorable, if somewhat fatiguing, institution. In civilian life, it's usually a disgrace.

III

WHEN he was a civilian, one of the things a man prized most was privacy. Privacy made men build their houses with doors that had locks on them, made them put shutters on the windows, blinds and shades and curtains in the windows. Privacy made men build high walls or plant hedges about their gardens. People who lived too many to a house weren't happy about it. They wanted enough money to get another room or two, to get the children, or the mother-in-law, out of their hair. When they went up to their room, their own room, no matter how small, they shut the door. Indeed, when they went to the bathroom, they shut the door.

It is hardly necessary to labor the point of the difference in armies. Men sleep together, eat together, wash together. They share large barracks, or a pup tent, or a slit trench, or just a piece of ground. The only sort of privacy which they possess, and which is anywhere near inviolable, is in their mind. That has a door

they can occasionally shut. But some of them, particularly those in combat, have discovered that even their thoughts have become, in a curious fashion, public property. Lives can depend on what another man is thinking. And therefore the soldier's return to the civilian room that will shut him away into privacy is going to be an odd sensation and not always a pleasant one. Privacy—that habit of shutting oneself away from other human beings—is as much a part of civilian life as his own exposed gregariousness is an inseparable and habitual part of the soldier's existence. It is both active and passive. People shut themselves off from you at least as often as you shut yourself off from them. Such privacy may prove depressing, may breed a sense of loneliness in the soldier returned.

Then there is the matter of team play. When the civilian doesn't, or won't, play up on the team, he suffers only the small penalty of being thrown off the team. It is true that many men are happier off a team than on it. But in armies, team play is geared to a scale quite different. When a man won't play on the army team, it can often be a matter of life or death, to himself and to others. It is going to be difficult to adjust again to the rules of civilian team play, which are taken so lightly, and have only a small personal and evanescent penalty. The cohesion of soldiers into united groups is the common result of the need for team play in time of war. There is no such cogency in civilian life.

THE matter of team play is akin to another and greater one, one that essentially includes it. For the sake of brevity, I shall call it the hierarchical principle, and define it (as far as armies are concerned) as the strict gradation of rank in respect to responsibility. This hierarchical principle exists to its fullest extent in armies and navies in time of war.

Soldiers who were old enough to hold down jobs in civilian life before they joined the services will recognize that this hierarchical principle exists to a limited degree in all businesses and industries. There are bosses, of differing rank, who can tell a man what to do and when to do it and even how to do it. Yet always it is in a

limited manner, for it is the privilege of the civilian in a democracy to argue with, or object to, an order, and it is his further privilege, as a last resort, to refuse to do the job, to walk out. That is not true in armies.

Now I am not talking of discipline. Discipline is the technique which makes the hierarchical principle function. Yet in itself it is the easiest of all the effects of army life to absorb afterwards. Discipline exists in armies in a form and with a strictness that cannot, happily, be duplicated in civilian life—except at the price of national freedom. But discipline as the usual part of the unusual military life leaves most men stronger than they were and even gives the weak a borrowed strength.

What I am talking about is this: through the application of the hierarchical principle the individual is robbed, to a greater or lesser degree, of his initiative. That is because he is constantly subjected to a system wherein he is, ultimately, always dependent on what someone higher up in the hierarchy will say or do.

In order that any given command may be made effective, it is necessary for each man, as he receives his order, to act on it or to issue further orders to those who are below him. The man at the bottom has nothing to think about or do except that which he has been ordered to do, and he has absolutely nothing to do until he has received the order. Even for those who are higher up in the hierarchy, it is still essentially the same, for no matter how great their rank, their responsibility is forever qualified by the fact that it exists in execution only, and that (with some few notable exceptions) they are not responsible for the merits or demerits of the orders they receive.

In civilian life, the man who is lazy is his own damned fool. He has decided to pamper himself, setting his own personal convenience and comfort in the place of first importance. Even though he is almost always engaged in the process of cutting his own throat, there is no machinery other than public opinion which can make him work. And some men are not at all affected by public opinion.

Armies, however, are notable for the

variety of means at their disposal by which they can persuade men to work. Any soldier will be glad to testify to this, and at some length. In combat, failure to work can bring immediate loss of life. But the reverse of the picture is interesting: there is extremely little scope for the soldier who wishes to work harder than he is ordered to do. I know that there are ambitious and intelligent men in service who do what they have to do well and quickly and intelligently. And I know that in certain cases (notable in air forces but commonly exceptional) soldiers exercise their initiative to advantage. But generally speaking, it is a great mistake for the soldier, with the best will in the world, to exceed his orders. There is practically nothing he can do of that sort that will not get him into trouble. He must sit on his tail and wait for the next order. This even obtains in combat. The platoon that goes after a further and unspecified objective may, and often does, leave exposed the flanks of those on its right and left. The unordered bombing of a particular target may turn out to have destroyed the one object that headquarters was most anxious to preserve. The soldier has had to learn to do what he has been ordered to do as well as he can; to exercise his initiative within the limits of his orders; to consolidate the job when it is accomplished; but, when that is done, not to exercise his own personal initiative—for it is likely to be the worst thing he could possibly do.

It is the truth of this that breeds in energetic and ambitious men, turned soldiers, the capacity to gold-brick. War consists ten per cent of action and ninety per cent of waiting. Men in armies learn to do nothing with immense skill. Anyone who has ever visited the little, dreary islands of the Pacific, remote from home and from combat, needs no further evidence. Staffs of armies beat their brains to think of things to order men to do in the long times of waiting.

THERE was a famous man who took advantage of this hierarchical principle at both ends. He was T. E. Lawrence—Lawrence of Arabia, who led the Revolt in the Desert in the last war. Lawrence

was a complex and a highly gifted man. While he was fomenting the Arabian revolt, he was the opposite of what I have described, because he was, in effect, the top of his own self-created hierarchy. Much of the time he was completely out of touch with authority, and so his own initiative became ultimate, and found expression in some of the rather terrible and terrifying decisions he had to make. When the campaign in Arabia ended in that victory of General Allenby at Damascus which Lawrence had so greatly aided, Lawrence became the victim of his own singular conscience. He had promised the Arabs certain things—without, I think, much assurance other than his own optimism that the promises would be fulfilled. They were not fulfilled. And in the end, as a refuge from the cares and responsibilities of civilian life that his conscience made intolerable to him, Lawrence sought relief by enlisting as a private in the British army—and that army then had a hierarchical principle more fully and strictly developed than any we have ever seen in this country. He did this, one gathers from his letters to his friends, in order that, as a private in the army, he might subject himself to the principle of having his life depend at last *only* on the orders of his superiors. The idea of the responsible action taken only because one is ordered to take action was to him, the man who had led almost single-handed the Revolt in the Desert, a featherbed of peacefulness.

In our own army we have seen the famous General Mitchell disgraced, not because he was miles ahead on the use of air-power, but because he refused to follow the orders of those who were higher up in the hierarchy than he. Lawrence fled to the comfort of the hierarchical principle; Mitchell could not, or would not, accommodate himself to its limitations.

When the average soldier returns to civilian life, he is going to miss this principle, which will be shockingly absent. Quite a few soldiers, no matter how they feel now, will continue in service because of it. They will miss, in civilian life, this elastic brace to which they have become so accustomed. Those who return—the vast majority—will find readjustment harder

because of this. They are going to have to re-educate themselves into civilian initiative, which is to say initiative almost unlimited.

THE actual return home will present another problem. It is not a major one, for it can be quickly solved by understanding. When the soldier left home, in most cases home was all he knew of the world. When he returns, that will not be so. Now travel doesn't broaden many people, nor does it usually persuade us that some other place is superior to our home. But it does provide us with a yardstick by which we judge that home and the people who inhabit it, and the use of this yardstick (a use which is both unconscious and unavoidable) will often make home and homefolks seem narrower and smaller than we have remembered them. If the soldier will realize this; if he will remember, too, that for the most part his homefolks have no other yardstick than the single one he was limited to when he left them, and that it is quite impossible for him to lend them his yardstick, he will not find this problem difficult of solution. It is a matter of tolerance bred through understanding.

Far more important than this is the effect of combat. Combat changes all men. The fact that you have killed, even with the best license in the world; the fact that someone has deliberately set out to kill you—these alter a man forever. Combat does not, in my experience, make most men hard-boiled but it does make them tougher in fiber and, oddly enough, more gentle in their ultimate manner. One effect it certainly has, and that is to make the generality of men reluctant to discuss it except with those who have been through a similar experience. This occurs, I believe, because thus, and only thus, can they talk of it in shorthand, avoiding the words that they dislike to use.

It will be well for the combatant soldier to realize two things, for they are immutable: First, he cannot tell a man or a woman who has not been in combat what it is like; it is an incommunicable experience, like childbirth. Second, he will remember that of all the things he has done this is the one that all men who have not

been in combat will most want to hear of. If he realizes this in advance, it will save him from a deal of disappointment and friction.

IV

I HAVE said that combat is incommunicable. I will expand that by saying that the life of the soldier during a time of war is not a thing that can be learned at second hand. Millions of words have been written, will be written, to try to tell the civilian what war really is. He will never learn it until he has experienced it. It is of major importance for the soldier to realize this before he comes home to America. It will help him to realize that between him and the civilian who has never known war—and such civilians will be the majority of our country's population—there will be a huge gulf of unshared experience. That gulf cannot be finally bridged by telling him about the civilian, or the civilian about him. It can be bridged only by recognizing its existence as a gulf that neither of them has to cross, a gulf which will, in time, disappear by a natural process of erosion, so long as neither of them digs it deeper by misunderstandings.

How often in this war, in the combat areas, has not the soldier heard this: "The home front doesn't know there's a war on"? It would be far more accurate to say, "The home front doesn't know what war is." How can it know? The people on the home front have never even been bombed. There is no glory for them. Life goes on, and it's just a bit more difficult. The civilian is begged to put his money into war bonds, at interest, and he is called patriotic for doing so. Or for working overtime, at high wages. He gives some of his blood, he gives his leisure time to salvage, civilian defense, hospital work, canteens, whatever. At best he is cheerful and hard-working and uncomplaining—and millions have been. What more can he do?

It will be well for the soldier to remember that the civilian has no hierarchy to depend on, that his orders carry no such force as do military orders. He is responsible primarily to himself for good citizenship, yet he still has his family to feed and

house and clothe, his house to heat, his rent and taxes to earn. If someone is sick, he cannot say, "O.K., report at Sick Call." He has to find a doctor, and they are few and rushed now. He has to try to find a bed in a hospital, and that is very difficult. When the tools of his trade break down, even in legitimate use, he has no supply dump to fall back on. It will take him twice as long to repair them, and the repair will be half as satisfactory.

His world, unlike the soldier's, has not been simplified. For the soldier, the world is colored nearly in black and white. Everything possible has been done (within the limits of human fallibility) to reduce his life to the single aim of defeating the enemy. From the soldier are removed as many responsibilities and worries as possible, so as to free him, no matter how humble his task, for that one aim.

The civilian's world has been complicated, not simplified. For him, the enemy is not to be clearly seen simply as a Nazi or a Jap. There are a hundred other enemies—all the old enemies the soldier used to know and, unhappily, may learn to know again. They are called hunger, poverty, sickness, unfair labor practices, exploitation, selfishness of individuals and groups, political mischances like fascism and isolationism, flood and drought, or the terrible racial intolerances that Hitler has bred in us as well as in his own people. These torment the daily life of the civilian, and because of them, because of the very nature of his life, he cannot know what war is. Let the soldier remember this when he grows angry at the home front. His anger is natural, but he had better bury it in a foxhole when he leaves to come home: it will do no good. Let him bring back with him the need to reform, to make just, to make secure, and, above all, to make tolerant. These will help at home—these will help *him* to his readjustment.

THERE is another thing for the soldier to beware of: it is the overestimation of gratitude. The civilian at home is grateful now to the soldier, and he is trying to express it, and will continue to do so for some time. But gratitude, while it may last for years as a conception, cannot

continually find expression. In fact, the continuation of grateful action finally becomes false and embarrassing where it does not also breed deterioration in the recipient. The soldier, then, can expect to be thanked and to be rewarded with something more tangible than words, more useful than decorations; but he who returns from war with the conception that the country owes him a living and that all its debt to him will never be fully discharged in a lifetime is licked before he starts. Morally and spiritually—and to a degree physically—he has pauperized himself. Gratitude has its limits, and it is wise to realize this. Gratitude required is likely to turn to active dislike.

V

SO WHEN he comes home—with all the joy that is inherent in that phrase—the soldier will carry with him the knowledge that it is not going to be a simple job to readjust. It is going to be difficult. He is going to find freedom from authority, and the worries that haunt that freedom, hard to take. There is going to be no one to tell him what to do or what to wear, or when to do it or wear it. There is going to be none (except for those who have done as he has done) to whom he can communicate the fullness of his experience. Being human, he will try to tell his father, his mother, his wife, or his girl—and he will fail, and, failing, will be depressed, turned in upon himself. There is going to be no Post Exchange for him to shop at, at cheap prices, and no supply dump. There are going to be no free meals three times a day. His wife, his children, other people (perhaps even employees) are going to come to him now for decisions, and on these decisions will rest his own happiness and prosperity—and theirs. He is going to find, suddenly, that he has no way of knowing surely who is above him or below him. The powerful often wear awful old clothes; the weak are often dressed to kill, or to cover up their weakness. There will be no stripes, no bars, no insignia, no medals. The man of authority will be as hard to identify as is the Admiral when he goes in swimming.

I have only one last word for the returning soldier. He was a civilian first. Then he was a civilian turned soldier. Now, in the course of time, he will be a civilian again. For God's sake, then, let him be one! He must not let anyone or any group persuade him to become a professional ex-soldier. These are the men who help to foment wars. Having learned to work well together in a good cause, they work too well together in a selfish one. The good of any group commonly comes at the expense of all who are outside of it.

We have a civilian for President and Commander in Chief, civilians as Secretaries of War and Navy. That is as it should be. When this war is over, we shall have to have a larger army and navy than we have ever kept before. Let those

who wish to do so, then, rejoin these services: they are honorable professions. Let those who do not, become full time civilians. Grant told Lee at Appomattox to keep his horses, his men would need them for the spring plowing; they would be civilians now, farmers, not soldiers. This was wisdom, and wisdom is worth emulating.

Let me repeat at the end what I said at the outset: the problem is not easy, but the difficulty will be immensely reduced by knowledge of its existence and character. The wise soldier will con himself, note his difference from the man he was. That way he can readjust, secure in the knowledge that, having played a citizen's part to the full as a soldier, he can go on to an equal success as a civilian.

The Old Refrain

Then we got into the war . . .

We proved once again that we can outdream, outthink, outwork, outproduce, outfight, outinvent, outprosper any country in the world . . .

From Guts, an advertisement by the National Industrial Information Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, December 1944

Hurray for me, you scapegoats! . . . I can outrun, outdance, outjump, outdive, outdrink, outholler, and outlick any white thing in the shape o' human that's ever put foot within two thousand miles o' the big Massassip . . .

From Mike Fink: A Legend of the Ohio, by Emerson Bennett, 1848

Another Man's Poison

REBECCA WEST



IN MY youth humbugs were practically the same people as the humbugs in the pages of Dickens. "It is," said Mr. Chadband, "the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars; it is the light of terewth." And though twenty-odd years elapsed between Dickens' death and my birth, he was still saying it when my infant ears began to listen.

The reason for this survival is simple. In Dickens' day and in my youth humbugs found the same sort of humbugging profitable, because the basis of society had not really changed during the two decades which divided us. The ordinary man of that era respected the Christian and the philanthropist, the industrialist who put up factories which enabled poor men and women to be less poor, and the financier who by forethought and thrift accumulated a fortune. Therefore humbugs pretended to be devout clergymen, or the founders of institutions for destitute children, or successful manufacturers or City men, and went on with the pretense until the turn of this century. Then something happened. The nineteenth-century scientists had broken the faith of the educated man in the Bible and the whole community began to look for its heaven on this earth. It respected, therefore, quite a different gallery of types. It did not respect the Christian, who, it imagined, must be either credulous or convention-bound; it did not respect the philanthropist, who seemed a fiddling fellow who did not dig deep enough—who ought to prevent people who had children from becoming destitute, instead of putting up institutions whose inmates would grow up under a handicap; it did not

respect the rich man, whether he was a manufacturer or a financier—partly because he was often too rich and made excessive profit out of the poor, and partly, as we learned in successive slumps, because he was probably not rich at all. Out, therefore, went the standard models for humbugs to copy. And for a time the true humbug must have been at a complete loss, for the community was not certain whom it really admired.

However, a number of forces of different kinds made up its mind for it. The two great prose writers of the first two decades of the century were Shaw and Wells, who were socialists. Later the Russian experiment provided an interesting spectacle when the capitalist countries, strained by their attempt to carry on as if the First World War had not been, and baffled by the exhaustion of certain markets, were giving a depressing performance. Later still, as the threat of fascism increased, the governments identified with the maintenance of the existing system behaved with a blindness and cowardice which the wise rejected on intellectual grounds from the start and which the foolish have learned since to resent because they fell on their heads in the form of bombs. These factors have persuaded the community that the person whom it respects is the revolutionary, the man who is prepared to sacrifice such security as is offered by the present political and economic system in order to establish a new system which shall afford greater security to a greater number.

It is right that the community should respect this type. Only by the grace of Christian revolutionaries was the dying ancient world transformed into the living

modern world, whose life, though we often condemn it and though its light seems dimmed, delights us so that we resolve to continue to live. If the modern world is to be revived it must be by a like faith in new values, a like persistence in seeking values that will be not only new but authentic. But as a Victorian bishop truly said, it is the law of goodness to produce hypocrisy. Mr. Chadband is already up and doing, taking off his collar, which till now he has worn in clerical fashion, front to back, and setting it in the laical position. Thus converted, he now calls himself by the name of something or anything on the left wing, and assumes a manner of courage heading straight for martyrdom which would have been reasonable in the last century but has no meaning now.

OFTEN in these humbuggings he treads on my toes, for he assumes my own calling: he represents himself as a left-wing journalist, which is what I have been ever since I was eighteen years of age.

It is a career which is attended by no risk whatsoever. For over thirty years I have been upholding the principles of the French Revolution and attacking all governments who seemed to me to be hostile to the political and economic freedom of the masses; and in some campaigns I have scored small victories of words remembered as pricking arguments. I could not have chosen a safer occupation. I once resigned a good position on a monthly magazine because I believed the editor's policy was leading straight to fascism, and landed myself in a lean year in consequence. It is the one sacrifice I have had to make.

I did not think it would be so when I began to write. Before I was born, when my elder sisters were young children, my father was deprived of his position on a great colonial newspaper and was actually refused all other employment in the colony, so that he had to sail back to England with a black mark against him, because he denounced the rottenness of a banking system which fell in ruins shortly after. But the point is that that happened before I was born. By the time I was under way the bulk of the community

knew that the structure of society would have to be drastically altered if it were to go on standing, and was willing to listen to suggestions as to what alterations would be most satisfactory—even with pleasure and relief when they seemed apposite. Therefore, though some people would not want to employ me or have me in their houses or come to my house, my radical opinions have never deprived me of an adequate living or a wide circle of friends. This is the lot of most of my colleagues. Foreign correspondents, of course, are the exception. There can be no overstatement of the courage—to take two examples out of many—of Elizabeth Wiskeman and Edgar Mowrer, who went into Germany to tell the truth about the Nazis. But the rest of us have never seen the highlight on the thumbscrew and are willing to admit it.

Not so Mr. Chadband, who has imported to our rakish calling much of the pietist stock-in-trade of the old chapel days. He has brought right along with him the air of being a Christian in an anti-Christian world, of bearing testimony to his faith under the twin scourges of persecution and indifference, and he cultivates every opinion which can give him the appearance of standing in opposition. It is extraordinary how often his Chadband stock in trade serves him well in this new enterprise, though its blatant emptiness on Dickens' page makes us laugh aloud. At this moment he is proclaiming that "the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons" is the resistance movement of Europe.

THE resistance movement of Europe is beautiful in its courage and its faith, and it is not beautiful only from a distance. Those of us who know the men who take part in it have been astonished by their willingness to leave England, where they enjoy comparative safety and comfort, and go back to their countries, being dropped by parachute, and live there performing certain tasks in constant danger of death until they run their acutest risk by making escape to England, where they rest for a little time and then do it all over again. We are more than astonished when we grow to know them

better, for we find that they do these things not of instinct but of will, that they are sensitive and subject to fear and alarmed lest they should lose their civilized quality by the practice of violence. It is horrible that this movement should have been defiled by the trail of the humbug. But the new Mr. Chadband has had to keep on his toes during this war to find opportunities for acting his part of martyr defying society.

It was easy, up to a point, before the war. In the days of the rise of fascism the new Mr. Chadband could happily abuse Mr. Neville Chamberlain for not making war on Germany and Italy. When Mr. Neville Chamberlain did make war on Germany, this left the new Mr. Chadband at a loss. For a space of time he sharply recovered himself by saying that the war which Mr. Chamberlain was making was not the right one. The war he should have made involved forming a passionate friendship with Stalin—which, in view of Stalin's attitude at that time, would have involved a coercive affection on the part of Mr. Chamberlain, of a sort which is called on the statute books by a harsher name. When Stalin was attacked by Germany and came into the war the new Mr. Chadband was temporarily dished. There was no visible opportunity anywhere for oppositionism and he might, like the old Mr. Chadband, have had to mourn, "Lo, the city is barren; I have seen but an eel," had not someone whom I suspect of being a much cleverer person than himself come along and suggested to him that he have a pot shot at those governments of the United Nations overrun by the Axis who had established themselves in London. These, it was suggested, he might attack as reactionary; and from that it was an easy step to attacking the British government as reactionary because it gave these exiled governments asylum.

The suggestion was adopted with enthusiasm. It could be seen that there might be a very long run for this activity because it need not come to a sudden stop, like the opposition to the war on the ground of Stalin's nonparticipation. There were a number of these governments, and it would be extremely difficult

for the British government to turn against them. The sport could last pretty well as long as the war. There was also the agreeable feature that it would be very difficult for the exiled governments to reply to the attack, partly because they were in an official position and partly because they were foreigners and were personally unknown to the British public. The new Mr. Chadband therefore began his campaign with zest in 1941, very shortly after the entrance of Russia into the war. The trouble was that the case against the exiled governments was in fact extremely weak. The public mind had therefore to be softened by a preliminary bombardment of innuendo, which took the form of referring to the exiled governments as the *émigré* governments.

It is unnecessary to state that the word *émigré* is French for emigrated—an innocent adjective which describes one who has left his native land to settle in another. But to the English ear the French form has an implication so strong that it is recorded in the Oxford English Dictionary, which defines *émigré* as a noun meaning a Frenchman who has left his country for another, especially one of those Royalists who fled at the French Revolution. In latter days this suggestion of reactionary political sympathies has been reinforced by its application to the White Russian refugees. It is therefore quite a mischievous label to affix to a politician or a government.

Once the suspicion had been aroused it was easy to justify it—paradoxically enough, just because it was not justified. The left wing loved to point out that these *émigré* governments included members of the reactionary political parties, and so they did. But this was not to their discredit; it was an inevitable consequence of the quite sensible formula by which they had been constructed. They were none of them the result of an election, but were called into being to maintain the identity of the constitutional authority of their states during the period when this had been usurped by the Axis invaders. Therefore they drew their ministers from all the political parties which commanded a certain amount of support and had refused to submit to the invasion

—which was fair enough. Some of these parties, though not many, were far to the right. It was therefore easy for the new Mr. Chadband to draw attention with cries of horror to the presence in the exiled Yugoslav government of representatives of the party which had supported the dictatorship of the late King Alexander. He failed to mention that they were vastly outnumbered by the representatives of the Radical party, the Democratic party, the Serb and the Croat Peasant parties, the Socialist party, and the Slovene Liberal party, all of whom were in active opposition during the dictatorship which had suppressed the lot.

Not only were the new Mr. Chadband's accusations unfounded, he had no right to make them. For the British had assented to the principle of the émigré government and had proposed to put it into effect if it were necessary. "Even if, which I do not for a moment believe," said Mr. Churchill in 1940, "this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British fleet, would carry on the struggle until in God's good time the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old." It was generally taken at that time that this proposition would involve the export of the Cabinet, and it therefore ill becomes any British person to attack a government for having emigrated before the enemy.

And as for governments containing reactionary ministers, we British live under one for the sake of resisting the enemy. I submit cheerfully to the presence in the British Cabinet of Lord Croft, over whose opinions the ivy has long cast an impenetrable shade. My reasons for this submission are that in wartime a coalition government makes for internal peace; that since the right wing is willing to fight the Germans it is only fair to give them the chance to serve the war effort in such ways as they can; and that even if a right-wing minister wanted to be mischievously reactionary he would be outnumbered by his more progressive colleagues in the Cabinet. And come to think of it, I have never yet opened my window to see what all the noise was

about and found that it was a crowd of left-wing journalists demonstrating against the presence of Lord Croft in the British Cabinet.

There arose the question of what alternative governments should represent the occupied countries, and the new Mr. Chadband was not long at a loss for an answer. I think it was suggested to him by the same clever friend who gave him the idea of attacking the exiled governments in the first place. This answer was, and still is, that in those countries all political power should be handed over to the extreme left wing of the resistance movement.

The answer sounds gallant. It implies a splendid defiance of the conservative forces which it is assumed still dominate society—though in fact they appear to be in full retreat—and a fearless championship of the rights of the simple people of the earth. In reality it is sheer humbug.

LET us first ask why, if membership in the resistance movement should be a qualification for political power, it should be restricted to the extreme left wing. The explanation is that this is a just reward for a preponderating share in the effective activity conducted against the Axis occupation. It is claimed that in every country the extreme left wing carried on more sabotage, gave more aid to fugitive Allied airmen, and wherever conflicts with the enemy were possible engaged in more of them than the members of all other parties.

This is not true quantitatively or qualitatively. In every occupied country the extreme left has the shortest record of participation in the resistance movement, for the reason that it held its hand until Russia was drawn into the war—which involved a period of inaction varying from over a year to a few months. Once that period was over it still could not take a preponderating part in the movement, for the simple reason that the extreme left nowhere numbered as many adherents as all the other political parties put together, and in most countries the proportion was a small fraction. Though the extreme left has gained many recruits

everywhere during the war, the conversions per day would have to reach an enormous figure before this disparity could be removed.

But the allegation would still be true if it could be established that the extreme left had practiced resistance with greater intensity than other parties. There is not the slightest reason to suppose this. The extreme left is from a superficial point of view diametrically opposed to the Fascists and Nazis, who are on the extreme right and therefore might be taken by persons ignorant of the foundations of politics as likely to be the most directly opposed to them. But in fact the ideas peculiar to the Fascists and the Nazis, which may be summed up as disregard for the constraints and permissions given by the law in civilized states, excite an equal amount of opposition in all left parties, all center parties, and most right parties. Even some of the right parties who do not feel any repugnance against the ideas of the Nazis are revolted by Nazi practice, and academic approval of burglary does not prevent a man from being very much annoyed when he finds his own home being stripped by burglars. It would be safe to say that the only parties to contribute nothing to the resistance movement are those which were so far right as to be virtually Nazi, and members of these were not numerous, except, for historical reasons, in France. Indeed, actual incidents of resistance often show a complete dissociation from the political sphere. By chance, through a neighbor of mine, I am familiar with an exploit of the Belgian resistance movement which brought to safety an entire RAF bomber crew who bailed out near Brussels. The resisters responsible were a business man who voted with the Catholic Center party, and a doctor's young wife and the aged widow of a manufacturer who were both quite uninterested in politics.

The greatest proof of the untruth of this claim for the left wing is the fact that it was made far too soon. It was being put out in England with absolute conviction at a time when nobody on this island was receiving anything like enough information from the Continent to form a complete picture of conditions in any

single country. And at no time has it been a pleasant task to dispute this claim, since unquestionably the extreme left played its part in the resistance movement nobly, with unstinting self-dedication, unforgiving self-discipline.

BUT why should political power be given to the resistance movement at all? It would be difficult to do so and there is no reason why it should be done. The difficulty lies in the virtual impossibility of discovering who were the genuine members of any resistance movement. All of them worked under cover and were constantly obliged to destroy written records of their activities. Hence it happens that every country now sends us the story that as the hour of liberation approached, every time the original resisters looked round at their comrades they saw new faces. Now some of these people may have been specially active, specially secret workers who were just coming to the surface. But the resisters themselves seem dubious that all of them fell into this category, and few of any party would take them on trust as peacetime colleagues.

Every country which has a resistance movement has at least one other group equally worthy of being allowed to seize political power. Each has a professional army, and if I were a French soldier who had fought gallantly against the panzers in 1940 and then suffered for years in a prisoner-of-war camp or escaped to England and joined de Gaulle and fought in North Africa and Italy I should feel very jealous of any privilege conceded to the maquis which interfered with my political rights. There is no possibility of dismissing these professional armies as reactionary bodies which perhaps contributed to their own defeat by fascist sympathies, since they consisted chiefly of conscripts and the fascist elements among them must long since have been sifted out of the camps and set to serve in the German forces.

Nor can the resistance movements claim to have won their right to govern their countries by any decisive part they played in the expulsion of the invaders. They can do great things, but their part lies in the preservation of the national culture

and in steady assault on the nerves of the occupying forces rather than in the actual liberation of territory. That they can accomplish only in co-operation with a professional army. There have been claims to the contrary. The French resistance movement announced that they had freed Paris by their own efforts prior to the arrival of any Allied troops, and the Greek resistance movement declared they had done as much for the Piraeus. The events which disproved this claim in the case of Paris are notorious and in the case of the Piraeus can be checked in the files of the daily newspapers. If invading professional armies of the highest type history has ever seen could be sent home by enthusiastic amateurs, there would be no need for our war effort and the map of the world would be very different today.

It is disconcerting to find ourselves obliged to consider these points, since it is alien from the spirit of our age to regard political rights as a reward for military service. Especially is this disturbing to women, who see the annulment of many values they have fought to establish. It must obviously be often difficult and sometimes impossible for a mother with young children to join a resistance movement. It would be the height of injustice if her political importance should for that reason be diminished.

THE oddest thing about this proposal to reverse enlightened practice is that it should come from the new Mr. Chadband, whose aversion to all persons engaging in warfare was till recently so great that he placed above all others and still places very high the conscientious objector to military service. If the new Mr. Chadband is tainted with this inconsistency he pleads that he has been misunderstood. He wants the resistance movements to be allowed to form new governments not because "Blood is their argument," as Shakespeare put it, but because it happens that by a curious coincidence they are composed of the same men and women that the peoples of Europe will want to govern them. But it is difficult to understand why, if

this is the case, he is always making a fuss because, particularly in Belgium and in Athens, the resistance movements have been disarmed. Why is he anxious that they should retain their arms if they are sure of popular support? His answer is that they need them to fight the forces of fascism, which are not yet defeated. This will be accepted only by those who believe it would have been an advantage for the Allied armies in the Low Countries to have had civil war behind their lines when von Rundstedt broke through last December.

But it is not possible to accept much that the new Mr. Chadband says because he has exposed his own dishonesty too openly on this point. It is only a few weeks since the Home Guard, which was the British equivalent of the resistance movement, was "stood down" and disarmed. Again we might expect to see the new Mr. Chadband rioting in the streets against what he has described—when it has happened in other countries—as a crime against liberty. But there is not a peep from him, and we must assume that he approves of revolution for other countries but not for his own. I do not know that it is much better to be a pimp for the revolution than to be any other sort of pimp.

It is strange that all this fuss should have arisen. The obvious and simple procedure was for the exiled governments to return to their countries as soon as they were liberated, and to resign as soon as they had got the administrative machine working, after which new governments could have been chosen by free election, with the Allied armies to keep the ring. This is technically quite possible. Reviving the electoral registers is not at all impossible in countries where under occupation every individual has been under surveillance. But there is a very good reason why this may not be done. It would represent the good will of the people calmly getting on with the job by means of the legislative instruments their fathers forged for them. There is not a thing in it for the professional dissident, for the new Mr. Chadband.

Mr. Pendray, formerly science editor of the Literary Digest and now a Westinghouse executive, was one of the organizers of the American Rocket Society.

PASSENGER FLIGHTS BY ROCKET?

G. EDWARD PENDRAY



NO HUMAN being up to this writing has ever been a passenger in a true rocket, though numerous animals from mice to roosters have been shot by rocket and returned none the worse for it. Some years ago, in 1933, a story came out of Germany that a man-carrying rocket had transported to the considerable altitude of six miles one Otto Fischer of Barmbeck, near Hamburg, but no authentic account of the experiment was ever published. The whole matter was undoubtedly a hoax—possibly based on some projected but unsuccessful experiments then in progress at Magdeburg.

The probabilities are that passengers will not travel in rockets until after these projectiles have been fully developed for carrying mail and express. Some daring venturer may then undertake to ride a large mail rocket, with such precautions for his comfort and safety as he may be able to manage. His minimum requirements will be an enclosed cell supplied with air at about sea-level pressure, continually enriched with oxygen and purified of excess carbon dioxide, and some shock-absorbing equipment in case of a hard landing. If the take-off acceleration is high, he will need to lie down in a spring-mounted hammock or cot. He will have to depend entirely on the automatic steering gear of the rocket; for throughout most of the flight, at any rate, he could have no control over its behavior.

At the speeds it will have to reach, his reflexes would be too slow and erratic.

In the first flight it will probably not be possible even for the passenger to see where he is going. His quarters will be cramped; provision for windows and the like would add excess weight. Even if windows were provided, he would be able to see little. On the upward part of the trip he would catch only a vague glimpse of the ground, rapidly receding from him. Clouds and mists would soon obscure the familiar features of the earth. From the stratosphere the world would be completely buried in haze; the glare of the sun would hurt his eyes. Almost before he could adjust himself to these rapid changes, he would be on the downward journey again, approaching his destination so rapidly that he could catch only a hasty glimpse before the slowing rocket, coming in on its wings and vanes, would be seeking the landing place.

The first passengers will spend a cramped and terrifying few minutes far above the earth. They will have nothing whatever to say about the course of their flight or the ending of it. And very likely they will be glad enough when it is over.

II

AS YET we have not reached the stage where the transport of mail and express by rocket is practical, though a num-

ber of short mail flights have been made with success. If we can solve the difficulties in the way of developing long-range mail rockets, then passenger rockets would seem logically to be the next step. But human freight is somewhat more delicate than other kinds of cargo, and its transport by rocket raises physiological and psychological problems as well as mechanical ones.

The mechanical ones, for both mail and passenger rockets, are to a large extent the same. A rocket is propelled forward by the force of the jet expelled backward from its motors when fuel is burned inside them. The motors fire only during a relatively short part of the flight; then they cease to function and the rocket coasts along on the momentum they have generated. Hence the distance it can travel depends on the maximum speed it can reach, which in turn depends on the velocity of the jet expelled by the motors and on the amount of fuel the rocket can carry in proportion to its own weight.

In most cases a rocket which carries approximately twice its own weight in fuel can reach the speed of its own jet. The rocket's speed can be further increased by increasing the ratio of fuel weight to combined structural and payload weight, but obviously this can be done only with the expenditure of more and more ingenuity in design, and in any case at a loss of payload capacity—an essential factor where mail or passenger rockets are concerned. The speed can also be increased, of course, by increasing the speed of the jet—by using better fuels or more efficient motors.

At present we have standard rocket motors with a jet velocity of between six and seven thousand feet per second, but this represents less than half the theoretical velocity obtainable with such fuels as acetylene and liquid oxygen, and it has been exceeded in the laboratory. So we may safely assume that by the time we are ready for rocket mail and passenger service we will have motors with a jet velocity of eight thousand feet per second or better.

Without going beyond the bounds of possibility we may also assume that by that time we will be able to design, and actually manufacture, a rocket light enough and strong enough to permit a

payload-structure-fuel ratio of 1 to 2 to 6—that is, to carry twice as much weight in fuel as the weight of the combined structure and payload.

Ready to fly, our rocket will weigh 9 tons. At the end of the firing period, having expended its entire fuel supply, it will weigh 3 tons. By that time it will have reached its maximum speed—the speed of its own jet—and will be cruising along in the upper stratosphere at about 8,000 feet a second. This speed will permit it to make a flight of around 400 miles—a little more than the distance from New York to Pittsburgh—though air resistance during the time it is cutting through the heavier atmosphere close to the earth's surface will reduce the distance slightly. About six and a half minutes will elapse between take-off and landing.

When it arrives at its destination, the rocket will discharge its cargo—one ton of mail or express, or something less than a ton of passengers. For if mail or express is carried, no special provision will have to be made for it except storage space, and the entire payload of one ton can be made up of the cargo itself. But if passengers are aboard, the extra equipment added to provide for their safety and comfort—equipment not structurally a part of the rocket—will have to be included in the one-ton allowance for payload.

WE HAVE already seen what minimum special equipment the first daring rocket passenger will need in order to keep himself alive through his journey: air to breathe and protective devices to enable him to endure the rapid acceleration of the take-off and the shock of landing. But in commercial rocket flying the comfort of the passengers will have to have closer consideration—and since rocket trips will be by no means cheap, there will have to be some luxury in appointments. The pressure cabin will have to be more than a glorified payload compartment. We shall have to count as part of the payload the weight of this cabin, the air-conditioning equipment, the seats or hammocks, the safety devices, the passengers' baggage, and such little touches as pillows, padding, drinking water, and the like.

We must also include in the payload the

weight of the pilot and his equipment—for whereas the mail rocket will have no need for a human pilot, presumably the commercial passenger rocket will carry one. Although he could have no control over the rocket during the first part of the trip, he could—as we shall see later—help direct it as it slowed down toward the end of its flight.

Since so many items must be counted in the payload, it is probable that only about four passengers and the pilot could be carried. Permitting them an allowance of 200 pounds each for persons and baggage, only 1,000 pounds will remain for all the rest of the equipment of the passenger compartment—a slender margin, but not an impossibly small one.

We have raised the question of the cost of the trip, and now we can look at that a little more closely. A concrete fact stands out: six tons of fuel will be required in such a rocket to transport four passengers from New York to Pittsburgh. The fuel will consist of liquid oxygen and acetylene or possibly gasoline. Twenty cents a gallon—roughly $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound—would perhaps be a conservative but reasonable estimate of its cost. This brings the fuel bill to \$300 per trip, or \$75 for each passenger.

It would be foolish to try to guess what the rocket itself would cost; or how many trips, in practice, it could make daily (even though we do know the actual flight time); or what costs would be involved in maintenance, rocket port operation, ticket sales, administration, overhead, taxes, allowance for depreciation, dividends to stockholders, obsolescence, insurance, provision for damage suits, and all the other necessary costs and charges that go to make up a large-scale transportation budget. But it seems safe to guess that the cost of a ticket from New York to Pittsburgh in the rocket I have just described would come to about \$300 or \$400 at the least.

Since the rail trip, with Pullman accommodations, costs only \$20.77 and an airplane ticket, including transportation to and from the airports, comes to only \$25.01, this is rather a steep price to pay for saving, at the most, two hours in travel time over the flight time of a through-route

airplane. We do not need to assume, however, that this matter of cost automatically eliminates the passenger rocket. The 9-ton rocket in all probability would be a minimum size; using it would be about like trying to haul passengers profitably in a two-passenger airplane. If the size were doubled, the number of passengers to share the cost could perhaps be somewhat more than doubled. In an 18-ton rocket, we might be able to transport nine passengers; in a 36-ton rocket, possibly twenty—bringing the fuel expenditure per passenger down to just a little over a ton.

In the age of rocket power there will of course be in operation other fast jet-driven craft—utilizing the rocket principle in various ways but not themselves true rockets. There may be duct-engine gliders carrying passengers at 400 to 500 miles an hour, powered perhaps by athodyds. There will be stratosphere aircraft driven by turbo-jet engines, possibly augmented by duct engines, traveling as high as 600 to 700 miles an hour. There may be huge turbo-jet stratoplanes flying at altitudes of 10 to 12 miles, boosted through the higher portions of their flight by auxiliary rocket motors permitting them to go as fast as 1,500 miles an hour. However, the passenger-carrying rocket will present a form of speed competition impossible for others to reach. As against the dimly possible 1,500-mile-an-hour top speed of the rocket-boosted turbo-jet airplane, the rocket ship for long-distance flying will be able to make—indeed, *will have to make*—velocities as high as 7,000 to 12,000 feet a second at the end of powered flight—or more than 5,000 miles an hour!

III

CAN human beings withstand such enormous velocities? Is it sane to think that people will subject themselves to such strains just to get rapidly from one point to another?

When railroads were first proposed, one of the objections raised against them was the menace to human life of travel at 15 miles an hour. When much higher speeds were promised by the early airplanes, it was frequently objected that the human

frame could not stand such velocity. The human body, however, turned out to be a pretty tough article. As passengers on the space ship Earth we are at this moment riding around the sun at a velocity of almost 19 miles a second—yet we are not even aware of it. Actually, it is not velocity that affects the human body. What makes a difference is the *change in rate* of speed, either increase or decrease—in short, acceleration.

The upward flight of a rocket at the beginning of its journey is of course an accelerated motion, and in some types of rockets the acceleration may be as high as ten to fifteen times gravity—that is, the speed may increase ten to fifteen times as fast as the speed of a freely falling body. When we consider whether it will be possible for human passengers to ride in rocket ships, we must find out, first, what is the maximum acceleration that human beings can stand, and second, what starting acceleration would be needed in a rocket suitable for passenger use.

The ability of human beings to tolerate acceleration has already been the subject of some research, since it is a factor in establishing the speed at which a dive bomber can attack and pull out safely. It is generally accepted that a healthy, normal young man can stand an acceleration of six to seven gravity (192 to 224 feet per second each second) without serious effect, though many men temporarily "black out" at accelerations above this point, owing to reduced blood pressure in the brain. Blacking out, even at nine gravity or higher, can usually be prevented by a prone position relative to the force of acceleration. Under suitable posture and other conditions it is probable that normal, healthy human beings can stand ten gravity or more if the time is short.

The subjective effect of acceleration is simply a sensation of greatly increased weight. This, however, may be quite distressing, and the average civilian passenger will not relish being subjected to acceleration much beyond three or four times gravity. If he normally weighs 150 pounds, a passenger subjected to an acceleration of three gravity will feel as if his weight had suddenly been increased to 450 pounds. This is quite a load. He will

be able to tolerate it, however, if he is lying down and is required to do no physical work. At four gravity, his weight will seem to be 600 pounds, and at five, 750 pounds. These pressures would probably be insupportable to most people; it would be impossible to breathe except with the greatest effort.

From all this we can conclude that the maximum practical average acceleration permissible to a passenger-carrying rocket would be about three or four times gravity, or 96 to 128 feet per second each second.

Now it happens that this figure also works out well in the design of large rockets intended to fly through the atmosphere. For while it is theoretically most advantageous in rocket operation to discharge all the fuel in the shortest possible time, it is also more efficient to discharge fuel in a vacuum, or in the very thin upper atmosphere, than to discharge it in the heavier layers close to the earth where resistance is high. So if the rocket is intended to leave from the surface of the earth, we must make some compromises with air resistance. Fortunately for the future of the passenger rocket, when we calculate what these compromises should be, we find that a long-range rocket, everything considered, should have an average acceleration of about three times gravity.

We may therefore accept it as a safe guess not only that a passenger rocket could be manufactured which would transport human beings over long distances at mile-a-second speeds, but that the passengers would be able, under most circumstances, to withstand without too much discomfort the acceleration involved.

IV

OF COURSE this is not the whole story of the effects of rocket flight on human beings. The psychological difficulties might well be less easy for the passengers to take than the physical ones.

The rocket is accelerated for only a brief part of its flight—the first minute or two will be quite enough, at an acceleration of three gravity, to provide the velocity needed. The fuel having by that time been expended, save for enough to slow the rocket at the end of the flight, and for

steering en route, the motors will cease operation. Instantly the passengers will pass over from a condition of accelerated flight, in which their normal weight will appear to have been multiplied three times, to a condition of what the physicists call "free fall." In this period, so far as the passengers and all other items in the rocket are concerned, *there will appear to be no gravity acting at all.*

Absolute weightlessness is a condition to which no human being has actually been subjected, and consequently we have no way of knowing how the human system will respond to it. Possibly, except for the inevitable readjustments of circulation, accompanied by some momentary dizziness, there will be no unpleasant physical effects. But there are bound to be psychological ones, the extent of which we cannot now judge.

For the state of weightlessness is approached in human experience only in falling. In flight it may be accompanied by a state of terror the like of which no person has ever before been called upon to face. Most of us are mortally afraid of falling. It is a fear acquired early in life and it never leaves us. Yet two or three minutes after taking off from the rocket port of the speculative future our passengers will be plunged into it en masse. What is more, the experience will endure for a relatively long period of time, depending on the distance of the flight.

The sensations of fear accompanying free fall will be matched by some other queer experiences. Since everything in the rocket ship will be in free fall with it, none of the objects riding with the passengers will seem to have weight either. Our lives are so conditioned to things as they normally behave on earth, with gravity holding everything in its place—causing liquids to flow downhill, balls to roll from higher levels to lower, and all solids to stay in place because of their weight—that our passengers will be astonished indeed to see how familiar objects perform in the period of free fall during rocket flight.

Assuming they are hungry, and food is available, they will find it out of the question to eat solids from open plates or to move them to the mouth in ordinary spoons or forks. When pushed or dis-

turbed in any way, food will simply float away in the direction of the push. Unless pierced by the tines of the fork, it will not hesitate at the mouth but will waft on gently upward and land against the ceiling. If nourishment is to be taken at all during the journey, it will have to be served in collapsible tubes, like toothpaste, and squirted directly into the mouth. Liquid in open containers will be impossible to drink. A glassful of water will float up out of the glass in a round globule. If it is touched, its surface tension will cause it to crawl wetly over the person or object contacting it, like some squashy and sentient amoeba. Liquids will have to be served from collapsible containers like hot water bottles or the wineskins of the Spaniards.

The passengers will have to be strapped to bunks or hammocks. If they attempt to walk about during the period of free fall, they will more likely bump their heads against the ceiling than progress in the desired direction. Of course, for the pilot there should be toe straps in the floor to engage his feet one step at a time—or possibly he might be supplied with steel-soled shoes magnetized sufficiently to cling to the steel floor of the cabin.

During flight the passengers will be able to see little of the earth even though portholes are provided. At the height of the flight, the trajectory will carry the ship well into the stratosphere and perhaps even into the aurora zone. The features of the earth will be misty and vague, but the passengers will be able to view the sun and stars as an astronomer would like to see them—without the light-absorbing blanket of the air. The sky will appear black, or bluish black. The stars will be plainly visible, even though the sun is shining. The solar rays on the side of the ship will probably make it uncomfortably hot, unless some means is provided for cooling—perhaps by rotating the projectile gently to let the warm side radiate away its heat.

V

THERE is at least one more experience facing the passengers before their journey is done. What goes up must

come down. If the projectile is carrying human freight, it cannot come down as rapidly, or as bumpily, as it could if the payload were merely mail or express.

To match the acceleration of the upward flight, the rocket ship will now need to decelerate. A common suggestion for slowing the rate of deceleration—for easing the fall—is to restart the motors, this time in reverse, so that the jet is expelled in the direction of flight. This would, of course, require the expenditure of more fuel, a supply of which would have to be saved for the purpose.

Here we run into real difficulties. It would not take anything like as much fuel to stop the ship as it did to start it, for the rocket burns up a major part of its weight in the first minutes of flight. Nevertheless, if fuel is required to do the whole job, the results are disastrous to our project. The starting weight of our loaded rocket (the twenty-passenger size) was 36 tons. Twenty-four tons of this mass was burned to provide velocity for the trajectory, leaving 12 tons to make up the weight of passengers, construction—and fuel to bring the projectile to a suitably gentle stop.

But the fuel-weight *ratio* for stopping would have to be the same as it was for starting. So of the 12 remaining tons, 8 would need to be jetted out of the motors in the direction of flight, in order to reduce the speed of the final mass to zero. The final weight, therefore, would be 4 tons. But 4 tons was the total weight of our projected payload alone, so we are confronted with the quite impossible task of constructing the rest of the rocket out of nothing at all!

At this point ingenuity must come to the fore. Why not make the atmosphere do the stopping for us—adding a few dozen miles or so to the length of the flight into the bargain? We can do this if we equip the rocket with a set of retractable wings and tail surfaces, folded into its body during the beginning and middle phases of the flight, and now opened out as the projectile falls toward the earth. In the lower stratosphere the density of the air, at the high speed of the falling rocket, should be enough to make the wings take hold. The rocket is mostly empty now, and its comparatively light shell should itself provide some lifting surface when the wings give control.

Here too is where the pilot, who had nothing to do earlier but reassure the passengers, begins to earn the extra fuel his passage has cost. He now becomes the captain of a 12-ton glider. It is his responsibility to nurse the last yards of the distance out of the glide and bring the ship as gently as an angel to its berth at the waiting rocket port.

You are entitled to believe in the practical development of the passenger rocket ship or not, as you please. But you cannot dismiss it as an impossibility. If new applications of the rocket principle follow the sequence specialists now foresee, there is no logic in concluding that this final step cannot be taken too. Some day your children or your grandchildren may be able to take off from Paris for New York, or from Los Angeles for Honolulu, and fly faster than the sun, watching the day grow younger as they move.

(Mr. Pratt, whose naval articles for Harper's have already included stories of the aircraft carrier Wasp and the destroyer John D. Ford, here presents a portrait of the battleship Washington.)

FIGHTING MACHINE

The Story of the U. S. Battleship Washington

FLETCHER PRATT



THERE was a race between the New York and Philadelphia Navy Yards over their respective new battleships and New York won it in 1941 with their *North Carolina*, so she became the name ship of the class, drawing all the photographers and big shots aboard for the trials and hullabaloo. The *Washington* went into commission in a comparatively businesslike manner. She was under a businesslike captain, Howard H. J. Benson, who had put in quite a bit of time in administrative posts and at the Academy. Her people settled down quietly to learn about each other and their ship.

As one of the first two new battleships built in twenty years she was, of course, a prize assignment of the service. Officers and crew alike were conscious of having been hand-picked for ability. They were Old Navy right down to the water tenders and radio strikers, so they knew what to expect. No surprise to them that the skipper should turn out to be a sundowner who held white-glove inspections every Saturday, put a man on report for wearing his hat on the back of his head, and made the engine room staff change from dungarees to undress blues before going to chow. That was the price one could expect to pay for belonging to the proudest ship in the service. And the exec, W. P. O. Clark, was all right—a big, husky guy

with no nonsense about him, who allowed any common sailor to approach him on deck when there was something on the latter's mind. In a good many ships, especially the larger ones, a chit from a division officer is required before a petition can be presented.

They had a measure on Clark's competence early, the first time the ship tried to take in planes. There was a seaway on; the aviator did not like the look of things and kept giving her the gun again just before he was due to come in, while the ship rolled through the waves, switching her tail back and forth like a burlesque queen in the effort to make a lee for him. Clark seized a megaphone (no loud hailer for him!), ran after the catapults, and with three shouted orders had the plane aboard. The incident gave the crew an idea he would take them a long way. When they had got back to Norfolk and the *North Carolina* came in to join them for a shakedown run to the southern drill grounds, the *Washington's* band came out on deck and played "Here Comes the Showboat" at her, and Commander Clark grinned.

The crew approached that period of test in any case with a spirit of fine disdain for the exterior world and its thoughts. While the *Washington* was lying in Philadelphia, fitting for sea, the British *Resolu-*

tion had come in for repair—an old ship that had seen two wars, with an old, competent crew. They were invited over to see the *Washington's* movies and to sample her excellent food (she already bore the name of a good chow ship); and the American sailors decided at a series of unofficial meetings that since the British did not draw high pay they should be treated to beer in the local bars whenever there was liberty.

This effort at fraternization was a signal failure. The times were out of joint; Greece had just gone down and Crete been taken from the air with frightful losses to the British navy, Rommel had driven Wavell back to Egypt, England stood alone against Europe in arms, and Englishmen had an enraged consciousness that they were fighting our battle while we hung back. "Nice ship you have here but what are you going to do with her?" they asked airily, or snickered over the white-glove inspections so foreign to their own customs. There were incidents—brawls and the intervention of the shore patrol—and it was reported that one of His Majesty's jollies was returned to his ship in a state of alcoholic insensibility with "God Bless America" tattooed on his chest after an evening devoted to expressing exactly the opposite sentiment.

That had the merit of humor, but most of it was not humorous—black eyes and pants pulled off and the *Washington* going out for her practices in a mood of by God, we'll show 'em.

THE engineering department, necessarily the first to get organized aboard a new ship, had already shown them at the time of the trials. The ship reached a speed well above the designed maximum (how much above is still a state secret after four years) from the new superheated boilers. Commander Strothers had that department; he was an Academy man who had left the service but had come back in for the emergency, and was much liked by his staff for his habit of letting them alone except in connection with their work. Now it became the turn of Communications and Gunnery; and of all departments in the ship the latter had the most to do, not merely because a battleship lives or

dies by its gunnery, but also because everything was new.

The nine 16-inch guns that formed the ship's main battery were a new pattern, with a heavier shell than a 16-inch had fired before, higher elevation, and a host of annexed problems; for if the gun goes higher at the muzzle, it must descend lower into the bowels of the turret at the breech, with awkward angles for loading. The secondary batteries were the famous Navy 5-inch .38, probably the best anti-aircraft gun in the world, but they had never before been used in twin turrets or in such concentration, which offered many chances for mixup in the fire control. The light AA guns were .50-caliber machine guns scattered around the deck and four quads of the Navy's new 1.1, still in the experimental stage.

The boss of this equipment was Commander Harvey Walsh, one of the key personalities aboard. The gun crews thought he was the next thing to the Archangel Gabriel; he was easy to approach and he always had a word for them or an hour for their problems. He impressed other officers as rather cold and aloof at the time, but this may merely have been because he was particularly busy and not at all happy about the solution the ship presented to the problem of anti-aircraft gunnery.

He did not agree with the opinion then current about air attack—expressed in the most authoritative of all naval publications—that aircraft could accomplish nothing more against heavy ships than to slow them up for a subsequent action with the guns; and quite early in the drill period he became convinced that the 1.1 was a dud. It had too many jams; he was lucky when he could keep one barrel firing out of a quadruple mount, and he was sure that this was not the fault of his maintenance men, the gunners' mates, because he had spent enough time with them to know they were neither incompetent nor lying down on the job. His solution of the problem was to make the 5-inch guns so efficient that attacking planes would never get in; and in Captain Joe Platt, officer of the Marines who manned the starboard 5-inch battery, he was lucky enough to find a man who shared his ideas.

II

SO THE *Washington* finished her shake-downs with a "Well done" from the Admiral; came back to Norfolk and settled down for the normal period of yard overhaul, the period in which all the mechanical gadgets that have failed to work well are repaired or replaced. Seventy-two-hour liberties were granted.

Norfolk is the world's worst liberty port, not excepting the spic places in the Caribbean. Except for those who had beat it out of town to see relatives in Virginia or North Carolina, the *Washingtons* were wandering rather disconsolately around Norfolk in a tight little group when a man in a green suit came up and told them the Japs were attacking Pearl Harbor. That was good for a laugh; they were wondering what Orson Welles would think of next when a siren began to blow somewhere and then augmented shore patrols came through the streets, calling liberty men back to the ships in harbor. It is significant of the state *Washington* had already reached that none of these parties came from her. Commander Clark had contented himself with sending a sheaf of telegrams to the men at a distance, perfectly satisfied that the rest would come aboard under their own power. He was not disappointed.

That night the ship moved out into the stream and at dawn went to general quarters. All the planes on the airfield were suddenly warmed up for an early take-off and it made a terrific racket. It was thought, not improbably, a German air raid, and fighting ammunition was gotten up into the ready boxes. A few days later the U. S. battleship *Washington* steamed out to sea and into the war.

NOT into the shooting part of the war just yet. It normally takes six months of shakedown to make a battleship an effective fighting unit, and the fact that the process cannot be hurried is proved by the performance of inexperienced ships in action, like the British *Tiger* at Dogger Bank in 1915. Moreover, there was some question about what to do with the *Washington* and *North Carolina* now that we had them. The task force idea of

mixed squadrons with a pair of such big bruisers at their core was being talked about but had not yet been tried. Everybody was still thinking in terms of the old-fashioned battle line with long queues of ships pounding each other. These new ships did not fit into any battle line we could compose; their great speed and the enormous range of their guns would be wasted working with our older ships. Of course, a real emergency . . .

But by February it was clear there would be no immediate emergency call for battleships from the Pacific. The Japs were fanning out below the Equator, and in the Marshalls our cruiser-carrier forces had given so good an account of themselves that battleship stiffening was unnecessary. On the other hand there was a real emergency in the north Atlantic, where the Germans had their huge *Tirpitz* among the Norwegian fjords, backed by a pair of pocket battleships and the same number of heavy cruisers, with *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* (that had lately run the Channel) soon to come. Given the German propensity for using such ships as heavy raiders, it was important to cover the Murmansk convoy routes with vessels that could both run fast and hit hard. The *Washington* was ordered to Scapa Flow as flag of a U. S. squadron under Admiral Giffen, "Alkali Ike, the toughest cowboy that ever rode a bucking warship."

She also had a new exec, Commander Arthur Ayrault, moved up from navigator, a smallish blond man, who did not immediately affect the general organization. This organization had proceeded with considerable smoothness under Clark's leadership to an era of good feeling of a kind rarely seen on a warship and difficult to define in precise terms. One of her petty officers put it: "You never saw a requisition aboard that ship. If you wanted a wiring job done, for instance, you called the electricians and they'd get the parts from the storeroom and if there had to be any paper work they'd all fix it up later."

The method is rare, not aboard warships alone. Part of this integration was undoubtedly due to the fact that the crew felt themselves a unit against an inimical

cosmos. There was nothing to do ashore at Scapa but drink warm beer at the canteen and nobody could get used to it. (The Marines were an exception; they hobnobbed with their opposite numbers in the British service and worked out an exchange of cigarettes against tots of issue rum.) A little of the legacy of Philadelphia was still hanging around. When British sailors came aboard they were a little apt to talk about luxury liners and to be answered with remarks about cleaning ship; nor could our allies understand how any naval officer who respected his cloth could go fishing on equal terms with enlisted men, as a couple of *Washington* lieutenant commanders did up in Iceland.

The point about all this is that it was not allowed to become a mere contribution to interallied bad feeling, but was used by both Captain Benson and Walsh of the gunnery department to promote the efficiency of the fighting instrument. A battleship, they never tired of pointing out both directly and in the ship's paper *Wash Rag*, answers all remarks with her artillery; there is no other reply. The climax came on one of the Iceland runs, during maneuvers with the Home Fleet. A plane came down the line towing a sleeve target. The British battleships in turn fired at it in a perfect passion of flame; our people were astonished at the speed with which their Bofors 40's would put out shell. The sleeve target reached the *Washington* and Commander Walsh's 5-inch: "We just put five bursts ahead of the target like we always would, then five astern of it and then shot it down. The British stood there with their mouths open and after that they would believe anything of us."

So they fired their guns and chased the shy *Tirpitz* through the freezing mists that left no one comfortable aboard but the engine room staff. The ship's press got out certificates for all hands to prove they had crossed the Arctic Circle; there were submarine alarms night and morning with general quarters; once out ahead there was a collision in the fog, a frightful noise that made men below think the ship had been torpedoed, and the next minute sailors were drifting by through the icy water, clinging to furniture and gratings. There was a rush to the sides; some began

to yell insults, thinking a German sub had been run down and this was her crew, but others had sense enough to note that the uniforms were British and to throw life-saving equipment. Captain Benson took a dim view of the occurrence; the *Wash Rag* next day pointed out that there had been confusion unbefitting an American warship, and scuttlebutt began to spread that the ship was being ordered home.

It was true. As she slid down through the mists argument blazed up around the decks as to whether she was a lucky ship or not. A happy ship, yes, but she was named *Washington*; and that name, though more frequently borne than any other in the history of the U. S. Navy, had never been taken into action by any ship since Benedict Arnold's galley went down on Lake Champlain in the Revolution, and that one was not properly a naval vessel at all, being manned by soldiers. Often a bridesmaid, never a bride, was the record of the warships *Washington*; and the crew of this one had thus far shared the experience, hearing the vast echoes of Midway only through the radio from halfway round the world.

One blowing March night they had indeed worked up to full speed off the Norway coast with the loudspeakers announcing, "We will probably meet *Tirpitz* at 0400"; but at 0300 speed slacked off and the word went through the ship that the British admiral in charge was turning back, since the course they were on would bring them into range of land-based bombers with the dawn. Scuttlebutt had it that Alkali Ike Giffen requested permission to push on with the *Washington* alone, but they wouldn't let him, and that was bad luck. In opposition to it there was only the remark made by the oldest chief aboard when she went into commission—he could tell by the way her flag broke out she was going to be a lucky ship.

III

SAILORS are permitted within certain limits to swap jobs with others of similar rate; a second-class storekeeper ashore may change places with one on a destroyer. When the *Washington* came in

to have her light anti-aircraft armament revised, Captain Benson observed with perfectly justified satisfaction that he was bombarded with applications from men on the shore establishment who wanted to exchange into his ship, and that there were no takers. There were naturally some changes aboard, however; the new guns meant new men, which produced some difficulty in the living spaces and line-ups at the gedunk stand; and Benson himself was shifted to make room for Captain Glenn Davis.

Captain Davis was putting to sea after two and a half years in the Bureau of Ordnance. It is a type of change frequently made in the Navy: officers coming out from desks where they have absorbed the latest strategic doctrine to take over a ship that has already become a going concern and acquired the general tactical doctrine that develops so rapidly in war experience. For the crew the change required major readjustments of attitude. They discovered that instead of the stiff, rather formal and Old Navy Benson, they had a skipper who took a vivid interest in them as personalities, poked into the mess spaces and tasted the contents of kettles, abolished the rule about wearing blues topside, was particularly generous with leave and liberty.

This in turn reacted into the exec's department. Ayrault had generally been forced to struggle against an entirely deceptive appearance of frailty and for this reason he probably drew the lines a little tighter than he otherwise would have. Under the easy-going Davis this check-reining produced some conflicts of personality which came to a head in the case of Steamer Stimpson's beard. Ayrault had conducted a purge on beards aboard the ship. (The growing of beards had in fact been spreading toward the fantastic on the cruise north.) Stimpson was a turret captain, very efficient, one of those Navy old-timers who are perfectly delighted when they can make authority look a trifle ridiculous. He had a honey of a beard, a chest-protector; when Ayrault made him cut it off he got himself photographed first and persuaded the ship's service store to sell the pictures at a dime apiece to anyone who wanted a

souvenir of what a real Navy man looked like. Ayrault stopped the sale; Stimpson bought the entire stock and distributed them to all hands for free. Thus Stimpson scored a point, but the ship scored a point too, for it was felt that a desirable immunity to exterior influence had been demonstrated.

The matter has more importance than is apparent at a glance. This was the summer of '42; and Commander Walsh had still a lot of work to do on those new guns before they could be considered efficient. We were being told, that summer, that the route to victory lay through the skies and a good many of us were believing it; Pearl Harbor and the *Prince of Wales* had demonstrated the uselessness of battleships. When such a doctrine runs through the heads of the service you get a change in strategic plan; but when it reaches the men in the ranks what you get is military paralysis. In the Leyte campaign Japanese aviators got to flipping over on their backs and bailing out before anyone fired at them; and everyone remembers what happened to the Italian navy when it became convinced its efforts were useless.

THE admiral who came aboard did not believe it was all up with battleships either. They had had admirals aboard before—booming Alkali Ike and for a time the strange, severe, reserved Wilcox, who liked to slip away from his Marine guard and stand all alone at night in the light-lock of the navigation bridge, meditating in solitude some problem of his own. But both these belonged to conventional types; behaved according to fashions established for admirals. Willis Augustus Lee was a new specimen; smallish, always with a good morning for the bridge gang, not thinking it beneath his dignity to tell them jokes or to listen to theirs. At sea he would pace back and forth whistling to himself while Captain Davis placidly munched a cud of gum, or lie on the lounge in his cabin, reading from a pile of paperback novels with gaudy covers. When business was toward he was most often found in Plot or CIC. For gunnery was his passion; he did not at all agree with the procedure of certain captains who tend to

put their less good men in the turrets, where their defects will be covered by the movements of a co-ordinated mass, saving those with keen mechanical aptitude for departments like Communications, which will make the ship look good in competitions.

Admiral Lee was the only man who could draw the aloof Walsh out of his retirements; and with the Admiral leading there developed aboard a kind of conversational circle—subject, gunnery—some-what as a group of young intellectual professors at a university might assemble daily to examine in fascinating detail the technique of fiction or the theory of the engineering state. If they did not meet, Lee would pop out of his cabin and drag them in; he was always doing it.

Walsh was a leader in that circle and so was his assistant, Lieutenant Commander Ed Hooper, prodigiously dynamic, explosive and sometimes peppery, forever in a hurry to get somewhere, who approached gunnery problems from a standpoint of exalted analytical mathematics. After a shoot Hooper would work on graphs, formulae, and functions far into the night. His conversation was so loaded with the calculi and Abelian equations that sometimes Walsh and Captain Davis would begin to look slightly helpless and Lieutenant Commander Roy Thompson of Lee's staff, who was enough of an algebrist to understand and make clear what was going on, would smile and translate into practical terms.

When the conversation reached these grounds two others came in strongly—Joe Platt of the Marines and Lieutenant Commander Henry Seeley, the air defense man. Big, blond, imperturbable, Academy, but with his feet thoroughly on the ground, Seeley was one of those archetypical naval officers of whom it has been said that if you want somebody to build a bridge or feed a hundred thousand people, you could not do better; if you want someone to discuss the idea of free will, you could not do worse. He was as nearly as possible the antithesis of both Walsh, the specialist in human relations, and Hooper, with his fine theoretical brain. But the three meshed together as perfectly as a system of well-ordered gears—under the

presidency of Admiral Lee with his small smile and his belief that it was the province of young men to produce ideas, of the leaders to collate, to criticize, and to employ them. "He was a man who never went by the book but rather checked up on it to see if it was right"; he was always ordering gunnery practices under odd conditions, turrets firing with relief crews or other freakishness that might occur in the emergency of battle.

IV

THIS was the battleship *Washington* when she went through the Canal, with a false name painted under her stern for the benefit of any spies that might be peeking, and down into the south Pacific where it was too hot to play baseball ashore. At the end of October, 1942, Ayrault was promoted out of the ship and Commander Walsh moved into his slot as exec amid general pleasure. The news of the Battle of Santa Cruz floated in, with its proof that a modern battleship was so far from helpless under air attack that she could take care of companions as well as herself; and there was rejoicing in the gunnery group that met in the Admiral's sitting room. Halsey was in command, the Japs were pressing close, there was every prospect of action; and at the base they gazed with envious curiosity at the battleship *South Dakota*, with the white star of a Jap bomb hit on her number two turret, and her bandaged captain.

All that Halsey had, to meet the greatest of all the Jap thrusts for the recovery of Guadalcanal, was those two battleships and the carrier *Enterprise*, with an assortment of cruisers and destroyers. The enemy preparations began to reach the assembly stage at the beginning of November. There was a supply problem on Guadalcanal, where the fighting had been intense and promised to be more so; and all plans had the proviso that *Enterprise* could not again be used in close action (as at Santa Cruz), for she was our last carrier. Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner was in overall charge of the operation of supplying the land forces on the bloody island; all else hinged on that issue. He planned that the light ships should take

the convoys in, and he beat the Japs to the punch by getting the first shipment to Guadal on November 11th, when there was a violent air battle.

On the 12th the big American convoy arrived at Guadal, with Rear Admiral Dan Callaghan and his cruisers. Thirty-two Jap torpedo planes tried a surprise attack on it in the afternoon and were all shot down. But at the same time our scouts picked up the news that a heavy Jap force was moving down from Rabaul. It is not clear whether our fliers got an accurate count on the Jap ships; but our intent was that Callaghan should fight a damaging delaying night action, while *Enterprise*, lying well out to the south with her guardian battleships, should strike at the cripples in the morning with all the force of her air groups.

That night Callaghan saved Guadalcanal in a fight against a Japanese force that was four times his strength and was headed by battleships; but he was killed and his cruiser squadron was wrecked past the possibility of any immediate action. On the *Washington* they heard about it and made bitter comment over using their own iron colossus as an anti-aircraft cruiser. But *Enterprise* did get her planes off with the day, and they helped the Henderson Field fliers mightily in sending down the Jap battleship that Callaghan had hurt.

Presumably *Enterprise* and her escort turned south again in the afternoon to keep beyond range of shore-based Jap bombers. During that night the Japs made fallacy of our original plan by coming down with an entirely fresh force to give Guadalcanal the worst shelling it had ever received. Meanwhile our scouts over the Shortland Islands must have been reporting that a group of enemy transports had been assembled under cover of still another force of Jap battleships. The enemy had lost a squadron to Callaghan; very well, he would put in another, accept whatever damage was necessary, but get that island.

So in spite of the danger of rocks, shoals, and torpedoes among the narrow passages, our battleships would have to be put in by night; they were all we had left to meet the new Jap thrust. On the 13th, then,

Washington and *South Dakota* dropped *Enterprise* astern and started the run up to Guadal.

CAPTAIN DAVIS called a conference of gunnery officers to say they were going in, remarking that the safety of the ship was in the hands of the 5-inch battery men, who alone could keep at a distance the fast Japanese destroyers which used their torpedoes so well. It became clear the *Washington* could not reach the Slot—the passage through the islands—in time for that night's show; and with the day, the day of the 14th, the radio began to carry the whoops of the Henderson Field fliers as they fell on the Jap transports in their slaughtering eight-hour attack. News of it spread along the decks; as the ship eased up to the offing of Guadalcanal for a night run in, the best opinion aboard held that the enemy would turn back and that this would be a bombardment mission.

But the enemy did not turn back. They were there, on the theory that if even the remnants of this force of theirs broke through they would be enough to win the island. They had their own air scouts; they must have seen the wreck of Callaghan's squadron moving out, minus *Atlanta* and *Juneau*; *San Francisco* all a mess, *Portland* limping from a torpedo hole, hardly any destroyers. They knew, within the terms of wartime information, that we had nothing on the surface with which to oppose their attack. Just after midnight they came down around both flanks of Savo Island, destroyers and leaders in the van, behind them the battleships and the leavings of the transport convoy.

Washington and *South Dakota* had just circled that island, with four of our destroyers out ahead. Up on the bridge of the *Washington* nothing could be seen; down in her magazines the battle circuit spoke—5-inch permission to load, 16-inch load with armor-piercers—and a thrill went through those narrow steel rooms, for the only way of unloading a naval gun is via its muzzle. "Whooee!" shouted one of the Negro powder-passers, and turned a handspring.

"Five-inch commence firing," said a

voice from the bridge, and out blazed the battery: HIT, HIT, HIT on the first of three Jap flotilla leaders up against the Savo shore, followed by a deeper shock from the *South Dakota* as she opened with her big guns and murdered another Jap flotilla leader in a matter of seconds.

The hit ships flared and went out like flash bulbs. Before their image had died from the eye, a whole group of Jap destroyers with cruisers in the van rushed out from behind the island—six to ten together—for a torpedo attack on our battleships. "You could see the splashes from their cruisers walk up on our destroyers and then one of them [the destroyers] get hit and fall apart," says a man who was forward on the *Washington*. (The lost ship would be the *Walke*.) Another man in the starboard positions saw the flash and felt the shock as Captain Joe Platt's guns lashed out and three of the Jap ships began to burn. Marvelous shooting, incredible shooting!—but the Japs had launched their torpedoes, which came boiling through the water all round the *Washington* as she bucked, twisted, changed speed and direction to avoid them.

Out on the fantail they saw the wreck of the *Walke* come drifting past and dragged a heavy life raft across the deck to throw it over. It struck the water just as the *Washington's* big guns let go with a shock that shook the ship so hard that the men below thought she had been hit, and all the *Walke's* survivors shouted from the water. "There wasn't a single call for help; they were all yelling 'Give it to them!'" one of the fantail men remembers; for all those shells from the *Washington* had gone into a Jap battleship, and she was burning monstrously as the *Washington* poured twelve complete salvos into her, every one a hit. Her return fire went over our ship, "making," said one of the men who heard it, "a sound just like a big train climbing a grade on a snowy night, puff, puff, puff."

"We've got her!" shouted someone over the battle circuit, and down in the magazines the Negro powder men were chanting "You pass it out and we'll pass it up!" as the enemy battleship turned majestically on her side to sink in a red

glare of flame. "Fire on the lights, fire on the lights," Commander Walsh was pleading, and they saw he had noticed what everyone else had missed: that from the Jap line a couple of searchlight beams had picked out *South Dakota* and she was being hit. The *Washington's* 16's and 5-inch fired together; the lights went out; there was another change of course—and *Washington* was suddenly alone in a dark ocean, not *South Dakota* nor the Japs nor any other ship near her.

The battle had lasted less than half an hour. The ship did not have a man injured nor a scratch on her paint.

V

THE story of a battleship is like that of a love affair, reaching its dazzling honeymoon climax in those few moments of action to which all her own history and a whole lifetime of effort on the part of her officers have been merely the prelude. The postlude is not unlike that of other honeymoons. Details that escape attention at the moment are lovingly recalled and enlarged upon:

"There were twenty-seven of those torpedoes out there."

"Aw, nuts! If there'd been that many one would have hit us."

"We went from twelve knots to flank speed and back down again in five minutes. You know the skipper must be just about the best ship-handler in the world; I don't know yet how he kept us from getting hit with all that stuff flying around."

"Did you see big Tollman? He said he was out on the bridge when the 5-inch went off and he remembered that personnel should shift to protected positions in action, so he went into the con; then the 16-inch went off and he shifted to the wardroom, and then the Jap shells started to come over and he shifted right on down below the armored deck."

There are also the reminders that the world has not been made perfect which crop out after other honeymoons. The First Lieutenant beefed about that life raft. He would have to explain its loss to the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. And when the ship got down to Nouméa, there was the *South Dakota*, pretty much

battered around the upper works and already being publicized as "Battleship X." That did not sit too well; the *Washingtons* felt that they had done most of the work and received none of the credit, while the *Sodak* men considered that they had taken all the beating, they were the only ones up to their necks in the fight, and the *Washington* was claiming too much to rank with them. There were some arguments and maybe a few bloody noses; the place was hot and sticky. The New Caledonians, whether natives or colonial French, were not very friendly.

Commander Walsh did his best to relieve the boredom that settled down over the ship like a blanket in the reaction from battle to another regime of training, by organizing as many as three recreation parties a day with beer and a ball game on the beach. A good many of the crew got liberty and conducted their private recreation programs, largely on the lines of trying to get something to drink. A number of the local laundresses were doing a little bootlegging on the side, their staple being cheap Australian champagne, which had to be drunk warm and from the bottle. It was not an exhilarating beverage under any circumstances, and it did not help very much to relieve the tedium. The majority of the men were glad enough when the ship's patrol runs carried her over to the New Hebrides, where at least one could go hunting for wild hogs, bush chickens, and the small gray doves that were so hard to hit.

Patrol, training; training, patrol. *South Dakota* went home for her repairs, and another of the new battleships replaced her, and it was gradually borne in upon the command that the battle off Guadalcanal had been decisive; the Japs would not again be drawn into a position where they would have to shoot it out with our battleships. Alkali Ike Giffen came down to take a cruiser command and was cheered when he visited the ship, which made him blush; the move to the upper Solomons began, and light craft entered their period of nightmare slugging in the close waters of the Slot where *Washington* could take no part; and in April she went up to Pearl Harbor to get some new 20-millimeter guns.

ALSO to get a new captain. The beloved Davis had received his admiral's stars. He was replaced by Captain James B. Maher, known as "Silent Jim" in the fleet from his habit of never speaking in anything less than a full-gale roar. Maher had been skipper of the anti-aircraft cruiser *San Juan*, which shot down so many Jap planes that her bridge looked like a polka-dot dress with the rising sun flags painted all over it.

Not unnaturally Maher thought that although his new command was a marvel with the big guns, it would be possible to improve her anti-aircraft work; but when at practice he would suggest to Hooper (now gunnery officer) that Seeley up in AA plot do this or that, the former would remark, "Let's let him go ahead; I think he's on the right track." This demonstration of solidarity was astonishing; one does not usually contradict a captain's suggestions in the Navy. Still more unusual was the fact that man after man, drafted out to go back to the States as part of a nucleus crew for new construction, came up with a request to stay aboard, though the transfer meant a spot of leave. Captain Maher began to realize that he had drawn first prize; and on their side the men of the *Washington* "felt we had lost damn little when we got him as Davis's relief."

Maher led the ship through a long new series of exercises—necessary because the whole character of the war had changed after the foothold on Bougainville was won. We had now the means for the great central Pacific drive which began at Tarawa and Makin. The battleships, which had been the last line of defense, were to lead as the first wave of attack. Those aboard got an inkling of what this new war would be like when they came up to the rendezvous for the Gilberts operation and saw eleven carriers come over the sea rim. No one on the ship had ever seen more than three together and many had not seen even one in the whole period of their naval service. Three carriers detached themselves from the group and ran up with *Washington* and another battleship to cruise south of the Marshalls as a buffer against Jap efforts to interfere with the landings, whether this interference came by sea or air.

ACTUALLY the Jap counterattack came by air, just as the quick red tropic twilight was changing to the night of D-day, with the radio bringing news of the trouble the Marines were having on Tarawa. A string of scout planes first, that dropped float flares to outline our fleet; then a long stream of torpedo-carrying Bettys, coming in as though shot out of a hose, low down to the water, the most difficult position to hit. Our air patrol was under the leadership of Butch O'Hare, who had trained them in a novel tactic of his own. His men fell on the Bettys; the sky along the horizon was briefly streaked with flame and tracer; the destroyers' guns barked out at the edge of the formation; and then there were only three of the Japanese planes left, scudding in low from different angles toward the battleship against the black background of the sky.

The *Washington's* guns fired so rapidly that aboard one of the carriers they thought she had been hit and was burning; but it was not the *Washington* that burned, it was one of the torpedo planes collapsing in a pyramid of flame that lit up the sea for miles, while of the other two nothing again was ever seen. "Well done," signaled the carrier admiral; on the *Washington* they went wild, popping out of doors and cheering "just like somebody had hit a home run in a ball park. It was lucky the Japs didn't have anything to follow up that attack with; we were all too busy congratulating ourselves to pay any attention to them."

That set the key of the campaign. For the next eleven nights running there was a Jap torpedo attack at twilight, always the same—the rising of dark, the air battle

on the rim, the swift rush of Japs in threes or fours, a crash of fire from the battleship, and one or two Bettys burning on the water. It would be about the seventh night, after the men had had their supper, that Commander Walsh looked down the deck and remarked pridefully, "Guess we won't have to sound general quarters tonight, Captain"; and Maher, following his glance, saw that all over the ship every man was in position without orders, some having a final cigarette before the orders to douse lights, some oiling their pieces or checking the ready boxes.

SUPPOSE we leave them and their ship there, preparing for battle in supreme confidence of themselves and their instrument, knowing that no carrier or other vessel under battleship protection was ever hit by bomb or torpedo. The *Washington* was to have other adventures, not a few—the great bombardment of Nauru, when the Japs were treated to a surprise breakfast of 16-inch shell; the attack on Kwajalein; the fighting in the Marianas, where all those enemy planes were shot down; the war in the islands to the west. But by now nothing in all this was new for her or her men. She had become an entity which would survive remarkably within its bounds of character through all changes of personnel; as much an entity as a club or a city. Almost alone among the ships of the Navy she has never had a nickname; she has had few courts-martial; she remains a ship where requisitions are seldom necessary. As one of her ex-officers put it: "Not a temperamental ship like the *Sodak*, with a lot of interesting characters, nor a madhouse like some others, but a quiet, businesslike fighting machine."

REQUIEM

A Story

SALLY KELLEY



FLORENE and Ma sat on the front porch, resting. Ma more than filled a big rocker; she bulged over. Her huge legs, without stockings, were distorted with varicose veins; wisps of gray hair straggled about her full, bland face. Now and then, automatically, she moved her right hand and felt tenderly of the hard lump in her right side. Without interest, she watched Florene, seated on a cane-bottomed chair with a small mirror in her lap, as she plucked her eyebrows to thin lines, palely blond like her frizzled hair.

Occasionally a car or a truck passed in front of the house, on the black-topped highway, and Ma and Florene would look up quickly, and their eyes would not drop again until the car passed out of sight around the curve. Only a few yards in front of the house, on the other side of the highway, flowed the St. Francis River, all cool and glittering in the hot August sunlight.

Ma sighed. "Not much passin' today," she murmured, just for words to say.

"Won't be till cotton pickin' starts," said Florene with sharpness. "Seem like you'd know that, Ma."

"I reckon so," said Ma helplessly. "Crops all laid by, got to set here and watch them what's got cars ride by. Looks like Big Son would come oncet in a

while and take his maw for a little spin."

"Gas is scarce, Ma," said Florene with bitter patience. "Don't you know they's a war on?"

Ma sighed again, and Florene felt guilty. Why did she snap Ma up like this all the time? It wasn't anything Ma did, but Florene just felt like snapping at everybody. Dull, hot day, bare and ugly house . . . sometimes she just wished she could shake out of her skin and be somebody else for a little while!

Another car came down the highway, and Ma sat forward in her chair, beaming. "Speak of the devil," she said happily. "Here's Big Son now!"

The car stopped right in front, almost in the tiny yard, where the growing cotton came around to the small bare space; Big Son waved his hand in a snappy hail, waited for his wife to hand him the baby. Ma began to shout, "Hello, Butch! Hello, Butchie Boy!"

Butchie Boy, in reply, gave a shriek like that of a locomotive coming round the bend. His mother often said she'd be glad when he learned to talk, because all he could do now was squeal and holler "Daddy." Big Son's wife, Luberta, came up the short, hard-baked path, where the draggled zinnias lay sprawled upon either side.

Florene, without excitement, had gone

into the house and was now dragging out two more cane-bottomed chairs. She and Luberdá gave each other a quick, appraising glance, from feet to hair. Big Son dragged Butchie Boy up the walk and plumped him into Ma's lap, where she regarded him tenderly, speaking unintelligible love words. Butch was fourteen months old, and so fat his suit seemed about to burst off at any moment. His legs were like two lengths of stuffed sausage, and his heavy jaws sagged as he looked around the gathering solemnly.

"Aint he fine?" said Ma proudly. "We 'us jest wishin' you'd come, Son," she added. "Jest talkin' about you, wasn't we, Florene?"

Florene did not answer. She had brought out a bottle of nail polish, the color of blood, and was carefully doing her nails, as Luberdá looked on with boredom. Luberdá's own nails were long and curved and painted a violent magenta.

"Where's Pa and Elrod?" asked Big Son, yawning, and using a match for a toothpick.

"They hitched up the team and went over to take a shoat to Suggs's. Pa sold him one. When pickin' starts, won't be no time for traipsin'. Elrod went along because of Suggs's gal, Esilee. You know, Elrod's been gal-in'."

"I wasn't gal-in' when I was sixteen," said Big Son reproachfully. "Better watch out he don't git marrit on you."

"Me an' Pa's been talkin' about that. Elrod's too young to handle a wife. Pa told him he better join the Navy, an' we'll sign the papers. Make a man of him, they say." Ma rubbed her side and groaned a little as she shifted in her chair.

Luberdá looked at her curiously, without sympathy. "Whyn't you go to the clintic and have that thing cut out, anyway? I knowed a woman oncet, died because she was afraid to be cut on. Guess now she wishes she had!"

Florene spoke sharply. "No need skeerin' her, Lu. Anyway, it ain't nothin' to worry about, so I've been told. Change of life jest settled there in Ma, that's all."

Butch was emitting regular squeals.

"Shut up, Butch," said Luberdá. "How you and Woody makin' it?" she asked Florene.

Florene shrugged and did not answer.

"Seem like her love for Woody is dead," remarked Ma sentimentally.

"I'd like to know how anybody else knows when my love is dead!" snapped Florene.

"Woody's got a good job now," said Luberdá. "Drivin' the city dump truck outer Wynridge, haulin' stuff out to the river—better'n share-croppin'. I said shut up, Butch!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Florene, her voice high and affected. She held up one hand, examined the nails admiringly. "I stood him up the other night, we was goin' to the box supper over to Gold Dust schoolhouse. . . . I don't aim for him to be too sure of me. I'm goin' to a fish fry next Sunday. May let him take me, don't know. There's plenty others."

"I've got a new pair slacks to wear to the fish fry," said Luberdá, patting a yawn delicately.

Florene did not look up. "I bought me a couple pair too, got 'em from Sears' Summer Sale catalogue, sure got me a couple dillies. One green, one sorta rose color. Gonna wear 'em with some new rayon blouses."

"Society, society," said Ma. "Society and new clothes! All is vanity."

"All right, Ma," said Florene. "Pour cold water."

"Bet she bought 'em for Woody," teased Big Son.

"Woody's a good boy," said Ma. "I reckon folks is a-talkin' . . . the way they been a-runnin' together all these months, if they ain't marrit, they oughter be."

"She's just eighteen," said Luberdá. "Plenty of time. I marrit when I was seventeen, an' now look where I am!"

Big Son blinked, but did not speak for a few minutes.

"You an' Pa sure done a good day's work, Ma, when you got to sharecrop on this place. Right out on the road where you can always see passin'. Maybe next year I can crop here too."

"Yes," said Luberdá, "you cert'ny got a swell view. Where we're at, the gumbo gits so deep when it rains, you cain't pull out without a tractor. I sure hope we can git clost to the highway next year!"

Now a truck came by, rocking from one side to the other. Men stood on the back, and there was a green-painted canoe inside.

"What in the world!" said Ma. They all got to their feet and stood looking after the truck. Big Son suddenly slapped his thigh.

"Shore as the world, you-all, somebody's done fell in the river! Less go see. Shut up, Butch!"

Luberda and Florene grabbed up Butch and ran to the car and sat and waited impatiently while Big Son helped Ma down the plank steps. She walked very slowly, wobbling. Her great hips spread out and were bound tightly by the blue chambray dress she was wearing. After much straining and grunting, she got into the front seat and held Butch in her lap. He was squealing in ecstasy.

With a great amount of popping and smoke from the exhaust, they started off. They went down the highway along the river, and suddenly Luberda said excitedly, "I do believe it's at the dump pile! Lookit the folks runnin'!"

Big Son turned off onto the graveled road which led to the dump pile, where they saw all the people gathering. They clambered out and Luberda and Florene, leaving Big Son to take care of Butch and Ma, began to run like children, with heads down and feet lifted high in the air.

When they reached the bank they saw the canoe already in the water, and one man paddled, while another stood up and raked through the water with a long pole which had a huge hook at one end. A little distance away stood the truck which was used to haul the garbage to the water. It was right on the edge of the bank, and halfway down there was a shovel, as though it had been flung or dropped there.

At the sight of all this, Florene sank to the ground and began to scream. "It's Woody, it's Woody!" she cried, and the tears streaked her make-up. She rocked in grief and all the people looked and some of them cried in sympathy and came over and put their arms about her. At this Florene only cried the louder.

There was an unpleasant smell all about, which was burning trash and decaying vegetables; for the townspeople often came

by and dropped a load of their waste, and they didn't bother with seeing that it went into the water, so there was always a fire smoldering. Old grapefruit and orange peels, broken glass, and old tin cans covered the banks at this point. A fine dust lay everywhere.

In the greenish, stagnant water, the man probed and dragged his hook. Now and then he lifted it and came up with a broken orange crate or a long strip of tarpaulin or a bundle of twisted wire or a rotten shoe. Then the other man would paddle in a larger circle, and the man with the hook would try again.

"What happened?" they asked, but nobody knew anything except old Joe Belch, who was feeling very prominent, going about talking to everybody. He didn't know much, only that he'd been walking that way and had heard a shout and seen the flailing arms, but he didn't know who it was, because the man never came up again. Joe had run all the way to the crossroads store and put in a call for the fire department at Wynridge, who always sent somebody when there was a drowning. The people listened, and looked at Florene weeping, and they said, "Woody was a good boy . . ."; they said, "Woody told me just last week . . ."; "I seen him just the other day; he said to me . . ."; they mouthed his name and it seemed to satisfy something within them, as they talked and talked, remembering Woody. Woody with the bright blue eyes and the red hair and one leg just a bit shorter than the other, only the way he walked, high, wide and handsome, it was not a defect at all. Woody, who had been going with Florene all these months. Poor Florene! Ma came over on her poor ugly legs and put her puffy hand on Florene's shoulder, but Florene twitched her neck and so Ma moved it hastily.

A little girl was digging about in the trash and the odds and ends half buried in the powdery dirt, and she brought up a doll which had no arms or legs. Triumphant, she carried it to her mother, lifting it high with a thin hand and a bony arm in a faded sleeve. Big Son walked about, talking to the people he knew. He carried Butchie Boy high on his shoulders, his fat legs about his neck, and Butchie

Boy beat upon his father's head with his fists and squealed continuously.

"It'll likely be weeks before they find him," said a woman mournfully, then cried out to her little boy in blue overalls, "You come back here, Linzie! You'll fall in and the man'll have to fish for you, too!"

Florene was leaning against a small tree, sobbing weakly. She looked about her at the crowd, which was becoming ever larger. She felt more important than she ever had in her whole life. They were all looking at her and she knew they were whispering, "See, that's Florene Lumpkin; that's Woody's girl friend. Poor Florene!" Different ones came over and talked to her. There was everywhere an undercurrent of tremendous excitement.

"Wonder does Woody's aunt and uncle know? He stays in town with them, you know, he's a orphan boy."

"Somebody ought to go tell them."

"Somebody will, I reckon."

ABOVE the murmurs of the crowd, above Butch's screaming, Florene heard another sound: the thin whanh-whanh of a harmonica. She looked about; a stranger stood on the fringe of the crowd and when she looked at him his eyes met hers, and he put the harmonica to his mouth again and began to play softly, and in her mind Florene let herself sing the tune:

Puh-lant some flow'rs upon my gr-r-rave, dear,
Just a lit-tul bunch of themmmmm—
Makes no diffunce what they are, dear,
Just so's yo' han's has planted themmmmm.

Woody's favorite song . . . O Woody! She began to cry more loudly. No more to hear him sing, no more going to town on Saturday nights to the movies, nothing with Woody again, never no more! The strange man kept playing sadly, and now and then Florene looked at him, tears filling her eyes.

He had a little black mustache, and he wore a white shirt open at the neck, the sleeves rolled, and dark blue cotton trousers. He wore no hat; his black hair shone in the sun.

"Who's that playin'?" Florene said to Luberd, as though it didn't matter at all.

"Oh, that's the feller, I don't know his name, but he's gonna stay and help old

man Giddens gather his crop. Some relation, I think. Nice lookin', ain't he?"

Florene didn't answer. Every now and then she got out her compact and wiped her face with a draggled-looking puff; but then pretty soon she was crying again, so it didn't do any good.

The crowd was watching intently as the man dragged in the water. Now he had hold of something with the hook; they all watched, hardly breathing as he tugged and tugged and now up came a broken old baby carriage. . . .

"Ah-h-h-h!" said the crowd, letting go its breath.

Down the river a little way, past this stagnant place, the water flowed on smoothly; it was green and blue with sunlight making diamonds everywhere and the trees on the bank reflected in its depths. Only here, in this little curve, there was death and foulness, where the people of Wynridge sent their garbage. . . .

SUDDENLY there was a shout. The crowd all turned; they began to talk loudly. There, along the graveled road, came Woody! No ghost, but Woody, strutting as he always did, laughing, throwing back his red head. They surrounded him, shaking his hand, all talking together. He looked pleased at the excitement. He came over to Florene.

She shook her head slowly. "Woody! We thought you was dead!"

"I ain't drivin' the dump truck no more," he explained for the tenth time. "I'm gonna night-watch down to Payson's gin from now on—make fi' dollars more a week, too. They's a ole nigger got my dumpin' job this mawnin'. He's about sixty, I guess. He said he could drive the truck and shevel the trash, but I reckon he couldn't handle it." Woody looked compassionately at the scene on the river.

All through the crowd went the words, "Just a ole nigger man," and they turned away. They walked slowly to cars and trucks or to the highway, where they stood to catch a ride back. Ma didn't want to go at all.

"They'll find him in a minute, maybe, Big Son," she pleaded. "I want to see."

"Oh, Ma," said Florene impatiently,

combing out her fluffy hair and hoping her face wasn't swelled, "it may be weeks before they find him. He's liable to be caught down there under those old tin cans and stuff."

"I got to go now, Ma," said Big Son. "It's gittin' sundown. . . . Shut up, Butch! Come on, Ma, let's go to the car."

"Looks like at my age, you'd try to give me a little pleasure now and then," groaned Ma, walking along beside him with her stumping gait; "seems like I always miss everything."

"Ain't you gonna ride, Flo?" asked Luberda curiously.

"She's gonna walk with me," said Woody firmly. "We got things to talk about. If me and Flo can't walk a measly little mile and a half, I reckon we better quit, hadn't we, babe?"

The others went on. Florene and Woody left the men at the river, with one or two down on the bank, and they started walking. Florene felt a sense of utter desolation all through her. The brief drama was played out. The people had looked at her during the short afternoon, had put their hands on her shoulders as she wept, had said, "Poor Flo." Now, though, they had left, and nobody even thought to say good-by. They murmured as they left, "A ole nigger man." She and Woody were already forgotten. . . .

Woody would not forget soon, however. He would talk and talk about how they had all thought he was dead and how they were sad because of it, when here he came walking up, and you should have seen their faces when they saw him large as life and twicet as natural! Oh yes, she knew

how Woody would go on and on about it. And tomorrow was another dull day and if it didn't rain she had to wash; black iron pot and rub-board and ironing with the heavy black irons—and if it did rain so she didn't have to wash, why there was nothing to do but sit around the house with Ma and Pa and Elrod and fuss, or look at the Sears catalogue or maybe read the *True Love* stories she'd already read three-four times! Over and over, same old thing!

As they walked slowly away, she heard the music and looking back, she saw that the stranger she had seen ages ago, it seemed, was following at a distance, playing snatches of melody upon his harmonica. She stopped and called out, "What's matter, back there? You afraid we'll bite or somethin'?"

Woody was annoyed. He pulled at her arm, but she stood still until the strange man came up, walking like he had all day, and took his place on her other side.

"What's your name?" she asked softly, fluttering her eyelashes a little.

He waited a moment before answering, and his eyes met hers in a long glance, filled with secret understanding. His mouth smiled a little, under the short mustache.

"Mah name's Pomeroy," he said.

"Well, then, Pomeroy," she said teasingly, "play us a tune."

He ran his mouth over the harmonica a couple of times, and then with a twinkle in his eye, a sly look at Woody, he began to play.

"Plant some flowers upon my grave, dear," sang out the harmonica on the evening air.

{ C. Lester Walker, free-lance journalist, wrote
"Preparation for Invasion" for our February, 1944,
number. We later assigned him to the huge task
of collecting data for this comprehensive article. }

HOW WE PLANNED THE INVASION OF EUROPE

C. LESTER WALKER



ON July first, over two and a half years ago, a dull and cloudy Wednesday morning, at about a quarter to ten, certain British and American officers began to arrive at the sandbagged entrance of London's 20 Grosvenor Square. Each man was detained at the door—for papers and personal recognition. Then each made his way inside, entered an old-fashioned, slow-moving elevator, and ascended to a room on the fourth floor. Here, shortly after ten o'clock, twenty-five to thirty colonels and generals took their appointed seats at a conference table and began the detailed planning for the invasion, through France, of Nazi Germany.

What happened between that date and the morning of June 6, 1944, when the great expedition struck the shores of Normandy, was beyond doubt the most gigantic as well as the most extraordinarily complex single operation two nations have ever undertaken. From the outset it depended on combined planning between the military leaders of the United States and Great Britain, with particular parts and missions assigned to the forces of the country best able to carry them out quickly and efficiently. What follows is chiefly the story of the American side of the operation as it was conducted both in this country and in Britain, the great base from which the invasion was launched.

It can be revealed now that the planners, at that date, had not one but at least five overall plans. Each had its own code name, and as the meeting progressed the conferees kept referring to *Falcon*, *Matador*, *Afghan*, *Épée*, *Tamarack*.*

Falcon was the original British plan for return to the Continent, and had been worked up soon after Dunkirk. Long before this meeting it had selected all possible invasion landing areas. *Matador* was the air offensive—the long-range strategic bombing plan.

Afghan was a plan for an emergency which might, conceivably, occur. It represented an American force being built up in northern Ireland with all speed. The force would be ready to jump off in September if, by chance, Russian resistance at that time seemed to be faltering.

Épée was the Normandy operation. And *Tamarack* was the plan for the United Kingdom—the buildup of men and materials in preparation for *Épée*.

Taken as one these plans called for the biggest organization job in human history. The American Army had to put over a million men into the United Kingdom by D-day. Its own and the British Army

* Except in the case of *Torch*, which appears later in this article, fictitious code names have been substituted for the correct ones. Such substitution was requested by the War Department for the purpose of continuing security.—*The Editors*

Service Forces had to supply them with more than a million different items. In over 1,100 British towns the Engineers must build a hundred thousand buildings, all this in addition to the vast amount of supplies and services rendered to the American forces by the British under Reverse Lend-Lease. The air plan ordered landing strips equaling in total length a highway from Moscow to America. At least 18,000,000 ship tons of cargo would be unloaded at United Kingdom ports, and tens of millions of individual crates and packages piled mile after mile on thousands of country lanes all over England—and piled so that someone would know what was in each pile on each lane when invasion time came. For the Channel crossing 660 different kinds of landing and escort craft would be designed and built; and for the great day itself the British and American navies would have to co-ordinate the movements of many thousand vessels, each one scheduled to perform a particular task with a particular load of men and equipment at a certain place at a certain time.

PREPARATION for the July London planning conference had been made in this country in April with the appointment of one man. One day General Somervell, head of our Army Service Forces, called into his office in the Pentagon Building fifty-seven-year-old Lieutenant General John Clifford Hodges Lee of the Engineers. "We're making you Commander in Chief of the Services of Supply in the European Theater of Operations," Somervell said—and the American end of the logistics for *Tamarack* and *Épée* was under way.

Lee's colleagues are fond of saying, "To-day the way General Lee set about getting started on that colossal job seems a little quaint."

Lee took an obscure office in the down-at-the-heels Munitions Building and came in with no staff, just one officer aide. He talked with Generals Pershing and Harbord—on how supply had been organized in the last war. He read the books on the subject, which were few. Then one day he suddenly picked some men. The heads of the technical services—the chiefs of Engineers, Ordnance, Transportation and

the rest—were called in on a ten-minute schedule and asked, "Who's your ablest assistant?" Lee, as General Somervell's deputy, then picked that man for his staff in the United Kingdom.

On May 23, 1942, less than a month after appointment, he was in England, shaping up things for the July conference. That meeting laid the framework for execution of the different plans and underscored Lee's primary problem: airfields for prosecution of Army Air Forces' *Matador*. Hundreds of them. With all speed.

So important did Combined Chiefs of Staff consider *Matador* that they gave it priority over all other plans—a rating which continued practically up to D-day.

This enabled Lee's Engineers to rush construction on a network of airdromes which to some of our British cousins must have seemed utterly fantastic. The *Matador* planners intended that by January 1, 1944, it should be physically, geographically, and operationally impossible to put another airfield in Scotland or England. It was. On that date any plane three thousand feet up anywhere over England could make a dead-stick landing on a concrete runway.

II

WHILE this vast construction went on, the Air Forces people were working out *Matador's* strategical plan. In simplest terms, they conceived of this as stopping the heart of the German Wehrmacht by smashing such industries as combat aircraft, ball and roller bearings, rubber, and oil.

So in Air Force offices here and in England hundreds of specialists began working out the infinite details of the target plan. Facts had to be assembled by the thousand. Every German factory which produced one of the vital target items must be uncovered. Its exact location, its production, and the ratio of that production to the total production of Germany must be known. It was not enough, for instance, to know that Huls produced great amounts of synthetic rubber. It had to be determined (as it was) that it made 29 per cent of all Nazi buna. Schweinfurt, it was ascertained, produced 40 per cent of the ball and roller bearings. But it was also nec-

essary to know on just what streets in just which three factories.

A legion of Air Force researchers, names unknown as far as history is concerned, worked thousands of hours over dull statistical records, charts, and tables. Other Air Force officers called on agencies like the Board of Economic Warfare and the Office of Strategic Services and on thousands of key men in industry. As the data piled up, a committee of military and industrial experts, some of the best brains of England and America, analyzed every factor relevant to the *Matador* bombing plan. They would discuss for hours, say, a certain steel plant to determine just how crucial to the enemy's front-line fighting effort would be the loss of a million tons of prime-quality steel for plane engines and gun barrels. Finally the *Matador* planners knew what they wanted to know: just how many towns the German Wehrmacht depended on, and how many of these were truly important and should be bombed out.

The highest headquarters in Great Britain then had to plan a system of objectives and an order of bombing; next the whole operation must be broken into phases, and for each phase a time limit set. An operation must be completed within the specified period, or the cumulative effect of the bombings would not be achieved.

On individual targets some of the planning got down to such fine details that the planners could (and did) write a prescription for destruction of, say, a particular wing of a particular precision tool plant, which would grade the target's vulnerability, specify the type of bomb to use, the type of fuse for the bomb, the minimum number of bombs it would be necessary to drop, the area of effective radius of each bomb blast on that particular target, and the exact number of hits which would be required to demolish it. There were even error charts—showing that at 25,000 feet it would take fifteen planes to knock out the building, but at 10,000 feet only five planes, and at 5,000 feet only three.

The plans had to specify the right planes for the right jobs. Certain types of bombers for certain types of targets. Certain fighter protection for certain missions. Unless this was carefully studied and watched, costly upsets occurred.

FREQUENTLY there were interruptions in the *Matador* plan. Any one of a hundred contingencies could monkey-wrench parts of the time schedule and make replanning necessary. An example (one of the most spectacular) was the submarine campaign. It came close, we know now, to ruining *Matador*.

While General Lee was building up airfields in the winter of '42-'43, the subs, working in packs, were sinking shiploads of Air Force supplies and planes faster than in the planners' worst nightmares. The Combined Chiefs of Staff decided that the subs would have to be stopped or the invasion plan as scheduled just couldn't go on.

The British urged that planes be taken off *Matador* and put on Atlantic patrol. The Americans demurred. Icing, they thought, over the north Atlantic in winter-time would make maneuver of the big bombers impossible. But the British argued that the RAF Coastal Command had been operating its Halifaxes and other bombers on Atlantic patrol for months. In addition they cited their previous winter's flying from Montreal to Prestwick, Scotland. They had had only three days' interruption and only four planes lost. Winter or no winter, they insisted, American Liberators could help. In due course some American anti-submarine Liberators were based in Britain and, co-operating with other long-range aircraft of Coastal Command, covered the convoy lanes (the British navy working the waters below) in a great oval stretching from England to the American coasts. They photographed and bombed—and Nazi orders at that time were for submarines to surface and fight it out with the planes.

Despite these tactics the pilots went down to two hundred feet and photographed. The shots were delivered to the central anti-submarine control room, located underground, and from these records it was soon possible to tell the cruising range of the operating enemy submarine.

"Those were days," one Air Forces planning officer has remarked, "when the men of the AAF and RAF really put in time. Crews would work on their planes twenty hours at a stretch. I saw them—with a wrench in one hand and a sandwich in the

other—fall asleep by the plane, nap for an hour, and then get up and work again. They loaded the planes so full of gasoline that when they took off, the ground crews would involuntarily squat, and then rise up with an ‘Oof’ as if to help lift the plane off the ground.”

As a result of this intensified effort, submarine sinkings in the first three months increased notably. Still, to the planners it seemed a long, long road ahead to *Matador's* completion. Despite the quantities of planes operating against the submarines, winter would pass, spring, and summer, and it would be well into autumn before the AAF would get enough aircraft in England to equal the minimum number which the planners estimated would be necessary to complete *Matador's* task.

However, the Engineers *were* building the airdromes fast. “So fast,” one of them reporting on those hectic months has said, “that last year’s Brussels sprouts, I remember, were still being gathered up between the runways even when we began to use them.”

III

DURING these months Lee had moved his headquarters from London to a country town and was there developing as fast as possible the basic organization for *Tamarack*.

Port accommodations were his earliest worry. There seemed to be not enough ship berths in the United Kingdom to handle all the American shipping planned. Remember that the ports were already overtaxed supplying Britain’s own far-flung forces and were seriously undermanned owing to the labor shortage. In addition the Luftwaffe was then doing its blitz; so every ship’s cargo had to be cleared out of every port within twenty-four hours. Now the Americans proposed to schedule six tons of shipping for every one of the more than a million soldiers, and nearly an additional ton per man per month afterward.

Army Transportation Corps men then performed a gigantic jigsaw puzzle job. They analyzed every kind of cargo and matched it against facilities at every kind of port, so that each port could be used to maximum efficiency. Clyde ports,

which were poor on handling heavy lifts, got ships loaded mainly with subsistence. Vessels heavy with tanks were scheduled to Newport. Ships with Air Corps bombs went to the Humber, and tugboats were dumped off at Liverpool.

The same Transportation Corps worked out the intricate details of getting all these shipments of goods to their thousands of storage depots in England. Since railroads and highways were already war-strained to the breakdown point, Transportation imported railroad equipment and operating personnel from America. Rolling stock requirements for *Tamarack* were 57,000 cars (from ordinary box cars to refrigerators and cabooses) and nearly 3,000 locomotives. Freight cars came knocked down and were assembled at a place on the Thames in the biggest car shop in the world. A month before D-day these shops had to close because there was not a single empty siding in England.

To save shipping space, trucks for *Tamarack* arrived in “twin-unit packs”—another product of some planner’s fertile brain. “You took two trucks,” a Highways Branch man of Transportation Corps has described it, “and took their wheels and some other stuff off and then slapped them in that coffin tight as two figs.” So much shipping space was saved that huge twin-unit-pack assembly plants were set up. The packaged trucks were swung off the ships, assembled by Chrysler, Ford, and General Motors mechanics, given a one-mile trial, loaded up, and rushed off to a crossroads hamlet where was the biggest supply dump in the world.

Locomotives and freight cars which we supplied the French in World War I were, the *Tamarack* planners knew, now being used by the Germans. Locomotives for *Tamarack* were, therefore, built so as to last only four years. Freight cars were made to last three years—of plywood!

On the south coast our assault training center was being laid out on beaches where the surf had been “tested” and found most like Normandy’s. Behind the training was a planning board which had sat in London and meticulously worked out “the doctrine.” All the amphibious assault knowledge available had been sifted

and weighed. Still it was necessary to make thousands of practice trials to be sure just what was the optimum way tactically to divide up thirty men—the number in each assault boat—into teams. How many in the rifle team, the wire cutters, the flame throwers, the rocket gunners, the automatic rifle team, the demolitionists? How many in each and in what order would they go in?

Day after day, beginning in September of '43, the theory was tried out with live ammunition and tens of thousands of American GI's. Changes would be made and the new wrinkles tested next day under the guidance of the training school's "faculty" of six thousand officers and men. The whole problem involved a most delicate adjustment, for one man too few on any one team might spell the difference in invasion attack between success and fiasco.

IV

DESPITE all the forethought, the invasion operation was so big that some breakdowns inevitably occurred. This meant replanning—someone, or a hundred someones, doing parts of the job over again. Some of the planners and personnel engaged on the already complex *Tamarack* organization were switched to work on another invasion plan. This was *Torch*. It was for the landings in North Africa and in itself a step toward the Normandy project. At first it was to be mounted entirely from the United Kingdom. Then the high-ups changed their minds—from both the United Kingdom and the United States.

Early in September it was discovered, to the general chagrin, that it was necessary to duplicate North African invasion supplies to the United Kingdom. Too much stuff already in England (and which by Normandy D-day *must* be stored so that someone knew what every package was and where) was too hard to find. Just before *Torch* shoved off for North Africa General Eisenhower had to be provided with nineteen rush shiploads of ammunition and equipment because he couldn't locate what he needed in time in British depots and warehouses.

Originally the British had stored our

goods for us, as best they could under blitz conditions; and our own Service Forces had not arrived in Britain until after mid-July. Even so, replanning of *Tamarack's* shipping, storage, and identification methods was obviously in order. Lee put some of his smartest colonels on the job, and this was the situation they found:

To order supplies, the commanding officer of, say, the Signal Corps had to know what he had on hand, what was en route from America, what items were in his requisitions now in the works, and his future needs over and beyond the above. And could he obtain all this information? Hardly ever.

When a ship arrived, he often found it impossible to know whether it contained his supplies. More than half our ships were arriving without manifests. Manifests which did arrive were unspecific. "Signal Corps Supplies: 24 Tons," they would say. But *what* Signal Corps supplies? For whom? Nothing on that. Markings on the individual packages were equally enigmatic. The package had to be examined in order to be sent to the right general's depots.

If a shipment of walkie-talkie radios arrived, the general couldn't tell what requisition they were based on. So he couldn't know the status of *any* of his requisitions! He was continually discovering that what he had ordered *rush* from the States had been on hand in the United Kingdom all the time. But he hadn't known where. One sad result, the officers working on the problem found, was that we were shipping thousands of tons of invasion equipment unnecessarily!

What was needed was a system which would tie in specific shipments with all their specific requisition and shipping papers, so that each one would cross-identify the other. A system so simple that the lowliest supply sergeant could operate it with two-thirds of his mind on his best girl.

IN December the officers on the job presented Lee with their plan. It was called ISS—Identification of Separate Shipments—and although perhaps an unromantic piece of work, it proved to be

one of the masterpieces of planning of the invasion.

The whole system was based on a set of code letters and numbers. All covering documents showed these same markings. Port of embarkation in the States would send two copies of the documents in advance by air mail. When the ship was all loaded, the port would send a cargo-loading cable—a mere string of numbers and letters. Overseas, the Ordnance officers would compare the cable with previously received papers and know exactly what was on the boat. If the plane with advance papers was lost, or even if the ship went down, duplicate documents, or a duplicate shipload, could be made up immediately from the symbols of the cargo-loading cable.

“Now the commanding generals in England,” one ASF officer has stated, “could order five cotter pins and get them, and know where they were every minute. They knew what was in every box and where it was to go to. The plan worked so well it was even applied to dumps on the beach on D-day. We could say: ‘At Dump 6, Aisle 2, Row 4, Tier 3, you will find your box of 300 spark plugs.’ ”

DON'T imagine, however, that the planners' work was done once they devised the plan. Getting it accepted was something else. The British saw its merits right away and were enthusiastic, but our people were hesitant. Naturally—since adoption meant junking 100 per cent the existing Army systems, reorganization of every depot and every embarkation port in America—the change involved a colossal job.

The story goes that a certain colonel who had had a big finger in getting up ISS became restive at its delay in adoption and suggested that he return to Washington, attend a certain High Command meeting in the Pentagon Building, and put the idea over. General Lee was willing; but the theater either wouldn't or couldn't furnish transportation. Remembering about several dozen detainees of German and Italian consular staffs from North Africa in British camps, the Colonel casually queried the American

Embassy, “Shouldn't those people be sent to America?”

“Yes. But there's nobody to send them with.”

The Colonel would take them. The Embassy was delighted and telephoned Washington and made arrangements.

A few days later, his presence in Washington unknown, the Colonel one morning at ten o'clock walked unannounced into the meeting—and into seventeen generals.

“What the devil are you here for?”

“To attend this meeting.”

“By whose say-so?”

“I was sent.”

“And then,” the Colonel reports, “we closed the doors and for four hours went round and round.”

The zealot returned to England some days later, official OK for adoption of ISS in his pocket. In August General Somervell cabled him to return and present the new system to six thousand key officers. Just one man's work in one invasion replanning job!

V

IMPATIENT armchair critics, of course, predicted frequently that the invasion would never come off. In those days *Tamarack* planners here in America matter-of-factly arranged to pile thousands of miles of four-inch petrol pipe in England, ordered the rotproofing of 500,000,000 burlap sand bags, the delivery of two and a half million miles of telephone wire, and scheduled the laying of special cable under the Channel.

Two years before D-day the Engineers were computing the bridging necessary for *Épée*. They figured thirty feet for every mile of French railroad and ordered it and stored it for *Tamarack* in England. On D-day American forces could produce replacements for every bridge in France.

The Engineers made 125,000,000 maps which went in with the attack troops. Their tide maps were so accurate that our tactical planners could predict the exact spot where a boat of given draft would touch down on any beach at any minute, and how many yards and what kind of footing a soldier would have to run over without cover. (Not like Ta-

rawa, where the men waded a mile.) General Montgomery found difficulty in believing the claims, so one day he sent a plane to check on when the water would reach a certain row of obstacles. It was there, on the dot.

Even underwater obstacles were plotted on the maps by the Engineers. "There wasn't a pile driven," one Engineer planning officer has said, "scarcely a barnacle on a pile, that we didn't know about." Maps also showed the formation *under* the beach—whether shingle, peat, or limestone—and what loads it would bear. There was a map ready months ahead for pasting on the ramp of every landing craft—showing exits to the beaches and the walls near by to be breached. Surveys showed when the surf would be likely to be three feet or higher, so as to break the silhouettes of men coming ashore.

Royal Navy Engineers practiced demolition of duplicates of underwater obstacles for months, until they knew how many seconds each kind would take. After them Engineer Special Beach Brigades checked the time it took to clear up the metal and debris.

TO PLAN its casualty handling program accurately, the Medical Corps had to know both the country and the exact beaches of the landings as early as the autumn of '43. Its planners then estimated our wounded, using, among other data, reliable German figures for the ninety-day drive on Moscow. Every piece of medical equipment had to be packed so it was watertight and would float—from electric coagulation machines for stopping bleeding in brain surgery to hypo needles. Every individual soldier had to be provided with a sterile dressing and two 7½-grain sulfanilamide tablets. The medical plan for invasion called for 800,000 units of blood plasma, 10,000 pounds of sulfa drugs, 600,000 doses of penicillin, 650,000 syrettes of morphine; and in planning the doctors had to allow for critical shortages of materials—such as alcohol, which goes into the making of aspirin, and the lack of which would reduce aspirin's availability.

Medicos in the Surgeon General's office set up a plan for evacuating the wounded

which worked so smoothly that all casualties at the debarkation ports in England could be sorted out by categories (fracture cases, neuro-surgical, maxilo-facial, etc.) and each kind shipped on separate trains to proper similar-injury hospitals. Planning provided that every midnight the Surgeon General of the American forces would know the number of patients to be evacuated next day from the Continent and from England, and the exact number of vacant beds at that moment in every Army hospital in the United Kingdom. It was arranged so that if every telephone in England failed, the reports could still get in—by radio.

"Give aid as soon as possible," was the watchword of all the medical planning. So portable hospitals were devised which would land on the beach on D-day and perform major operations two hours later. Hospital planes were scheduled ahead by the hundreds. To save precious seconds there were special slings to transfer litters eight at a time from small landing craft to the big LST's. The latter were ready with specially anchored operating tables, and steadying straps for the surgeons, so work could go on no matter how choppy the Channel. "So expertly were the time-saving factors worked out," Surgeon General Kirk has declared, "that on D-day 80 to 90 per cent of the wounded received medical care within ten minutes after injury." And for the unexpected—just in case—doctors specially trained in gas poison treatment were held in readiness in England.

WHAT the Intelligence men call "cover" forever added to the *Tamarrack* planners' difficulties. This was the need to keep the enemy guessing about every phase of the huge project. Cover for the floating harbors which civilian contractors and Royal Engineers were building for use off the D-day beaches proved an especially difficult Intelligence task. There they were, building up all over Britain—like huge floating apartment houses. Concrete caissons over fifty yards long—as obvious as aircraft carriers. And around them the Royal Navy practiced buoying up their vertical barriers of floating sheet steel. Finally, for concealment,

the harbors were sunk, to be pumped out, towed, and sunk again off the beaches.

In the middle of all these million-sided activities, General Eisenhower was made supreme invasion commander and came to London. He found 600 officers on the *Falcon-Tamarack-Épée* plans and shook his head.

"No. This invasion has got to be planned *big*," he said, and increased the planning staff to 6,000.

VI

LAST March it was a common quip in England that if invasion didn't start pretty soon, and if materials and equipment kept on piling up, the island would sink beneath the waves. "Just cut the barrage balloons," American troops were fond of saying, "and she'll go down six inches."

Then, early in April, the windup began. It was like the coiling of a spring. Invasion phase plans which had lain quiet but ready for months began to tick now.

The last stages of *Matador's* strategic bombing plan went into action on April 1st. Every major operation of the next sixty-five days had been scheduled ahead in minutest detail. At Air Force Command Headquarters elaborate charts showed that over 58,000 tons of bombs must be dropped in April, over 70,000 in May. First, on 99 railroad targets. Second, beginning May 7th, on the Seine bridges. Third, May 16th, on almost 50 airdromes within a radius of less than 150 miles of Caen.

Transportation Corps, which had begun planning for these days a year ago June, now began to move men and supplies toward the *Épée* embarkation ports. Every unit and every shipment had to be kept track of, its whereabouts always known. For this Transportation had ready ingenious charts on which was shown the progress of all units from camp to concentration area, to marshaling area, to embarkation zone, to the beaches and the boats, at any hour of day or night.

The months spent on loading plans and practice began to pay dividends now. Supplies flowed smoothly into the right trucks and goods wagons, in the order the Army tactical commanders wanted them

in. So they could be reloaded in the opposite order of need on the cross-Channel craft. Converted Liberty ships—loaded on paper five months back, and double-checked with the Navy for safety—now gorged themselves with jeeps and trucks and rode steady on even keel.

Equipment not feasible to load was prepared for towing by tug—as planned. There were nearly 1,400 pieces of such floating equipment. Huge bundles of telephone poles were lashed together by cables so they would ride the roughest seas, and were so fastened that they would dismantle in a jiffy on the far shore under the hands of an Engineer construction man.

Midway in all this loading and dispatching a crisis arose. In May the Americans exceeded their monthly quota of ship arrivals. Thirty-eight extra vessels from the States were on hand—and no facilities. The ships dropped anchor and waited—prey to any Nazi bomber—until the dilemma should be solved. It was arranged with General Lee to move the cargo ashore. "But a lot of it," Lee said, "will have to be merely dumped behind the port areas. There's no protection for 40 per cent of it from ruin by exposure. We'll save 60 per cent of it, however." The Transportation Corps Port Battalions then unloaded 100 per cent and got 100 per cent to sheltered depots!

Finishing touches were now put on arrangements for handling prisoners of war—an example of co-ordinated planning between the Military Police of Provost Marshal General's Office and Transportation's Passenger Branch. From south England ports prisoners would be sent to a camp elsewhere. Someone had had to remember to specify non-corridor railway cars (so prisoners would be always under surveillance) and barbed wire strung on the ships which would take them thence to America (to prevent jumping overboard), and that the Germans and Italians must be segregated.

The problems of timing began to be kaleidoscopic in their variety and complexity. Once the vast movement into the coastal areas, toward the actual embarkation points, was on, the time element became crucial because the tide's own inexorable schedule had to be met. The

planners for tactics wanted to use a tide on the increase on the far shore. Then landing craft could get off reefs and obstacles. Hence a bad traffic jam anywhere in England might jeopardize the whole invasion plan. Road Convoy Regulation Points were set up—to see that troop unit Y passed through village K at exactly X hour plus 13.

These regulating points were beautifully co-ordinated with Service Forces units operating on all the roads. MP's checked the flow of traffic and patrolled every mile. Ordnance teams were everywhere with spare parts for repairs. If a motor burned out, a new one was put in on the spot. For accidents and injuries, Medical Corps doctors were stationed every few miles. In case storm or sabotage disrupted communications, Signal Corps messengers were standing by. Details of specially assigned men popped up wherever a truck convoy halted en route, to keep the GI's from talking with the populace.

How well the highway traffic plan performed is indicated by the remark of one colonel of the Engineers. "I flew over it," he said to me, "and in all those southern counties I saw not one traffic jam."

VII

AS THE last remaining days rushed up, the air plans laid down so long before were working out their final fulfillment. Beginning a few days before D-day, 1,350 sorties would be flown to lay mines at pre-determined areas in the Channel. On the night before invasion the ten German coastal batteries (30 inches of solid concrete) guarding the three beaches would be hit with 7,500 tons of bombs. At dark on the eve of D-day twenty Pathfinder planes would leave the coast of England and head for points over Normandy where airborne troops would land. In addition to British airborne troops, two divisions of U. S. troops (1,000 transport planes and fighter escort) would follow thirty minutes later, by the clock.

It was estimated that to control the beaches and the waters off them on the first day, 12,000 sorties would have to be flown. Every one of these flights had to be integrated with other parts of the opera-

tion. Infantry commanders had to know where the bombs would hit and how many and when. In previous planning conferences, bending over the maps, they had carefully specified, "I shall want 95 tons at *these points*." Five squadrons of planes would cover the convoy continuously, half of them sixty miles off England, the rest eighty miles. At exactly H-hour minus 30 minutes, 1,350 heavy bombers would plaster the beaches, and lay their eggs just so: 530 tons to every brigade front of 2,300 yards!

Controlling the vast air armada—that is, knowing where every plane was and how it was doing at any given moment—would be a staggering task alone. All directives (for both British and American planes) were to issue from one executive control center hidden in England. Through here every aircraft which flew on invasion day would have to be cleared. This center was in touch by radio with forward control points which did the actual plane directing. Then on each Army division's headquarters ship on the water was an Air Force officer in a little operations room, with a map on which he could see all planes working with that division. Bobbing on the water, further ahead, would lie fighter tenders: one in mid-Channel to control fighters over the ships, and two just off the beach for fighters over the land. Meanwhile, back in England, the central executive control must continue its routine checking with RAF Coastal Command aircraft out on anti-sub sweeps on both sides of the Channel, and must maintain the usual schedule of defensive fighters day and night over United Kingdom harbors and headquarters.

So perfect was the advance planning, and so diligent the work of the unsung ground crews, that when the day came every plane took the air—except one. And that was because at the last minute its whole side was blown out when some of the airborne infantry inadvertently set off a box of hand grenades.

VIII

SINCE planning is supposed to think of everything, all the planners abhorred eleventh-hour emergencies. Every care

was taken to prevent them. In April General Lee and all his chiefs of ASF Technical Services (Engineers, Quartermaster, Chemical Warfare, etc.) were called to Washington from the *Tamarack* theater to confer with the War Department on shortages. Item by item the generals reported on the current status of *Tamarack* supply. A Critical Item List was made, giving the quantity and the deadline date of every article lack of which might endanger success of the invasion. Thereafter a report on each critical shortage was published weekly and dispatched by air courier to the United Kingdom. Here in America the status of every item was checked daily.

The constant variations in the list give a graphic picture of the complexities of invasion planning in these intense weeks of the windup period. On April 15th the list showed 115 items. Because of information from the United Kingdom, 86 were added in the next seven weeks. They were on and off—133 were dropped! The total kept jumping up and down as crazily as the temperature of a patient with successive fever and chills.

On May 7th, a Sunday, supply officers in England called ASF headquarters in Washington on the telephone:

"We have to have 100 per cent re-equipment for some airborne divisions. They're going to land, be pulled out in four days, return to England, re-equip and drop somewhere else. We'll send you a list of shortages Wednesday. Deadline? Here—June 1st."

Wednesday, the 10th, the list arrived, by radio: 327,272 articles. Paracrates, tractors, inflatable boats, ointment, telephones, weather balloons, demolition sets, air compressors, litters, flame throwers, gas masks, fuse setters, four stop watches! Port of embarkation was immediately advised that May 14th was set as deadline sailing date, and all ASF branches were flashed their sections of the list.

A lot of dinners never got eaten that night. The list had arrived late in the afternoon, but by dark stuff was moving from all over the Union. Whether it came by rail, truck, or plane, it was kept track of at every point by officers on the telephone. Special priority markings on

every shipment gave it open switches or motor escort through all bottlenecks right up to the port ship-convoy loading platform. Cross-country one shipment was lost somewhere. A duplicate was sent by air. One item only—helmet liners—failed to arrive at ship side on time. Those were put on a fast troop ship. They too arrived in England before the deadline.

This equipment was for the first airborne troops who landed in Normandy. Their fate there illustrates how the mischances of war can make all plans go awry. The planners estimated re-equipment for the losses of four days in combat. But the tactical situation was so hot that it kept these troops fighting in Normandy as infantry until D-day plus 35. Then they returned to England and were re-equipped for the September landings in Holland.

MORNING of D-day minus 9 found the planners' Nemesis—the list—standing at 77 items of vital equipment still undelivered in the United Kingdom. Of these, 20 were already afloat or in ports of embarkation. For 51 others, substitutes were found in time. As for the rest: unrecorded by history, in obscure offices in the War Department, ASF colonels and majors lived at the telephone day after day, determined to get the remaining items on time—just six out of more than a million.

"We've got to have that tape for that division," they pleaded. "General Lutes himself ordered it from England just a few days ago. He said it was an *absolute must*."

It got there, by plane, six hours before the shove-off.

THEN, finally, at different times, from scores of different invasion embarkation ports, the thousands of vessels got under way. And now it could be seen how well the Navy had planned.

"A stack of papers as big as a desk," is how one admiral describes the size of the Navy Operating Plan. "More complicated than the Army's," one general admits. For this plan had to co-ordinate the Navy's and the Army's timing—with no margin for error allowable, because there was always *the tide*.

Down on the beaches and the hards,

where the troops got aboard, occurred probably the trickiest timing of all. The Navy must get the right boats to the right beach and section, each on the dot. The Army, which had broken up battalions and companies, in the marshaling areas back of the ports, into craft loads of thirty men to a boat, must march up the right thirty men for the right boat. And no lagging and no waiting around; for loading time for the thirty men, from long practice with the stop watch, was fixed and scheduled. Then the small boats must put each thirty men aboard the right LCIL or LCT anchored offshore.

The Navy had worked out D-day loading plans for these larger vessels in cooperation with the Army months before. For every vessel a detailed list had been made: so many jeeps for Service Company No. 74; so many weapons carriers; so many men; at a certain part of the ship so many Engineers for blasting obstacles on the beach; at another place on board, so many Navy demolitionists for underwater blasting in case the ship couldn't land; special places for four tank dozers; one tank integrated with demolition, three with infantry. "All written down," as one general said to me, "for each ship—all on mimeographed sheets—a pile three inches high."

Suppose the invasion didn't come off? There was a plan to take care of that, too. It read that if D-day were delayed X number of hours after the men were on the water, all men in the smallest craft, since these had no toilet facilities, should be taken ashore. If, after everything was ready, there were a four-day delay, all men in all vessels should go ashore. If there were a month's delay, all personnel would be returned to the marshaling areas.

Every American soldier, once in the boats, received a sealed letter from General Eisenhower, telling him that this was it—not another practice, but D-day. And ready for every coxswain of every landing craft was a little panorama map of his particular section of *his* particular landing shore on "Utah" or "Omaha" beach.

From the ports the Navy minesweepers had swept specific lanes out into mid-

Channel, marked them with buoys visible in moonlight, then swept the Channel itself—like a roadstead for the battleships and cruisers to perform in. Beyond this another sweeping cleared a space for the transports, the area where deployment into the battle area would occur. This last was marked by control boats, which at assault time would call up each wave of landing craft to go in.

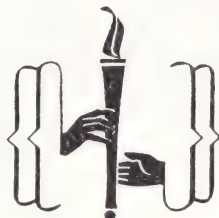
Although some boats had to put to sea for the rendezvous several hours before others even moved, each craft had to enter its lane at an appointed time (wind and tide regardless), be in the roadstead and take its predesignated place in the battle area on the tick of the clock. LCM's, under their own power, had to be alongside particular transports, to get the right men waiting at the rail at just that minute to clamber overside. And all in darkness. And total radio silence. No communication ship to ship of any kind.

WHAT could be done, and was, in the way of co-ordination is graphically illustrated by the manner in which one particular general made the cross-Channel trip. He was to leave England in Landing Craft H. This would proceed to the transport area and at X minutes after Y o'clock would come up on the port bow of Transport T, from which an LCVP (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel) would be delivered, containing one jeep for the General's own purposes. The meeting, the timing, the transfer were all accomplished in the dark without a hitch. "And every detail of it," the General points out, "had to be written down, in the orders, in advance."

He might have added that it was because so many things *were* written in the orders in advance—so many millions of details thought of, and painstakingly worked into the thousands of plans by the thousands of planners—that the greatest feat of organization in history was rolling so smoothly on its way. More right men with more right equipment had been gotten more precisely to the right places at the right time than ever before—thanks to the months and months of tireless planning behind them.

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THE VETERANS' RUNAROUND

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*{ Mr. Bolté, who lost a leg at El Alamein, is now one }
{ of the organizers of the American Veterans Committee. }*

THE veterans are getting the runaround. More than a million and a half men have already been discharged from the United States armed forces: if their average experience thus far is any criterion of what's ahead, the twelve million yet to be discharged are in for hard times, confusion, and bitter disillusionment.

Comparatively few veterans and servicemen feel that the country owes them a living; most of them, like most civilians, do feel that they should be restored to the status in life they would have held if they had not gone to war. In many cases, that restoration to civilian status is not being carried out, despite the loud, unanimous assertions of politicians, bureaucrats, community leaders, social workers, industrialists, and labor chieftains that "Nothing's too good for our boys." The loud assertions, the fanfare over the GI Bill of Rights, the endless and much-publicized seminars

on rehabilitation have all held out a tremendous promise to the returning soldier. But the gap between promise and performance is very wide. And in twelve million veterans who are disillusioned with the promise of democracy there lies a grave potential danger for America.

To a returned serviceman seeking assistance in his readjustment to civilian life, America today looks like the land of good intentions. Everybody wants to help him, but few are capable of giving him what he needs capably, quickly, and without chasing him around from one agency to another. The Veterans Administration, already looming as the postwar colossus of government agencies, recognizes no less than sixty-two separate organizations which deal with the problems of the veteran. He applies at one place for a job, another place for legal advice, another for medical services, another for financial aid. The

armed forces, the federal government, many communities, the service organizations, industry, the labor unions, and the veterans' organizations are all out to "rehabilitate" him.

The inevitable result is confusion, overlapping jurisdiction, duplication of effort, and what is in effect *competition* among these myriad aid societies to see which can do the most good for the veteran—and incidentally reap the most credit for itself. The resultant feeling in many veterans is just as inevitable: they are coming to regard themselves as footballs being kicked around in an exceptionally disorderly game from which the referee has withdrawn.

THE returned veteran usually regards civilians with a mixture of envy, contempt, and mistrust. If he comes from combat, he comes from a world which is at close grips with the fundamentals of life and death, in which civilian values are replaced by military values, in which loyalty, obedience, discipline, and highly integrated co-operation draw men together as brothers working for the common good. His concerns are immediate: a warm meal, a dry place to sleep, the prospects of being alive tomorrow. The service speeds him on his way with good wishes and the first installment of his mustering-out pay, into the civilian world of competition, money profits, the black market, and what often seems to him a niggardly scramble for purely personal gain. The civilian world has not been unified by bombers close overhead, and for a while he is lost in that world. A good many men sent home on leave from overseas have asked to be returned to combat before their leave has expired—not for any love of battle but for the lost sense of comradeship, for the sense of direct personal participation in the essential conflict of our time. The American home front, deeply involved in war *production*, has not yet been able to generate a moral equivalent for *shooting* war.

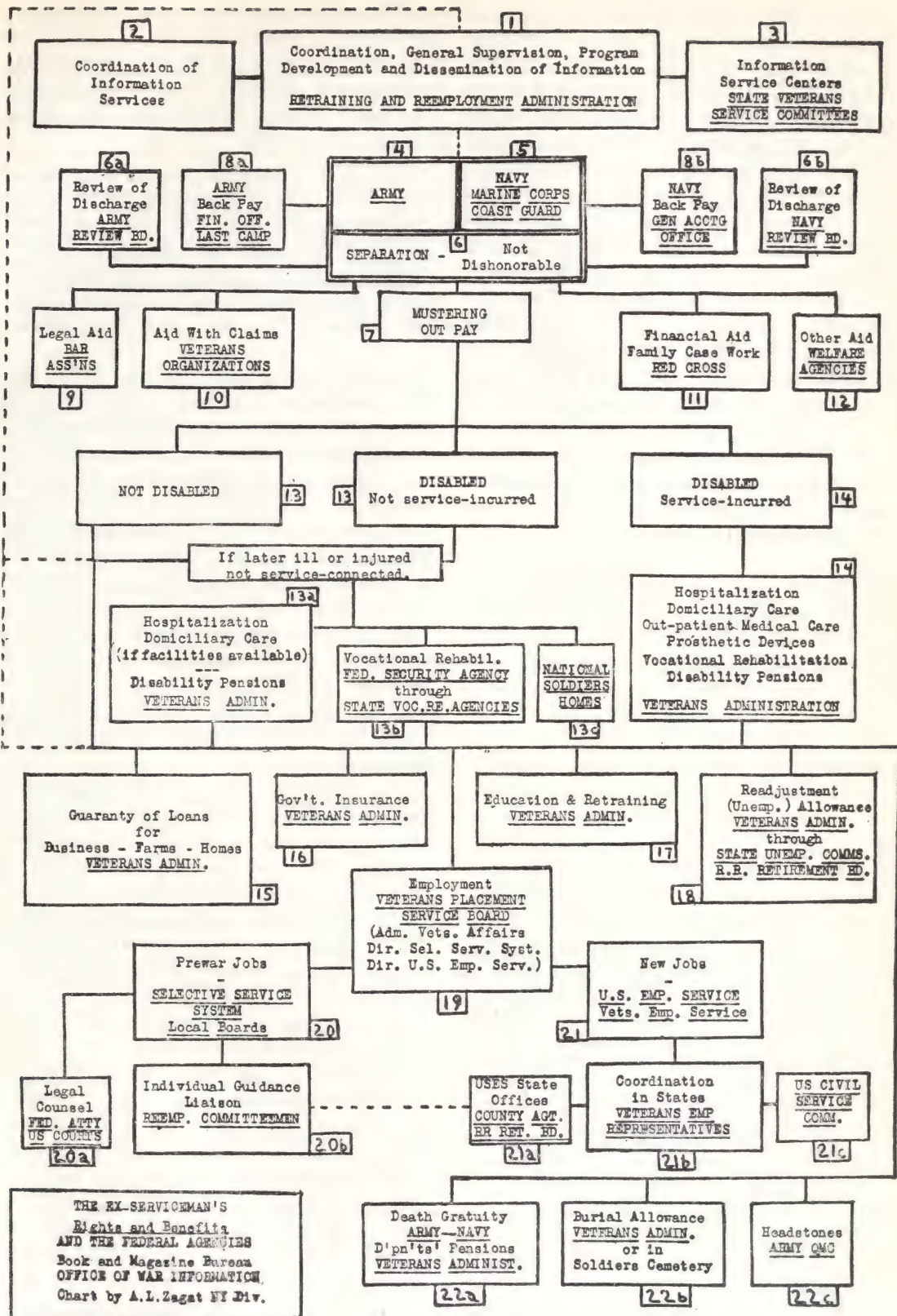
A veteran coming fresh from a regimented society into this kind of highly fluid society is inclined to be envious of civilian freedom, contemptuous of civilian ease, and mistrustful of civilian appreciation, which though sincere is usually awkward. The veteran wants to be a civilian again;

but, once away from the top sergeant, he reacts against what appear to him overwhelming efforts to push him toward this desirable goal. The multiplicity of present aids is rooted in the civilians' combined feelings of guilt and gratitude, whose life span cannot normally be expected to last much beyond the traditional duration-plus-six-months. The veteran now suffers from too many offers of aid, too poorly coordinated; he may then suffer from the forgetfulness of a short-memoryed people, anxious to push the war into the background and get on with peaceful pursuits.

If the situation is not corrected soon, it is unlikely ever to be corrected—except by overcorrection. In the past we have been able as a nation to appease the war veterans and our own consciences by belated bonuses, pensions, allotments, and grants of a truly astonishing variety. They have always been too little, too late, and too unfairly distributed. This time we may not be allowed the luxury of such an easy out. Placed in an unjust position, a large proportion of our new twelve million veterans may demand their own version of justice. Unless we devise *now* a democratically planned and ordered method of restoring the veteran to civilian status, we face the real threat of some native demagogue arising with a glib cure-all designed to bring order out of confusion the fascist way.

II

LOOK at the simplified organization chart showing the agencies which deal with the veteran's rights and benefits. You will see that it consists of thirty-eight separate boxes, interconnected by a maze of solid and broken lines. A twenty-eight-page pamphlet issued by the OWI on the topic had to be checked and cleared by the Retraining and Reemployment Administration, the War Department, the Navy Department, the Veterans Administration, the Veterans Placement Service Board, the Selective Service System, the U. S. Employment Service, the U. S. Civil Service Commission, and the American Red Cross. At the top of this agglomeration of bureaus is the Retraining and Reemployment Administration, a branch of the Office of War Mobilization and Recon-



IF YOU ARE UNDER THE ILLUSION THAT THE ORGANIZATION FOR VETERANS' AFFAIRS IS SIMPLE, TRY TO FIND YOUR WAY THROUGH THIS MAZE. IT IS REPRODUCED FROM THE OWI MAGAZINE WAR GUIDE SUPPLEMENT FOR JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1945

version, whose job it is "to have general supervision and direction of the activities of all existing executive agencies (except the Veterans Administration and the Administrator of Veterans Affairs) authorized by law relating to retraining, reemployment, vocational education, and vocational rehabilitation, for the purpose of coordinating such activities and eliminating overlapping functions of such agencies," and "to confer with existing state and local agencies . . . for the purpose of coordinating . . . activities . . ." The exception of the Veterans Administration and the Administrator of Veterans Affairs was a gratuitous gesture: Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, chief of the huge Veterans Administration and Administrator of Veterans Affairs, was appointed chief of the Retraining and Reemployment Administration by the President.

THE test of an organization lies not in the simplicity of its administrative chart nor in the degree to which power is concentrated in the hands of a single administrator. It lies in how well its job is done; and for testimony on this, only the men for whom the job is being done are qualified to speak.

They tell tales of red tape, of inadequate counseling, and of insufficient medical care in all parts of the country. An Army sergeant in the south Pacific who decided to get some answers before he became a veteran found out about red tape:

For some time now I have been attempting to gather information relative to the problems of returning servicemen. In reply to my queries as to their aims and hoped-for changes, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion responded with the reassuring words that I was a bit too apprehensive and enclosed a membership blank, "Please remit." Welfare groups pictured their part as merely guiding those in need to the correct avenue of aid. As to legislators and governmental agencies, my search for knowledge seems to have gone astray in someone's file cabinet. I presume those unanswered letters are progressing via red-taped channels.

An Army lieutenant said after leaving his separation center (where final details of mustering out are settled), "The counseling officer knew nothing."

A sergeant who brought home a malaria germ from the south Pacific had a recurrence of his disease and was so weak he

could hardly walk. He was refused admission to a veterans' hospital, where he was told that he must first be certified by the regional office of the Veterans Administration. He summed up the whole problem in these words:

We're at least articulate, we can tell what we want, but what about some poor Joe Blow from Guadalcanal who's not very bright and can't express himself? He'll get the runaround for awhile and then just quit. He won't even get what's legally coming to him because he'll get so sore at the runaround, and go home disgusted with civilians and the whole setup for veterans.

AFTER listening to many such stories, the American Veterans Committee, a new organization comprising both veterans and servicemen of this war, decided to send its veteran members a questionnaire asking what happened to them when they got out of the service. One member expressed the average feeling when he returned his with a note saying, "Sort of painful filling out another questionnaire. You know that's about all a vet gets thrown at him—reams of questions, but who the hell is around to answer a few of Joe's questions about jobs, education, my dough, these-buzzing-ears-of-mine, and how-now-little-man?"

The answers varied widely: some men had had an easy time of readjustment and others were still in trouble. Most men thought they had been delayed too long in separation centers, although those recently discharged noted an improvement. Asked, "Did you think it was an avoidable delay?" one answered, "Are you kidding?" The chief complaint was of a lack of orderly room personnel, which the armed forces have done much to correct.

Criticism of the information given at separation centers was more marked; much of it was found out of date, confused, or untrustworthy. One man said, "All I got was a lot of papers, and bingo!"

Once dropped by the armed forces, the veteran needs above all else *a single information and service center in his home community*, where he can find the answers to most of his questions. Although these have been set up in many communities, and talked about in more, they are not yet widely established or widely publicized—several men didn't know whether such a

center existed in their home towns. Where none existed, the men usually went to the local Veterans Administration office. A majority—discharged with the war still on, with jobs easy to find, and *knowing what they wanted*—got it: advice on education, conversion of life insurance, a job, a disability rating. Others were not so lucky: they were chased from one agency to another, found the Veterans Administration taking weeks to answer letters, and experienced what one of them described briefly: "Information was so confusing that I had to rely on my own inadequate judgment."

Most of these men didn't have jobs to go back to—no problem these days, but what of after the war? (Selective Service estimates that only 25 per cent of the men now in service qualify under the rehiring provisions of the Selective Service Act—the other 75 per cent came from temporary defense jobs, school or college, or their own enterprises.) Of those who did hold permanent jobs before entering the service, most were restored; some had trouble with their employers on the grounds that they were disabled. Some received advice or assistance from their unions, notably members of the United Automobile Workers-CIO; but most had little help—which is something for the unions, who have had such a bad press during the war, to ponder over. Those looking for new jobs applied primarily to the U. S. Employment Service; and although a majority found it helpful, one summed up the minority opinion by saying: "There is too much emphasis put on just getting a job. What about wages, or the kind of job one wants, or—more important—doesn't want? General attitude is that the vet should be glad to get any old job, never minding what the wages, conditions, or anything else are."

The most serious complaints in the field of jobs came from middle-class veterans—professional men, white-collar workers, and the like—the same class which has been hardest hit by a war demanding welders and shipfitters. The U. S. Employment Service "had absolutely no leads on newspaper jobs," wrote one veteran. "They have nothing in Los Angeles, Washington, or New York for legal or personnel men," wrote another who had tried hard. Lawyers who maintained offices of their own

came home to find their practices gone and their offices occupied; doctors and dentists met the same situation. This group faces one of the most difficult readjustment problems; in a situation involving seemingly insuperable legislative questions, they must depend on the loyalty of their clients and the helpfulness of their professional associations for a solution.

III

THE Veterans Administration, currently the most promising bureau for civil servants seeking permanent berths, comes in for the most thorough excoriation by the newly returned servicemen. A majority of veterans responding to the questionnaire were dissatisfied with this organization, mostly because of the red tape which marks all its activities. One man reported a seven-week silence from the Administration after the Army had submitted his application for a disability compensation. Another went to a veterans' facility—as VA hospitals are called, in businesslike fashion—and reported, "If I'd been sick enough I'd have died before they took care of me."

Several were refused admittance to already crowded hospitals. Construction of new veterans' facilities is evidently not keeping up with the increase in the number of disabled veterans, despite large appropriations from Congress for that specific purpose; and instances of overcrowding have been reported from several facilities. The hospitals themselves are often located far from the centers of population. "Hospital too distant from my residence" is a common complaint.

The isolation of VA hospitals has more serious consequences than merely making veterans travel inordinate distances for treatment. A prominent physician was recently quoted as saying: "The Veterans Administration hospitals are in the backwaters of American medicine, where doctors stagnate and where patients who deserve the best must often be satisfied with second-rate treatment." Civilian doctors who have studied the VA say that the isolation of the veterans' hospitals from medical schools and research centers cuts them off from the invigorating influence of doctors fresh from the study of new techniques;

that research is discouraged; that improvements in medical science are generally introduced late and reluctantly; that the doctors are hampered in the performance of their chief duty—the healing of the sick—by the necessity of filling out forms and pension claims for the very men they are trying to heal; and that the present method of granting disability allowances to psychoneurotic veterans “consists essentially of paying men to remain ill.”

These are serious charges, not lightly to be raised at a time when the peace of mind of so many servicemen and their families depends on their faith in the medical services that a grateful government will provide for the physically and mentally disabled. Yet it is precisely because that faith must be justified that it is necessary to let light and air into the functionings of the Veterans Administration. A letter recently received by the American Veterans Committee may be in point:

For nearly seven years I have been a physician in the Veterans Administration. . . . Of course we have some physicians here who are capable, progressive, and diligent and who despite the many obstacles give their patients excellent care. . . . By and large the VA is staffed with many lazy, reactionary duds; it is cluttered with paper work which robs too many valuable hours of physicians' and nurses' time from clinical and scientific work; it features a pension business which too often takes precedence over therapeutic considerations; it really hasn't grasped the enormous problems of rehabilitation.

. . . Blame can be spread everywhere, but many of us feel that the veterans' service organizations are largely at fault. In my seven years' service with the VA I have often heard the veterans' organizations clamor for more monetary benefits and I have seen them maneuver for special privilege, but I never saw them exert themselves to raise the VA's standards of medical treatment. How come? They surely have no objections to good treatment of their members.

The service organizations acquire their power from large memberships; they recruit power from large memberships through offers of greater monetary benefits and special privileges. Locally the organizations are constantly appealing cases for higher ratings and trying to force into the hospital their members and prospects. The typical sales talk runs like this: “We've got the finest doctors in the country in the VA. You come with me and I'll get you in there.”

Now what has this to do with the standards of medical treatment in the VA? Mainly this: veterans' organizations have most use for docile physicians and executives. Such men have been rewarded with the leading positions in many but

not all instances. Many good men have resigned in disgust. . . .

General Hines is a man of irreproachable character, distinguished by his honesty, integrity, and administrative efficiency. The red tape which slows the wheels of the VA is an unhappy by-product of the careful checks on graft and dishonesty he instituted when he took over the Administration after the last war from the scandalous and ineffable Colonel Forbes, who went to Leavenworth for his sins. But honesty, business “efficiency,” and saving the taxpayers' money by penny-wise-pound-foolish methods may not be sufficient where the future well-being of a large segment of the American people is concerned.

IV

How well do the men most directly concerned feel that the return of veterans to civilian life is being handled? A majority of those answering the AVC questionnaire thought it was only “fair.” Many thought it was being handled poorly, and only a few could say it was being handled well. One was discouraged easily: “I only got as far as the fat, prosperous, middle-aged lady who said, ‘Oh, I do wish we could help you. Won't you leave your name and address?’” Another was trenchant: “Just like at the county hospital when you go in with a venereal disease.”

The “rehabilitation” machinery is set up to do work on a quantitative, not a qualitative basis; as usual, the things needed are coming later than they might have come with wiser planning. There seems little imaginative understanding of the tremendous task that lies ahead; rather there is a widespread willingness to wait and see how things turn out, then adopt stopgap measures. Without a comprehensive community-government program, more public education, more enlightened personnel in the Veterans Administration, and more emphasis on guidance for the veterans themselves, the situation cannot be materially improved.

Many servicemen and new veterans are sure that a strong new veterans' organization could do much in the way of bringing about these improvements. “Put the vets themselves in charge of their rehabili-

tation," one wrote. "Not World War I vets." (The feeling is widespread that this war's veterans can handle their own problems better than the last war's veterans, who now appear settled in life; the young men, as usual, would rather be left free to make their own mistakes.) They want more attention paid to the individual veteran and his problems; having freshly escaped from the highly institutionalized armed forces, they are not eager to be steered through still further institutional channels. Finally, they want less delay in the whole process.

The shortage of trained vocational and educational advisers, of guidance experts, and especially of psychiatric social workers is acute—and not much is being done about it. Result: too much general advice and not enough individual counseling, which could develop the potentialities of men who have lost their self-confidence and sense of direction. The veteran who knows where he's going doesn't need much help; the veteran who comes home more or less disabled, physically or mentally, the veteran who has been in service so long that he feels out of contact with civilian life—these need help. Too often they are not getting it; or, more likely, they are getting the wrong kind.

THESE things are not going to be settled by the GI Bill of Rights, nor by any other omnibus legislation. As far as the GI Bill goes, the honeymoon is over: "our boys," in whose name Congress congratulated itself after passing the bill, are finding out that it is not the key to their brave new world. Under its provisions the veteran can resume his education, if he can live on \$50 a month; can get the government to guarantee up to \$2,000 of a loan at 4 per cent interest to buy a house or a farm or to go into business, if the lending agency thinks he is a good risk; can get up to \$20 per week unemployment compensation for up to fifty-two weeks, if he's unemployed through no fault of his own within two years after his discharge or after the end of the war, whichever is later. But the bill was oversold as much more than this. It was presented to the world by Congress, by the American Legion (which wrote it), and by many banks (with an eye on the

loan business) in a fanfare of public relations, like a new breakfast food. Consumer reaction has taken a nose dive in proportion as the buildup was gaudy. In actuality, the bill is carelessly worded and, although businesslike, certainly not over-generous in its provisions. The point is that by building false hopes we store up an inevitable reckoning of disillusionment and bitterness that will prove deeply damaging; whereas if we simply presented the facts of legislation and the rehabilitation program, the servicemen would know what to expect and would be correspondingly strengthened by preparedness.

V

THE real needs of the twelve million will be met neither by catchall legislation nor by the present unco-ordinated and disorganized measures taken in the name of rehabilitation. The veteran needs a coherent program which relates national legislation, state legislation, and *community action* together in a co-operative entity. It will take a congressional investigation to determine the true efficacy of the Veterans Administration, to eliminate its weaknesses, and to reinforce its strong points. It will take another congressional committee, a Herculean one, to codify the existing federal laws relating to veterans, which fill an eight-hundred-page book. It will take a greatly expanded public education program to inform American civilians as to what their sons and lovers have been through and what they will need when they come out. The aim of such a program must be *to mobilize the resources of each community* to the end of making the serviceman's transformation from uniform to civilian clothes as quick and painless as possible.

In the final analysis, only community action will do the job. A rehabilitation program, like a legislative program, is no better than the individuals who administer it; and on the community level are to be found the men and women most intimate with the individual veteran, with his wants for a job, for education, for training, and for personal readjustment.

Bridgeport, Connecticut, has come closer to a solution than any town I know of.

Its Community Advisory Service Center is a pleasant house on a hill just above Main Street, which deals not only with veterans but with displaced war workers and occupational migrants—in itself a healthy sign, indicating to the veteran that he is not being fenced off from the rest of society. Seven towns in the Bridgeport area pay all expenses of the Center through the United Community and War Fund; its trained professional staff is headed by Dr. Randall B. Hamrick, a member of the Personnel Training Committee of Connecticut's unique and farsighted Reemployment Commission, which has guided and trained thousands of individuals into useful, skilled jobs.

There are no well-intentioned dogooders in the Center; you have to know the language of the trade when a veteran comes in with a problem, and there are ninety subjects—by actual count—on which you might be asked questions. A receptionist routes the veteran or war worker to an educational consultant, an employment consultant, a regional representative of the Veterans Administration, a representative of Selective Service, a Connecticut Reemployment Commission man, a Veterans Administration doctor, or a Veterans Administration vocational training officer, depending on his needs. If a man must be referred elsewhere—as to the U. S. Employment Service, for instance—he is referred directly to an individual, not simply to the agency; an appointment is made by telephone while he is sitting there; and the case—which is never referred to as “a case”—is followed up to see that the proper adjustment is made.

Much of the actual adjusting is done by the twenty-six committees which co-operate with the Center—committees of bankers, insurance brokers, manufacturers, social work agencies, veterans' organizations, and so on. “We're only a co-ordinator,” Dr. Hamrick says. “We're interested in putting other people to work.” Their work lies in providing the proper jobs, the proper help on financial matters, the follow-through which does most to restore

veterans to a useful and productive place in the community.

The workers at the Center admit that it was a hard job waking Bridgeport up to its responsibility and its opportunity; but they feel, in the words of one of them, that “if we can get the bugs out of the system now, we can help the mass of veterans to get back into civilian life without too much tragedy or too many dislocations.” The best testimonial to their success is that the majority of the men who come to the Center say they've come because a friend, another veteran, told them to: they are treated neither as charity cases nor as convicts out on parole, but as individual and normal human beings.

YOU CAN'T fence the veteran off in one field,” someone at the Center said. “A member of the family laid off his job creates a new problem for the veteran. They're all human beings, and you can't have one half of the community adjusted and the other half not adjusted.”

In essence, this is the true “veterans' problem.” There are many individual veterans' problems, but the one overriding veterans' problem is identical with the overriding national problem: how to create a more democratic and prosperous America in a world organized against war. No peace for the nation means no peace for the veteran who fought to restore peace. Mass unemployment for the nation means mass unemployment for the veteran who fought for the right to work. Intolerance, discrimination against minorities, inflation, farm foreclosures, factories turning over at half-speed in the nation—all these plant at home the seeds of that same fascism which the veteran defeated abroad. The number of servicemen and veterans who know these things would astonish the advertising boys who write of Mom and blueberry pie. Most of them do not seek a government handout, nor retirement in an old soldiers' home. They seek the door back to productive civilian life, in a democracy which fulfills its promises, and in which they can make their own futures.

Dr. Mead, anthropologist, has spent a good part of her life making studies of primitive peoples. Since the war her field trips have been extensive travels in this country, on a government job.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE FAMILY?

MARGARET MEAD



ON EVERY side we hear that the family is in danger. Conferences are held, committees convene, and professional workers meet together to worry and plan for the family. Those who are old enough to remember the last war remember that the same thing happened then; the family was said to be in danger. But those who are too young to remember the last war ask, a little surprised, "Why is the family in danger at present?"

The family, after all, is just a name for the institution under which men marry women and have children, isn't it? And aren't there more families today than there ever have been in the United States before? If one said the church was in danger, wouldn't it be because people had stopped going to church or believing that the church was necessary? We say the school is in danger because there are too few teachers to teach the pupils and too few schoolhouses to shelter them. Is the family in danger because there are too few apartments to shelter the numerous families and especially too few landlords who welcome families with little children? Is the family in danger because there is no place to put it?

IF YOU ask the question that way you get an outburst of either pity or disapproval—somewhat depending upon the

previous family experience of the speaker. The outburst is about camp-following wives, and the miserable one-room places in which they and their babies live as they follow their husbands from camp to camp. You get descriptions of the number of young mothers who have to carry their babies around in their arms because they haven't baby carriages. (If you remind them that the human race has been carried in the human arm and on the human back for a good many thousand years without damage, you get reminded, quite fairly, that those benighted mothers who had never had baby carriages or play pens or high chairs probably knew how to carry a baby, on the *left* arm, instead of filling up their one useful arm with a badly held baby, thus rendering themselves otherwise helpless.) So you are told that there are not only these shortages of housing, but also a shortage of places to keep the baby—out of its parent's arms—and too much moving about. The family these days is moving about a great deal, behavior rather admired when conducted in a covered wagon but disapproved of on moderately well-heated railroads.

Furthermore, you are told, these mothers are so young, mere children, that they have no idea in the world how to care for their babies. You just have to watch them in railroad stations, or listen to them

urging their young up and down escalators, or hear the crisp sharp voice of the young mother telling her bored little girl to "Leave that doll's hat *on*, can't you?" to know that they don't know how to bring up children, have neither the patience nor the knowledge to do it properly. Of course, it's just possible that children were being brought up between wars by young mothers whose voices were unschooled by the example of wise parents or courses in child study—only they didn't travel about and no one heard what they said to their children. Still, you add another count: the family is in danger because people are going into it too young.

How, you ask then, will this danger finally show itself? In more divorces; no one doubts that at all. Look at these war marriages, young people marrying who have known each other only a few weeks, hardly knowing each other when they meet next, probably kissing the wrong girl among the group who have come to meet the train—no good can come of that. And all mixed up too: Catholics marrying Protestants, old-stock Americans marrying "foreigners," Northerners marrying Southerners, just anybody marrying anybody. Of course they can't get along with such different backgrounds or—as is often said—when one has so much less background than the other.

But the marriage of young people who don't know each other at all has been one of the most time-honored methods of preserving the family throughout human civilization. It is far commoner to find societies in which the bride and groom are strangers than societies in which they are friends. Yet the family has survived.

Yes, you are answered, but somebody picked them out—those brides and grooms who were strangers to each other. Somebody saw to it that they were suitable to each other, in religion, class, training. Today no one, no one at all, does any picking. It's just chance—a boy who is lonely and would like to leave behind him someone who, he feels, belongs to him, and a girl who doesn't want to be left a spinster at the end of the war. That's all. Nobody supervises their choices at all and

most of the choices aren't suitable.

Of course, you answer, marriage choices have been systematically unsuitable in America for a long time. Because we do give young people the right to choose their own mates, unadvised, they have used as their criteria of suitability a dance step in common, a line which fits together, a common set of daydreams, rather than the more substantial considerations which can be lumped under the heading of background. We always have had unsuitable marriages, made hastily, with slight acquaintance. Plans for suitable marriages wither under the exchange of family calls and the meetings of mothers-in-law. And we have always had a great many divorces too. Now, as we have more marriages than usual, we may also expect more divorces, numerically. Does that mean the family is in danger?

So one may argue, just to get the facts out in the open. But when a whole society, and especially those who are charged with looking into the future, both the true prophets and the false, get as agitated as they are at present about the family, a serious member of that society can no more ignore their consistently raised voices than a nurse can ignore a sharp rise in temperature in a child under her care. These conferences and consultations, these comings and goings of the custodians and prophets of our unstable social order, *are* like a fever—a sign that there is trouble, a sign that the protective forces of society are rallying to fight that trouble. True, the excitement, like the fever, may seem more deadly than the disease. There may be those who feel that if people would stop worrying so about the family the young people might be better off. Quoting the expected divorce statistics to those whose marriages are reeling beneath the impact of war is hardly a very steady process. Still it is not safe to ignore fevers, physical or social. The furor today—over juvenile delinquency, over the family, over the need for more mental hygiene to help the disturbed and the distressed veterans and civilians deal with their mounting problems of adjustment—is a real response to a real danger. But perhaps the danger has not been correctly diagnosed.

Is the family in danger, that institution within which all the children of man have been nurtured to full individuality and maturity? The family has survived polygamy and polyandry, it has survived social codes under which a husband never saw his wife except at breakfast, in which wives were all years younger than the husbands who reared them, or years older than the husbands whom they reared. The family itself is a very tough institution and has survived a long time. Is it possible that the question isn't phrased right, that those who talk about the family are being a little inhuman, worrying about an institution as if human beings were made for institutions and not institutions for them? Isn't it possible that the family is all right, undergoing some changes in form, perhaps, adapting its code to wartime and migration and cramped quarters, but still a very flourishing institution, more valued, more yearned for, more patronized than usual?

II

BUT what about the people who live in families, who were reared to expect one kind of condition within which to work out their relationships to each other and are now faced with another? Is it not young husbands and wives, and husbands and wives not so young, and their children, who are the real casualties, whose lives are likely to be bruised and broken by their failure to cope with conditions for which nothing in their culture had prepared them? While the family changes but survives, adjusted to a world of trailer camps and pre-embarkation leaves, those who live in families may find the going very hard. The serious consequences will be not a body blow to our morals and mores (which will undoubtedly stagger and recover, for society is resilient) but an enormous number of wrecked human lives.

For while the family can take an infinite number of forms, people in a given country at a given period, coming from a given stratum of their society, are usually prepared to live in only one form. In those societies where bride and groom are to meet as strangers, there are elaborate ceremonies which make that type of mar-

riage bearable and stable. Young people in the United States, except in groups which retain their Old World customs, are brought up to expect to choose their own mates from within a very wide range of eligibility. They are cautioned against certain types of cross-religious marriages, and they are armored, without their knowledge, with a large number of delicate choice-making devices—sensitivity to clothing, to manners, to posture, to styles of funmaking and dating—which permit them, even in the incredibly wide group from which they nominally choose their mates, to make a workable choice. (The word *workable* is more appropriate than the terms from a previous age, such as *suitable*, or *fitting*, with their emphasis upon the parents' past rather than the bridal pair's future. A workable marriage means one in which the two partners have a chance, in American terms, to work out a relationship to each other which is satisfying enough to resist the temptation to change it for another one.) In a country where divorce is increasingly regarded as more reasonable than an unhappy marriage, the demands on the amount of satisfaction which a marriage gives of course go up correspondingly. If there is no divorce, the choice lies between the marriage one has and no marriage—a very different sort of choice. But for the bulk of young Americans the demands have been personal and high; and these demands, expressed as they are in film and radio and fiction, undoubtedly affect those whose faith gives them no such freedom to liquidate their mistakes (such as the Catholic Americans) as well as the others. Their common American culture teaches them all to make high personal demands on marriage.

When it is not wartime and life is lived according to childhood expectations—so that children unconsciously assume their roles, following in the footsteps of parents and older brothers and sisters—a marriage based on personal choice is given a great deal of help by the community, by family, friends, business associates. However unsuitable the match, the bride and groom usually have friends in common who know about their marriage and treat them as if they were married for good, expect them

to share a common residence, go out together, eat together, keep their clothes in the same place. Large, unwieldy wedding presents, investments in a house or overstuffed furniture, an insurance policy—all are present to give an air of permanence to the venture. If the young people are not to be labeled as too featherheaded even for their most youthful associates, they have to give it a try.

This means in practice that the growing pains of the new marriage are not allowed to disrupt it. The young husband may fling out of the house in anger in the morning, but he comes home at night because that, after all, is where his clothes are, where he sleeps. People would be surprised if he slept somewhere else; they would talk. Quarrels begun over the badly made coffee in the morning can be composed in the quietness of the night, over and over again. The common life can be renewed within the firm expectancy of other people that because two people are married they will spend most of their free time together under one roof. The often oddly matched pair get used to each other. Although originally they may have had nothing more in common than a dance step or two, they come to share a common life, made nostalgic by the times when eating an uncertainly cooked dish has preceded an evening of great tenderness.

Within this circle of habituation, children are born, and the young parents, following the course of their own parents, come to feel that they and the children belong together. Thus the majority of marriages succeed, at least in discharging their chief functions, providing affectionate companionship for people in pairs, and affording the only way we know to bring children up to be mature, responsible human beings.

THE most serious thing that happens in wartime is that all this social support, this gentle, continuous, unremitting social pressure which keeps the two under one roof long enough for them to get used to each other, is withdrawn.

Honeymoons are begun and ended under the eye of strangers who probably suspect the newlyweds of not being married at all—an attitude which is very damp-

ening to the formation of a new family. As the bride says farewell to her soldier husband, people mutter about the morals of soldiers if her kiss is long and fervent. She returns alone, to a world whose only recognition that she is married will be a negative one—disapproval if she has any fun. He goes back to camp to be kidded. There is no continuing common roof, no small bedroom in which their clothes hang side by side, no cheery “Why weren’t you two at the movies last night?” no “Sorry you can’t come, Bill. Too bad Mabel’s sick”—with its firm expectation that the young husband wants to stay at home with his sick wife. Even when the young soldier’s wife follows her husband, the uncertain and precarious conditions of camp-following provide only a slight frame for a developing marriage.

Then the babies are born with the fathers far away. Our literature is replete with tales of the young father walking the floor of the hospital waiting room, and taking the birth harder than his wife. But of such stuff fatherhood is built, and motherhood also, in our society. You can’t withdraw this familiar scene, nor the much-heralded moment when the nurse announces the sex of the child, without taking something away from parenthood upon which both of the young new parents have been taught to depend. Desperately, the young carriers of our culture are struggling to evolve new patterns, as overseas fathers plead for infants of the right age and sex to hold in their arms. For the young father who has seen all of his buddies become fathers by V-mail, gradually this new long-distance form of parenthood may come to make sense; but it will not make the sense that following a pattern known from childhood would have made.

Then when he comes home there is the matter of getting acquainted with the baby. As getting acquainted with one’s own child seems like such a bitter denial of all the usual values, neither father nor mother has any patterns for handling it. Both are nervous; and the baby, responsive to its mother’s moods and the strange man’s unpracticed clumsiness, screams. Years of comic strips have prepared the young father who stands in a hospital

waiting room for his dismay when he sees a small and very uninviting red bundle in the nurse's arms. There hasn't been time for enough comic strips to prepare him for the circumstance that his year-old child may reject him at first. Often, before he has time to overcome the rejection, the furlough is over. And he finds that the father's role, on which he counted to keep his heart from wandering, isn't what it was cracked up to be.

Meanwhile the mother, who had lived a life of real relationship to her baby and of dream relationship to its father, has had to fit the two together and has found it difficult. Great numbers of young mothers withdraw from their husbands from time to time into a delighted communion with their babies. But in peacetime they are not permitted to stay withdrawn. There is dinner to be cooked, friends to be entertained; life, which includes the girl's husband, goes on. In wartime, when there is no continuous common life, when the husband's rivalry with the baby is compressed into a few dramatic days instead of being a familiar accompaniment of each early morning awakening, the whole situation is sharpened and dramatized. Tears and scenes are commoner than resigned griping and low-keyed reconciliations.

All this applies to the new marriage, to the marriage of the man in the service to a civilian girl. While much of it—without the baby—is true of a marriage where both bride and groom are in the services, here the complete newness of the situation, the fact that nobody is wearing the old peacetime clothes or has that old peacetime look which is so persistently perpetuated by the advertisements, is a great help. Because neither expects anything to be like anything which they grew up to expect, the strangest marriage of our time, that between a man and a woman soldier who will be sent to different theaters of war, has perhaps a better chance of success. They know that they face new problems. No illusions blind their eyes to the fact that the old patterns cannot be relied upon, to the need of making new ones on the spot, even if this clear-eyed vision is sometimes fustily obscured by rotating wedding dresses.

III

BUT the students of juvenile delinquency will be quick to insist that it is not only the new families which are suffering, but the marriages of those with half-grown or fully grown children. Families in which fathers after many years of successful fatherhood have gone off overseas or to distant wartime jobs; families in which mothers as well as fathers are working. Women whose husbands were not subject to draft but who insisted upon going anyway, men who are perfectly able to support their wives as they always have done and yet see their wives go to work, develop bitter resentments. Men far from home find they aren't so lonely after all. Women with high weekly wages in their pockets find their husband's judgment less compelling.

It is not only that with new freedom, with unusual hours and opportunities, with long absences, both men and women find new sex partners. I am inclined to think that these temporary alliances, based on loneliness and war strain, are not the worst threat to the older relationship, but often a reaffirmation of its importance. The danger, in more mature marriages, lies not so much when the partners find a temporary new companion as when they find that the whole marriage scheme was restricting and unrewarding, and develop a preference for reading late in bed, alone. For just as in new, beginning marriages, young people are brought up to depend upon social pressures to give the marriage a chance, so for all the years that come after, American married couples, American parents, and American children have depended upon a social routine to keep them together.

It was the same sort of routine that gave the new, fumbling young lovers a chance to make their choice a permanent one—common residence, common meals, an expectation that they would spend many hours together, no place to go but home. Young people often found it boring, and some of my undergraduate students once insisted that the function of a room for each member of the family was to compensate for having to eat with the family. But the family dining room was still the

place where you were sure of a meal, sure that you would be expected if not exuberantly welcomed; the place where you had a universally respected right to be. Husbands and wives got so used to sleeping in the same room that they were sleepless and restless apart from each other. This dependence, based on old affectionate habit, formed the basis of marriage. Husbands turned over their pay checks (or most of the money), children came home from school, wives swept and cooked and washed the window curtains, not because they especially liked these particular activities, but because it didn't occur to them—or to anyone—that there were any alternatives.

SOMETIMES commentators on the family talk about the disappearance of religious sanctions behind family life, as if bread were baked and lagging footsteps directed home from school, insurance premiums paid, and picnics taken in the family car, in imminent fear of the punishments of the Lord if any of these family rites were omitted. True, religious sanctions were more frequently invoked in the past against those who might have repudiated their marriages, and by those who half wished to repudiate them. But no family life, with its demands for a myriad small unremembered acts of kindness and love, would hold together if threats of eternal punishment or promises of eternal reward had to be introduced every washday. Family life worked because that was the way family life was lived by people who had been reared to expect it would work that way.

It isn't that common meals or a common roof or twenty years without ever being a night apart are necessary conditions of family life. Regular Army and Navy wives, who tend to be chosen from Army and Navy daughters, expect long absences on the part of their husbands and become adjusted to them. The marriages of sailors and salesmen, missionaries, members of the American foreign service, construction gang men, actors—all have their special patterns within which human beings have found satisfying relationships and children have been reared—oftener than not to prefer the occupation of their seldom-seen

parents. But the average American marriage had its pattern too—a wife who stayed home and put up with a lot (especially in the lower income groups), a husband who came home and put up with a lot, and children who expected to find Mother, jam, and admonitions when they came home from school.

From many millions of such families the war has torn away the protecting walls within which they lived. Most of the overt reasons which will be cited for divorce and delinquency and broken homes were there, to be sure: lack of background, unwise choice of mate, lack of preparation for parenthood, inexperience in adapting sex responses to a continuing human relationship, lack of experience in communicating emotions or articulating attitudes, lack of knowledge of homemaking on the part of both men and women, a restless desire for social mobility—all these were there. And schoolchildren preferred their age mates, were impatient with the parents who took no pains to understand them, were restive under home standards too unyielding and particular to stand the test of the way other people's families lived. But as long as the familiar peacetime conditions held, mother stayed at home and kept the house in reasonable order, and if her heart ached she was likely to blame it on her feet. Father sometimes felt he hadn't had all the breaks he might have had in life, but he came home night after night as fast as his car would carry him. The children growled and ate the jam and dreamed of the days when they would be old enough to have jobs and door keys and cars of their own. And the family, American style, 1940, held together.

IV

SO THE family, American style, 1945, lacks the old familiar props and properties upon which we have all been depending. Those who live within it are suddenly faced with no design for living—just as all of those human beings who have lived at any time of abrupt and violent change in the world's ways have been so faced. But there is one difference.

In the past, too, prophets blasted the ways of the wicked, and the indices of a

broken social order were the number of broken hearts and wrecked lives. But it did not occur to anyone that there was anything to do about it except preach, fulminate, and lament. Today, we know that the family, however sacred or secular we may personally feel it to be, changes its form, as house forms, methods of employment, methods of making war change through the centuries. We know that each generation is reared to depend upon a certain design of family life, and that if that design fails it, it flounders.

And we know one thing more: that although man cannot by taking thought add one cubit to his stature, he can, by taking thought, add a great deal of sense to his culture. Especially can he do this if the symbol-makers, the writers, the artists, the radio broadcasters, and the film-makers are enlisted in the task. If we ask the right question, the answer should be within human reach. And the question is, how are young people—and older people—who have been reared to depend on one kind of family life going to maintain their human relationships without the forms it provided?

JUST for example: The soldier who has been married and away for two years now acts as he learned, in his childhood and youth, that young men act who have been married for two years—and so does his wife. He doesn't court her any more. Nor does she bother about how her hair looks at home. Such gestures weren't necessary when two years of common living had bound them firmly together. But he has not been married—in the old sense—for two years. He has been mar-

ried—in the old sense—perhaps two weeks, with an additional (and dangerous) period of mutual idealization thrown in—idealization which would never have survived badly fried eggs or inexperienced shaving. If he can learn, from the stories he reads, from the comic strips he pores over, that his wife of two years is more like a girl who has just said "Yes!" but hasn't yet his ring on her finger—and also that she is a different girl by now from the girl who accepted him—he'll have a partial pattern ready-made for himself. Instead of presuming on two years that never were, he can start over, expect to woo her again, and expect her to act as if she were just as anxious to keep his affection.

Older couples separated for months or years, and homes disrupted by the mother's working, will also need new patterns, to help the husband understand why his word doesn't seem quite so much like law, why his wife doesn't slip back into washing the window curtains regularly and like it. They will be more likely to be able to work out these patterns if they realize the nature of the adjustment that they face; and they will be more likely to realize it if the symbol-makers help them—if novels and movies, radio broadcasts, magazine stories and comic strips illuminate it, for them and for all of us.

In short, the ideal of the family still remains; in many of those who have lived weary years alone it is stronger than ever; but it will take a concerted effort, for those who must live in it and those who live by writing about it, to restyle it so that it is livable for these human beings who are caught between one family form and another.

*(This is the second of two articles based
on several weeks of fact-collecting along
the Coast by Mr. Grattan, economist
and contributing editor of Harper's.)*

THE FUTURE OF THE PACIFIC COAST

II. The Empire of the Northwest

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN



THE Pacific Northwest includes whole "empires." There is an "Inland Empire" centering on Spokane and another "empire" centering on Coos Bay in southwestern Oregon. But somehow most of the people live in and around Portland and Seattle, not in either empire. The war has increased the concentration in the two coastal urbanized areas. Consequently most Americans automatically think of the Northwest as a region of mild climate and heavy rainfall. But although this applies well enough to the coastal strip, it does not apply at all to the vast region east of the Cascade Mountains, which is dryland country. A rough definition of the Northwest is the basin of the Columbia River and its tributaries. This basin runs east and west for 1,000 miles and north and south for 500 miles, including all of Oregon and Washington, almost all of Idaho, the western portion of Montana, and even small portions of Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada. So even if fragments of the region are empires only in the imaginations of promoters, the region *as a whole* does shape up into something like an empire, and a pretty impressive one.

Out of it pour about $\frac{1}{2}$ of the nation's lumber, $\frac{1}{5}$ of its wheat, $\frac{1}{3}$ of its apples, $\frac{1}{4}$ of its wool, $\frac{1}{8}$ of its salmon pack, $\frac{1}{6}$ of its lead, $\frac{1}{4}$ of its silver, considerable quantities of ferro-alloy metals, and some

coal, phosphate, magnesite, and so on. It is a vast reservoir of foodstuffs and raw materials.

The leaders of the Northwest are not satisfied to have it merely retain that status in the postwar period. They hope, to be sure, to be able to expand production in most traditional lines, but like the rest of the Coast, the Northwest wants also to industrialize. Wherever feasible, it wants to concentrate on building factory industries. The chief foundation for these, the Northwest believes, will be the cheap electricity made available at the dams on the Columbia at Bonneville and Grand Coulee.

During the war this electricity has been chiefly used for the production of aluminum, and so the Northwest is tremendously concerned about the light metals economy which is allegedly just around the corner. But while the wartime development of the aluminum industry has been spectacular enough to shift its center of gravity from the East and Southeast to the Northwest, actually the principal bases for the vastly expanded *job opportunities* during the war have been not aluminum but shipbuilding and airplane-building. This has, in effect, created a situation comparable to that in California: *the most important wartime industries, from the standpoint of workers employed, will give up workers*

in thousands when the war ends, and no peacetime industry able to absorb them is at hand. Nevertheless there is a strong desire to retain the newcomers in the Northwest and to utilize their skills industrially. How can this be done? Does aluminum promise to provide the way out?

ANY visitor looking for answers to these questions will find, first of all, that Portland and Seattle look toward the future quite differently.

Portland is the least spectacular city on the Pacific Coast. With charming humor a well-informed citizen explained to me why it was a "point of rest," flanked on the south by Los Angeles and San Francisco and on the north by Seattle. It has never really boomed. Its growth has been steady, at about the same rate as the Pacific Coast average. The Klondike gold rush of 1898 brought quick growth to Seattle and excitement aplenty to San Francisco, but the bar at the mouth of the Columbia kept Portland in the background. The great transcontinental railroads terminate at Puget Sound, not at the mouth of the Columbia. The shipping companies like to have their home offices at Seattle and San Francisco, not Portland. Even today the Portlanders feel that they came off second best in the distribution of war contracts along the Coast.

To be sure, the city's population has increased sharply; Portland is overcrowded and a brand-new city, Vanport, has appeared just across the river; but Portlanders have a definite "here today, gone tomorrow" feeling about the newcomers. It would perhaps be nice to keep them all, and especially the highly skilled workers, but there is no very convincing optimism that this can readily be done. Moreover, there are plenty of Portlanders who are not too keen about the new people and will not weep if they all go away. When the great postwar upheaval comes, perhaps Portland will find that as usual it has retained population at the average rate of the Coast as a whole. That will be quite all right with the Portlanders. A higher rate might be an embarrassment.

That new industries will locate in Portland—or in Vanport, the boom town across the river—is as certain as such

things can be. Earl Riley, mayor of Vanport, wants to transform his town into an industrial area after the war, eliminating its jerry-built residences, since in his view it is ideally suited for industry but "distinctly not suitable for permanent housing"—a rare example of good sound sense. Portland hired the redoubtable Robert Moses of New York to lay out a plan for a postwar Portland which looks promising. That Portland nevertheless fails to ride the hobby horse of optimism is an indication of the ingrained conservative temper of its people and the polite skepticism about booms which that conservatism induces. Portland expects to do all right, but it doesn't expect to be precipitated into vastness by the war. It isn't even sure that it would enjoy the experience if it came along.

SEATTLE, the metropolis of Puget Sound, most decidedly would. By history and cultivation it is a gaudy town. It can think of no better fate than more of the same. There is nothing temperate about Seattle. In its ninety-odd years of history it has entertained some mighty spectacular characters and has been a center where ideas of all colors of the rainbow have taken root. Here the Paul Bunyans of the woods found their violent pleasures in gullet-burning liquor, loud and lusty women, and bawdy song. Here was the jumping-off place for the Klondike. Here the I.W.W. flourished as nowhere else in the United States. Here in 1919 occurred the only general strike in United States history. Seattle is the home today of Labor Czar Dave Beck, pattern of the labor czars we support with such insouciance. Howard Costigan, the ex-barber who has rung the changes on radicalism down the years, is still at it, sizzling the air waves now with fierce growls against the "Eastern exploiters" who have, it seems, mucked up what is otherwise a paradise. Mr. Costigan now follows the populist line.

Seattle knows and loves booms. It enjoys its war boom in spite of any discomforts this entails. It is feverishly planning to ride the upswing as far into the postwar period as it can contrive. In Seattle there is the same kind of optimism

you find in San Francisco. There is a plan for expanding the industrial area in a long thin strip right through the city, served by both rail and water transport and all the other necessary services. In this area it is hoped to place a miscellany of industries with emphasis perhaps falling on those based on the resources of the state of Washington: wood products (e.g., alcohols, plastics, carbons, chemicals), for example, and electrochemicals and electrometallurgical products. Seattle will exploit to the full the region's cheap electricity. It expects to produce not only for the domestic market but also for foreign trade, thus paralleling San Francisco's ambition.

Seattle thinks a lot about Alaska, too. Alaskan papers can be bought on its newsstands. If Alaska really is developed more fully after the war, Seattle will surely cash in on the changes. Indeed, Alaska is looked upon as a part of Seattle's natural hinterland and market. By sea and air Seattle is to be tied intimately into the "new Pacific empire." The Chamber of Commerce publishes an elaborate map showing how easy it could be to fly or sail from Seattle to every part of the Pacific basin from Fairbanks and Yakutsk to Auckland and Sydney.

In short, Seattle is running a temperature about its postwar prospects; the ambition is vaulting, the talk excited, the mood febrile. It is a simply wonderful vision. If it is realized, what a stupendous blowout the city can have in 1951 on its one hundredth anniversary!

THE excitement of Seattle, much of it synthetic, is somewhat tempered by a trip through some of the small towns of the Northwest Empire. In quick succession I visited ten or a dozen of them. Coos Bay in southwestern Oregon is the best port between San Francisco and Portland. Ninety years ago William V. Wells visited the bay and reported his findings in a most interesting article in *Harper's* for October, 1856. Wells was deeply impressed by the potentialities of the area, particularly by the vast supply of sub-bituminous coal. The potentialities—save a good deal of timber which has been cut and sent away—are still there, in-

cluding about 99 per cent of the coal. But Coos Bay today, no longer a frontier, is a backwater, producing lumber, lumber products, and fish; and its forlorn hopes are somehow symbolized by the tall shell of a much-needed hotel, projected in optimism and very realistically left unfinished. I visited some of the places Wells mentioned and found them surprisingly little changed after nine decades of "progress." Coos Bay deserves a better fate and perhaps some day may have one.

Its near neighbor Coquille is just a pleasant small town, its livelihood supplied by surrounding farms and some lumbering, its only industry a modern plywood factory. I suspect it is duplicated many times in the coastal area of the region. But Medford has a national reputation as the source of fine fruit, especially comice pears. It is a thriving little town which allegedly does more business by parcel post than any other town save Chicago. Over the mountains is Klamath Falls, a rough-and-ready town which illustrates to perfection the American capacity for achieving dilapidation without achieving antiquity. Klamath lives on lumber, lumber products, and potatoes. Lakeview, five thousand feet up in the mountains east of Klamath, lives on lumber alone—that and frontier memories kept alive by its egregious hotel, an annual cowboy festival, and elk hunting.

The industrial revolution which is under way in Portland has, I suppose, made itself felt to some degree in these towns and their fellows on the periphery of the regional economy. But I suspect that they really have little to look forward to but more secure markets for foodstuffs and raw materials (while the latter last), with a little processing (like plywood manufacturing) thrown in to help the employment situation. Otherwise they will have to depend on such prosperity as overflows from the cities.

BACK to Portland and up the north bank of the Columbia River, with a weather eye out for the ghosts of Lewis and Clark, we come to Pasco, Washington, near the junction of the Columbia, the Snake, and the Yakima rivers. Pasco is at the southeastern corner of a vast block of country in

the great bend of the Columbia, which will one day be irrigated from Grand Coulee. This is dry country indeed, with only six to ten inches of annual rainfall. Without irrigation there is little that can be done with the land. But Pasco's mind is not today on irrigation particularly. It is on the mysterious activities at Richland, about a dozen miles away, formerly a tiny village of two hundred persons, today a modern town of ten thousand. Here the federal government is engaged in a vast production project the nature of which is a deep, dark, and extraordinarily well-kept secret. The bits and pieces of information about it do not assemble into any meaningful whole. What is, or is about to be, produced? No one knows. It is even rumored that no one is allowed to understand anything about it beyond the fragment which is his job.

A little to the west of Pasco on the Yakima is Prosser, living proof that irrigation does not automatically lead to prosperity. Prosser is distinguished today by its open expression of violent race prejudice against the Negro construction workers from Richland, and by an overflowing jail, peopled also by Richlanders. But Prosser expects to do better when the new Roza and Kennewick divisions of the Yakima irrigation system are opened up, if they are managed more sensibly than the old.

Away now by bus to Pendleton in Oregon, set in the midst of dryland wheat country, with some remnants of cowboy times kept alive by its annual roundup and by Hamley & Company, Cowboy Outfitters and Saddlemakers; Pendleton is most memorable to me for the inscrutable countenances of the Indians seen on the streets and in the shops. The town is advertising for industries in the *New York Times*.

On to Milton-Freewater, twin Oregon towns, where peas are canned and frozen in vast quantities after production on highly mechanized farms. On again, by train this time, to Moscow in Idaho, seat of the state university, a neat little town with numerous elevators for handling dried peas, both for seed and for human consumption. South by bus over a road which twists and turns along the tops of

treeless hills to Lewiston in Idaho, at the head of navigation on the Snake River, with Clarkston in Washington just across the river. Dryland wheat farming, grazing, fruit growing, turkey growing, sawmilling provide the economic base for these towns.

Insensibly on this trip we have moved beyond the orbits of the coastal cities of Portland and Seattle. We have moved into the eastern part of the Northwest, mostly low-rainfall country; it focuses on Spokane, the least-known city of the Northwest, now experiencing a war boom on the basis of aluminum, magnesium, lead, zinc, lumber, wheat, processed foods, and Army and Navy training stations. Spokane is the capital of the Inland Empire, where irrigation and electric power are expected to work large miracles for farm and factory.

The net impression of this hurry-scurry through the small towns, after visits to the coastal cities, is that the Northwest is a complex of highly varied environments the potentialities of which are extremely hard for a casual visitor to measure. It would be very easy to write a tepid report on this country. It is neither pretty nor comfortable in winter. I would have turned up my nose at the land east of the mountains had I not traversed comparable dryland country in other parts of the world, and known that such country may have an economic value not at all apparent to the untrained eye. Here in the Northwest, the keys to unlock the mysteries are the rivers.

The Northwest should bless the gods for those rivers. Without them it would be merely a narrow bit of rich coastal shelf west of the mountains, plus such valleys as the Willamette in Oregon. With the rivers flowing from the high mountains into the vast areas which cry out for water, man's ingenuity can do wonders. The only question is: will markets appear to absorb what his ingenuity can produce?

II

LET us look now at the basic industries on which the Northwest has depended in the past. Inevitably we begin with lumber.

The first thing to note is that a rapid depletion of the forests was under way before the war. This is serious business, for the forest industries are of basic importance to the economy of the region. In 1936 the National Resources Committee reported that the region contained "55 per cent of the entire virgin timber within the national boundaries," and continued: "It is thus the basic supply for the nation of this great raw material. Its importance to the rest of the region is indicated by the fact that it supports over 25 per cent of the population within the region, and that it employs in the states of Oregon and Washington 59 per cent of all the workers who are engaged in industrial activity." The war has decidedly accentuated the dangers of the situation. The demands for lumber have been insatiable—and imperious. Within the limits of the capacity of the industry and its workers, all demands have just had to be met. No time has been left to think of the future. But the result has been further to menace the future of the forest industries.

The *Oregon Journal* of Portland recently pointed out that "like the buffalo, like the passenger pigeon, the 'limitless' forests of the Northwest, expendable in war, are exhaustible under demand, and a resource rating first in payrolls and value of production is threatened." At present timber is being cut twice as fast as the forest grows. Simple arithmetic shows where that will lead. The reserves today are chiefly concentrated in the hands of the government. Private holdings are rapidly being cut out. Washington has yielded leadership in production to Oregon, and the best Oregon stands have contracted to a relatively small area in the southwestern part of the state. The whole industry faces a period of disorder. As the timber supplies decline, areas hitherto known for high production are left with too many sawmills and timber processing factories. Sawmills formerly drawing on their own timberlands are forced into the so-called open market for logs. This is simply an expedient to keep going, not a solution of the basic problem, for the open market is also, quite naturally, disappearing.

The end result is the rapid extension of cutover areas and the appearance of derelict mills which represent a heavy capital loss. It is freely stated that only if concerted steps are taken to deal with the situation can the Northwest avoid going the way of the Lake states as a source of timber. The whole story underscores the point that one of the heavy costs of war is the acceleration of the rate at which basic resources are used up.

The logical step to take is to work out a comprehensive scheme for a "sustained yield" program of forest management. The Northwest has not quite arrived at the stage where the timber people need simply fold up their tents. But the industry will have to move fast and redesign its operations if it is to retain its important place in the years to come. The situation clearly illustrates the vast importance to the nation's future of intelligent management of resources. While there are probably scatterbrained devotees of "timber mining" who still think they should be allowed to cut out and get out, it is my impression that a well-organized plan to meet the imminent predicament of the Northwest would bring overwhelming support to the sustained yield program.

I do not think, however, that this is a matter which should be handed over to the government alone. Government stands of virgin timber and government-reforested areas should, of course, be strictly run on that plan. I have seen government-managed forests elsewhere in the world which struck me as models of resource management. But since this country will have a strong bias against the socialization of resources during the critical years just ahead, it is vitally necessary to solve the problems of a sustained yield program *on private lands*.

This will not be easy. The economics of the timber industry has traditionally been based on utilizing a resource that has been brought to the stage of exploitation by nature unassisted. A sustained yield program, based either on natural stands or on man-guided reforested areas, creates problems not only of a technical character but in the use of capital. Capital invested in the growing of timber remains

unproductive over a period of years. Moreover, the areas in which the investment is made are subject to terrible hazards, especially from fire and insects. I heard a timberman say that he had stood on a hillside and watched a half-million-dollar private investment in reforestation burn up in a few hours. The loss was total. I learned that in the Oregon pine forests the annual loss caused by beetles exceeds the annual growth. (In the decade 1931-1940, the annual growth was 665 million board feet, while the beetles killed 728 million board feet.) The government, of course, can provide fire protection and support entomologists to fight the beetle, but private enterprisers need in addition some kind of insurance against such menaces.

What kind I do not clearly know. The problem is easier to state than to solve. It is difficult to encourage private owners to assume the heavy burdens of a sustained yield program, especially in areas being reforested (as must increasingly be the case), when the capital investment is under constant menace. You may say that they met these losses when they owned virgin forests. So they did, especially when they held vast tracts in reserve. But that was in the era of gambling with resources. Today the emphasis must fall on conservation and intelligent management. If the forests are to be handled successfully as permanent resources, some way must be found to protect the capital invested from hazards which are of the nature of unforeseeable disasters. Some kind of disaster insurance must be devised.

With the forests on a sustained yield basis, the Northwest will remain the nation's great source of timber and timber products for decades to come. The post-war prospect is that the Northwest will try hard to export less raw lumber and try to process more of the product, finishing it for use before it leaves the region. "The average lumber product salable after the war in competition with other materials will require more labor time, better seasoning, more refinement, more careful grading, and more fabrication." This means more workers in the industry, especially in the factories in the towns. Plywood

appears to have a great future, both the mass-produced kind and the custom-produced varieties. Moreover, the chemistry of wood is due to take great strides.

But here as elsewhere, it is easy to run ahead of actual prospects in thinking about the postwar period. For example, alcohol from wood waste is a wartime development, but it will probably be knocked out after the war by alcohols produced more cheaply from other raw materials. On the other hand, if a use can be discovered for lignin, a residue in making alcohol from wood, then the balance may swing back again. But in any case, chemistry is pretty certain to set the stage for a fuller utilization of the logs actually brought from the forests. There will be far less systematic destruction of waste in those huge beehivelike "burners" which one sees today at every sawmill. Within the next two decades they will be looked upon as monuments to the follies of the past. The very sawdust may well produce wealth in the future. The timber industry is on the edge of the by-product era. But none of this can come to pass on any important scale if the trees are not jealously conserved by policy.

III

WHAT about farming?

Agricultural experts fear that if jobs run short in the cities and towns there will be a rush to the land. Already there is disturbing evidence that the urban workers are buying up small acreages as hedges against hard times. But experience during the Great Depression shows that this is definitely something to be discouraged. The plots are usually priced too high, and are rarely big enough to offer any substantial support for a family even if they are fully developed. Rarely are they developed as long as urban employment holds up. When it fails, it is too late. Moreover, the people who buy these lots ordinarily pay little attention to the quality of the soil, which is often hopelessly unsuitable for intensive cultivation. Again, only in exceptional instances do they build suitable dwellings; too often they run up mere shacks. Hence the net result will be rural slums.

In the established farming areas, there are two basic problems. Can land holdings be consolidated into acreages which will provide an adequate basis for a living? And what crops is it wisest to grow? The fragmentation of holdings went a considerable distance in the past, and consolidation had begun before the war. Similarly, there had been a good deal of switching from one crop to another; and those who had been growing apples found it very costly to root out unprofitable orchards. These changes must continue after the war. A good deal of the farm plant will "go through the wringer." This is true even in irrigation areas where misguided planning assigned farmers too small acreages on which to make a living. The poverty of Prosser on the Yakima is in large part attributable to this error.

As the reorganization of the older farm plant goes on, the opening up of new areas of irrigated land will go forward. It is stated that the Columbia basin project of 1,200,000 acres will be developed at an average annual rate of 50,000 acres—or roughly over a quarter-century. Lesser projects will also come into use during that period, and the water supply of older projects will be improved. In the Columbia project, the emphasis will fall on dairying and livestock. But "in the long run," writes an expert, "any new farm units that can be created through irrigation, clearing, drainage, or other means may not exceed in number old farm units that will be abandoned or combined because they no longer supply adequate family incomes." It must also be kept in mind that "it is generally accepted that agricultural production can be increased considerably without a proportionate increase in the farm population."

Thus a reasonable conclusion is that while agriculture in the Northwest may well support as many people after the war as before, it will not support many more numerically and, if urbanization continues, it will undoubtedly support *proportionately* less. This, incidentally, has been the trend in the nation as a whole. I should say that the employment prospects in agriculture are better in the processing industries—canning and especially quick-freezing—than on the land itself.

IV

AND so we turn back to factory industry. The Bonneville power people have constructed an index of industrial development "in which 100 means that the industry has the same relative employment in the Northwest as in the entire country." On the basis of this index the following were the factory industries which in 1939 had index numbers above 200—in other words, the industries which employed a much larger proportion of the population in the Northwest than they did elsewhere in the United States:

Plywood mills.....	1,056
Sawmills, veneer mills, etc.....	843
Quick-frozen foods.....	710
Pulp mills.....	597
Beet sugar.....	527
Canned fish.....	300
Creamery butter.....	291
Canned and dried fruits and vegetables...	279
Planing mills.....	253
Flour and grain mills.....	247
Wood preserving.....	247
Cured fish.....	243
Woodworking machinery.....	242

There were also several other industries, closely related to the above, with indexes well above 100, but these were by far the most important.

Take another look at that list and you will see that nearly all these industries involve the processing of foodstuffs and raw materials before exportation. The pattern is obvious. All over the world, when a "primary producing" economy—that is, one which lives by exporting food and raw materials—begins to industrialize, a first step is to process these things before shipping them out. In 1939 the Northwest definitely fitted into the primary production category. There were in existence, of course, industries less closely tied to this type of economy, but their indexes were uniformly below 100, often far below—meaning that they were much less developed than elsewhere in the United States. Rubber products had an index of 2, men's and boys' suits 8, cereal preparations 7, footwear 2, and so on.

What steel processing took place in 1939 bore an obvious relation to the needs of the local primary industries—witness wood-

working machinery with an index of 242. A little steel was made from scrap at Seattle, but requirements were largely imported. The list of "industries not present and possibly deserving consideration for feasibility" was long. It is on this foundation that the wartime boom has been built. The concentration is on shipbuilding and airplane-building. But in both industries there is a heavy dependence upon materials brought to the yards and factories from outside the region. The shipbuilding industry, for example, gets its plates from the Geneva steel works in Utah, or the Fontana works in southern California. While planners like Benjamin H. Kiser have much to say about a steel industry on Puget Sound, based on United States and Canadian resources, I heard nothing of it in Seattle. The Pacific Coast steel question today circles around Geneva and Fontana and it is most talked about in San Francisco.

But aluminum is another story. The aluminum industry is already very active in the Northwest, and much turns upon its postwar future.

IN THEIR admirable study, *Aluminum: An Industrial Marketing Appraisal*, on which the following remarks are based, Messrs. Engle, Gregory, and Mossé remark, "What iron and coal are to steel, bauxite and electricity are to aluminum." No bauxite is found in the Northwest. Indeed, the continental United States as a whole is poor in bauxite, and the limited supplies in Arkansas and elsewhere will be very near total exhaustion after this war. A heavy importer of bauxite before the war, the United States after the war will definitely be a have-not nation, dependent upon foreign supplies. Nor is the first step from bauxite to aluminum, the production of alumina, taken in the Northwest at present. This work is done in Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Illinois. But the second step, the reduction of alumina to aluminum, is taken: this is done in the Northwest in force. Reduction plants are located at Spokane, Vancouver, Longview, and Tacoma in Washington and at Troutdale in Oregon. Out of a total national aluminum reduction capacity of 2,346 million pounds in

1943, 651 million pounds was located in the Northwest, distributed as follows: Spokane, 216 million pounds; Vancouver, 180 million pounds; Troutdale, 141 million pounds; Longview, 72 million pounds; and Tacoma, 42 million pounds. What brought these plants into the Northwest was cheap electricity. That is what should keep them there.

Engle and his associates argue that while excess capacity on a large scale after the war is inevitable in the aluminum industry, the costs of reduction in the Northwest are low enough to warrant retaining the industry there; the high-cost plants are uniformly located elsewhere, in New York, New Jersey, and California. But they do not claim that aluminum reduction creates a great many jobs in itself, though it creates a good deal of wealth. The Northwest's aluminum reduction industry provided for only 3,720 employees in 1943, a lower ratio of workers to production than elsewhere in the nation—precisely because the plants are new and efficient.

It is in using the aluminum pig produced at the reduction plants that more employment is provided. From this angle the great new aluminum rolling mill at Spokane is very important; and industries which make things out of aluminum are more important still. Aside from the airplane industry, the Northwest does not have many of these today, and the airplane industry will, of course, reduce its consumption sharply when the war ends. If, then, the region is to profit fully in terms of employment from aluminum, it must develop many factories which are so-called "end users" of the metal. This will not be easy, since this phase of the industry has taken firm root in the Middle West, East, and Southeast.

And there is still another difficulty. Even if the Northwest develops local industries to use aluminum, they won't be able to use all that those new reduction plants can produce; and the rest—and also the products of these local industries—will have to be sold in the national market, or overseas—in the face of a huge national excess capacity. The prospect of selling enough to use the existing reduction plant to full capacity is poor. Whether at 15 cents a

pound, the current price, or 10 cents, a feasible postwar target, there are not enough known or imaginable outlets for aluminum to use full capacity *at full-employment levels of consumption*, even after all the war-built and inherited high-cost units have been taken out of the picture. (For example, the aluminum rolling capacity of this country is today 1,610 million pounds per annum. Estimated postwar requirements are 360 million pounds per annum, leaving in this particular field the enormous excess capacity of 1,250 million pounds.) Figure it as you will, the aluminum industry will come out of the war a headache.

I hereby recommend it to the attention of those hopeful souls who believe the government should keep all war-built plants in production willy-nilly. And if they think they can solve the difficulties by talking largely of "the light-metal age" and alleging that there will be many new uses for aluminum, let them study the careful work of Engle and his associates on precisely that point and try to expand their totals. Let them digest this observation by Engle: "Talk of aluminum displacing steel is sheer fantasy at this or any very proximate period." And don't forget that aluminum will be competing with special steels, plastics, plywood, and—as the problems of processing it are solved—magnesium.

Yet in spite of everything the Northwest has a valuable asset in the aluminum industry. It may be impossible to use the reduction plants to full capacity. The local plywood may compete with them. A plastics industry, based on wood chemistry, may boil up and compete also. The magnesium plant at Spokane may in a decade be a competitor too. But aluminum is pretty certain to be a major industrial metal in the postwar period. There is sense, therefore, in the suggestion of Engle that an alumina plant be built on the lower Columbia River after the war to help round out the industry's structure in the Northwest. Such a plant would draw its bauxite from the Netherlands East Indies and the Caroline Islands. (The prospects of utilizing local clays as sources of alumina seem fairly poor at present.) The better integrated the

industry is, the stronger a regional and national resource it will be. *Far better to invest in strengthening this industry in the Northwest, where costs are low and may be lower, than foolishly to subsidize high-cost plants located elsewhere in the nation.*

BUT we began this inquiry by talking about jobs after the war. And now we must remind ourselves that, in general, new industries which use electricity on a big scale—as does aluminum reduction—are not likely to provide jobs *in quantity*. This is a discouraging fact to those who pin their hopes for full employment after the war on the Northwest's possession of cheap electricity, but the evidence seems to be clear. Such new industries have an extremely high investment in machinery and equipment, a very high productivity per worker, and relatively few workers (though those few are highly paid). Only when one comes to the end users—the concerns which use aluminum in making all manner of products for sale to the general public—do fairly numerous employment opportunities open up. And it may take hard work to get the end users into the Northwest when they have become established elsewhere, close to their mass markets, and when they do not, as is usually the case, require exceptionally large amounts of electricity for their operations.

This, I think, sums up the dilemma of the Northwest. Its fortunes will rise as the electricity-consuming industries rise, but it may find the way forward rather difficult to plot with any certainty. The old, established industries will have to carry the heft of the employment burden for some years to come. Such substantial advance as is made may take the form of establishing industries long traditional in other parts of the country but still new to the Northwest.

In short, the Northwest, while supporting some very advanced industries like aluminum, will tend to follow the road of progress of industrializing regions the world around: not hitting the jackpot by concentrating on a few brilliant specialties, but rounding out its economy into a pattern more like that of the rest of the country.

INCIDENTALLY, the Northwest cannot rely so heavily as California on the upward trend of population to solve its problems. The population of the four Northwestern states—Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana—was 3,910,204 in 1940. A forecast made by statisticians of the Northwest Regional Planning Commission places the total for 1950 at 4,293,400, or a gain—a moderate gain—of 383,200. Of these,

about six out of every ten are expected to settle in coastal Washington and Oregon, presumably mostly in Seattle and Portland. The Northwest will emerge from the war with more residents and a more complex industrial structure. But I think Portland's temperate view of the future has more to recommend it than Seattle's flaming optimism. And the pacemaker's job on the Coast is still California's.

The Sirens

JOHN MANIFOLD

ODYSSEUS heard the sirens; they were singing
 Music by Wolf and Weinberger and Morley
 About a region where the swans go winging,
 Vines are in color, girls are growing surely
 Into nubility, and pylons bringing
 Leisure and power to farms that live securely
 Without a landlord. Still, his eyes were stinging
 With salt and seablink, and the ropes hurt sorely.

Odysseus saw the sirens; they were charming,
 Blonde, with snub breasts and little neat posteriors,
 But could not take his mind off the alarming
 Weather report, his mutineers in irons,
 The radio failing; it was bloody serious.
 In twenty minutes he forgot the sirens.

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



As Mr. Hanson Baldwin said last month in *Harper's*, before we commit the United States to a permanent program of universal military training in peacetime, we must study the question exhaustively. I want to examine and enlarge on some of the points which Mr. Baldwin makes, points which seem to me to leave relevant issues out of account.

Let me explain why some of us who believe that the United States must adopt universal military training in peacetime believe also that it must do so before the war ends. Mr. Baldwin says the Army is afraid that public interest in defense will lapse when peace comes and that a satisfactory program cannot be got through Congress if it does. That is quite right. The tendency of all human institutions that have been disturbed is to resume their original shape when the disturbance ends, and we know the historic tendency of the American people following a war to become profoundly uninterested in, if not actively distrustful of, military vigilance and preparedness. That tendency is linked to some of the most characteristic, noblest, and most generous beliefs of our nation, and no one would argue for universal training if he could see any safe way of dispensing with it.

Nevertheless we believe that the historic American policy of military weakness between wars has been dangerous and outrageously costly in the past—and that from now on it would be catastrophic. Talking about the ifs of history is futile but it seems probable that all our small wars (except those with the Indians) and two of our great wars could have been prevented if we had had the military power that would have been assured by such a system of universal military training as President Washington recommended in his

first term—and many noteworthy Americans have been recommending ever since. Whether or not they could have been prevented, it is clear that they would have been shorter and much less costly in lives and wealth. And now, we believe, a resumption of our historic policy would not risk disaster, which we have always risked, but make it certain. The conditions of the world and of our place in it will be different from now on and we can be unprepared for war only at peril of national extinction. The world equilibrium which required us to pay for defenselessness only at long intervals has been changed. A pendulum always swings back—except when it has swung so far that it cannot, when it reaches the vertical and goes on past. A lag in awareness that this particular pendulum has swung to the vertical, and past it, would destroy us.

Thus far Mr. Baldwin agrees with those whose point of view I am trying to express. We are centuries short of permanent world peace, he says. Necessarily we must prepare to defend ourselves should the need arise. He believes, however, that the eighteen months' respite which we shall always need to convert our economy, and which has twice been secured for us by the armies and navies of our allies, can be secured for us again by a kind of preparedness that will not require universal training until war actually breaks out. Occupation of bases far enough from our shores, the maintenance of a bigger professional Army and a much bigger Navy than we have ever had in peace, and the most powerful Air Force in the world (all of which we seem certain to have) will keep invasion away while we transform our economy and train armies to carry invasion to our enemies. If he is right, then we

should be foolish to waste time and wealth on anything more. But he may be wrong. And if he is wrong, then when war comes—and comes not with an attack on a far-away Poland months before we are involved but with a dozen simultaneous Pearl Harbors—we shall pay for the miscalculation with swift and total defeat. We believe that the United States cannot run that risk. We believe that the best insurance against it is to raise our military potential to a power which only the universal training of young men can give it.

And now—now when it can be done, before the inevitable but dangerous reaction begins. Mr. Baldwin leaves out of account the fact that we need not, indeed cannot, commit ourselves finally and forever to a policy, still less to a fixed system, least of all to specific details of training. Fundamental modifications will certainly be made in the light of experience and in accord with the changing conditions of our need. We shall institute the system voluntarily if at all, and we can change it at will. We shall not be fastening on the United States forever a Prussianism which permits no appeal. The urgent need is to establish now the best system we can now devise. We can improve it as we go on.

WE ARE now wise with the bitter and dearly bought realism of war. Nowhere in the United States is there any sizable opposition to military training—except among the colleges. They are not unanimous and their opposition is a little colored. They have been through the violent disruption of war. Universal training would prolong that disruption for at least another year and create others whose extent cannot be foreseen. They thus become the first interest to be threatened by peacetime training. There is no question that they will be hit hard by any program—any program they do not themselves control—and will be able to adjust to it only painfully and at a loss. But we are all going to have to pay something in pain and loss for such security as we can get, and we may bear in mind that the colleges have a vested interest in the earliest possible return to their prewar status.

Moreover, I think that Mr. Baldwin

ignores some answers to the questions he raises and makes a few untenable assumptions. Thus it is by no means sure that military training cannot be combined with the duties performed by troops of occupation. In fact, it is not likely that the American people or their Congress will sanction any semipermanent occupation of foreign soil unless it is carried on by constantly changing cadres of new troops—new troops, not troops raised for indefinite service by extension of the Selective Service Act. When the fighting stops it will be a political impossibility to require veterans of several years' service to serve several years more—and an equal impossibility to conscript new troops for long terms.

The training given recruits, which is called basic training and now lasts for fourteen weeks, has to be given in the United States and men undergoing it cannot form any part of an army of occupation. From then on, however, adaptations are possible, since the prime duty of any occupying force will be merely to occupy—governmental and administrative functions will be served by permanent personnel, most of them not in the Army at all. Elementary instruction in the military specialties, which will consume from four to six months of the proposed year, can be given anywhere. The rest of the year will probably be devoted to field maneuvers, whose purpose is to provide practice in the co-ordination of various arms, to test and perfect systems of supply, and to train field, general, and staff officers on the job. They can be held wherever the occupying forces are large enough. It seems likely that Congress will require the Army to combine its functions and to accommodate its system to an annual turnover of trainees.

I AM more concerned, however, with what Mr. Baldwin says about the social corollaries of universal training. I repeat, it would be folly to adopt any system if some system were not inescapable but, quite apart from military considerations, any system will return social benefits which will in large part compensate for its cost. Mr. Baldwin is right when he says that the Army is neither a school nor a gymnasium for the betterment of the American people.

It is concerned solely with preparedness for war. Nevertheless its training will involve education and physical improvement. It will, for instance, teach illiterates to read, as it is doing now, and the instruction it must give in mechanical and technological specialties will be educational. Such things may seem trivial to the protesting college presidents; they will not seem trivial to men for whom they would have been unattainable if the Army had not provided them. Nor can there be any question that most men—all except the small percentage who will be hurt by overstrain or accident, comparable to those who suffer injury in civil life—will benefit from correct diet, hard work, and the controlled hardships of army life. Moreover, the Army will detect previously undetected physical and emotional defects and will treat and cure thousands of borderline cases of both. All this will not be comparable to a national health program or a national effort to widen educational opportunities. But we have no such program now and any improvement, however slight, however temporary, will be a national advance.

One of my most vivid experiences in the last war was a period of several weeks when I commanded about four hundred Negroes who had been sent to Camp Lee from the pine woods of the deep South where they had been building roads. The Army gave them incomparably the best living conditions they had ever known. Most of my leisure time and much of my time on duty was spent answering their questions about personal hygiene and the rudiments of decent living. How and why to brush their teeth, why to take baths, the errors of folk medicine, proper clothing, sensible food, rudimentary sanitation—about these and a hundred related matters which more privileged people take for granted they had an eagerness for instruction that was both touching and inspiring. I am quite sure that the Army gave them something permanently valuable. Peacetime military training cannot perform the functions of a settlement house, but all over America there are large groups of underprivileged people, of all colors and national descents, whom it will maintain for a year at a higher standard of living than they have

ever known before. They are certain to benefit by it. They are certain to go out afterward and work to maintain it. If they come to demand it, so much the better for everyone.

AGAIN there is the question of discipline, about which some thinkers are so sensitive as to suggest that discipline belongs to totalitarian peoples only, that it is an offense and a menace to democracy. Mr. Baldwin and the correspondent he quotes do not make that mistake but they miss the point. The military discipline that counts most in war and can be serviceable in peace has nothing to do with saluting officers, wearing uniforms prescribed to the last slant of an overseas cap, doing close-order drill, and keeping one's belongings policed according to the regulations posted on the bulletin board. From George Washington's army to Black Jack Pershing's, by way of Lee's and Sherman's, American armies have been notably lax in such things, and there is no danger that Eisenhower's peacetime trainees will take to goosestepping or crowding civilians into the gutter. We may have a national genius for splendor in uniforms but we have no aptitude for reverencing them.

The discipline that counts is discipline as experience, as a particular kind of experience which nothing in American life outside the Army provides in effective degree or in the mass. The basis of it is the subordination of the individual's will and the bending of his efforts to a common task directed with absolute impersonality, shared equally or in precisely formulated gradations by all his companions, toward ends which do not consult his desires. It begins with the precise performance of tasks set without reference to the individual's personality. It goes on to make him first a conforming and then a co-operating unit in a group, a group whose common effectiveness is everything, without reference to his private and accessory emotions. Finally, it assigns him a function in a vast effort whose goal has no personal reference to him but requires him to utilize the entire resources of his personality. In the end he has a knowledge of his fellows and a self-knowledge he could get in no other way, and he has shared a common effort

in which considerations of self have had to be disregarded as irrelevant.

Contrary to the belief of sentimentalists, this is a good thing for society at large and for the individual. Certainly some must crack under it, as some crack under the lesser disciplines of schools, teams, playgrounds, factories, churches, and labor unions. But those who do not—all but a small fraction—will have something which they cannot get anywhere else. They will have had an experience of purposive, self-adjusting social action. As individuals they will have had the final proof of ability to do what is impersonally required of them. Any soldier who has been in action and has come out of it without physical or nervous damage—and many a soldier who has suffered damage—has the strength of the ultimate self-knowledge and self-mastery this side of death. To a great if lesser degree every soldier, whether in peace or war, gets the same thing. He has the experience of working with many others at a task which is in the common good but outside his private profit—which is what William James meant by a moral equivalent of war. And he has the knowledge that when the clutch came he was adequate. It will serve him when life outside the Army calls on him to withstand and endure up to the limit. It is a positive moral strength, armament against the impersonal conditions of a world that was not designed to take him into account.

This, I think, is the core of what one who has not been wounded in body or mind brings away from the Army. No one would want to be forced so far and so sternly from his private purposes as a year

of training, or any period of war service, forces him unless the same necessity should occur again. But no one who has once had the experience would consent to give it up.

FINALLY we must not forget that the Army is a democratizing force. In the entire range of American life there is nothing else that takes all classes and conditions of men, mixes them up, forces them to understand one another, and requires them to live together tolerantly and work co-operatively. Banker, steelworker, soda clerk, manufacturer, farmer, roustabout, college boy, hillbilly, East Sider, Hoosier, Tarheel—the Army subjects them to the only impartial leveling they will ever get. It applies to them criteria which establish their individual worth as exactly their worth to the institution they belong to. The individual learns a great deal about himself, about the nature of man, and about men living together—more than he can learn in an equal period of time from any other source. Society cannot help profiting from such realism and wisdom.

Mr. Baldwin is right when he says that the sole purpose of military training is to keep us strong for war, if war should come. But I think he is wrong when he says that the wealth in time and money consumed by it is dissipated. On a purely military basis it is no more dissipated than the interest a business man pays on working capital or the premium he pays for insurance. But also it returns dividends to the individual and to the country. We need not too greatly deplore the necessity which is imposing it on us.

(For the past several years Margaret Shedd has spent most of her time in Mexico and elsewhere in Latin America. She is the author of two novels on Latin American themes.)

THUNDER ON THE RIGHT IN MEXICO

The Sinarquistas in Action

MARGARET SHEDD



THE Sunday before the winter bullfight season opened, the late General Maximino Avila Camacho, brother of the president of Mexico, gave a free fight, largess to the people. Maximino owned the bull ring. During that same week prices for the season were announced, at a scale 50 to 100 per cent higher than before. Scalpers, who were said to be working with the management, got up to 180 pesos a seat for the first row in the shade. Beer went up from 75 centavos to a peso. The bulls were poor, and even the imported Spanish fighters were nothing extra. So there were riots.

The riot I saw in December had ugly overtones. Fortunately the crowd boycotted the beer, so they had no bottles to throw. But all along the upper rows fires blazed on the wooden seats, and the big tin signs advertising Gayossa funerals and Embajadores cigarettes were yanked down and tossed forward, to the peril of those who had paid their 180 pesos to witness violence nothing like this.

Mexico is just at the boiling point. It may boil over. But the picture is much

more complex than a tight lid with somebody underneath and somebody on the top. Obviously the one underneath is the *pelado*, the poor man; but it does not seem to be he who is pushing at the lid. The man on the street expresses only sullen, frustrated resentment, rarely the intention to force a change. And the important thing about the bull ring riots was that neither better bulls nor lower prices resulted. It was as if the people were rioting to make sport of their own impotence, not really in hope of getting anything.

More significant, at this writing the December food price regulations have not yet been made effective. The 1-2-3 Stores, a chain operated by one of the most enterprising young men in Mexico, are keeping government-set prices. Maybe a few others try; mostly not. It was taken for granted that there was, for instance, no milk for sale in the controlled-price area; children got along without milk, or else their parents went out of bounds for it and paid the old price. Since poor people could do neither of

these things, their milk consumption remained exactly what it had been, close to nothing.

The atmosphere in Mexico today is a heavy, unhealthy despair, and for the future as well. The next presidential election will come in the summer of 1946. Until then the outward appearance of the country may be calm. But in fact 1945 will be a year of violent political activity behind the shadows, the beginning of a fight for power. And it is a fight of some interest to us, because whatever elements get control of Mexico for the postwar era may well control the rest of Latin America; Mexico traditionally foreshadows hemisphere trends, and her influence on her neighbors to the south is great.

The question is: whose will Mexico be? A number of powerful groups already have plunged into the struggle for possession. This article is an analysis of only one of these, Sinarquismo, the spearhead of one element which means to make a strong bid for postwar control during the current year. Sinarquismo is, to most people in the United States, a bewildering, contradictory, and even a frightening movement—an organization channeling the frustration of its mass following into a deep gorge of tumbling, unreasoning, but rigidly directed political behavior.

II

WHAT is Sinarquismo, and who are the Sinarquistas?

Whenever I have discussed Sinarquismo with its own leaders, they have accused American writers of unfairly calling the movement fascist. And they are perhaps right, since the movement is by no means so simple as that. So this description leaves out that word fascist, and in large part lets the spoken and written words of those same leaders speak for themselves.

Sinarquismo is an armed political movement, based on the leadership, or *jefe*, principle. It is not a party, and refuses to use established means, such as voting, to come into power. Its stated purposes are to liquidate the Mexican revolution of the past generation, which made a cautious start towards giving land

to the peasants; and to demolish—not reform—the present government. According to the pamphlet *México en 1960* written by Juan Ignacio Padilla, its deputy leader, its ultimate goal is a corporate clerical state.

Its phobias are the Mexican revolutionary movements of 1810 and 1910; communism, used as a loose term to cover everything from *Time* magazine to the state school system; and especially the ex-president, Lázaro Cárdenas, and all his works. He is the prime devil, undoubtedly because of his land reforms. Under his direction, from 1934 to 1940, the articles of the 1917 constitution which call for land distribution, education, and labor guarantees were consistently put into effect for the first time. He also implemented the articles calling for separation of church and state, to which the Sinarquistas violently object; but other presidents before him had applied these laws much more rigorously. It should be added that one of Sinarquismo's most consistent lines of attack has been against the United States, an anti-gringoism hand in hand with anti-Semitism; although for a while in 1944, for curious reasons, the anti-gringo propaganda was suspended.

THE movement will be eight years old in May, and it has recruited a well-drilled, disciplined army of somewhere between half a million and a million members. These "soldiers" are tightly controlled from the top by a secret leader or group, admitted but unknown. He or they appoint the visible Supreme *Jefe*, who in turn appoints the one below him, and so on down to the smallest group. The visible Supreme *Jefe* is changed every few years—presumably to make sure no one man can build up a personal following which might challenge the control of the invisible directors. The organizational structure is military, four squads to a group or *cuadro*, which consists of thirty-two soldiers and two *jefes*. Detail is magnificently systematized from the top; nothing is initiated from below, although exhaustive monthly reports are required from every group.

For example, the El Paso, Texas, committee—the movement knows no borders

—consists of a municipal *jefe*, a corresponding secretary, a leader of Sinarquista youth, secretaries of finance, press and propaganda, organization and statistics, colonization, education, and feminine activities, and a leader of children's organizations. The work of these ten leaders is recorded, reported, and analyzed—along with data on many others like them—in the national office, Avenida Morelos 74, Mexico City.

Group meetings are frequent, last one hour and a half. *Jefes* are instructed to answer questions, but there is no dis-

Even now, after eight years, none of the visible national leaders of the movement is much over thirty years old, and most are drawn from the "good" families of leisure, wealth, and impeccable Spanish ancestry. Usually they are members of certain hunting clubs, which graduate men able to direct military maneuvers. These leaders fall into three types—the very handsome ones, like Manuel Torres Bueno and Juan Ignacio Padilla, the current Supreme *Jefe* and Sub-*Jefe*; a few of the storm trooper type; and then young men with highly sensitive, tragic faces. (It is my opinion that



THIS ILLUSTRATION AND THE TWO FOLLOWING ARE FROM A SINARQUISTA PAMPHLET, "MÉXICO EN 1960," WHICH WAS WITHDRAWN FROM CIRCULATION BECAUSE OF THE FUROR IT CAUSED

cussion or voting. Most of the time is given to careful, elementary oratory, usually about Sinarquista blood and martyrs, or to reading aloud from the official newspaper. The movement's aims are here outlined in terms diffuse, vague, mystical. A favorite topic for speeches is "the divine and beautiful destiny of womanhood," which means just what it sounds like—suffer, sacrifice, and accept; but all the same there is a large female membership. Specific instructions for activities in which the "soldiers" are to take part are given out at meetings, but are seldom explained. They are announced at the last minute before the time set for their execution; surprise is a prime element in Sinarquista tactics, and the soldiers are trained to act on short notice.

this third group is being weeded out.) Few of the *jefes* give the impression of being more than effective window dressing; they are certainly not intelligent enough to create the well-articulated policy which is handed down from the secret leadership. Mostly they seem nice young men of good family, very ardent, *simpático*, and amenable. The exception to all this is one Salvador Abascal, who nearly split the movement wide open, as we shall see.

THE great feasts of the movement are October 12th, Columbus Day but here called the Day of the Spanish Race; the official martyrs' day, July 11th; and Founding Day, May 23rd. The heroes are Porfirio Díaz and Santa Ana, long- and short-term dictators of Mexico, and Itur-

bide, the 1821 Mexican emperor. These three have in common that the Church flourished under their regimes. But above all Hernán Cortés, the "divine soldier," is the hero. Sinarquismo's true nostalgia is for early colonial days, a desire to reaffirm the pattern of sixteenth-century Spain when the hierarchy of the Church and the noble landowners was unquestioned.

In its public appeals Sinarquismo has always had the advantage of a promise or a threat for everybody and every circumstance, no matter how contra-

Before Pearl Harbor the Sinarquistas were openly pro-Nazi and pro-Japanese. In the face of the country's official war attitude and the growing popular respect for the Allied war effort, Sinarquismo's line of retreat was first to proclaim that Mexico had no interest in the war on either side. Then, when Mexico declared a state of war, they opposed conscription. When conscription went into effect, they tried to keep the boys from answering their call; when the boys went anyway and the draft became a success—the new army is popular in Mexico—the



IN "MÉXICO EN 1960" THE "NEW ARMY OF THE MEXICAN NATION" IS DESCRIBED AS "POWERFULLY ARMED NOT FOR WAR BUT FOR PEACE"

dictory. It passionately attacks the system of *ejidos*, the small land holdings, worked either individually or collectively, which Cárdenas parceled out from among the large private estates. At the same time its most eloquent slogan is "*Campesino, la tierra será tuya*"—"Peasant, the land will be yours! Yours only, as a woman is yours. For the politico? No! For the exploiter? No! Yours! For this you have fought! For this you have bled!"

The foreword of *The Sixteen Points*, a well-known Sinarquista pamphlet, lays much stress—in the English edition—on social reforms. But all government efforts toward these ends, such as health centers and social security programs, are assailed not only with words but, in the case of the centers, with sticks and stones.

Sinarquistas opposed any Mexican going abroad to fight. In January they lost that fight, too; the House of Deputies passed a bill authorizing service abroad. It might appear that the Sinarquistas have been making a losing fight all along the line; but they have an amazing knack for turning present defeat into future victories.

III

THE antecedents of Sinarquismo are profoundly complex. In the tangled genealogical chart are found the names of the Nazi Wilhelm von Faupel and his Instituto Ibero-Americano, the German "cultural organization" for Latin America; Hellmuth Schreiter, Nazi professor and agent; the Argentine philosopher, Julio

Mienvielle, Catholic intellectual oracle of the Perón-Farrell dictatorship; many Falangists, including at least one of Franco's present ambassadors to Latin America; and—a long way back—the bloody, tragic, terrorist *Cristeros*, and the Confederation of the Middle Class, and the very secret *Liga de la O*; and quite openly, then and now, certain politically-minded members of the Catholic clergy in Mexico and the United States. As to the last, one must believe that their activities run counter to the profound mission of the Catholic Church, and that they are no more truly representative of the Church's political philosophy than their anti-democratic counterparts in Argentina, who were discussed by George Doherty in the January issue of *Harper's*. But that does not erase the fact that their political activity is most effective.

From this apparent confusion of ancestry, one thing is clear. The roots of Sinarquismo are as old as the bitter conflict that has torn at Mexico's entrails from her beginning, the struggle between the landed and landless, between the privileged owners of the great estates and the peasants who work them. And in this case, as before, the landed are glad to use foreign help. Foreigners have always come in on the side of Mexico's mighty: the Spaniards, the French, the gringos, the Germans, and Franco's Spaniards again. But this time the landed have found a new technique; they are using the landless against themselves; they have split the ranks of their enemies, the poor. This is, indeed, a new flowering of very old roots.

We in this country forget that Mexico has a much longer history than our own. Empires had lived and died and one was dying when Hernán Cortés came to Mexico City, and that was not long after Columbus landed in the West Indies. After Cortés came sequences of events which make our little wars and revolutions look puny. For one thing, the great pagan tradition has never burned out in Mexico; the same predominantly Indian population inhabits the land. The shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, Queen of Spanish America, was the shrine of a Toltec goddess long before the Spaniards.

The point is—and this is not always easy for norteamericanos to grasp—that a status of privilege for the elite continued as a going tradition. The conquistadors and the Church took their land from similar groups, which had had equal or greater power before them. And slaves were slaves before and after the conquest. So that now, more or less, it is taken for granted that the poor are bone hungry and the rich have three Packards. This sort of thing is planted deep in the racial consciousness of both poor and rich.

But there is another aspect to this same heritage. When the underdog does protest he does it with a convulsive violence whose force is never forgotten by anyone who has felt it, nor by his heirs forever. We must never underrate the depth and tenacity of the Mexican people's impulse for land and liberty any more than we underrate the fierce impulse of the upper group to hang onto privilege and curb their liberty. The day of Porfirio Díaz was the last golden time for that group, and if you talk to a good Porfirista the first and the final impression you get is of a lack of realism exceeded only by the blank self-assurance that goes with it. But the one thing in all the world that a Porfirista fears is the violence of the poor. And Sinarquismo has found the way to take care of that.

IT is not surprising, then, that Sinarquismo was organized by a group of privileged and very religious young men, under the aegis of a German professor at the University of Guanajuato. Most were sons of good families, heirs to the latifundia. Some were Falangists; one had just come from fighting for Franco in the Spanish civil war. The professor not only advised them but got them funds from local Nazis. But this inception was not as sudden or as spontaneous as might appear. For at that very moment, early in 1937, the "traditional, intransigent Mexican ultra-reaction" had been forced to realize that it was making a mess of its affairs. The *Cristeros* had got out of hand; they had gone forth to lynch the government's rural schoolteachers, and had ended up hanging from cottonwood trees themselves all through the center and the north.

The Cedillo affair had fallen apart; so had the Gold Shirts. The supposed Calles stooge, President Lázaro Cárdenas, had driven his boss and predecessor out of Mexico. He had gone Indian, was beloved by the Indians, and had started dividing up the land under constitutional provisions supposed safely dead. So the traditional intransigents took up with the Nazis, which was no doubt inevitable in that time and place, and learned from them a new technique of mass organization, of which the internal structure of Sinarquismo is but one indication.

IV

BOTH the admirers and the critics of Sinarquismo agree on one thing, that the movement has a resilience and vitality which its predecessors lacked. If this means that Sinarquismo is something more than the clutching hand, in rigor mortis, of a dying order, then what is it? What gives it its drive? Why should nearly a million poor people blindly follow those who in the whole course of Mexican history have been their natural enemies?

There are at least two answers. The most obvious is the system of detailed, carefully planned, minutely directed organization which was learned from the Nazis. The second is the fact that in Sinarquismo the reaction has for the first time reached down to the very foundation of Mexican life and has made a successful appeal to large sections of the peasants. It has accomplished this partly by appealing to the profound religiosity of the Indian and partly through cynical promises—another borrowed technique.

It is not so bad, perhaps, that the peasant will not receive the land which Sinarquismo promises; after all, he has been robbed or tricked of his land many times before. Now, however, he is being robbed of something else: his dignity, his manliness, even his anger. For this movement is probing for the very depth of the Indian peasant's anguish, and turning it against himself and against his brother. Before Sinarquismo came along, he thought—if he thought at all—that his enemy was the landowner who denied him

a real living. But now he is learning in simple words that this is not so; that all his troubles come from a "communist" government, from the gringo, the Protestant missionary, and the Jew. The fact that the government has given land to other peasants like himself serves only to make him hate those other peasants.

It is significant that Sinarquismo has made small headway wherever the *ejido* system has been properly administered, and where the government land banks have made adequate, honest loans. Its strongest foothold is in the Bajío agricultural region, where the government's program for distributing the land has not yet reached, where the average size of estates is one of the largest in the country. (It must be remembered that today, twenty-eight years after the adoption of the "revolutionary" constitution of 1917, some 69 per cent of Mexico's land is still in holdings of 1,200 acres or more.)

Consequently it was no accident that the official birth of Sinarquismo took place in León, the shoe manufacturing center of the Bajío state of Guanajuato. In the surrounding country, the dominance of the great landowners is still unchallenged; in the town itself, the shoe industry's wages have been kept down, by home piecework methods, to a level as low as twenty centavos or four cents a day. Not far from the shoe factories is the house on Liberty Street—an unconsciously ironic address—where the young founders first met. Today it is a shrine. There also is a church shrine, with underground passages and chapels, real catacombs painted light blue and pink and gold, well lighted and beautifully tended by the Slaves of the Sacred Heart. Sinarquista martyrs are buried there, with canary birds in cages singing around their tombs, and there is an astonishing lot of crypts empty and waiting. But this is a cult of martyrdom, so maybe these expectations are justified.

Which brings us back to the question: why does the peasant follow Sinarquismo? Mainly because it has given him something—a status, a position in his own eyes and those of his neighbors. It also has given him a channel for his discontent. Thus, aside from the unmeaning promise

of land, the bond which ties the simple Indian to the movement is an amalgam of the worst and the best passions he can possess. There is the black stultifying hate, so disciplined that the object of hatred can be changed at the will of the *jefe*; but there also is the longing to be somebody, to belong, in a society which so far has not let him be much of anything but a carrier beast. He might even be a martyr; if not that, he can at least march, and sing, and hope. Once a year, in Leon on Founding Day, May 23rd, he is given a great emotional feast of marching and singing.

THE yearly León celebration is not primarily a show for outsiders. Other marches are organized for that purpose; for instance, the one in the city of Morelia in 1941, where the then-new president, Avila Camacho, was attending a municipal fiesta. The Sinarquistas showed him how, in one hour, thirty thousand of them could surround and—as a game—capture the plaza of a large town, all in better military form than Mexico's army. (Since then Lázaro Cárdenas, now minister of defense, has built the new draft army to both practical and visual effectiveness.) But the León marches, although good military practice for the Sinarquista "soldiers," are mainly intended for inspiration, not for discipline nor to impress the opposition.

They come from all over the republic, by truck and foot and boxcar, women with their children traveling like the feminine soldiers of Pancho Villa's day. I saw one climbing off a railway car with a baby in arms, broken out with measles and whimpering dully. I couldn't help asking:

"Señora, why do you bring him when he is so sick?"

She looked at me with great reproach.

"Don't you know that he is a Sinarquista too? How could I leave him? If he dies, he is one martyr more."

He probably did die. And I'm not saying she didn't love her baby. But there was a life so dull that when something, anything, was poured into it—a hard journey, a march, starvation punctuated with drama, even a death made

glorious instead of monotonous—that something became irresistible.

I have seen the last two León marches, and I shall never forget the face of the Mexico I saw there, many thousands but all alike in an intense tragic preoccupation, a look made up of hunger and hope and the excitement of marching with the gold banners, the grand white horses, the drum corps, and also with each other. And it all did make a fine effect. The plaza at Leon is pure Spanish colonial, with arched colonnades along two sides, and the municipal palace and a great old church taking up one end. Between the two they had built the speakers' stage, and hung a vast Sinarquista flag, which is almost but not quite the same as the flag of the republic. All the while the church bell tolled steadily, a stately background for the *jefes'* demagoguery and the sound of marching feet.

V

MY own first contact with Sinarquismo was there at León during the 1943 march. The atmosphere was tense. There were ambulance units ready with first aid. The marchers expected to be attacked by the Peasants' League, so they were not allowed to parade to the plaza, where they might have been penned in. They kept in an open space away from the center of the city, and there were linked guards around the whole massed formation. It was impossible to talk freely to anyone. It looked as if there were a gun under every serape, and no friendliness was being wasted on gringos. I left remembering the set faces, the mistrustful silence in headquarters house on Liberty Street, and the cheerful wordiness of the few *jefes* I managed to talk to. It appeared to be a moment of transition, but it was impossible to be sure what was in the air.

That atmosphere of transition at León turned out to be genuine. As events later demonstrated, a new policy was hatching. Perhaps the best explanation is outlined in a recent analysis of Sinarquismo by the Mexican attorney general, Aguilar y Maya, who points out that in "its strategic work of seizure of power"

the movement aims for a sequence of steps based on the theories of Ledesma, father of Spanish fascism. First a political force must be cemented for the exclusive service of what Ledesma calls "the national idea." Drill and martyrs for this. Then comes the fomenting of revolt against the existing government, by creating high tension, discontent, and finally violence. Apparently the decision was being made in León in 1943 whether they were ready to go into this second stage.

During the rest of that year there was an increasing number of small acts of violence, test cases, so to speak. Near Cuautla, in Morelos, there was an eight-hour fight with federal forces, mostly in resistance to the draft. Then at the end of the year there was a meeting of *jefes* in Popo Park, at the foot of the volcanoes. The Sinarquista press, usually mum about *jefes'* meetings, was lyrical about the inspiration and high resolve demonstrated at this "meeting of the volcanoes."

But nothing sensational happened until April 10, 1944, when a young lieutenant, José Antonio de la Lama y Rojas, on guard at the president's private elevator in the National Palace, used his revolver at close range. He failed to kill Avila Camacho. Two days later the lieutenant died of bullet wounds received while trying to escape.

The attempted assassination was played down by the Mexican daily press, which is partly Falangist, all extremely conservative, and all opposed to the government, except for one labor paper and the government's own organ. Even the latter publication reported that De la Lama was unbalanced and working alone. The big dailies took up this interpretation with avidity, and at once counter-spotlighted, for the laughs, a subsequent bomb plot against the president, a couple of ex-presidents, and other officials. The twenty foiled plotters admitted they were Sinarquistas, but five of them were over fifty; so their scheming was ridiculed as "the old men's plot" and the doddering revolutionists were cartooned and lampooned and finally forgiven by all, including Camacho. The De la Lama incident was smothered in an avalanche of jokes about the old men and their dud bombs.

Meantime Lombardo Toledano, head of the Latin American Labor Confederation, called a mass meeting at which he showed photographs of De la Lama with other army officers, a Mexican priest, identified as Father Sáenz, and a priest in United States Army chaplain's uniform, whom Toledano named as a Father O'Brien. He accused the group of being part of an organization called Friends of the Soldier, allied with the Sinarquistas, and gave the address of its private chapel. Then the weekly *Tiempo* published what purported to be a verbatim report of a memorial meeting for the slain lieutenant, held April 14th at Sinarquista headquarters. He was made an official martyr, according to this report, and the final words of the orator conducting the meeting were ". . . and we will avenge the blood of this brother traitorously assassinated." Like the Nazis, the Sinarquistas have very little sense of humor.

IN MAY, however, things still looked rosy for the Sinarquistas, and they decided to make a big thing of the 1944 Founding Day march. The difference from the year before was apparent from the moment I arrived in León. No fear of attack kept them from meeting in the plaza this time, and I watched from a roof as some thirty thousand people filed past.

First came the leaders on horseback, the more important ones dressed in khaki shirts, the others in their country clothes with blankets over their shoulders. These deployed, still on horseback, around the edge of the plaza, now filled with the "soldiers," male and female, who tramped in behind their chiefs. During the speeches, which lasted five hours, I moved through the crowd. No one was allowed to wear a hat in the presence of the flag; the sun got unbearable; many fainted. I got the impression that to have people fainting around you was exhilarating, that it satisfied the martyr complex, but for myself I preferred the shade behind the speakers' platform. There I refreshed myself with conversations with the *jefes* as they came down from the platform from time to time to cool off. They were pleased with themselves, and very exuberant.

VI

THIS time, instead of thick hostility toward the gringo, I found a cheery welcome. Clearly the official attitude toward *norteamericanos* had changed. With a *jefe* from California I had been out to see the carefully organized system for receiving the "soldiers" as they arrived in small groups, by foot or truck, at the outskirts of the town. They were brought directly to the homes designated to put them up, so that—except for the planned demonstration—these thousands of visitors were not visible on the face of the town. I had been allowed to attend the dedicatory mass at San Miguel Church, a poor people's mass with the Sinarquista flag at the foot of the altar, the worshipers kneeling solid over the stone floor and out into the dust of the road. Even the Supreme *Jefe*—the visible one—had given me a cordial interview.

But it was the editor of the official paper, *El Sinarquista*, who cast the most light on the new policy. He is a dour young man, one of the founders, who up until then had been writing anti-gringo propaganda steadily for years. But in answer to a routine question, which another time would have brought the routine denunciation of Yankee imperialism, he came forth with ringing praise of United States policy in Mexico, and especially of our ambassador, George Messersmith. This tapered off with an equally spirited tirade against the Russian ambassador, Constantine Oumansky, who later was killed in a strange plane crash outside Mexico City.

The explanation for this change in policy which I got later from Sinarquistas and from independent Mexican newspapermen was that the *jefes* thought they had made a deal with the American Embassy, or with someone who had its blessing. They were to switch their propaganda from Yankee-hating to an attack on Russia, and specifically against the local Soviet Embassy. In return, they hoped that when the time came "to adjust the national destiny by violence" the adjustment might be permitted to take place without interference from the United States. The eagerness of the *jefes* to

reach such an understanding cannot be doubted, since the official attitude of the United States is the question of first importance to anyone who thinks of making a revolution in Mexico. Whether they had any reason to believe that an understanding actually had been reached with someone speaking for the Embassy I have no means of knowing. In any case, the policy was a dismal failure. A few weeks after the editor proclaimed his new-found admiration for the United States, he was facing charges by the Mexican attorney general of "advising and provoking the army and public in general to revolt and sedition" and of "insulting a friendly nation as well as its legal representatives in this country."

MAYBE the *jefes* were too exultant over their success in so many quarters; maybe the line of attack had been planned and was not fluid enough to allow for change at the unexpected firmness of government action. But on June 22nd the Sinarquista paper came out with a violent appeal to the Mexican army to rise against a general strike which was supposed to be scheduled to break on July 5th. This threatened strike, which never did occur, had been condemned by the CTM, the official labor organization, and was being fomented by a group with Sinarquista leanings who had been expelled from the CTM.

The Sinarquista line was that with this general strike the country would become a Soviet republic. The National Palace would be moved to the Russian Embassy. "The people will fight on the side of the soldiers against the communists," said the call. "Soldier of Mexico, ready, soldier of Mexico, at arms." But the worst, from the point of view of the attorney general, was a Sinarquista editorial, "This is No Government." It was the old call to Order, stating flatly that Avila Camacho's regime could not rightly be called by the name of government. "We have raised an army of 500,000 soldiers who are resolved to give Mexico a government with real authority. Can a regime be called a government when it is presided over by a man who prefers to abandon his people to the mercy of vultures in order



"MÉXICO EN 1960" HAS A CHAPTER DEVOTED TO "THE FORMATION OF THE NEW CONSCIENCE."

PH STANDS FOR PRENSA HISPANOAMERICANA, A PROJECTED HEMISPHERE PRESS ASSOCIATION

not to annoy the vultures?"

So on July 5th, instead of defending Mexico from the general strike, the *jefes* were defending themselves from charges which sounded serious. The paper was suppressed, and in the eight principal states in which they were operating Sinarquistas were prohibited from meeting.

The call to insurrection was answered in a few isolated examples. Something called the Army of the Center and the South, manned mostly by fugitive young men who had refused the draft, was active in Morelos; a Captain Castañeda Chevarría, friend of De la Lama's, urged recruits in one training camp to rise. He was court-martialed and given a sentence of expulsion from the army with public disgrace. But these events, as before, seemed spotty, and in the usual Sinarquista manner complicity was always denied in the face of all evidence.

After the July suppression, many people were congratulating themselves that at last the Sinarquista reaction had been scotched. There was an optimistic feeling that the movement had lost its popular support, although that cannot be measured until another march is allowed. The *jefes* are saying this will happen soon, that the ban will be lifted. And maybe it will. It is hard to understand Avila Camacho's line of action. After all, Captain Castañeda was not shot; he was dramatized. The old bomb plotters were all pardoned.

The attorney general's charges have not been pressed, for although the official paper is still not allowed, there are substitute sheets. And at this writing the editor and other *jefes* are meeting in Mexico City to discuss, among many other things, the rapid growth of a new Sinarquista arm, the Institute of Martyrs. The purpose of this organization seems to be the making of martyrs among the opposition as well as within its own ranks; its three main divisions are labeled Intelligence, Counterespionage, and Execution.

Perhaps Camacho's idea is to follow the tradition of nonviolence used so effectively by his predecessor. Cárdenas' policy was to give his more violent opponents enough rope to hang themselves. Even in the blatant case of Cedillo, who took to the hills with a private army and German guns and German advisers, the traitor was permitted to deflate himself—which he did with astonishing alacrity, dying abandoned by all his admirers. But so far Sinarquismo cannot be said to be either abandoned or dying.

VII

IT EVEN seems to be recovering nicely from the great split forced by Salvador Abascal, a former Supreme *Jefe* who turned against Sinarquismo last summer and attacked the present leadership in a

series of enraged newspaper interviews. Abascal was always a purist, as fanatical as Hitler himself. He could not stomach such ignoble goings-on as "the whitewash of Benito Juárez," the great Mexican liberator who recently has received cautious praise from some of the Sinarquista chiefs. But most of all Abascal deplored the efforts of the movement's command to make a deal with the United States. "A truly shameful thing," he cried, "to place the Christianity of the Mexican people and the 'Christianity' of the United States on the same plane."

In his "revelations" to the press, Abascal claimed that when he was still in command in 1941 he had been offered money from sources in the United States, which he refused. But he accused later leaders, especially Torres Bueno, not only of accepting the money, but also of betraying the movement by their flirtation with the American Embassy. Here are his own angry words:

"It is fantasy, which perhaps Torres and his gang believe, that when the break between the United States and Russia occurs our cousins will demand of the Mexican government that it destroy the Left, and that therefore the President will be obliged to call upon the Sinarquistas to take power."

The furor over Abascal's noisy resignation seemed to be quieting down by late summer, however; the government's sedition charges were not pressed; and by fall the movement was operating much as usual, except for more guards, at its old headquarters in Mexico City. Then on October 12, 1944—Columbus Day, the Day of the Race—there began a series of events which seemed to indicate that perhaps Abascal's creed of unwavering opposition to the *norteamericanos* had won out within the movement after all.

THAT day was not only a great Sinarquista festival, but also the beginning of a yearlong celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the crowning of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the most revered religious symbol in all Mexico. And it was on that day and in her name that Archbishop Martínez declared a fight "*a fondo*," to the very roots, against the evil of Protestant-

ism. The same day the new Archbishop of Morelia, also at the shrine of Guadalupe, lumped together Protestantism and communism as the two forces inexorably undermining the social order. And on the following Sunday, October 15th, yet another priest in the course of his sermon asked:

"Who is responsible for our lack of gasoline? And our lack of rice? Who is responsible for all our ills?"

And the answer came back as one voice from the congregation:

"*Los gringos, los Estados Unidos, los Estados Unidos . . .*"

One apparent reason for the new crusade, which continues with enthusiastic Sinarquista participation, was the increase in the number of Protestant missionaries in Latin America as the war drove them out of the Far East. Even so, they hardly seem much of a menace to the traditionalists; fifty thousand Protestants in a population of twenty millions is not an alarming proportion. Another reason was cited to me by a Mexican official of high standing: he thought the campaign was purely an attempt to embarrass the Camacho regime.

"It has no basis in fact," he said. "Our constitution guarantees religious liberty. If a Protestant sect asks permission to come in, even if we ourselves are Catholic, we cannot refuse it. And then we open ourselves to this violent abuse."

And then, too, the campaign provides a new rallying point for the Sinarquistas, who understand how effective hate can be in holding their mass following. In this case the targets for hatred are both the government—which the Sinarquista "soldiers" have been taught to believe is persecuting them—and the Yankee-Protestant-communists whom they believe the government coddles, and whose name still adds up to gringo.

IT MUST of course be emphasized that there are many Catholics, priests and laymen, who by no means support or approve either this campaign or the Sinarquista movement. For example the *Commonweal*, one of the most influential of Catholic publications, sent its editor, Edward Skillin, Jr., to Mexico last year to

observe Sinarquismo, and in June published his report. It concluded that "not by the widest stretch of the imagination can Sinarquismo be called a democratic movement," and added:

The Sinarquist organization is authoritarian and highly centralized; it requires blind obedience on the part of its members; the element of secrecy is so great that even leaders require secret countersigns in order to recognize each other. History has repeatedly shown that a political machine whose operations are so secret . . . invariably is diverted from its original purposes. It can easily be captured, especially when operating within the Latin American tradition, by a *jefe* or *caudillo* whose dominating purpose is his own will to power. . . . In similar fashion it can become the organ of a foreign power. . . . If Sinarquists succeed in growing considerably more in numbers, there is real danger of a bloody civil war . . . were they to win, we should once again have a dictatorial state adorned with Catholic symbols and forcibly repressing all opposition—until the whole kettle boils over once more, to the terrible detriment of the Church.

WHETHER or not that civil war is to break out may be decided this year. The traditional forces of Mexican reaction are very sure of themselves today. Sinarquistas are going by twos and threes to Argentina, returning full of new ideas and brotherly communion. (I heard the German buzz bombs described in detail by a Sinarquista just back from Argentina long before they appeared on the British horizon.) For raw material they have the frustrations, the discontent with war shortages and inflation, the confused resentments which sometimes flare up into such unexpected demonstrations as the riots in the bull ring. They may yet flare up into something more violent and more sustained; it is clear, at least, that this explosive stuff is being manipulated with an astuteness and a skill in organization which no leader of the traditionalists—not even Díaz himself—ever has displayed before.



Another Man's Poison

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



NÂIVETÉ, pure ignorance, chiseling, the hope of appealing to vanity—one of these things, perhaps a mixture of them, makes persons of all ages and degrees of literacy write to anybody who has had his name signed to a piece of writing, or is otherwise before the public, and ask for enormous favors. I don't mean kids who write for autographs and photographs. I mean the students of all ages who want you to do their homework.

What often sounds like a circular letter is most frequently received. Celebrated women, like Edna Ferber and Edna St. Vincent Millay; celebrated men, like Jack Benny and Walter Winchell and Paul Gallico, get dozens of letters a month. The letters vary little. They usually begin: "I know what a busy person you are, but I am asking you for just a few minutes of your time. I am a student in the Dorothy Thompson High School, and I have been assigned by my English teacher to write about my favorite author. You have always been mine. Will you tell me something about yourself? How you got started, and what your methods are, and what you think of the younger generation as compared with your own. I am very desirous of obtaining a very high mark in order to graduate, and so I am appealing to you to assist me."

Of course, if the student's English teacher would tell her to lay off those damned refined words, she'd do the girl some good. But there is a type—all ages, all sexes—that thinks it has to use "very" for emphasis; "desirous," "obtaining," and similar words. You can't, these letter writers think, use plain, decent words. If the girl's English teacher would tell her, when she is writing somebody asking for a

favor, to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, she would do her a favor. Also the girl would usually get a reply.

After years of getting such letters, you develop such a discriminating sense that you almost can tell by the way the envelope is addressed whether the letter is worth reading. You can tell whether the writer has common sense. Especially the one who wants to be a professional writer. In my years of newspaper work, I got many letters from persons who wanted to become writers. To them my advice always was to write, or, if the person was far from literate, to read. It still is my advice. And when I am asked what to read, my answer—which I stole from Aldous Huxley—is prose and verse.

There is one sort of querist that infuriates me. This is the boy who wants to go into newspaper work, for a year or two, in order to get into what he condescendingly calls "writing." Him I ask what he thinks reporters, editorial writers, book reviewers, critics of music and of the drama do. For my experience is that such a lad—who thinks of journalism as a slum—will never be any good as a newspaperman. I do not mean that some writers of first-rate books didn't get their first experience on a newspaper. But when the Marquands and the Gunthers were newspapermen, they didn't go into it consciously to "get experience." When they started as reporters, it never occurred to them that they might not be in it for a long time.

They used to call me a newspaper romantic. Maybe I was; if so, I still am. For newspaperitis is incurable. I still think that newspaper work is important, and the late Alexander Woollcott often

All parents feel the same way, they tell me. . . . And now I'm telling them.

IN A MILITARY MANNER

A Story

SAMUEL ELKIN



ALL winter long it was cold in the tent. The deep red glow from the small, rusted, potbellied stove in the center of the unvarnished wooden floor did not help, for the chimney usually clogged and the black smoke poured back down into the stove so that it was better to spend your time at the post exchange, knowing, however, that when the place closed you would only have to go back to your tent to sleep with both blankets, comforter, winter overcoat, and raincoat over your body and the heavy green winter hat the Army gave you to cover your head and ears. This way, if you lay still, the heat from your body soon made the bed nice and warm and you slept well until the whistle screeched at six in the morning and you had to get out of a warm bed into damp, freezing air to dress.

When the winds shifted late in April and the weather did break you began to feel the difference in your tent. The cold did not seem to be so cold anymore and you could breathe a little easier without coughing when you woke up in the morning. But the potbellied stove, though the chimney did not clog as often now, still could not be regulated and it was this uneven change that put Jess Rivoni in the hospital.

Influenza kept him in bed in the post hospital for two weeks and when he finally did get out the weather was clearing nicely.

But Rivoni felt miserably low and that night he made for the post exchange and got drunk.

Jess Rivoni got roaringly, drunkenly plastered on two dozen beers.

"By God, Jess, that's a lot of beers for a little guy to guzzle," they said to him.

Rivoni jumped up out of his chair. "Little guy? Who's a little guy?" His eyes were streaky red. "Goddammit, I'm one tough baby so don't fool with me, see?"

"Shut up, you lousy spik," someone yelled from a nearby table.

Jess Rivoni spun towards the speaker. "I'm an American!" he roared back. "Don't call me no damn spik, you sonofabitch. You looking for trouble we'll give it to you, sonofabitch."

"You and what army?"

Rivoni clutched a beer bottle in his hand and lunged for the voice but the military police got to him first and dragged him outside. There they debated a moment whether to turn him in but Milt Chapman saw them and Chapman told the MP's he would take Rivoni back to the tent.

JESS RIVONI was small and slim and dark. He was in his middle twenties. He had smooth oily skin, the color of a mulatto girl's face faintly rouged. His

eyes were black flashes that became murderously bloodshot by degrees when he was drinking. When sober he was swift and agile in all his movements. Everything he did he did swiftly and silently. Sometimes he appeared before you like a shadow. You turned around and there he was, his thin lips apart, his white teeth flashing against a background of oily darkness. You jumped.

"Scare you, hah?" he said.

"What the hell are you trying to do?"

He smiled slowly. "Just don't say bad things about me when I'm not around."

If you were not Milt Chapman you would say, "Nobody said anything about you, Jess."

"I don't like people to say bad things about me."

"We wouldn't say bad things about you."

"I'm liable to get mad and somebody's liable to get hurt."

But if you were Milt Chapman you would tell Rivoni right off to go to hell.

IN THE weak overhead light Milt Chapman's long, bony face seemed longer and bonier. He sat on a little wooden stool, leaning over slightly and stretching his hands out over the stove. He had been shoveling coal from the bin beside the latrine.

"I'm going to say plenty if he doesn't snap out of it," Chapman said. "Who the hell does he think he is never doing any work around here?"

Freddie Clark and Pete Steidel—the three of them huddled around the stove trying to keep warm—said nothing. It was cold and damp and black outside.

"The guy thinks everybody's down on him," Clark said.

"He's a smart little bluffer," Chapman said. "He's got all you guys fooled."

Steidel shook his head slowly. "I don't know, Milt. I don't like his looks."

"Neither do I," Chapman said. "But he's not bluffing me." He leaned over and shook the grate a few times.

"Tough guy," he said contemptuously.

Inside, the tent was a quickly thrown together affair. Unadorned and simple. Four cots stood against the walls, two on each side of the tent. Beside the head of

each cot was a green Army footlocker. The wooden walls went up about halfway from the floor and from there broke off into plain wooden beams which ran horizontally to the wall. Clothes hung over each cot from nails which were driven into the lowest beam. The part where the walls broke off into separate beams was completely covered with canvas which came to a point high in the center of the tent, so that from the outside the entire affair bore some resemblance to an Indian tepee.

Freddie Clark stood up and lay down on his cot in the far right corner of the tent. "I don't know how he ever came in with us anyway," he said. "I think he's got it in for you, Milt."

"That worries me."

"He didn't like you taking that bed away from him."

"That's too bad."

"I've never seen it," Clark said. "But somebody told me he carries a knife."

"Say what the hell is the matter with you guys?" Chapman said.

"No kidding, Milt," Steidel said. "I heard he knifed a nigger down in Harlem one night. If you ask me he carries a knife all right. He looks just like the type."

"Okay, I'm worried. Okay?" Chapman said.

Pete Steidel fiddled around with the coal in the bucket. "You know what he said to me after you had that argument?"

Chapman made a quick motion across his throat.

"Yeah? Well *you* might think it's funny. But he said he was going to get some beers in him and fix your wagon someday. All right. You ask Freddie. He was with me."

"Listen," Chapman said, laughing. "That baby will need a lot more than beer in his belly before he can fix *my* wagon."

The door flew open suddenly and Jess Rivoni staggered into the tent, his face bloated, his eyes streaky red. He did not shut the door, nor even glance at the others. He struggled over to his cot, flopped heavily on it, and began to snore.

Milt Chapman got up and shut the door. Then he stood still and looked down at Rivoni. Freddie Clark and Pete Steidel also stared at Rivoni. No one said a word.

PAY day came on the last day of the month.

Within fifteen minutes there was a dice game going in Sergeant Donahue's tent. The fat redfaced sergeant had a table set up. He was the house man.

The word spread quickly. It was whispered in a huge grapevine system down the line so that before the last man received his pay he knew where to go if he cared.

Jess Rivoni stood outside the messhall and gazed thoughtfully into space. He pulled a cigarette from the pocket of his fieldjacket, lit it, and drew on it.

Here's where I double twenty bucks, he thought. Maybe triple it with a little luck.

Someone passed by and said, "Big game going in Donahue's tent. You getting in on it?"

"Maybe."

Rivoni patted the money in his pants pocket and started to walk. He took another drag on the cigarette, glanced quickly around, saw no one, and flipped the butt away.

Inside Donahue's tent there were at least twenty soldiers grouped around a long table with raised sideboards. The fat twinkly-eyed Sergeant stood at one end of the table pushing a pair of dice forward to eager hands. There was little talking. Tense, sweaty faces glowed in the shaded overhead light. The place swam in cigarette smoke.

Someone was rolling at the moment and the dice made a soft tumbling sound as they hopped over the green-clothed table-top to bounce sharply off the wooden sideboards.

Sergeant Donahue leaned forward over the table, scooped up the dice, handed them to the roller, and said: "Nine going for four. Nine going for four."

The roller paused momentarily.

"I'll take four," he said, peeling off two one-dollar bills.

"You got a bet," Rivoni said, tossing four dollars on the table.

The bet covered, the soldier tossed out the dice. A two and a five came up.

Jess Rivoni reached for the six dollars and, as someone moved away from the table, he squeezed in.

The table was cleared of all bets and the next man in line took up the dice. Two dollars were tossed on the table.

"I got a buck! I got a buck!" Rivoni said. His black eyes sparkled and tiny pellets of sweat stood out on his forehead.

Someone covered the other dollar and Rivoni said, "A buck he don't. Anybody, a buck he don't. Come on, who's game for a buck?"

"I'll take it."

Rivoni tossed the dollar on the table and it was covered by Milt Chapman.

The roller tossed out the dice. Two sixes came up.

"Crap," Rivoni said, a big smile on his lips as he pulled two dollars from the center of the table and two from his sidebet. He caught Chapman's eye. He lit another cigarette, very nonchalantly.

Money was being bet again and this time Rivoni waited for the roller to get his point. When the first roll brought up an eight he threw down four dollars on the table.

"How about it, Chapman? Four he don't."

Without a word or a glance Milt Chapman dropped four dollars on the table.

Eight was the point and the shooter rolled out a seven.

Jess Rivoni laughed as he swept the money up in his right hand. "You playing the wrong man, Chapman. The wrong man," he said.

I'm going to break this game, he thought. I'm hot. I can feel it. It was his turn to shoot. He counted twenty-eight dollars in his hand. He dropped the usual two dollars in the pot to start and Sergeant Donahue gave him the dice. Rivoni picked them up in his right hand, stroked them tenderly as one would a kitten, huffed on them, shook them close to his ear, and then rolled out.

"Seven!" he shouted. "Wow! These things are hot! Come on, suckers, there's four bucks in there now! Don't hold me back! Don't hold me back!"

The money was covered and he rolled out the dice again.

"Santa Maria! Eleven they say! Nice be-yootiful elevens! Christ Almighty!"

Jess Rivoni pulled three dollars, leaving five on the table.

"Come on, Chapman," he urged. "Put your dough down. Put it down, boy. I'm hot. Plen-ty hot. Put-it-down."

"I got three," Chapman said.

"Is that all, Chapman? Cold feet, hah?"

Someone else covered the other two dollars and Rivoni began to click the dice.

"Come on, baby," he purred. "Show Chapman what a seven looks like. Just a nice little seven. That's all. A nnnnnnicce —" The dice swept out of his hand and smacked up against the sideboard at the far end of the table. "Seven!" he shouted. He plucked the money up from the table. "Jesus, I don't even get a chance to make a sidebet. Ain't it terrible, hah?"

Someone cursed. Seven soldiers dropped away from the table. Sergeant Donahue was smiling. "Here's the boy. Here he is. Gimme a quarter, Rivoni."

"Sure, sure, Sergeant. Why not, eh, Chapman?"

Milt Chapman counted the thirty dollars in his hand. He hesitated only a moment. Then he covered Rivoni's ten on the table with a ten-dollar bill.

AT THIS gesture the others around the table held their bets. They saw that this was now a personal affair.

Jess Rivoni's eyebrows went up with surprise. "Is that *ten*?" he said. "By God, Chapman, you getting kind of reckless, ain't you?"

Smiling, Rivoni began to shake the dice. He rolled out but Chapman broke the roll, automatically calling for a new pair of dice. Sergeant Donahue threw four sets of dice on the table.

Rivoni laughed. "Take your choice, Chapman."

Milt Chapman chose a pair of dice and gave them to Donahue, who cleared the other dice off the table and threw the pair Chapman had given him to Rivoni. Jess Rivoni picked up the dice and began to shake them. He was still laughing.

"It ain't the dice, boy," he said. "It's me. I'm the guy. What's a couple of dice?"

Rivoni flung the dice against the sideboard Chapman was standing against and a quick buzz swept around the tent. Milt

Chapman jerked his head slightly. Rivoni laughed loudly. Goddam, goddam, he thought. I'm going to break this guy.

"Okay, Chapman," he said. "Shoot the twenty." He glanced quickly at the soldiers lined around the table. Their astonished faces pleased him. He smiled at Sergeant Donahue, winked back as Donahue winked at him.

Milt Chapman, almost carelessly, tossed twenty dollars on the table. Rivoni, grinning, began to shake the dice. It was very quiet in the place. Everyone seemed to be holding his breath. Rivoni flung out the dice. They bounced across the table and two threes came up. Rivoni had started to pick up the money, but now the smile slowly slid away from his lips.

He picked up the dice and rolled them out again.

Eight.

With a quick, jerky motion Jess Rivoni wiped the sweat from his brow.

Milt Chapman appeared very calm.

Rivoni's color was beginning to change under the overhead light. What the hell, he thought. I'm still good. I can feel it. He picked up the dice and shook them. He would not look at Chapman. All it takes is a little six. That's all. Come on, baby. A nice little six. The dice swept across the table.

Four.

Bastard. Rivoni clutched the dice, smacked them down on the table, picked them up. "Come on, you little bastards," he said. "A nice six. Just a six." He tossed the dice out hard, bending over the table as he did it so that his hands came to rest flat on the tabletop. The dice galloped over the billiardcloth, rebounded, and as they stopped rolling Rivoni brought both palms down on the table with a crash and the money and dice bounced up. He straightened swiftly and let out a roaring stream of curse words.

Four and three. Seven.

Rivoni watched Milt Chapman reach for the forty dollars. Milt Chapman was very slow about it.

"It's your roll," Rivoni said. He tried hard to keep the tremor out of his voice but when he saw Chapman begin to count his money he exploded.

"Goddammit, it's your roll! You know

how much goddam money you got there!"

Milt Chapman looked up. He was smiling. "Rivoni," he said as though he had just seen him for the first time. "You still here?"

Rivoni flung a ten-dollar bill on the table.

Chapman covered the ten. But very slowly. And very slowly he began to shake the dice and very slowly he tossed them out with an easy flowing motion.

An eight came up.

"Ten more says I make the eight," Chapman said.

Rivoni dropped ten more dollars on the table.

Milt Chapman began to shake the dice. He did not take his eyes away from Rivoni. Even when he rolled out, his eyes were watching Rivoni's face. He saw Rivoni tighten up as the dice stopped rolling. He watched the anger working over Rivoni's face. He heard Rivoni roar out, cursing, and saw him slam nine dollars on the table.

Chapman drew all but nine dollars from the pot and before he even threw out the dice he knew it was going to be a seven and he was already reaching for the money. Everybody expected another burst from Rivoni, but nothing came. Then Jess Rivoni and Milt Chapman stood staring at each other across the table.

Without a word passing between them Rivoni turned and hurried out of the tent.

JESS RIVONI slammed the door of his tent behind him. His anger was so great and so much inside him that he was biting into his lower lip and it was bleeding and he did not realize it.

He lay down on his bed, then got up and strode around the room. He began to curse. He felt something dribbling down his chin. He wiped it away with his hand, saw that it was blood, and cursed some more. He dropped down on his footlocker and lit a cigarette.

He had to do something. That's all there was to it. He had to get even with that dirty lousy bastard.

He tossed the cigarette at the stove. He got up and turned to Chapman's corner of the tent. His eyes fell on Chapman's

footlocker. He stood very still and stared at the footlocker. He stood very still a long time staring at Milt Chapman's footlocker, then went over to it, knelt down, and slipped the opened lock off and held it in his hands. He exhaled sharply through his nose. He got up, went over to his locker, unlocked his lock, and held both locks in his hands.

The two locks looked exactly alike.

Quickly now he slipped Chapman's lock on his locker, leaving the lock open. Then he went back to Chapman's locker and put his own lock in place, leaving it open too.

This time when he stood up there was a smile on his lips. He glanced slowly around the tent. He moved his head up and down. It was a natural. One thing more and the setup would be complete. He went over to the gray coalbucket that stood behind the potbellied stove. There was some coal in it and bits of wood.

Moments later he was back in the tent, satisfied that no one had seen him. He placed the empty coalbucket behind the potbellied stove. He looked around the tent again to see that everything was in order.

When he felt sure that it was, he lay down on his cot and shut his eyes.

MILT CHAPMAN came into the tent and saw Rivoni lying on the cot, sleeping. Chapman knelt beside his footlocker and opened it. It did not bother him that the lock was open. He left it that way many times. He took a bulging wallet from the left rear pocket of his trousers and placed it in the right top chamber of the locker. He began to search through the locker but could not find what he was looking for. Then he picked up the wallet again, opened it, and withdrew all the bills from the moneyfold. He counted slowly and carefully.

When he finished counting he glanced at Rivoni. He kept looking at Rivoni, watching his eyes. After a while he counted off three dollars, picked up the top half of the locker, and placed the rest of the money under a pile of clothes.

He stood up suddenly. He moved lightly over to Rivoni's bunk. He bent over and listened breathlessly to Rivoni's

breathing. He straightened up, rubbed his chin thoughtfully, glanced at his locker, shrugged, and returned to it. He put the top half back in place. Then he closed the locker, snapped the lock, and went out of the tent, shutting the door slowly behind him.

JESS RIVONI lay on his cot a long time after Chapman went out. It began to get dark inside the tent. The camp became quiet with the dusk. Faint sounds drifted from other tents. A few radios were on. Someone laughed and the sound seemed to drift over the whole street outside. The cold, brought on by the night, seeped into the tent but Rivoni did not seem to feel it. His shape became blurry and soon he was lost in darkness.

When the door of the tent swung open and Pete Steidel and Freddie Clark came in and switched on the light they were surprised to see Rivoni sitting up on the edge of the cot.

Jess Rivoni stood up, stretched himself, put on his field hat, and went out.

"Well, what the hell's the matter with him?" Clark said.

Pete Steidel laughed. "He lost all his dough in a crap game."

"Serves him right." Clark shivered. "Damn, it's cold in here," he said.

JESS RIVONI shut the door behind him and suddenly became a swift and agile shadow. The darkness of his skin and uniform blended perfectly with the night. In a moment he had gone a hundred paces without a sound and he came to the mess-hall behind the tents. There he sat down on the rear steps which led into the kitchen. No one could see him now but he had a clear view of his tent.

He reached for a cigarette, changed his mind. One, two, three, he thought. One, two, three. Crazy phrase.

He laughed softly. It would take them about three minutes at least to get coal and paper and wood. He had it all figured out. Right down to the last detail. Even to what they would say to him.

Rivoni, what do you know about this? Nothing.

Come on, now. Don't act dumb,

Rivoni. You were in the tent, you know.

I was sleeping, you know.

You could *not* have been sleeping.

All right. So if I wasn't sleeping then how did I get the lock open without breaking it?

Let me see your key.

Certainly.

They would try his key and, of course, it wouldn't fit because by that time Chapman's lock would be back on his locker.

He laughed again, softly, shaking his head, feeling well pleased. Smart? God-dam, it was perfect. He shivered. He was a little nervous. He wished he had something in him. A couple of drinks. He sighed. They should be coming out.

It was cold. His teeth began to chatter. Why didn't they come out?

A shaft of light from an opened door brought Rivoni to his feet. He tightened up all over. His heart beat hard in his chest. He saw Steidel and Clark come out and shut the door, and before they had turned into the narrow alleyway between the tents he was fifty paces away from the messhall without having made a sound.

JESS RIVONI pushed open the door of his tent. The locker key was already in his hand. He shut the door. One, two, three, he thought. One, two, three, one two three onetwothreeonetwothree onetwothreeonetwothree the damn crazy thing.

Someone yelled. The sound startled him for a moment. He fell down before Chapman's locker. He pulled off the lock and pushed the top open. He lifted the top half of the locker and began searching through the clothes. He became a little panicky when he could not find the money. The blood pounded in his temples. Someone else yelled and he snapped up, cursing, bending over again quickly, angrily. His breath was coming in quick gasps. His hand touched something round and firm and hard. He pulled it out. He was smiling. He reached out to place the top part of the locker back in place when the door swept open and something like the stab of a knife pierced Rivoni's chest as he looked up into Milt Chapman's astonished face. In that instant a crazy mad panic gripped Rivoni. He dropped

the money and streaked for the electric lightcord, pulled it, plunging the tent into darkness.

A roar came from the doorway and it almost made Jess Rivoni scream. He ran forward and rammed into Milt Chapman, knocking him out into the street. Now outside he ran through the narrow alleyway between the tents. Now there was yelling and shouting and there was this terrible pounding and the screaming of his heart and onetwothreeonetwothree faster and faster and faster. Doors were opening and lights fell on him as he ran one way and then the other. He bumped into something and fell and was up again, running. And everywhere there were faces and lights and hands reaching out for him. And two arms came from nowhere and he swerved out of the way and crashed into a wall. And before he could get up he was jerked roughly to his feet and he struggled and screamed, "I didn't do anything! Lemme go! Lemme go!"

"What the hell's the matter?"

"I don't know. I think he's gone crazy."

"Take him into the latrine. Somebody better call the hospital."

FOUR soldiers, followed by a dozen more, pulled the struggling, screaming Rivoni into the latrine. They propped him up against a washbasin because Rivoni could hardly stand, he was shaking so much. His face was white and sickly. His black eyes were bright with fear and his nostrils were wide and much whiter than the rest of his face.

"Rivoni! What's the matter, Rivoni?" This was Pete Steidel.

But Rivoni did not recognize voices now. He was screaming, "I didn't do anything! I didn't do anything! Lemme go! Lemme go!"

Someone said, "Chapman caught him stealing money from his locker." And as this was said Jess Rivoni stiffened and the screams died in his throat. Those watching his face spun around and something in the way Milt Chapman stood made them move aside.

Suddenly it was so still in the latrine you could hear Chapman's rubber heels moving across the stone floor. You could hear

Rivoni's heavy breathing. You could hear his body move back as Chapman brought the palm of his right hand flush against Rivoni's cheek. The sound of impact was like two boards being smacked together. No one saw what followed. Not even Milt Chapman, who suddenly stepped back, holding his upper forearm where the shirt was slit and blood was already flowing.

Rivoni was crouched over, his eyes bloodshot and dancing, a knife in his right hand.

"I'll kill you," Rivoni said. "I'll kill you, sonofabitch."

There was not another sound in the latrine. Yet the very silence seemed deafening. Rivoni backed up, crouching, watching, his eyes crazy. Chapman followed, slowly, carefully, one hand covering his bloody forearm.

"Sonofabitch," Rivoni said. "I'll kill you, sonofabitch."

Rivoni backed up into one corner of the latrine. He kept motioning with the knife. Chapman followed him into the corner. The others followed Chapman.

Rivoni was in a corner now over by the toilet bowls. He swept the knife through the air as Chapman moved closer, carefully, slowly; and suddenly Chapman kicked. His foot caught Rivoni's knife-hand and sent the knife flying across the latrine. Rivoni let out a scream and lunged into Chapman but Chapman clutched Rivoni by his shirt and slammed him against the wall. Rivoni rebounded and it seemed that Chapman's fist went right through Rivoni's face as it landed. Rivoni slammed back into the wall and dropped to the stone floor.

The others did not move. They did not speak. They watched.

Chapman picked Rivoni off the floor, propped him against the wall, and brought his right fist up, then his left, then his right again, holding Rivoni up with one hand as he punched with the other. With each blow Rivoni's head smacked against the wall.

There were no other sounds in the latrine except the sounds of fighting and of a head crashing against the wall. There were no other movements.

Chapman took his time with each blow.

At last Rivoni plunged out of Chapman's grasp, went stumbling across the floor from the force of a blow, tripped, fell down, crashed into a toilet bowl, and came to rest with his bloody, battered face against the rim of the toilet bowl and one arm inside the bowl.

No one laughed.

No one smiled.

THEY propped Rivoni up in a chair in the orderly room. He could not sit without someone holding him. His battered chin lay on his chest, his arms between his knees. He felt no pain, just a dullness all over. There was a steady ringing in his ears. He could hear voices talking, but he did not know what they were saying. The sounds seemed very far away.

In his mind there was something about how rotten he used to feel when he had to get up in the morning and how cold it had been in the tents during the winter and how when he had to get out of bed to go to

the latrine it was so cold he just opened the door and did it outside.

Now he heard a brisk voice come into the room and say something. There were other voices, slower ones, then the brisk voice again, and then someone shoving him back and his face turned to the light. He could not see but the light hurt his eyes. The hand went away from him and he dropped his head down on his chest again.

Now the brisk voice again.

"The lowest bastard in the army is a crook," the first sergeant said. "Don't worry, Chapman. I'll fix up the report. Don't worry about it. When he's through with the hospital he'll be a case for the guardhouse. And I hope they give it to him good."

But Jess Rivoni did not hear. His head was buried on his chest and his arms hung between his knees and now that crazy thing was going around in his head, that one, two, three, one, two, three. But now it was going very slow.

Very, very slow.

One-Book Authors?

HERE are some writers each of whom wrote one book which almost everyone knows. But what else did they write? We asked people on the staff here if they could name *two* books by each author on the list. Nobody could do it for more than five of them, and most of us stopped with two. (To aid you in checking your answers, you will find some titles listed in the pages of Personal and Otherwise.)

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. John Bunyan | 8. Norman Douglas |
| 2. Harriet Beecher Stowe | 9. Stephen Crane |
| 3. Lew Wallace | 10. Samuel Johnson |
| 4. Frances Hodgson Burnett | 11. Miguel de Cervantes |
| 5. Giovanni Boccaccio | 12. Richard Henry Dana, Jr. |
| 6. Izaak Walton | 13. Daniel Defoe |
| 7. Walt Whitman | 14. Thomas Bailey Aldrich |

POEMS

MARK VAN DOREN



The Long War

THE long war destroys
More than men and boys;
More than women sitting
Blastwise, knitting;
More than sill or frame
Where pretty morning came.

The long war is older
Than death is, and colder.
A slow thing; worse
Than moaning can rehearse;
So quietly it slays
Months, minutes, days.

So secretly it kills
Warmness in our wills;
Hope, and every end
To which time was friend.
The heart no longer bleeds
Whereon it creeps and feeds.

Socratic

HE SUFFERED every fool alive,
But not as Lord and children.
He did not bless them, or predict
More light in them than could be.
They guttered, and he knew they would
Forever; yet he found them good.

We fled them, or we slept away
Long hours of them, of droning;
Of smoky wicks that were as smiles
Flattering confusion.
Familiar, but he liked it so;
And that was how he learned to know.

For he that stood, and shows the stain,
Is wiser still than we are.
The lamps we bear are brassy bright,
But he himself is lantern.
As they are. And if he is best,
He only claims him stubbornest.

Camp Night

A LITTLE water will put out the fire.
But wait. A little wood will keep it breathing.
It is a heart we started with ten sticks
That now are nothing, like a hundred others
Shrunk to this hectic person whose last life
Would drain the whole cool forest if it could.
Another handful, then, though it is late.
So much in little, such a hungry principle:
We are not lightly to extinguish that.
Quiet a little longer, while it hisses
And settles, keeping secret the sore word
That soon enough its embers will forget.
Our own existence, partly. A wild piece
Of me and you we presently must drown.

The Sad Child's Song

HEAVY, heavy, hangs in my head.
 Not over, over, not superfine.
 In here, in my head, hangs Heavy, Heavy,
 And nobody knows.
 Dead down he hangs,
 Nor sweats, nor swings;
 Pure weight, pure lump, is Heavy in here,
 Here in my head where nobody sees.
 Not over, over, not lucky and fine,
 Not something for others, laughing, to say
 Is mine if I want it, mine, is mine.
 What shall the owner do to redeem it?
 I can do nothing with Heavy in here,
 Here in my head; and nobody helps.
 Dead weight he hangs,
 Pure lump, nor swings.
 Heavy, Heavy, is all I have.
 Heavy, oh Heavy, is mine to keep.

Sleep, Sleep

SLEEP, sleep, slug in the sun,
 Be limp forever, like warm grass.
 Be lost to shape, be legs and arms,
 Be body separate, be sweet soul
 That melts and spreads like innocent spring
 When time undoes it. Be green song
 That sighs unto itself and dozes;
 Dries, and into summer brown
 Relaxes. So be young and dead,
 Beloved, be as nothing there,
 There in the sun while I keep watch,
 There with the grass while I remember.
 Sleep, sleep, beloved of worlds
 That will be jealous, will awake you.
 Sleep, until they stand and ask
 Who this was by you all the while.
 Forget me now, though, sleep and sleep,
 Slug of my heart, O nothing of mine.

{ John Fischer, of our editorial staff, spent
a year in India, 1943-44, representing the
U. S. Foreign Economic Administration. }

INDIA'S INSOLUBLE HUNGER

JOHN FISCHER



LATE on the night of August 22, 1943, I stepped off a train at Howrah Station in Calcutta. The city was blacked out, because at that time Japanese planes still were shuttling across the Bay of Bengal on occasional bombing raids. In the dim glow from the locomotive firebox, the station floor seemed to be paved with some kind of irregular black-and-white flagging. Then, as my eyes got accustomed to the steamy, stinking half-light, I saw that the floor was covered with huddled bodies, some wrapped in strips of dirty white cotton, most of them naked. They were crowded hip to hip, and as I picked my way toward the street I couldn't help stepping on many of them. Only a few groaned or whimpered. Even the babies—and there were hundreds of them—lay limp and quiet, apparently too weak to cry. And it was plain that some of those people on the station floor were dead, and had been dead for a long time.

That week the newly formed Municipal Corpse Disposal Squad removed 112 bodies from the streets. More—to this day nobody knows how many—were taken away by charitable organizations and private citizens. Still others lay for days on the sidewalks and in gutters; no one can tell the caste or religion of a naked cadaver, and naturally few Hindus, or Moslems either, cared to risk spiritual defilement by touching the body of a possible infidel or outcaste. The *Statesman*, one of India's lead-

ing newspapers and normally an apologist for the government, observed that "those who carry away the dead found in the streets do noble work," and complained of the "red tape" which "necessitated their rotting publicly for hours or days."

That week, and for many weeks to follow, starving families continued to pour into Howrah Station and the great Maidan Park in the center of Calcutta and into every alley and doorway and air-raid shelter where there was room to lie down. The stronger ones fought for garbage around the curbing trash bins; the weak begged silently by slapping their bellies every time an Englishman or American walked past. There was some talk of rationing and of prosecuting grain speculators; the Great Eastern Hotel, where I lived, voluntarily cut its menu from eleven to nine courses; and a few of the more extreme newspapers even suggested that the Calcutta racing season be suspended, so that the overstrained railway system might haul in rice instead of horses and fodder. Such irresponsible suggestions were, of course, given no consideration.

Still the hungry came, because they heard rumors that the government might some day set up gruel kitchens in Calcutta, and because the famine was still worse in the country districts. An official of the Friends' Ambulance Unit reported from Contai that "a fight between vultures and dogs over a corpse is no rare sight . . .

there are not enough able-bodied men to burn the dead, which often are just pushed into the nearest canal." Many desperate families offered their female children for sale. One rupee, eight annas, or about forty-five cents, seemed to be the standard asking price for a girl six to ten years old, if she was still in good enough condition to stand alone.

Through all these months the white Brahmin cattle wandered by the hundreds through the streets of Calcutta, as they always have, stepping placidly over the bodies of the dead and near-dead, scratching their plump haunches on taxi fenders, sunning themselves on the steps of the great Clive Street banks. No one ever ate a cow; no one ever dreamed of it. I never heard of a Bengali Hindu who would not perish with all his family rather than taste meat. Nor was there any violence. No grocery stall, no rice warehouse, none of the wealthy clubs or restaurants ever was threatened by a hungry mob. The Bengalis just died with that bottomless docility which, to most Americans, is the most shocking thing about India.

How many died? No one, of course, really knows. By October, when Lord Wavell took over the government and finally set the army to distributing food on a systematic basis, the *Statesman* was estimating the deaths throughout Bengal at some ten thousand a week. The official figures were much lower; many calculations by private relief organizations were higher. None pretended to be entirely accurate or complete. After comparing many different estimates, my own guess—and I believe it to be conservative—is that the 1943 famine, plus the epidemics of malaria, smallpox, dysentery, and dengue fever which followed in its train, probably wiped out about three million people.

IF THERE were no reliable statistics on the famine, there were at least plenty of explanations. The Indian Nationalists blamed the British—with some justice, since the Central Government in India is one of the feeblest and most ineffective ever endured by a major nation. Even the English editor of the *Statesman* described the famine as "the worst and most reprehensible administrative breakdown in

India since the political disorders of 1930-31," and added:

Under the present system of government, responsibility for breakdown inescapably rests upon Authority in Britain, and its immediate representatives here. Every British citizen is necessarily shamed and sullied . . .

Privately many of the British blamed the corruption and bickering of the native provincial politicians—again with some accuracy, since most of the honest, patriotic, and able native leaders were in political prisons, not provincial ministries. Everybody blamed the floods which disrupted the main rail lines into Bengal, the hurricane which had devastated farms along the east coast, and the Japanese who had cut off rice imports from Burma.

In each of these explanations there was unquestionably much truth. Yet beneath them all lay another fact more ominous, more difficult to cure. It is simply this: there are too many Indians.

II

THERE are some 400 million of them—
as many people as there are in all of Europe, aside from Russia. They are crowded into a land which cannot at the moment support half that number on what most Americans would regard as the barest level of decency. For every square mile of farm land, there are 423 Indians; and eight out of ten depend for their living on farming. (Perhaps 2 per cent of the Indian people work in modern industries; while 3 or 4 per cent more sweat out some kind of living in cottage industries and handicraft trades.) Moreover, the Indian peasant is one of the worst farmers in the world. His methods are incredibly primitive; his soil has been drained of its fertility for centuries; his yields are far below the world average. His farm is rarely larger than five or ten acres; his plow is a crooked stick dragged by a water buffalo; his home is a one-room mud hut, which is quite likely to wash away every rainy season. Normally he is up to his ears in debt, on which he may pay up to 100 per cent interest, and he could not afford better equipment if he wanted it. He seldom does; the old ways seem best, just because they are old and probably sacred.

The result of all this is that more than half of all the people in India are always underfed. Probably 80 million of them never once get a full belly from birth until the day they die. (Once I threw a banana peel out the window of a train to a monkey sitting on a station platform. The monkey never got it; a pack of naked brown children beat him to it, and nearly clawed each other to pieces before the biggest one gulped it down. Not a banana—just the skin; and that was not a famine area.) If you feed a rat on the diet of a Bengali peasant, the rat will die. So, of course, will the Indian, although not quite so soon; his life expectancy is about thirty-two years.

Yet every year there are 5 million more mouths which have to be fed, somehow, from India's weary, eroded land. Since World War II began, the *increase* in India's population has nearly equaled the *total* population of England. Within the past twenty years, it has amounted to more than the entire population of Germany. And if present trends continue until 1960, India's growth will reach the neighborhood of 12 million every year.

UNDER these circumstances, famines like that of 1943 are inevitable—and they are likely to increase both in frequency and severity. As long as the population continues to crowd so heavily on the thin margin of subsistence, any failure of the monsoon, any prolonged breakdown of transport is almost certain to sweep whole provinces over the edge of starvation.

One Indian business man, who is neither cynical nor especially cold-blooded, summed it up in these terms:

From a strictly economic point of view, the 1943 famine was a failure. At most, it killed only three or four million people, which means that it still lagged far behind the birth rate. And that means a few handfuls less rice for everybody next year.

This relentless fertility, with all the economic consequences it entails, is the basic problem of India. The political problem, which is absorbing nearly all the attention of educated Indians and their British rulers alike, is—I am convinced—almost trivial in comparison. Like most Americans, I

have a strong instinctive sympathy for Indian independence, simply because I believe that every people has a right to govern (or misgovern) itself any way it sees fit. Yet, for reasons outlined later in this article, I cannot share the hopes of my Indian friends who see independence as the sole, sure-fire remedy for all their ills. Independence *alone* won't really solve anything; perhaps its greatest blessing may be to relieve the Indian leaders from their preoccupation with British-hating, and let them buckle down to the long, hard job of getting India's deteriorating economy back under control. To the Indian peasant, plagued with malaria, dysentery, and too many children, wondering every hour where his next mouthful of rice is coming from, it can't make much difference what flag flies over the Secretariat in Delhi—not so long as India's population goes on climbing at the rate of a steady 1.2 per cent every year.

III

IS THERE any answer?

Not from the British. I have questioned scores of English officials, from the Viceroy's staff down to local tax collectors, without finding one who thought he could see a way out. Typically, they shrug their shoulders and say something like this:

After all, that's not my pigeon. I've got troubles enough in my own department—and in five or six years I'll be going home on a pension. Besides, we British don't dare interfere with the native customs and religions which lie at the root of the population problem. And there would be no use interfering anyway, because nobody can do anything with these Indians. The Congress wallahs can do the worrying when they finally throw us out, as I suppose they will one of these days.

In short, a kind of tacit confession of Imperial bankruptcy. The surest indication that British rule in India is not likely to survive much longer, it seems to me, lies in this failure to face up to the essential tasks of government. A much more brutal, more tyrannical regime might last indefinitely, if it had some bold plan for grappling with the country's fundamental troubles. The British in India are neither brutal nor very tyrannical; indeed, they often go to absurd lengths in a hopeless effort to placate their native critics. They

are merely ineffectual; they lack confidence in themselves; they hold out no real hope that they can improve the lot of the average Indian; and such governments seldom hang on long.

It is true, of course, that in the past the British Raj has made strenuous efforts (in certain limited fields) to fight off the constant threat of starvation. It has carried through the greatest system of irrigation projects in the world. It has built a rail network capable of shuttling food supplies from surplus to shortage areas, thus eliminating the minor, local famines. In addition, it has started a rudimentary public health program, which already has had a notable effect on the death rate. The net result has been merely a spurt in the rate of population growth—especially in the period since 1921, during which it has been the most rapid in the country's history. Consequently, the British economic program has not meant a better life for the average Indian; it has just meant more Indians.

It also is true that the government of India has set up an impressive array of post-war planning committees and agencies; but so far they have produced no program of the heroic scope which the situation requires. Nor are they likely to. The purpose of these committees, I suspect, is primarily political. They are meant to serve as an answer to the far-reaching postwar proposals being pushed forward by the Indian National Congress.

FOR the Indian Nationalists have an answer, or think they have. Their solution for India's economic nightmare is industrialization, plus a tremendous increase in agricultural production. It has been most widely publicized in the form of the Bombay Plan, a scheme of economic development drawn up by a group of the ablest and most powerful native industrialists.

The objective of the Plan is to treble the national income within a period of fifteen years after the war. To reach this goal, farm output would be doubled, and industrial production would be stepped up fivefold. Allowing for a constant population growth during this period of 5 million a year, the plan calculates that the *per capita* income would be doubled.

Although the Plan itself does not go so far, most of its proponents argue along these lines:

We realize, of course, that even these substantial gains in production can provide only a temporary relief for India's grinding poverty, if the population keeps on rising at its present rate. Eventually, however, our population ought to stop growing of its own accord. That happens in every nation, as it becomes industrialized and raises its standard of living. It is happening right now in Great Britain, and it is beginning to happen in America—although both of these countries grew even more rapidly during the last century than India is growing today. And there can be little question of India's ability to industrialize herself in short order, once we throw off the dead hand of British Imperialism. Look at Russia—with its Five Year Plans it built an even greater industrial plant in less time.

These are brave, hopeful words—the most hopeful being uttered in India today. And they are based on more than hope. Unquestionably India has many of the raw materials for building a modern industrial state. Her deposits of high-grade iron ore, still only partially explored, may prove to be among the most valuable in the world. Bauxite, sulphur, manganese, mica, and many another industrial mineral are plentiful. Her rivers, pouring off the Himalayas and the Deccan Plateau, offer a tremendous water power potential, so far only about 4 per cent developed. (But there also are serious gaps in the raw materials arsenal, as we shall see.)

Moreover, at least a few Indians have demonstrated a genuine capacity for industrial operations. The Tata steel mills, for example, are the largest in the British Empire, and some of their most modern departments operate more efficiently than any in the United States. Good machine tools are being made in India already; and the country has produced more than a handful of competent engineers, chemists, and mechanics.

Perhaps more important still, the nation's industrial leaders are almost fanatically determined to reach their goal. Mr. G. D. Birla, for example, insists that he will some day establish a full-fledged automobile factory in India, even though the scarcity of roads and purchasers may force it to operate at a loss for years on end. He is not really interested in profits; he already is making plenty in a dozen other

industries. To Birla, an auto factory is a symbol of national pride—no modern state is complete without one. And he has his counterparts in many other fields, all bent on building some kind of factory virtually without regard to cost. The bitterest accusation that they hurl against the British is the charge that England has deliberately discouraged the growth of industry in India, to prevent competition with her own plants.

All this adds up to a strong probability that India will accomplish a considerable degree of industrialization during the next generation, although not necessarily on the scale set forth in the Bombay Plan. At the same time, food production no doubt can be stepped up substantially; as much as 75 million acres of additional land might be brought under cultivation, and the use of fertilizers and better farming methods theoretically might double the yield from the present farms.

IV

NEVERTHELESS, I do not think the Bombay Plan is likely to achieve its basic purpose: to create a higher standard of living by shoving production well ahead of the rise in population *and keeping it ahead*.

In the first place, there are strong reasons to believe that the Bombay Planners set their sights too high, that a fivefold increase in industrial production cannot possibly be carried through within fifteen years. And secondly, even if the Plan could be fulfilled down to the last ton of steel, there is little prospect that it actually would result in checking the cancerlike growth of India's population.

Indian Nationalists are fond of pointing to the Russian example, and in many respects the Bombay Plan is modeled frankly after the Soviet Five Year Plans. Like them, it calls for a massive investment of labor and material in heavy industrial plant—steel mills, machine tool factories, chemical and power projects—within a very brief period. The Indians, however, are apt to gloss over the methods Russia had to use. The Soviets carried through their Five Year Plans by cutting sharply the consumption of the people and throwing the resources thus saved into a rapid

building up of capital equipment. That entailed a ruthless and efficient dictatorship, willing to plunge ahead regardless of the cost in suffering and human life.

Now a Free India government is likely to find that it cannot follow the Russian example, for four reasons:

1. Although India's natural resources are impressive, they do *not* include some of the key raw materials on which Russia (and every other modern industrial state) has built its economy. The most serious lacks are petroleum and coking coal. The coal shortage, in fact, has proved the most serious bottleneck in the Indian war effort. Production of coal still falls short of 25 million tons a year—as compared with America's 620 million—and almost all of it is awkwardly located in the northeast corner of the peninsula, so that its distribution involves long and costly train hauls.

2. In Russia, even after the devastation of World War I and the Revolution, the people as a whole had a standard of living considerably above the subsistence level. There was some fat on the economy, which could be shaved off and diverted to the building of industrial plant. In India there is no such margin. Present living standards cannot be hammered much lower—for whatever worthy purpose—without causing wholesale starvation.

3. There is little prospect that a Free India would have a government strong enough to impose great sacrifices on its people, even if they had anything much to sacrifice. (Many British officials predict that India could never form any stable government at all; and the current deadlock between the Congress Party and the Moslem League makes it difficult to answer these predictions.) At best, any independent Indian government is likely to be an uneasy coalition, constantly preoccupied with balancing and compromising the conflicting demands of scores of different racial, religious, and political groups. Such a government could not afford to act ruthlessly; if it did, it would be tossed out of office overnight. On the other hand, if any one group—such as the Congress Party—should be able to dominate the government and should attempt to impose a drastic economic program on the other

factions, the result quite possibly would be civil war.

4. Finally, the Russians started their great experiment with an energetic people, braced by a rigorous climate and fairly bulging with a vitality which even such Americans as Wendell Willkie and Eric Johnston have found a little overwhelming. In contrast, the great mass of the Indian people have been enervated for generations by hunger, tropical diseases (at least 25 per cent have malaria), and a climate which will almost wilt a bulldozer. No one who has not lived in India can quite imagine the effect of that climate—a smothering, bone-melting heat, in which every movement requires a separate effort of the will. It is no reflection on the Indians to suggest that such a climate is a major obstacle to any plan for a rapid and vigorous reconstruction. It sweats the energy out of the Englishman in India, just as it does the native. It would do the same to you.

LET'S assume, however, that all these difficulties by some miracle might be overcome. Suppose that the Bombay Plan could be carried out on schedule, and that all its most optimistic goals could be achieved. Would the resulting rise in living standards actually slam an automatic brake on the rate of population growth, as its supporters believe?

The answer almost certainly is no. By the end of its fifteen years, the Bombay Plan is intended to lift the income of the average Indian to 135 rupees, or \$45 a year. It is true that this would be about double the present per capita income; but even so, it would not amount to one-tenth of the earnings of the average American. It is hard to believe that an income of \$45 a year would be large enough to set in motion those sweeping changes in living standards, habits, and education which have been responsible for a declining birth rate in the Western world.

Moreover, it is doubtful whether a rise in income—no matter how large—would have the same effect on India's population trends that it has had in Europe and the United States. The simple rule of thumb, "Higher income=lower birth rate," may not apply in India, simply because her cul-

ture, religions, and habit patterns are too different.

First of all, the great emphasis which both Mohammedanism and Hinduism place on the family and on sexual relationships would probably rule out any widespread practice of birth control. The creation of a son is the first duty of every Hindu; the sexual act itself is a religious rite. With many Indians, sex seems to have become almost an obsession. (Witness the countless—and admirably explicit—volumes on the arts of love which crowd every bookstore; the aphrodisiac advertisements in every newspaper; the native state where the chief industry is the manufacture of phallic symbols from pink marble.)

Doctors, missionaries, public health workers, sociologists—Indian, British, and American—all told me the same story: any attempt to change the Indian's breeding habits can show results only after generations of persistent and tactful education. For these cultural patterns are more rigidly fixed, more resistant to change than those of any other major people. Indeed, the dominant characteristic of India is an inert, rocklike conservatism which the Western mind finds almost impossible to grasp.

Consequently, it seems likely that a doubling of the per capita income under the Bombay Plan might well lead to a rising birth rate, rather than the expected decline. At the same time the death rate presumably would slump, since the Plan calls for a great expansion in sanitation and public health facilities. If this should prove true, the Bombay Plan then would arrive at precisely the same kind of result as the British-sponsored irrigation schemes—a still faster population growth, a still sharper pressure on the means of subsistence, continuing poverty for the average Indian.

This gloomy conclusion is borne out by the studies of two of India's most competent and searching economists, P. A. Wadia and K. T. Merchant. In *Our Economic Problem*, one of the most painstaking analyses published in India in recent years, they conclude that "it is obvious that so long as we have a high birth rate, it is difficult to think of any immediate change for the better in our material condition. We shall continue to grow at

the rate of about 10 to 13 per thousand every year, unless our numbers are seriously affected . . . by natural calamities. . . . The problem in the coming two or three decades will be that of the impact of a progressively increasing population on our ill-balanced and deteriorating economic and social structure."

V

DOES this mean that there is *no* solution for India's economic problem?

So far as I can see, it probably does—at least for the predictable future. I arrived at this hopeless sort of answer reluctantly, over a period of many months, and the process was one of the most painful experiences I have ever undergone.

When I went to India, I believed in a kind of inarticulate, unconscious fashion that there *must* be some kind of solution for every problem. Perhaps it might be only a theoretical solution, not immediately practical; but with enough effort and good will it ought to be possible at least to figure out some line of attack on any set of difficulties. I think nearly all Americans feel the same way—we've never yet been up against anything we couldn't lick, somehow.

It was a considerable shock, therefore, to run into a situation to which I could not find even a theoretical answer. Nor anyone who believed, with real confidence, that *he* had the answer. (Even the most enthusiastic of the Bombay Plan's proponents have a few private doubts.) And it was especially numbing to realize that this apparently insoluble problem may mean suffering and death on a staggering scale, for many generations to come.

There is always a hope, of course, that some new kind of solution may yet turn up. For example, Jawaharlal Nehru, leader of the left wing of the Indian National Congress, has sketched the outlines of a program which would take into account many of the difficulties the Bombay Plan avoids, and would attack them in a much more drastic fashion. He demands a revolution; and "revolution" is precisely what he means. The Nehru program proposes nationalization of heavy industry, collective farms to replace the present tiny peasant

holdings, and—by implication—a frontal assault on the whole archaic social structure of India, with its incrustations of caste, superstition, and blind conservatism. Because Nehru has spent much of his mature life in prison, he has never had a chance to translate these proposals into a detailed, specific plan of action. In any case, there is no prospect that his program will get a trial within the foreseeable future, because the big industrialists who finance and dominate the Congress Party are implacably opposed. And during his present term of political imprisonment Nehru apparently has lost much of his mass following.

Maybe Nehru is on the right track. Certainly some such bold and imaginative surgery would seem to be indicated. It is questionable, however, whether any revolution, however drastic, would be enough. How can India lift herself by her bootstraps, when there isn't enough strap to get hold of—when there is so little margin beyond bare subsistence to use for the task of reconstruction?

The essential thing, which Nehru's program (like all the others) seems to lack, is the injection *from outside India* of a tremendous stream of equipment and capital and technical skill. Incalculable amounts of money and energy would have to be poured out, first of all, on a campaign of education and public health in the thousands of Indian villages. Such a campaign in the very long run might bring the birth rate under control, clean up the malaria and cholera and typhoid, and prepare the Indian people physically and mentally to remake their own destiny. On top of that, more billions would be needed to get a modern industry under way on a scale capable of filling the needs of 400 million people.

The mere statement of these needs indicates how little chance there is of meeting them. No nation or group of nations would be willing to make such an investment, because much of it—certainly that part spent on education and health—could never be repaid. Furthermore, India would not be willing to accept really large-scale investment from abroad, because both business and political leaders are profoundly suspicious of foreign economic

penetration. (They are especially wary of American "dollar imperialism." I know dozens of intelligent Indian business men who honestly believe that Lend-Lease is simply a subterfuge under which the United States is scheming to grab control, somehow, of the Indian economy.) Even the Bombay Plan would permit foreign financing only to the extent of a little more than \$2 billion over a fifteen-year period, and then only "if it is not accompanied by political influence or interference of foreign vested interests."

The best hope for a boost from overseas lies in the debt which Great Britain owes to India. It is perhaps not generally realized that during the course of the war India has substantially achieved her financial independence from the British—and more. Britain has purchased huge tonnages of raw materials from India; since she could not pay in cash, she has jotted down a credit to India on her books, with a promise to pay at some unspecified date after the war. Long ago India piled up enough of these blocked sterling credits to wipe out all the debt she previously had owed England. The credits are still piling up, so rapidly that Britain probably will be in debt to India to the tune of \$3 or \$4 billion by the war's end.

If India could take payment for this debt in machinery and other capital equipment for her industrialization program, it might serve as a real help towards a new start. It seems more likely, however, that England will want to pay off as much as possible with consumers' goods which would compete with, rather than aid, India's fledgling industries. Some Indian Nationalists even believe—or profess to believe—that the British will cheat them out of this money somehow, by outright repudiation of the debt or perhaps by

some juggling of the sterling-rupee exchange rate.

So it appears probable that India will have to tackle her reconstruction largely on her own steam—and it also seems evident that there just isn't enough steam there.

THIS dismal account may at least cast some light on the peculiar behavior of a good many Americans who have been handling war jobs in India. When they arrive, they generally are more than eager to engage in the time-honored American pastime of British-baiting. Within a few weeks, as they get their first good look at the lackadaisical performance of the British bureaucracy, they pull out all the stops and voice their criticisms in a full-throated bellow. About six months later, however, something apparently happens to the vocal cords. The jibes tend to fade away to a whisper, and sometimes they stop altogether.

The explanation, of course, is simple enough. Sooner or later, nearly every American begins to wonder what *he* would do if he had to run India—and lapses into a thoughtful and chastened silence. (After all, can we afford to brag about our record in Puerto Rico, which presents much the same problems on an infinitely smaller and more manageable scale?)

One morning, during the worst of the hot weather, an American general sat down at my breakfast table looking uncommonly haggard and worn. He said he hadn't slept well.

"As a matter of fact," he added, "I've been having a perfectly horrible nightmare. I dreamed that all the Englishmen quietly slipped out of this country during the night, and left us Americans holding the bag. Can you imagine anything worse?"

Mr. Gray, who has written for us often on scientific subjects, is now working on a history of the wartime aeronautical research of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

TRIAL BY WIND TUNNEL

GEORGE W. GRAY



IN THEIR early experiments with gliders at Kitty Hawk, Wilbur and Orville Wright found that the accepted standards specifying the lifting ability of wings were wrong. They simply could not get from their gliders the lift that theory predicted. It was not until the ingenious brothers had provided themselves with a small wind tunnel, in which they could actually measure the air forces acting on various wing shapes, that they succeeded in building the first successful airplane.

What was true of the Wright machine of forty-one years ago is equally true of the latest fighters and bombers. Every one of them was hatched in a wind tunnel. The top aviation demands of today are almost frighteningly exacting. They call for mechanisms so refined, packed with so much power, loaded with so many tons of fuel, armament, armor, and other matériel, capable of flight at such altitudes and speeds, that no mortal can compute in advance and lay out on paper the design that will meet all the latest requirements of the military. Each airplane as it is conceived is the heir of more than forty years of research. And yet these accumulated data of aeronautics are not enough. Each new design must be worked out individually. One of the famous American bomber planes, after its shape had been developed in small-scale models, went through five different wind tunnels before

it was finally pronounced fit to fly under the severe demands of modern warfare. The same sort of statement can be made of almost every combat airplane now at the battlefield. Without the wind tunnels there would be no swift Mustang, no far-ranging Liberator, no B-29, no giant Mars.

WIND tunnels have been useful, first of all, in discovering and developing fundamental principles of aerodynamics and in applying them to particular problems of design. Out of the tunnels have come high-speed propellers, low-drag wings, flaps which give high lift, cowls and ducts to promote the efficient cooling of the engine, and other improvements that are now standard aircraft components. Take the best service airplanes of 1930, with their exposed engines, protruding landing gears, conventional wings and propellers, surfaces pimpled with rivet heads, and speed capacities of less than two hundred miles per hour, and compare these performers of fifteen years ago with the smooth skyfighters of 1945 which carry a horsepower in every five pounds of their gross weight and are able to dart across the continent in a third of a day. There's a difference, and it isn't all luck. To be sure, other problems than airflow have had to be mastered also. Engine researchers, structural engineers, metallurgists, chemists with their new fuels and lubricants, and other specialists have had a

hand in creating the five-hundred-mile-an-hour airplane—but the key man in the science of flight is still the aerodynamicist with his roaring wind tunnels.

Beyond this contribution of fundamental research, whose results may be applied to all aircraft, the wind tunnels have proved to be of direct value in developing the cleanness and performance characteristics of specific airplanes, and in detecting and correcting faults of design. In this capacity the American tunnels have been of high service to the nation's war effort. The Army and Navy have a policy of referring early models of proposed military aircraft and prototypes of the actual planes to the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, and through its wind-tunnel studies of these the NACA has contributed directly to the development of numerous combat planes.

The P-47 fighter, for example, the superb Thunderbolt, underwent a complete model testing at the NACA laboratory at Langley Field in Virginia before the first Thunderbolt was built. Several studies have been made of the Mustang in the course of developing this fleet pursuit plane, and in particular its low-drag wing came right out of one of the Langley wind tunnels. It was there too that prolonged investigation of a model of a proposed B-15 bomber was made several years ago, and the data derived from this study guided the design of the Flying Fortress. The Navy's Hellcat, Wildcat, and Corsair each in turn went through the cleanup test in the full-scale tunnel at Langley, as did many Army planes, including the famous Airacobra, Kingcobra, Airacomet, and Lightning. In the case of the Airacobra, the various elements of drag were so reduced, and other improvements indicated through the cleanup test were so substantial, that nearly forty miles per hour were added to the speed of the plane. Many refinements which make the Kingcobra a superior ship were derived from the revelations of the cleanup tests of the Airacobra—and the same sharing of results has happened in numerous other instances.

Indeed, everything that is discovered in the exploration of one airplane immediately becomes available for the improve-

ment of subsequent or contemporary types and makes. The dive-recovery flaps that were developed by the NACA for the Lightning are now on the Thunderbolt and other high-speed craft. A special device for balancing ailerons on the Mustang is also serving the P-59, P-63, and A-26. And so with all products of the government's wind-tunnel research—they are the exclusive property of no private interest, but are at the service of all, free to be swiftly applied anywhere and everywhere they can add to the safety, maneuverability, speed, and other performance characteristics of the nation's military aircraft.

II

A WIND TUNNEL gets its results by a reversal of the conditions of flight. The test object—whether airplane, airplane part, or small-scale model—is mounted securely on rigid streamlined supports, these supports are mounted on scales, and, when the airstream is turned on, the scales “weigh” the responses of the object to the airflow. In this way it is possible to determine the amount of drag, lift, or interference that a certain shape develops. It is possible to measure aspects of stability and control, such as the tendency to pitch or roll or yaw. Practically every flying characteristic is susceptible to study by thus reversing the natural process and making the air, rather than the plane, the moving element.

America is remarkably equipped with wind tunnels. There are some eighty now in operation, distributed among twenty-seven engineering schools, ten aircraft manufacturers, the Army and Navy (each of which has four tunnels, used primarily for engineering checkup and development rather than for research), and the government's independent research agency, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

This agency was created in 1915, by act of Congress, “to supervise and direct the scientific study of the problems of flight with a view to their practical solution.” It consists of fifteen non-salaried members—most of them scientists and engineers, with two representatives each from the Army, Navy, and civil aero-

nautics branch of the Commerce Department. From the beginning its work has been "scientific study" at the research level. Its leadership has always been of the highest. The present chairman is Dr. Jerome C. Hunsaker, distinguished aeronautical authority of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; since 1919 the director of research has been Dr. George W. Lewis, formerly of the engineering faculty of Swarthmore College; and the pioneering inventor, Orville Wright, has been a member since 1920.

As early as 1916 the Committee began to organize a plan of research. It selected Langley Field, Virginia, as the seat for its activities, and the Army authorities assigned a plot of ground for a laboratory. When this Langley Memorial Aeronautical Laboratory was opened in 1920, the principal item of equipment was a five-foot wind tunnel. Tunnel No. 1 has long since been dismantled to make room for more modern apparatus, but at the time it was built it seemed the last word in aerodynamic research facilities. It made many contributions to aeronautics, but perhaps the principal contribution was to open the eyes of the research staff to the inadequacy of what was then everywhere accepted as suitable equipment. Within two years the Langley engineers had designed and were beginning to build an entirely new type of wind tunnel, and this became the trail blazer for more and better tunnels to come. The NACA's second tunnel was built in 1923, the third in 1926, the fourth in 1931—each different, each representing another advance in research resources, and each adding new knowledge to the science of flight.

By 1939 the laboratory area at Langley Field was so congested with wind tunnels and auxiliary equipment, and the Army and Navy were increasing their requests for NACA technical services at so rapid a rate, that a second research center was established on the Pacific Coast—at Moffett Field, near San Francisco. It was called the Ames Aeronautical Laboratory, in honor of the late Dr. Joseph S. Ames, former president of the Johns Hopkins University, who served the NACA many years as chairman. At Ames, as at Langley, wind tunnels rose so

rapidly that they seemed to grow out of the soil. By the beginning of 1945 the new laboratory had seven of them, each adapted to a particular line of research.

PERHAPS the most remarkable of these tunnels at Ames, certainly the most spectacular, is the 80-foot full-scale tunnel. It was completed and began operations only last June, and the substantial scientific and engineering results that have come out of its use are buried in the secrecy of wartime military research. However, the dimensions of the tunnel have been published, and it is known that the test section is large enough to admit a two-engine plane, such as the *Invader*, the *Havoc*, the *Marauder*, and other bombers of this category. One of the airline transports, such as a *Lockheed Lodestar*, could be installed here and studied at speeds up to 225 m.p.h., with the airplane's twin engines operating, propellers whirling, and the other features of flight simulated. The possible peacetime uses of this new research tool, with its enormous capacity and high versatility, are not difficult to imagine. For the first time science has the means for making direct aerodynamic studies of large two-engine airplanes at full scale.

Simply as enclosed space this Ames tunnel is impressive. It is the Mammoth Cave of architecture—a cave that turns corners and bends back on itself in a closed circuit, an immense hollow doughnut which if straightened out would be a cone 2,700 feet long—more than half a mile. The 80-foot dimension is only the width of the airstream at its narrowest part. The vista within staggers the imagination with its depth and height and breadth and its eerie shadows. Tramping through the vast cavern, with the aid of a pocket flashlight, one sees looming ahead the outline of the six gigantic fans, mounted three abreast in two rows, the embodiment of the 36,000 electrical horses which drive the big wind. The 24 million cubic feet of air within the tunnel weigh 900 tons. That is an average of only 50 pounds to each horsepower, but quite enough load when the horse is responsible for moving its 50 pounds at four times the speed of an express train.

As you round a bend of the tunnel, passing between two of the immense vanes which turn the airflow at these angles and ease it smoothly into the home stretch, you see straight ahead what looks like a tiny airplane. It is hard to believe that this toy mounted in the distant test section is a full-size plane of 65-foot wing span. "One feels the ultimate in insignificance," wrote an enthralled newspaperman, visiting the structure on the one day last June when it was open to the press. The tunnel covers eight acres and is the largest single implement of scientific research, larger than the 200-inch telescope now nearing completion on Palomar Mountain, larger of course than the great cyclotron at Berkeley. It is probably also the most costly piece of research equipment. The 200-inch telescope, which heretofore held that premier position in expense, cost around \$6,000,000. The 80-foot tunnel cost \$7,214,000.

IN 1940, when construction of the Ames Laboratory was just getting started, the NACA decided to establish still another center of research. This third laboratory, which occupies a large area adjoining the Cleveland airport, is devoted to the study of aircraft power plants, fuels, and lubrication. It was not sufficiently equipped to begin operations until the summer of 1942, but since then the Aircraft Engine Research Laboratory has grown so rapidly in staff and facilities that today it is the largest institution for scientific research on airplane power plants, including both liquid- and air-cooled gasoline engines, gas turbines, and jet-propulsion units. This Cleveland laboratory has a variety of highly specialized equipment, including two of the most remarkable wind tunnels ever built.

The first, the altitude tunnel, provides completely controlled facilities for the study of engine performance at any altitude from sea level up to the stratosphere. This means that there is a refrigeration and cooling plant to keep the temperature down to 48° below zero Fahrenheit, a pumping plant to evacuate the tunnel air to a density equivalent to that at 50,000 feet, and a fan which pushes the air around through the huge cavern at

500 m.p.h. These simultaneous processes go on while an airplane engine, mounted in the 20-foot test section, is spurting its fiery exhaust and continually adding heat and fumes to the tunnel air. To operate the tunnel at full capacity requires 52,000 horsepower, of which only 18,000 drives the fan; the remainder is needed to drive the pumps and operate the refrigeration and cooling systems.

Equally unique is the Cleveland laboratory's icing research tunnel. It is prepared to study the problem of aircraft icing wherever it shows up—in engines and engine components, on propeller blades, wings, antennae, and other parts. Just as the altitude tunnel can subject an airplane engine to the atmospheric conditions of the stratosphere, so the ice tunnel can subject it and other parts to the extreme meteorological conditions which produce dangerous icing. The tunnel has facilities for spraying water into the moving airstream and at the same time lowering the temperature to as much as 65° below zero. The top wind speed here is 320 m.p.h., and the artificial blizzards of sleet and snow which result from this combination of wind, temperature, and humidity are more than a match for nature's worst weather. Ice is one of aviation's most stubborn hazards, and this tunnel has been dedicated to the scientific study of that problem with the conviction that it can be solved. Although the ice tunnel has been in service less than a year, it has already yielded some promising leads.

The 80-foot full-scale tunnel, the altitude tunnel, and the ice tunnel are three of the latest attainments in aeronautical research equipment. They are representative of the current trend toward large size and high specialization. There are other tunnels of various dimensions and speeds and adapted to various purposes—for the research engineer picks his tunnel for the particular job at hand with as much choice, almost, as the surgeon selects a scalpel from the tray on his operating table. Altogether, the NACA has thirty-two wind tunnels. Of the \$70,000,000 which is invested in its three laboratories, \$31,108,000 represents the cost of the tunnels.

III

TWENTY-THREE of the wind tunnels are at Langley, and the story of the advancement of the aeronautical sciences during the past two decades parallels pretty closely the story of what has gone on here. For the tunnels have produced data which have profoundly affected and directly guided aircraft design. The NACA group themselves have never attempted to design an airplane. Their responsibility is the investigation of the fundamental phenomena. They have sought to explore and exploit for practical use principles which apply basically to all aircraft. In following this program they found the old tools of research crude, inadequate, in many instances misleading. The remedy lay in invention. By originating new apparatus the men at Langley provided America with superior tools and were able to make findings that could be arrived at only with the aid of the improved equipment.

The starting point of this development was the discovery that conclusions reached from airflow studies of models in Tunnel No. 1 could not be applied to the full size airplane. The responses of the small-scale model in this 5-foot wind tunnel were one thing, the responses of the actual airplane in the air were another, and there was no mathematical formula that would bring them into correspondence.

It is a principle of physics that the aerodynamic behavior of an object depends on its size, the speed with which it (or the air) is moving, and the air viscosity (indicated by air density). The multiple of these three factors for a given airplane or other object provides a scale index known as the Reynolds number. The Reynolds number of the Mustang fighter plane, for example, is within the range 5,000,000 to 20,000,000, which means that this is the product of multiplying (1) the size of the Mustang, by (2) its speed in level flight, by (3) the density of the air at the levels for which it is designed to fly. The Reynolds number of the Flying Fortress is 13,000,000 to 28,000,000. This is higher than the Mustang's, for although the Fortress is slower, it is so much larger than the fighter that the increase in size more

than compensates for the decrease in speed. Thus, you can increase the Reynolds number of an object by increasing its size, or by increasing its speed, or by increasing the density of the air.

It was recognition of the importance of the Reynolds number that led the group at Langley to make their first contribution to the improvement of wind tunnels. "Why not put the tunnel in a sealed airtight chamber, and pump the air to higher densities?" proposed Dr. Max Munk. By compressing the air to twenty atmospheres you could use a one-twentieth-scale model and get results comparable to those that the full-scale airplane gives at atmospheric pressure. The idea, in other words, was to compress the air in the tunnel as much as you compress the airplane in the model.

The variable-density tunnel was built to apply this principle, and it began operations in 1923 as NACA Tunnel No. 2. The research results which the new apparatus yielded were so superior that now you will find variable-density tunnels wherever there are modern aeronautical research laboratories—not only in the United States but in England, in France, and, yes, in Germany and Japan.

Since pioneering this invention, the NACA has added several tunnels of its own embodying the variable-density principle. The largest is the 19-foot tunnel completed at Langley in 1939, just in time to be of incomparable service in wartime research. In most of the earlier variable-density tunnels the observation room of the test section is outside and not subject to the pressurized air. But this 19-foot tunnel is so large that it is necessary for the staff to work inside, where the pressure rises to two and a half atmospheres. When the tunnel is operating it can be entered or left only through an airlock chamber in which one must wait for his body to accustom itself gradually to the pressure change.

But the 19-footer is comparatively new. For years the NACA's only variable-density tunnel was the original Tunnel No. 2, completed in 1923, and it has rendered yeoman service to aeronautics. It was the means of making the first systematic study of airfoils, and out of this

research came the NACA family of wings, including the famous 23012 wing. When the war began in 1939, this wing was in almost universal use for transport airplanes, both in the United States and abroad; and, except for a few experimental aircraft, it was the standard wing for military airplanes.

BUT there were problems the variable-density tunnel could not touch. Propellers, for example, presented an enigma. They had a way of suddenly losing efficiency at high speeds; sometimes the blades would break under the pull of centrifugal force; and nobody knew the limits of safe and economical operation.

"The thing to do is to build a tunnel for propeller research," proposed Dr. Lewis to the Committee. "And I think we ought to build it big," he continued, "for this propeller problem can't be solved with small-scale models. Let's make the tunnel large enough to take an actual fuselage with its engine installation and propeller of full scale."

They designed a huge affair with a throat 20 feet in diameter. Anything over 10 feet was regarded as a giant in those days, and when the propeller-research tunnel was completed in 1926 it seemed colossal. However, as it turned out, the biggest thing about this apparatus is not its size but its record of research results. It licked the propeller problem—established the rule that the speed of rotation of propeller tips must not exceed 90 per cent of the speed of sound, and provided standards which guided propeller engineering for the next dozen years. In addition, the new tunnel explored other problems, and within a short time had contributed three major findings.

First, it showed that the exposed radial engine was a source of costly air resistance, being responsible for one-third of the drag of the entire airplane body. The researchers were able to demonstrate that merely enclosing the engine in a metal jacket immediately reduced its drag, and out of hundreds of tests with dozens of combinations came at last the NACA cowling. In this the jacket is carefully shaped both outside and inside to promote airflow, and not only is drag reduced but the cooling

job is more efficiently performed. The first public use of this development came in February, 1929, when an airplane equipped with the NACA cowling made a nonstop flight from Los Angeles to New York in 18 hours and 13 minutes. Its normal speed was 157 m.p.h., but with the NACA cowling to reduce drag and promote cooling it flew at 177 m.p.h. By 1932 the device was in use on almost all airplanes. An industrial authority estimated that the savings which accrued to American aviation from the cowling in 1932 were approximately \$5,000,000, about evenly divided between military and commercial aircraft. Just what the savings are today would require a differential analyzer to compute. In a certain sense, the trend to high speed rests on the cowling development, for without cowls it would be impracticable to drive air-cooled engines at speeds much above 200 m.p.h.

The next contribution from the propeller-research tunnel was the discovery that a multi-engine airplane performs best when its engines are on a line with the leading edge of the wing. At the time of these investigations, engines were customarily suspended below the wing. Look at the pictures of the commercial transports, the Army and Navy bombers, Admiral Byrd's big trimotored ship in which he flew over the North Pole, and other aircraft of the twenties and early thirties, and note how fixed was the designers' idea that the place for the engine was below the wing. The NACA discovery was published in a technical report in November, 1931. It was applied by Glenn L. Martin in a two-engine bomber for the Army in 1933; and by 1934 the DC-2 transport planes had their two 700-horsepower engines (also equipped with NACA cowling) in the front-of-the-wing position, and they were making 210 m.p.h. at 8,000 feet.

A third major contribution was the demonstration of the enormous drag exacted by the landing gear. Every aerodynamicist, of course, knew that protruding landing gear cost power to pull through the air, and here and there an occasional plane had been built with facilities to fold up the landing gear or withdraw it into the body or wing. But these were sporadic

and incidental efforts, and it was not until the NACA published its report in 1934 that aeronautics had an actual measurement of this inefficiency. Studies made with an actual airplane in the 20-foot tunnel showed that when the landing gear was removed the total drag diminished by one-third. After that, any designer who wanted to add speed to his airplane knew where he could get it at little cost. Today the retractable landing gear is so common it is difficult to realize that ten years ago it was a rarity. Without it, high-speed aircraft would be impossible. It has been found, for example, that merely extending the landing gear of the B-29 Superfortress in flight reduces the speed of the big bomber by one-half.

The propeller-research tunnel is a landmark in aeronautical science. Probably no other single piece of research equipment has influenced as many changes in the airplane within the same space of time. It was so immediately successful, in fact, that Dr. Lewis and his collaborators were soon planning a larger tunnel, with an oval throat measuring 60 feet horizontally and 30 feet vertically—large enough to admit a single-engine airplane.

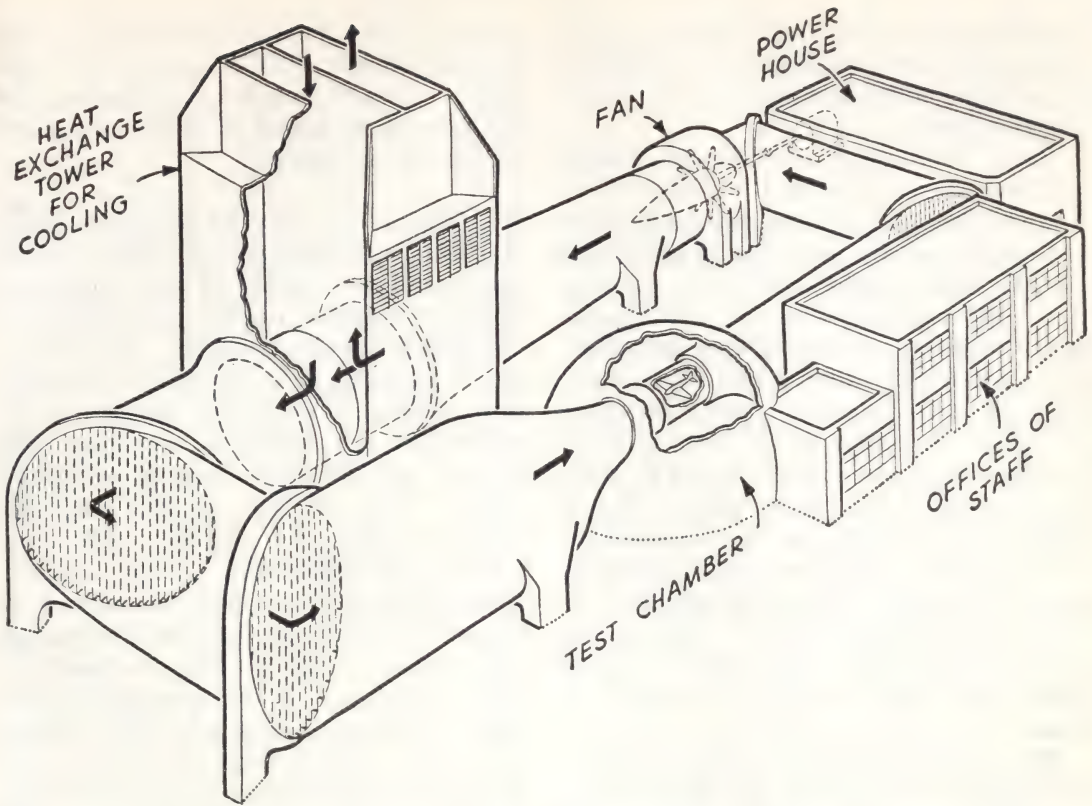
By the time the war clouds began to gather this 60-foot tunnel (which had been completed in 1931) had already proved its value on a variety of aerodynamic problems. With the onset of war it was turned to immediate problems of military aircraft. Since then practically every single-engine American combat plane has been through its cleanup test. When the war emphasized the need for a still larger apparatus, the experience gained in the design, construction, and operation of this 60-foot tunnel at Langley was indispensable to the creation of the 80-foot tunnel at Ames. For these NACA experts are not only aeronautical researchers; they are also equipment inventors, designers, and construction engineers. They have to be. There is no instrument manufacturer to whom they can go, no architect to whom they can turn over the job of designing an unprecedented apparatus to meet their research requirements. When the need for a new tool arises, usually it is they themselves who have to create the answer to their need.

IV

THE primary purpose in building the types of tunnels just described was to make the scale measurements of drag, lift, and other aerodynamic factors approach those of actual flight—a condition that can be attained either by increasing the air pressure or by increasing the size of the test object. Or, as the engineers put it, they were after higher Reynolds numbers. But the Reynolds number is not the only consideration. There is another aerodynamic index, the Mach number, a speed ratio. As the Reynolds number was named for Osborne Reynolds, a Briton who distinguished himself in studies of fluid mechanics, the Mach number commemorates Ernst Mach, an Austrian who specialized in studies of high-speed phenomena. Aeronautical engineers use the term to express the ratio of aircraft speed to the speed of sound. Thus, when an engineer says that an airplane is flying at a Mach number of 0.65, he means that its speed is 65 per cent of the speed of sound. Since the speed of sound varies with altitude, the Mach number is a more fundamental expression of high-speed relationships than the number of miles per hour.

High Mach numbers first showed up in aeronautics on the tips of propellers. Work in the propeller-research tunnel at Langley determined that speeds of rotation higher than Mach number 0.90 were both inefficient and dangerous. At the time these studies were made the cruising speeds of airplanes were under 200 m.p.h., and the designers of wings, tails, and bodies needed to give little thought to the influence of Mach number. But with the development of higher-powered engines, the placing of engines in line with the wing, the adoption of cowlings and retractable landing gear, speeds increased. Dr. Lewis and his researchers foresaw that in the course of a few years high-speed effects would begin to show on every part of the airplane, and the necessity of providing advance knowledge on these problems spurred them to develop new tunnels capable of producing airflows at high Mach numbers.

In 1934 a vertical tunnel was built at Langley, a tall flutelike tube emerging



THE EIGHT-FOOT HIGH-SPEED WIND TUNNEL AT LANGLEY FIELD

from a concrete test chamber, with a wind speed of 765 m.p.h. This speed was attained by discharging a jet of compressed air into the upper part of the tunnel; and by induction the sudden jet caused the air below to surge upward—like the draft up a chimney—at the high velocity. A number of significant studies were made with this vertical tunnel, but it had its handicaps. For one thing, the jet which induced the airflow was short-lived; it originated in a release of highly compressed air, and in consequence each test could last less than a minute. Also the tunnel was small, measuring only 2 feet across in its test section, and studies were limited to small-scale models. A bigger tunnel in which tests could be carried on continuously was an urgent necessity, and a group at Langley now turned aside from aeronautical research to do this special job in equipment research. The result was the 8-foot high-speed tunnel which went into operation in 1936.

THIS was the first high-speed tunnel of large size. Unlike the earlier jet tun-

nel it is horizontal, curved into the form of a large oblong ring which tapers from a maximum diameter of many yards to a minimum of 8 feet at the test section. It is here that the air attains highest velocity. An incidental problem was imposed by the tornadolike swirl; for as the airstream, moving at many hundreds of miles per hour, passes through the narrowed tunnel it acts as a suction pump to pull air out of the test chamber which encloses the test section. This is the workroom of the staff operating the tunnel. As a result of the suction effect, the workroom is partially evacuated. When the wind is screaming past at maximum speed, the air in the chamber becomes so thin that it is as though the engineers were working at an altitude of 12,000 feet!

So great is this suction effect that the usual wind-tunnel structure would collapse from the pressure of the outside air. To guard against that hazard, the tunnel is made of massive concrete with walls 12 inches thick lined with steel; and the test chamber is built in the form of a beehive, also of heavy concrete and with a concrete

floor 24 inches thick. The beehive architecture and the dimensions are calculated to resist the collapsing effect of the atmospheric pressure.

There is another operational hazard that had to be anticipated: the heat effect. A fan of 8,000 horsepower drives the wind at a speed approaching sonic velocity, and all this power is absorbed by the moving air in the form of heat. It was figured that if no means of cooling were provided, the inside temperature would rise ten degrees per second until it reached the stage at which the amount of heat seeping through the concrete walls would balance the input from the power plant. But it would take two hours for this equilibrium to be reached, and meanwhile a temperature of thousands of degrees would have developed within the tunnel. Everything combustible would have gone up in smoke; the steel would have melted to a liquid.

The task of providing a cooling system was entrusted to Russell G. Robinson, a young engineer on the Langley staff. He devised a ventilating tower by which a small amount of the heated air is allowed to escape at each instant of operation, while simultaneously an equal amount of fresh, cool air is taken in. This arrangement proved to be entirely successful, and is so economical that the exchange is accomplished with less than 1 per cent loss of power. Several high-speed tunnels have been built subsequent to this pioneer apparatus, and all have profited by the example of Robinson's ingenious heat-exchange system.

The 8-foot tunnel is not yet ten years old, but it has contributed to some of the key developments of high-speed aircraft. One of the earliest studies resulted in a new cowling. It was found that the critical speed of the NACA cowling was 325 m.p.h.—i.e., when the airplane reached this speed, the motion of the air through and over the cowling developed shock waves and other compressibility effects which made higher speed unattainable. The 8-foot tunnel crew thereupon went to work to develop a high-speed cowling, and out of their studies came the NACA C cowl which has a critical speed of Mach number 0.65, corresponding to 500 m.p.h.

at sea level. Further research has developed newer NACA cowls with still higher critical speeds, approaching 80 per cent of the speed of sound, or around 600 m.p.h. at sea level.

IN EFFORTS to meet the problems of the efficient installation of coolers of all sorts, and eventually of jet propulsion itself, the 8-foot tunnel researchers investigated the thermocycle. The theory of the thermocycle is that if you admit air into a duct, slow the air down by expanding it, next add heat, and then speed the air up, the result will be additional thrust. This was just an idea until the 8-foot tunnel put it to the test. The thing panned out beautifully. It was demonstrated that you can pass air around an engine for cooling purposes and get enough extra thrust from the heat it absorbs to offset the drag. If the speed of the airplane is above 400 m.p.h., the radiator gives more thrust than the drag it produces, and thus becomes a source of power. This knowledge has not only been useful in improving engine cooling systems, but has also been applied in the ram jet, one of the advanced systems of power development for jet-propelled aircraft.

Another series of studies in the 8-foot tunnel tackled the propeller. It was realized that propellers of higher efficiency would be needed. As aircraft moved on into higher speed ranges, the propeller blades must be shaped to bite into the thin air of the upper atmosphere, and, moreover, to avoid the ever-threatening hazard of shock waves. From these researches came the paddle-blade type of propeller, now in use on all high-speed military aircraft.

The 8-foot tunnel was a pioneer, and its lessons guided several subsequent projects. The fastest of these is the supersonic tunnel at Langley; its test section is measured in inches, but the air hurtles through at more than 1,200 miles an hour!

V

SEVERAL years ago Eastman N. Jacobs and a group of young associates at the Langley laboratory were working on the airplane wing, trying to improve its effi-

ciency and in particular to reduce its drag. By systematically changing the curvatures and testing them in the variable-density tunnel, they improved the shapes to such an extent that a NACA family of wings was accepted by almost all manufacturers and became standard on most of the transport and military airplanes. But the men at Langley were not satisfied. They felt that wings of much lower drag were possible. As they worked out new profiles in the tunnel and then tried them out in flight on actual airplanes, they found that the wings performed a little better in the flight tests than they did in the tunnel tests. This led to a careful evaluation of the tunnel and its limitations.

Turbulence was the element that was distorting the measurements. The atmosphere has turbulence, but it is large-scale, whereas in a wind tunnel the friction of the tunnel walls and other effects of the imprisonment of the air stir up small-scale eddies and other disturbances which cannot be balanced out in the measurements. And so, as scale effects had led to one trend in tunnel development and high-speed effects to another, the influence of turbulence now brought about still another venture in wind-tunnel design.

Jacobs and his group proceeded to design a low-turbulence tunnel. The first one built at Langley in 1938 had a turbulence only a tenth that of the variable-density tunnel previously used in airfoil research. A second and better tunnel was built in 1940, in which the turbulence was a hundredth that of the old variable-density tunnel. From these two tunnels have come a whole flock of new wings. They are remarkable for their almost uniform distribution of air pressure over the wing profile, and for the long laminar airflows which they promote. As a consequence wing drag has been cut in half, and this reduction of drag has played its

part in increasing the speed of our military airplanes. Among those that can be mentioned at this time as flying on low-drag wings are the Mustang, Kingcobra, Airacomet jet plane, Invader, and Superfortress.

IN ADDITION to its low-turbulence tunnels, its full-scale, high-speed, altitude, and ice tunnels, the NACA has tunnels for the study of stability problems, others for testing the spinning characteristics of airplanes, a free-flight tunnel in which unconventional airplanes such as the flying wing and other unusual designs are investigated, and a gust tunnel. The gust tunnel makes use of models of the airplane, and in its tests the small model actually flies a course, to be interrupted in flight by a sudden gust; the behavior of the model under this disturbance is recorded photographically and also by instruments installed in its body. These records are studied for what they can teach of the design of airplanes to withstand gust loads. In the free-flight tunnel also dynamic models are used, and the miniature airplanes are put through their paces to appraise their flying characteristics. In the spinning tunnel small dynamic models are thrown into a spin and then tested to see if they can recover. The Army and Navy require that all fighter planes pass this test.

To the layman it may seem like playing with toys—to cast one of these 24-inch airplane models into the vertical wind tunnel with its up-moving airstream, watch it nose down and begin to rotate in a dangerous spin, and then, by manipulating certain controls, pull the spiraling toy out of its spin. But these are toys to win a war. The spinning tunnels with their tiny models, no less than the Ames full-scale tunnel with its mighty two-engine bombers, have had their indispensable part in hatching our air power.

{ For the past year Arthur W. Hepner has }
{ been making a special study of labor }
{ problems for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. }

WILDCAT STRIKES

ARTHUR W. HEPNER



AT THE CIO's jubilant convention in Chicago last November the delegates overwhelmingly passed a resolution calling upon each CIO member to consider the no-strike pledge as a religious oath. At New Orleans during the same week, the AFL likewise reaffirmed its no-strike commitment. Thus both major bodies of organized labor placed themselves unambiguously on record as resolving not to break their covenant with the government and disrupt war production.

AFL and CIO made their original no-strike pledges to President Roosevelt on December 23, 1941, about two weeks after Pearl Harbor. Industry simultaneously agreed to suspend any lockouts for the duration. Then the government set up the War Labor Board to adjudicate labor disputes, thereby putting into the field the agency which has been perhaps the most conspicuous single target for brickbats from both management and labor. Between the time of creation of the Board and the time of the 1944 AFL and CIO conventions, there were 10,630 strikes!

Some of them—after the Smith-Connelly Labor Disputes Act became effective in June, 1943—were preceded by strike votes taken thirty days after notifications to hold them. Most of them, however, were “wildcats”—unauthorized strikes called, either suddenly or with premeditation, against the orders of responsible union officers.

THE experience of St. Louis, Missouri, can serve as an illustration of the problems involved in these strikes. St. Louis ranks just below Detroit and Cleveland as a war production center, and its war industries are highly diversified. During 1944 the city suffered twenty-five major work stoppages in plants turning out an enormous variety of vital war products.

At least twenty of these strikes were wildcats, though the unions involved in them included some of the largest and most responsible in the country—steel workers, auto workers, and electrical workers of the CIO; machinists, refinery workers, operating engineers, brick and clay workers, and molders of the AFL.

In each strike, ironically, the rank and file of the unions affirmed their loyalty to labor's top leadership, which persistently demanded adherence to the no-strike pledge. Even the strikers gave lip service to the pledge and insisted on its rigid observance—by everybody else.

The question is, then, why should presumably loyal American citizens in wartime jeopardize the country's welfare by disregarding the judgment of their leaders and tying up vital war production?

II

RESIDENTS of St. Louis and its suburbs awakened on the morning of last June 1st to find themselves immobilized

by a paralysis of public transportation. During the night a handful of streetcar and bus operators had roamed the streets and forced "owl" cars and busses back to the barns. By dawn, 3,500 operators were out on a wildcat strike. For thirty-seven hours public transportation vehicles did not move. War workers arrived late; production was sharply curtailed in many plants.

The issue which precipitated the strike was trivial: how the Public Service Company should compute overtime pay. Overtime computation methods were laid down specifically in the union contract, effective midnight, May 31st, and had been formulated, like the rest of the contract, by an arbitration panel of three men—one representing the union, one the company, and the third selected by the other two.

During the strike the men, some of them encouraged by intermittent visits to a rathskeller below the hall in which the strike meetings were held, rejected repeated appeals by the St. Louis mayor, friendly to organized labor, and outright demands by War Labor Board officials to end the strike. They hissed and booed and stamped, deriding their own union leaders, their own representative on the arbitration panel, and government representatives who tried fruitlessly to get them back to work. On the first day these men, ordinarily men of good will, who could be your neighbors or my neighbors, behaved like hoodlums lacking any sense of responsibility. They acted as if the war meant nothing to them. They drank immoderately; few, when questioned, knew why they happened to be striking. A day later, calm and sober, they listened reasonably and attentively to explanations of the futility of their position by the same government officials they had shouted down the day before. The strikers voted to return to their streetcars and busses and to refer the overtime dispute back to the arbitration panel. The panel's original decision stood.

A week earlier, many large war plants in the St. Louis area were shut down for nearly an entire day by a strike of maintenance men at two plants of the Union Electric Company of Missouri. Like the

transportation strike, this was a wildcat. As in the transportation strike, the issue was absurd—whether the company had the right to transfer a foreman from one plant to another as a temporary substitute for one who was injured. The union maintained that the company had to promote a worker from the ranks, even on the temporary basis. The men returned to work only after the War Labor Board had agreed to referee the dispute. The decision was against the strikers.

THERE is on my desk a strike calendar listing the most serious stoppages in St. Louis war plants last year. Among other things, the calendar lists the ostensible reasons for the strikes. It is remarkable to note the triviality of many of the grievances which closed down large plants and held up manufacture of essential materials. Here is a random sample from the record:

- 2,500 workers out 16 days over the suspension of one
- 3,500 out 3 days over delays in settling minor grievances
- 350 out a day over company failure to recognize a properly designated bargaining unit
- 4,000 out 5 days over downgrading of an employee
- 1,800 out 14 days over an interunion jurisdictional dispute
- 125 out a day, shutting down electric power, over transfer of a foreman
- 600 out a day over company refusal to negotiate one contract for two plants
- 3,300 out a day and a half over computation of overtime
- 300 out 11 days, closing a steel plant employing 4,300, over alleged "abusive" treatment of Negroes by a white foreman
- 1,200 out 12 days over company reduction of a piecework rate schedule
- 1,400 out 7 days over transfer of an employee from one classification to another

One cannot blame the strikes solely on the strikers. Management obviously provoked some of them by its eagerness to hide behind faulty Labor Board machinery when unable actually to hamstring the Board. More than once quick, effective action around a conference table unquestionably would have averted walkouts, but management preferred to forego such discussions.

Further, it must be recognized that the often trivial grievances which were the

immediate reasons for the strikes were in many cases symptoms of much more important conflicts. Some of the stoppages, for instance, were outgrowths of long-standing jurisdictional disputes between unions. In other cases the stoppages resulted from impatience with the War Labor Board's delays in acting on disputes, or with the Board's inability or reluctance to insist that employers abide by its rulings.

In addition, several of the strikes were complicated by the bitter racial factionalism which smolders beneath the surface of the industrial scene in St. Louis, as in other cities. The racial issue was exploited both at strikers' meetings and at hearings before the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice, which I attended as a reporter for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Especially at meetings of wildcat strikers, men loosened otherwise cautious tongues, and many verbal slips bared racial motives which, though conceivably justifiable in peacetime as part of the struggle for extension of democracy to minority groups, had no validity in wartime.

But such conflicts, however serious, obviously do not explain why men and women whose sons and brothers are fighting will impede war production by going out on wildcat strikes. At the height of last summer's strike wave I talked with nearly all the representatives of government, of management, and of labor who were involved in the St. Louis disputes, and with many rank-and-file workers, in an effort to discover the *real* cause of the strikes. And from all these discussions I arrived at the conclusion that the underlying cause was fear.

III

AFTER a five-day wildcat strike at the Emerson Electric Manufacturing Company's bomber turret plant, I talked with two officers of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers (CIO), whose members participated in the strike. According to William Sentner, general vice-president of the union, such strikes are the result of confusion over contradictory practices in government production

programs, combined with uncertainty about jobs and wages after the war. "We are asked," he explained, "for increased production at the very time workers are laid off and cutbacks are being justified. With heavy cutbacks at one plant, it is only quick action by our unions, civic leaders, and some managements that has staved off greater disruptions in others where cutbacks are likely to be ordered momentarily." Similarly, Robert B. Logsdon, the union's international representative, pointed out that Emerson has two plants in St. Louis, one which makes turrets, and whose future is therefore uncertain, and another—a prewar enterprise—which has a huge backlog of civilian orders that will keep the personnel gainfully employed for several years at least. "Note this:" he said with emphasis, "although the older division pays lower hourly rates, it has no labor unrest."

The company's personnel manager, who has an eye out for psychological influences on his employees, had this to say: "Persons from diverse walks of life suddenly became factory workers. There are now in the shops housewives, storekeepers, merchants, machine shop owners, school kids, and girls who have become 'Rosie-the-Riveters.' They were thrown into this work and want to hang onto it until their own postwar situations have been more clearly defined. Therefore, under the threat of cutbacks, they show signs of uneasiness and unrest lest they be laid off before they are able to arrange their postwar jobs."

He had other points to make, also. Developments in trade union circles, he said, have robbed local unions of their effective former leaders, who have moved into more responsible administrative ranks. They are no longer organizers in contact with the rank and file, able to influence them. Now they are policy makers, looking toward outside agencies like the WLB whose actions affect labor. These leaders who could keep restiveness in check are so busy putting pressure on the Labor Board that they can't maintain order in local unions, and no new local leadership has arisen to take their places.

W. Stuart Symington, Emerson's progressive-minded president, told of cases in

which management had been convinced that individual employees instigated trouble expressly to obtain availability statements in order to leave their war jobs and return to jobs likely to be continued in peacetime. One worker, according to Mr. Symington, approached his boss and said, "Are you going to give me a quit slip or must I punch you in the nose?" The minor official of the company offered his nose because "it was in the interest of the war effort" to keep the man at his job.

Across the river from St. Louis at Granite City, Hayward Niedringhaus, president of the Granite City Steel Company, attributed a serious work stoppage at his plant primarily to unrest stimulated by layoffs at other war plants in the vicinity. These layoffs, close at hand, sharpened the men's fear that fewer jobs would be available when the government trimmed its contracts with the firm, though Mr. Niedringhaus insists that it will actually be necessary for the company to increase its personnel when it goes back to normal peacetime schedules.

The strike at the Granite City plant developed from an effort of the AFL machinists' union members to wrest work from members of the CIO steel workers. Lloyd Weber, business agent for the machinists' union in the area and a member of the Seventh Regional War Labor Board, admitted that the walkout of his men, while unjustified, was based on a desire to protect their jobs. "Our men," he said, "felt the millwrights (steel workers' union members with whom the machinists were in dispute) were gradually moving in on them. The threat was there to run our men out of the company's hot strip mill altogether."

Mr. Weber explained that a precedent of this kind, if permitted to be established without protest, would inevitably reduce the volume of work available to machinists as tradesmen. The men dread unemployment and hard times. Their fear is exaggerated by awareness that contracts will probably be terminated at the same moment when the armed services are demobilized, thus flooding the market with additional workers at an inauspicious time and deteriorating their own bargaining position.

Matthew True, secretary of the bus and streetcar operators' union, asserted that in the Public Service Company strike over methods of overtime computation, the men had the attitude that they must "get it while they can." Similarly, among the Negro chippers at both the American Steel Foundries and the General Steel Castings Corporation, there was the feeling that "the white man gives me a chance now because he needs steel for the war. But what will he do to me after the war?"

IT WOULD, however, be a lazy oversimplification to attribute a single motivation to the vexatiously complex problem of war-time strikes. The inefficiency and laxity of the War Labor Board must bear a considerable part of the blame. My strike calendar gives procrastination by the Board as the immediate cause of at least ten major strikes in St. Louis in 1944.

One significant element of the problem, cited by John I. Rollins, secretary of the AFL Central Trades and Labor Union and a Seventh Regional WLB member, has been the Board's elimination of the bargaining table. Workers have been accustomed to rapid negotiations over the table, with results immediately placed in effect. Now, however, every detail must be scrutinized and cleared by the Board, which weighs each issue in terms of the national wage stabilization program. Experienced trade unionists can sustain the delays incurred, he contended; but greener, inexperienced hands, lacking discipline and responsibility, jump off the track and start wildcat strikes.

Some labor leaders feel that the Board has lost prestige with the workers less because of its own ineptitude than because of the relentless pummeling it gets from Administration enemies who are public figures. The pounding given the Board in the press and on the radio, they claim, destroys the workers' confidence in "what the agencies can do for them." That is why they strike instead of submitting grievances through regular channels and waiting for the Board to act.

The labor relations director of one of the principal war plants in the area condemned the Board for encouraging work-

ers, by its very existence, to present fantastic demands and then begin horse-trading. He concurred with Mr. Rollins that the Board had transformed bargaining from an intimate interchange at a local table to an impersonal trial before a panel at regional headquarters. And the consequent delays opened the way for immature union leadership to make wild promises to workers when there was really nothing to give.

Violent attacks on the Board may not be altogether justified, but there is plenty of room for criticism. Its machinery has been patently clumsy, without much imaginative effort on the part of members to streamline it. Failure of the Board to modify or revise the Little Steel formula also may be blamed as one of the causes of wildcats. To say this does not imply any judgment one way or the other of the Board's position in the steel case; it simply records another of the manifold factors influencing jittery workers to abandon their solemn promises not to disrupt the flow of vital war materials.

How do the government people feel about wartime strikes? Paul Nachtman, chairman of the Regional WLB, told Spencer R. McCulloch of the *Post-Dispatch* staff that some strikes are caused by straw bosses who unnecessarily aggravate strained situations, but that this may usually be ascribed to the failure of top management to give the same study and thought to personnel relations as to the perfection of a gadget. Other strikes, he indicated, are brought about by chiseling employers or by chiseling labor leaders. One employer fomented a strike and even induced competitors to do so in order to get the Board to take up their wage adjustment dispute out of turn.

IV

LABOR leaders and plant managers both abhor strikes at any time, particularly in wartime. Many genuinely believe they are avoidable. The top leadership of the labor movement and the more progressive-minded industrialists see possibilities of actually making the moratorium on stoppages effective. But they know an ideal situation cannot be attained without effort expended on both sides.

On the unions' side one finds more enthusiasm for the War Labor Board than on management's. One leading St. Louis industrialist, Arthur G. Drefs, vice-president of the McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Company and chairman of the board of the local Chamber of Commerce, recommended abolition of the WLB and substitution of a courtlike plan with men experienced in labor relations acting as judges in labor disputes. But union leaders, opposed as they are to the Board's behavior, support it in principle and seek a more equitable implementation of the philosophy upon which it was created.

The common denominator on which there is almost universal agreement is that some immediate and concrete form of assurance is needed that workers will be gainfully employed after the war. The re-election of President Roosevelt, supported by organized labor, and the President's enunciation of even a vague program for sixty million postwar jobs, has had some effect in quieting things. The situation would further improve if contract termination and reconversion policies were clearly defined and if Congress formulated a detailed, positive postwar program, obligating the government to check unemployment with government-initiated work projects.

As one labor leader remarked: "If there were some program that would carry some definite assurance of continued and steady employment after the war, the present labor unrest would settle down. This cannot be accomplished by one firm alone; but by an enlightened group of planners from the ranks of management, labor, and the farmers, all working under intelligent government auspices." According to a well-informed industrialist: "The situation can be helped if a clear-cut statement of postwar policy comes out of Washington and then representatives of government, management, labor, and the farmers sit down and devise a unified program for full employment that can be explained clearly to each worker."

MANY of those I interviewed expressed the belief that tired nerves contributed to the unrest which produced the strikes. If many of these people had not

worked long hours, seven days a week, for three or four years with only brief vacations, they might not have been so susceptible to the arguments of wildcat strike leaders. Some strikes—notably those which occurred over the Easter, July Fourth, and Armistice Day weekends—were marked by an unmistakable holiday atmosphere, as ironic and inglorious as it was apparent.

Certainly the strikers gained little if anything by their walkouts. Mr. Nachtman said that in ninety-five serious war plant work stoppages which came before his Regional Board, he did not know of a single one in which either labor or management had won anything.

The wartime strike situation adds up to

one principal conclusion: people animated by various motives, who are well aware of the psychological state of war workers, have a fertile field in which to sow discontent. It is the job of those interested in winning the war with the greatest dispatch to work toward eliminating, or at least minimizing, the fears and uncertainties which make war workers so susceptible to provocation.

Three things are required. First, adoption of a realistic and effective program for postwar employment; second, education of workers to their rights under the present law, so that they will not strike and then find they didn't have to; third, revision of War Labor Board procedure to avoid unnecessary delays.

View of Cassino

THE following letter was recently published in the Italian edition of Stars and Stripes, the U. S. Army paper:

DEAR EDITOR,

Last week, I drove through Cassino for the first time. The following resolution suggested itself for adoption by the United Nations security organization:

"Resolved:

"That the town of Cassino, Italy, and its environs, be deeded in perpetuity to the United Nations; and

"That a suitable edifice be erected on the site of Monte Cassino to serve as a seat for the deliberations of the United Nations security organization, this structure to command a view of the town below; and

"That the remains of Cassino be left untouched in their present state for all time, as a monument to war."

Such an arrangement might make delegates think twice.

DAVID N. LEFF.

{ Oscar Williams is himself a poet }
{ and the editor of a series of annual }
{ anthologies called New Poems. }

WAR AND THE POETS

A Symposium

EDITED BY OSCAR WILLIAMS



I have just finished editing an anthology called *The War Poets*. Manuscripts came to me from all theaters of war, from poet-generals and poet-privates, from commanders and yeomen, from men and women outside the armed services. When I asked the poets to send me manuscripts, I also asked them to send along prose comments giving their ideas on the relationship between poetry and war. The comments I received are of such interest that I have selected, for quotation in full or in part, a few of them that speak representatively for all.

Some of the poets are civilians, some are in uniform, but they are all war poets, in a general sense, and they are all essentially in agreement that there is no such thing as a poet made by war. The collection of commentaries they have written is a kind of Gallup poll of the soul, and we receive a hint of its accuracy from the fact that the poets have come to similar conclusions.—Oscar Williams

MARK VAN DOREN

[*Pulitzer Prize poet (1941), educator, critic, presently engaged in a variety of civilian war activities.*]

THE BEST war poets I know are Homer and Shakespeare; and in modern times, Thomas Hardy. The difference is interesting. War could be beautiful to Homer and Shakespeare because it could be tragic. It has ceased to be that, or at

any rate fully that; now it is all catastrophe, with nothing to guide our measurement of its meaning. It is epidemic calamity, during which all or most of us suffer dumbly. Hardy among modern poets is the best instance of the dumb sufferer; dumb, not in that he says nothing, but in that his statements cancel out, leaving undefined and unresolved the miseries caused in us by wars which no one wants, but in which everyone assists. I suspect any war poet now who says he knows what the current calamity means—including the one who says it means nothing at all. It means what later men will decide it meant; we are too early for that, and at best can note with honesty the feelings it makes us have. The deeper the feelings, the more difficult to express. I respect most the poet who is willing to let inconsistencies appear among the thoughts he is moved to think. He is trying to measure what cannot be measured yet, and he is not to be blamed if in the dark he takes up a variety of rulers. He is most to be praised when he restricts himself to those that feel right; and, it should be unnecessary to add, when he writes well. War is no different from any other subject. The best poetry about it is the best poetry, and our final judgment must be not of the poet's feelings as such, but of his art.

HUBERT CREEKMORE

[*Author of two books of verse and now serving as a lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve. He has seen active service in the southwest Pacific.*]

ON THE surface, war and poetry are mutually inimical. War destroys what poetry would make; poetry combats the elements from which war springs. Yet reaction to war is such that its very violence stimulates more poetry. The shivering brutality and suffering, the distant longing and love create a tension. Sensibility becomes so keyed that slight, formerly ignored incidents register vividly. Everything strikes with a hitherto unknown and brilliant acuteness, until somewhere in the silent locked depths, feeling tries to organize, explain, express, and perhaps justify.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

[*English critic and poet, founder and editor of the magazine New Verse.*]

YOU ASK about war: one must be self-deluded if one simplifies something so muddled as a twentieth-century complete war into causes, either good or bad. The only clear thing that I can see is that humanity has walked into a mess: the only clear duty is to endeavor to regard the mess as clearly as possible, and to endeavor to be as honest and as unmessy as one's powers allow. Nothing new has happened in this war. Men have been tortured, women have been murdered, explosives have exploded; and I am in debt to a letter of Rilke's in which he said that the whole possibility of human suffering has already been, and is always being, experienced. It is the quantity, not the quality or depth of suffering, which has been increased by this war. That helps one, not to be indifferent, which is impossible, but not to be taken in by surprise and by the lewd rhetoric of a war, and to keep at least that degree of sanity one had before Chamberlain's voice announced over the air that England was fighting with Germany.

Should one's poems before have been about roses, and now about blood? Or shouldn't the blood and roses, the mortality and life, have been mixed, as they al-

ways have been, at the times when a writer was most deeply possessed by life?

In this country, the Black Militia of the Pen ask where the war poets are; and they only mean, where are the thumps on the tub, the morale poems. They don't mean, where is Goya saying, "I saw this," or Whitman recording a fight under the eternity of the moon, or Wilfred Owen saying, "Red lips are not so red." If one moves among the dying and bewildered as Goya did, or Owen, or Whitman, one may write about those direct experiences or draw them. If a war pushes one into a civilian job (as it has pushed me), one is still in the midst of life. A war may numb you, as Rilke was numbed, or it may complete your sense of life. You must believe in the value of men, and war means that you must not weaken in that belief. If there is such a thing as a War Poet, it must mean someone whose vestigial heart swells only when a vast quantity of suffering mills all around him, a poet normally indifferent to the intensity and quality of individual suffering. So only Peacetime Poets matter at all. Pity, or *saeva indignatio*, is not only to be caused by an air raid or a concentration camp.

RICHARD EBERHART

[*A schoolmaster by profession, now a lieutenant commander, U.S.N.R., at a naval training station; author of four volumes of verse.*]

POETRY comes out of the chaos. Chaos is present to the poet in war in violent forms. He may recognize in this violence his true element, a reduction to terrible simplicity of what he knew in the heart before. Gigantic objectifications tossed and forced on sky, land, and sea only emphasize the essential fact of struggle. Thus a poet knows war without objective war in the world; it was conflict at the root of his mind that impelled him to the masking of these conflicts in the apparent resolution and order of works of art. In a dialectical sense, all poetry is war poetry.

SELDEN RODMAN

[*Now a master sergeant stationed in Washington after serving with an anti-aircraft outfit in*

this country; author of several books of verse and editor of Common Sense.]

WAR DOES not produce poets, any more than it produces artists or composers. On the contrary, it produces conditions infinitely hostile to art. All that can be said is that whereas it is impossible for an active soldier to compose music, and miraculous to find anything like the Guadalcanal private's "Stretcher Bearers" coming out of modern war, the serious poet, if he is hardy enough, and lucky enough, can continue to write poems. There will not be good novels, or good plays, or even good war books written until the war is over—there never have been—but there will be, and there are, good poems. (Poems that will stand up with the best have been written in the present war by Gervase Stewart, Timothy Corsellis, Karl Shapiro, Roy Fuller, and Alun Lewis, to mention only a few.) The nature of the lyric permits it. The tools are the same as a mapmaker's or a dispatch bearer's. The immediate, overwhelming personal experience is there. But first, and as fully clothed as Pallas from the head of Zeus, there must be the poet. He cannot learn his trade in a fox-hole.

All serious war poetry is antiwar poetry.

It has been said that antiwar poetry began with the poems of Wilfred Owen, or a little earlier, with "Dover Beach." But that is not so. Owen was simply the first to describe the peculiar atmosphere of mechanized war, and the soul of man afflicted by its sicknesses. "Dover Beach" was unique because it came at the end of the longest period of peace and complacency in man's memory—a time during which a great deal of pseudo-war poetry had been written—and lifted the veil rather rudely on the "darkling plain" which had been there all along. Homer's *Iliad* is full of antiwar poetry: all of what Owen called "the pity of war" is in Andromache's speech to Hector and Hector's answer. Aeschylus, who fought at Marathon and was more proud of it than of all his poetry, did not omit to mention the mud and the lice, "the sleeping on crowded decks," "the rations that never reached us," and he added:

Heavy is the murmur of an angry people
Performing the purpose of a public curse.

Because these things are so, some of the best war poetry has been written by poets who have never been near a battlefield—witness Thomas Hardy, Rilke, Rimbaud. But by the same token almost all of the poetry glorifying war has been written by people who have never been near a battlefield. And those who do not understand these things about war will do well to stay away from war poetry.

E. E. CUMMINGS

[Author of many volumes of verse and of The Enormous Room, one of the few surviving novels of World War I.]

IS SOMETHING wrong with America's so-called creative artists? Why don't our poets and painters and composers and so forth glorify the war effort? Are they Good Americans or are they not?"

First: are they Good Americans . . .

When I was a boy, Good Americans were—believe it or don't—adoring the Japanese and loathing the Russians; now, Good Americans are adoring the Russians and loathing the Japanese. Furthermore (in case you were born yesterday) yesterday Good Americans were adoring the Finns; today Good Americans are either loathing the Finns or completely forgetting that Finland exists. Not even the fact that twice during my lifetime Good Americans have succeeded in disliking the Germans can convince me that any human being (such as an artist) is a Good American.

Second: why don't they glorify . . .

When you confuse art with propaganda, you confuse an act of God with something which can be turned on and off like the hot water faucet. If "God" means nothing to you (or less than nothing) I'll cheerfully substitute one of your own favorite words, "freedom." You confuse freedom—the only freedom—with absolute tyranny. Let me, incidentally, opine that absolute tyranny is what most of you are really after; that your so-called ideal isn't America at all and never was America at all: that you'll never be satisfied until what Father Abraham called "a new nation, conceived in liberty" becomes just an-

other subhuman superstate (like the "great freedom-loving democracy" of Comrade Stalin) where an artist—or any other human being—either does as he's told or turns into fertilizer.

Third: is something wrong . . .

All over a so-called world, hundreds of millions of servile and insolent inhuman unbeings are busily rolling and unrolling in the enlightenment of propaganda. So what? There are still a few erect human beings in the so-called world. Proudly and humbly, I say to these human beings:

"O my fellow citizens, many an honest man believes a lie. Though you are as honest as the day, fear and hate the liar. Fear and hate him when he should be feared and hated: now. Fear and hate him where he should be feared and hated: in yourselves.

"Do not hate and fear the artist in yourselves, my fellow citizens. Honor him and love him. Love him truly—do not try to possess him. Trust him as nobly as you trust tomorrow.

"Only the artist in yourselves is more truthful than the night."

EDWIN MUIR

[*Author of several volumes of verse and one of the best known of contemporary Scottish poets and literary critics.*]

WE CANNOT see this war as Homer and Virgil saw the Trojan War and the wars following it, or even as Tolstoy saw the Napoleonic invasion of Russia, because we are part of it and are involved in it. But it has modified our feelings and thoughts, and consequently the things we write, whether these are directly about the war or not. . . . The war comes directly into poetry only, it seems to me, when it crystallizes into an image in the poet's mind; but its indirect influence may be seen in many things, an inflection, a sequence of thought, a sudden reference, a mood of sorrow. I think this indirect reference is about the most that we can hope to expect just now; the best of contemporary French poetry is inspired by it, and the best of the English too.

JOHN MANIFOLD

[*An Australian by birth, he has served as a cap-*

tain with the British Army Intelligence Corps in Africa and France; author of two volumes of verse.]

I DON'T think I've much to say. You can only do three things about a war—fight in it, protest against it, or ignore it. I'm not capable of ignoring it, as Yeats ignored the 1914-18 war. *Pour moi, le monde extérieur existe.* And, idiotic as it is, I don't protest against it, or rather not basically. Opposition is probably a better attitude for preserving one's "poetic integrity" in, but while people are being shot at I'd sooner be in the danger area. The process of fighting a war isn't very different from living in an alleged state of peace. Not from the way I am living, anyhow. I'm still nomadic, exposed to rather more boredom and rather more danger, surrounded by fewer friends of fewer different nationalities, subject to the same alternative of inactivity and furious concentration. The war has confirmed more of my beliefs than it has destroyed. I still think that the human race is on the average rather likable, that nationality is no more important than class or occupation in making people likable or not, that authority is bad for the soul and responsibility good for it, and that once a thing becomes official it's dead and damned. The war has given me a lot of experience that I share with other people, which is one of the real bases of poetry, and has considerably influenced my style and vocabulary, which is another. I like using precise words and phrases which have not had the meaning dulled out of them, and military vocabulary provides plenty of them—"resertion," "defilade," "echelon," "revetment," for example, all good lively words fit for metaphors and exact images. But on the average I think I should still be writing as I do even if the war we spent our lives waiting for had not actually been declared.

HENRY TREECE

[*Flight lieutenant in the Royal Air Force, now stationed in London; author of four volumes of verse.*]

NATURALLY, I cannot yet see the size or the full implications of the war, nor shall I for some years, I suspect: it has be-

come so much of a habit. However, how it strikes me at this moment in time is this: when the war became inevitable, I was greatly perturbed as a person—since I did not believe in the necessity of war, and, moreover, had personally reached a state of living which I regarded as near perfect for my needs: as a poet, I do not think that I was really affected. My poems and those of the Apocalyptic Group, which I had started with J. F. Hendry, had long sensed and expressed an ultimate disintegration, and the necessity for the individual to control the political and philosophic Machine. My poetry, that is, had *known* that all this would happen, and had prepared itself for the chaos.

I volunteered for the Royal Air Force in order to fulfill a social duty: so that I should not be ashamed of myself as the years went on. As a poet, I was naturally cynical of such behavior. Nevertheless, the impetus of my prewar craftsman energy carried me through the first two years of war, my work retaining much of its prewar character. Gradually this impetus wore off and I was unable to produce more than a very thin trickle of verse, this being due not only to the limitations imposed on me by Service duties, but also to the fact that the *purpose* of my poetry, its warning nature, was now no longer required. The catastrophe had happened. Then, as a reaction to the complexity of the difficult early war years, my poetry became simple and often nostalgic. I wanted only to end the war and become a quiet, private person again. Now, after five years of war, there is so little to write about. War, as I see it here and now, is not the material of poetry. Lasting poetry must go down deeper than the superficial appearances of war machines: it must seek out the spirit of man in pain and glory, and must express that spirit and that pain and that glory in

simple terms, in those fundamental statements to which the mechanisms of contemporary warfare are irrelevant.

This war, the last war—and possibly the next war—are all the same war, whether fought with flame throwers or stone axes: and it is the poet's function to seek out the germ of all war, isolate and parade it as a warning against future disease of this sort and as a cure for the present disorder.

I feel that it is the poet's duty as a man to fight, physically; but I maintain that it is his duty as a poet to heal the results of that fighting now, and to attempt to prevent such horror for the future.

JOHN BERRYMAN

[*Short story writer, critic, and author of a single volume of verse; now an instructor at Princeton.*]

I SHOULD be sorry if the relation between one of man's most destructive and witless activities and one of his most purely and intelligently creative activities should seem to be very close or satisfactory. I do not think it has been so; it is less and less so as war loses its human countenance and living is hard enough. But poetry is not civilized. It takes its themes where it finds them, and some permanently interesting to it are thrown up by war: fear, departure, courage, loss, ambition, loyalty, intrigue, madness, faith, and death. Whether its themes will engage the poetry of a particular man is another matter. There are not many poets and there are no rules. War is an experience, worse than most, like illness or a journey or belief or marriage; those who "have" it will be affected in different degrees, in different ways; some trained to speech will talk about it, others trained equally and affected strongly will have nothing to say; those affected most—the dead—will be most silent.

{ *Albert J. Guérard has been in France* }
{ *since last summer as a member of an* }
{ *Army Psychological Warfare unit.* }

THE TOUGH YOUNG MEN OF FRANCE

ALBERT J. GUÉRARD



A GOVERNMENT which makes overmuch of its youth is either senile or corrupt: this is one of the unmistakable lessons of our time. There is a temptation to say that Marshal Pétain did a great deal for French youth, as Mussolini did a great deal for Italian railroads; but if he did accomplish anything it was so to confuse the issues, in the first years of occupation, that one took to the maquis only after considerable soul-searching. To reject the Marshal, in defiance of the honeyed plausibilities of Henriot and the noncommittal attitude of the London radio, was not an easy but a positive and difficult act, an act of moral choice. The way of the Pétainist youth groups, the Chantiers de la Jeunesse, was, like the way of the maquisard, strenuous, unrewarding, hard. But in the end, the best of French youth made its choice—and now of all the youth movements little remains but the requisitioned uniforms, and until very recently the green coats of the Chantiers were honored at last on the backs of the Francs-Tireurs et Partisans, the FTP.

One cannot, as punishment for mild collaboration, cut the hair of an entire social class, and in fact the little bourgeois *attentiste* retains in France his traditional freedom of speech. Docile pupil of Pétain, he is terribly conscious of a Youth Problem, and when he sees so many motley uniforms roaming the streets of French cities he has the distinct sense that he is

living on the brink of a volcano. This is the *attentiste* who makes pious concessions to the courage and patriotism of the maquisard, but who feels that all young people should be put into the regular army at once. Over his own dinner table he no doubt calls these men *voyous*—gangsters, thugs. At the first opportunity he will buttonhole an American soldier and say that France does not want communism and disorder, and that even in the areas liberated entirely by the FFI the American Army should make a show of force. A famous playwright told us that we should leave behind, after the war and in the right hands, five hundred or a thousand tanks. Why? Because France wants “unity.” What he did not say was that one small corrupted segment of France wants to be protected from its youth.

FRENCH youth does of course present a problem. What youth, in this displaced and deracinated generation, does not? America will have to cope with the problem of uneducated and unemployed millions, England will have to cope with an appalling degree of female delinquency—and France in her turn will have to cope with a generation schooled in disaster and terror, and which has nourished in its maquis almost inhuman expectations: another Republic of Virtue. The problem is not so much to calm excited nerves as to disillusion intellectual expectations with-

out too great a shock. The *maquisard*, living month after month in an abandoned farmhouse or perhaps tenting out in the mountain snows, associated only with idealists and isolated from the humdrum life of the village which passively endured, gradually shaped and sharpened his ideal of the new France. It was an ideal purified by long waiting, and an ideal far too Rousseauistic to be realized: socialistic or communistic, perhaps, but also simple, patriotic, pure. In a similar way the average Frenchman, nearly crazed with waiting for the American soldier to come, furbished a far too elevated conception of what liberation would mean. The American soldier was to be not only a knight in shining armor but also, as one Paris paper put it, a walking grocery store. The reality—an easygoing individual who had only seven packs of cigarettes a week and who occasionally liked to get drunk—was at times a shock. In the end and at long last we shall live well; but we live by the light of common day. The average Frenchman must adjust himself to the fact that the average American is a fallible human being; the *maquisard*, for his part, must adjust himself to the fact that government and society are corrupt, being things of flesh and blood.

These, nevertheless, are the concerns of a still divided France. The *attentistes* and those who more honorably suffered in passive silence are alarmed by the severe faces of these young men who have emerged from cellars or descended from the *maquis*: they are alarmed by the hair-cuttings and the imprisonments, by the courts-martial, by the faint rolling of drums. The *maquisards*, on the other hand, are astonished to find that those who trafficked indifferently with the Germans are still in business; that girls who slept with German soldiers now sleep with Americans; that the purge is still so far from complete. The two sides remain united in allegiance to General de Gaulle, though each feels he should show a stronger hand.

II

IN FOUR months I have talked with perhaps a thousand young Frenchmen, from illiterate *maquisards* to commission-

ers of the republic, from Paris cops to prefects of police, from communists to priests; from Cherbourg to Nancy, from Paris to Toulouse. It has been my task to be the buttonholed and impartial listener. But I am convinced, after the four months, that any simple generalizations about French youth and the French youth problem are certain to be false. It is because so much injustice is now being spoken and written that the generalizations are nevertheless made, for the portion of truth they hold. Whether for better or for worse, it is to this youth, on which Pétain capitalized and which he separated from the rest of the population, that the future France belongs. To my mind, it will certainly be for the better.

This is not to say, however, that whole sections of French youth were not corrupted. Darnand's young militiamen have been shot or have fled, leaving only their sinister blue uniforms behind—those criminals who exceeded the Gestapo in the ingenuity and variety of their torture chambers, and who fittingly concluded their activities in France with the assassination of Georges Mandel. But they are not peculiarly French; no country, given the occasion, would fail to produce its Darnand militia. More disturbing is the case of the highly educated young motion picture expert I talked with in Nancy, where in most hearts patriotism runs almost too deep. He typed himself at once as belonging to an artistic and university elite: he knew in detail the works of Faulkner, which he compared learnedly with those of Kafka; he spoke with equal delicacy and feeling of Céline and Aragon; of Montherlant and Jean-Paul Sartre. He was, if you like, a relativist of the vintage produced so abundantly in American universities from 1935 to 1940, an aesthete who could appreciate any difficult and mastered technique. In his refined detachment he admired all those who during the occupation devoted themselves to an ideal—admired some *maquisards*, but also some who went to Russia to die for Doriot. He said that he was "interested" in only two positions, but honored them both—that of the outright collaborator and that of the outright resister. He himself,

as it turned out, was neither—but his political ideas—his anti-Semitism, his specific prejudices against England—were those of Philippe Henriot. Did he admire Henriot now? I asked; and he proved himself “honest” in his aesthetics to the end. Henriot was a very great Frenchman, he said, since he was the best speaker and one of the two or three greatest prose stylists of his day.

It is difficult to estimate the number of such young Frenchmen. Just as the *zazous*, the self-styled zoot-suiters who paraded the Champs Elysées until they had their hair cut short by the Germans, tended to give an impression of greater number than they actually were, so the confused and bewildered intellectual without real conviction tends to submerge himself in his uniformed contemporaries. But on the whole the *trahison des clercs*—disappointingly large—was a betrayal of the well-heeled or the middle-aged. The greatest French poets of the century are in their twenties and thirties, and they were of the resistance. The fact that is important for us is that, in spite of education and intellectual refinement, so many French intellectuals became anti-Semitic and anti-British. A famous professor at the Sorbonne, after a lifetime study of English and French economic problems of the nineteenth century, swallowed whole the socialism of Marcel Déat. The lesson is less elusive than the statistics: the pure and beautiful life of the intellect, without which the greatest triumphs are impossible, must eternally renourish itself on really vulgar reality—on action, on community feeling, on the touch and pulse of life.

THE young government of France—the prefects and the mayors of the larger cities, selected by the De Gaulle government in concert with the National Resistance Committee—belongs already to the true elite: to those educated and tough-minded men who during the years of occupation lived and worked underground. They give the impression, these young men of twenty-eight and thirty and thirty-two, of being sobered far beyond their years—almost of having had no youth at all. When these things were called for they supplied military informa-

tion to London, edited clandestine newspapers; organized, cajoled, and encouraged—and, in many cases, threw the grenades themselves; blew up the bridges and trains. As a group they represent certain clear attitudes: a fierce determination, for instance, not to make the same mistakes as in 1939. They have also shown themselves aware, from the beginning, of the need for moderation: they almost universally deplore the cutting of the hair of women who practiced horizontal collaboration. The war and the purge are things too serious to be diverted into sadistic horseplay. Though many of them emerged from the maquis, they are the first to punish severely vigilante abuses and illegal requisitioning. This is perhaps one of the problems that make them seem prematurely old: they must disarm their former comrades of the maquis, but they must also make sure that these comrades are not betrayed.

As a group these young men require no study. They were selected, before June 6th, with the very greatest of care, and they were ready to step into their new jobs when the moment came. A more complex group is formed by the military leaders of the FFI, the FTP, and the information services; in this ambiguous hour in which they do or do not assume high rank in the army or in the local resistance groups, they have ample leisure for dissatisfaction. On a national plane, they are intensely disturbed by the number of sixty- and seventy-year-old high officials remaining in office, and by the emergence in full resplendence and rank of the army officers of 1939. It is largely to avoid serving with or under these officers that so many want to be taken into the British and American armies. They, the original nucleus of resistance in each town, are angered also by the number of resisters who appeared at the eleventh hour. Politically, they are more patriotic and at the same time more socialist than any other group; they are very rarely communist. Lacking the intellectual power of the very best men, they tend to subordinate economic and political problems; they are uneasy because things are not quite as they would like, but their remedy is to want to go to the front. In other words, they represent a

fairly malleable group, and the next months or years—rather than their present convictions—will determine the direction they take. But of their worth as human material for a future France there can be no doubt.

IT is perhaps at this level—the level of the FFI captain or of the civilian head of a departmental resistance committee—that it is most rewarding to take stock of common feelings toward the United States. Some of these men were left behind at Dunkirk, and to assess their feelings toward England is at once too complex and too saddening a task. As for America, they remain (and we shall forget this at our eternal loss and peril) our traditional and best friends—this friendship is so strong and so taken for granted that they feel free to criticize us openly. First of all, of course, they wonder why the United States hesitated to recognize the government of De Gaulle: they feel that if Frenchmen of all political beliefs and social positions could submerge their differences, America should have been able to submerge her lesser ones. To refuse to give recognition, they believe, is to impugn the unanimous judgment of a nation.

Retrospectively, they complain—regret, rather—that the FFI did not receive more arms. It is possible that it would be valuable to explain or at least apologize to men who were given a few grenades and a few machine guns and then ordered to rout an armored division. They are also grieved because, now that liberation has occurred, they are not in closer touch with the men who for four years were their lifeline from the outside: the voices that commanded. They feel, especially in the regions won entirely by the FFI, almost too independent: it is a striking fact that civilian morale is lower in these regions than in those which were liberated by American troops, and which for weeks were treated to the astonishing spectacle of the tanks and the big matériel. They had waited so long for the Americans to come that it was, in a small sense, a disappointment to have done the job entirely themselves. It is a testament to many things that so many FFI officers and men would have preferred to go directly

into the American Army rather than to complete an army of their own.

A very important grievance lies in an alleged American failure to understand what life under the occupation was like: a failure to believe the atrocity stories. Little things, not fully understood, go a long way; and there has been a good deal of resentment because German prisoners of war are given chocolate while so many French children remain deprived. To explain that we scrupulously follow the Geneva convention, and that chocolate bars in any case are in the despised K-ration boxes, does not satisfy men who had their brothers or fellow soldiers tortured or shot.

These are small things, small grievances—when confronted by the enormous reserve of good will which exists. But it is precisely because small things finally add up to large ones, and because even the best friendships can be strained, that we should perhaps not take too much for granted. Psychological warfare, so successful against the enemy, would at small cost succeed with our friends—and, in the end, remedying a few grievances might accomplish more than sending out elaborate OWI broadcasts. General de Gaulle, to his credit, is a man of great frankness and one who makes no bones about criticizing his allies. He is also listened to by everyone in France, and a suggested criticism of the United States in one of his speeches is heard in every café the next day. This fact too must be taken into clear account. There is no question but that France will be a great power in the new Europe—for power is power of intellect and will, as well as power of guns. More than ever in her history, France has considered the United States her best friend. It is up to us to keep it so.

SO FAR, in considering French youth, we have looked either at genuine leaders or, briefly, at the few who collaborated. It cannot be denied, however, that there were some who were in the resistance for the excitement and charm of a dangerous clandestine life—or, more often, whose motives were mixed. One meets altogether too many boys of nineteen, dressed in sleek black-market suits, who introduce themselves as “secret agent” in a stage

whisper, and who are usually to be seen buying better and shinier pistols. The prevalence of this cloak-and-sword atmosphere depends on the strength of the local administration, and in a poorly organized town police forces multiply miraculously. Many of these young "detectives" did invaluable work during the occupation; others did nothing at all. But in either case they are now subject to many temptations, and return to a humdrum existence is difficult: they want to prolong their Hollywood days. Their power—power to exert private spite or vengeance, power to blackmail—is enormous because undefined. They are boys who at another time or in another country would hang around the drug stores and pool rooms, or perhaps be on some athletic team. As a group they seem curiously uninterested in girls. They are in brief over- and underdeveloped at the same time, and unless they are mobilized in the near future—and so retrained to a community existence—it is difficult to visualize their return to normal life.

The mentality of the isolated saboteur—as opposed to the saboteur working down from a maquis group—presents a slightly different problem, a problem of disillusionment. The secret agents fit themselves into the peacetime scheme, because there are still Vichy militiamen and collaborationists at large—but the job of the saboteurs is done. So they drift rather hopelessly into the large towns, their shabby makeshift uniforms looked at askance—lost. "I was a saboteur, and now that there's no more sabotage to do they just ignore me." Theirs is a personal and poignant situation; but they are not the threat to society which might have been feared. Little Jean of Paimpol, who was flayed and otherwise tortured by the Gestapo, so tortured that his mind is blurred, wants merely to return to the fishing boats from which he came. But return to one's former life, at a time when French economy is disorganized or in collapse, is an extremely difficult thing.

III

MEMBERS of genuine military organizations—the FFI and the FTP—

come from every walk of life, and the therapeutic problem varies according to the individual. But as a group these men have suffered and matured beyond their age; and they have crowded into a few years the loyalties and friendships of a lifetime. Now they are waiting to go to the front, and with the end of the war—and the return of that other deracinated group, the prisoners—they may find it easier to become once more a part of ordinary fallible human society.

For in these first months they are a little impatient with human fallibility: they are shocked to see normal life and normal amusements return so quickly. They are shocked, too, because the purge has not yet caught up with the millions of *attentistes*. Their group loyalty serves only to sharpen this bitterness—bitterness against the fact that there were so many *mauvais Français* and, especially, so many *mauvaises Françaises*. Even political life, they think, has returned too quickly to normal: they fail to see that the multiplication of political and social groups is still consonant with the unity which all desire—that a nation with only one political opinion would be dead.

Now, in these hurried days, the inevitable adjustments are taking place, and the people's army is becoming an army in fact: the courage, ingenuity, and resourcefulness of the guerrilla are being fitted into the straitjacket of the regular soldier. The FFI, as distinct from the FTP, is undergoing the transformation without qualms; the group loyalty and pride of the FTP make the change a little more difficult for them. But even though the FTP is preponderantly communist and the FFI is not, the two groups share a common patriotism. These men will fight for France first of all. On the other hand, they do not feel that uneasy distrust of all foreigners so common in France. The FTP regard the Spaniards, Yugoslavs, and Russians who were with them in the maquis as comrades: not political comrades, however, but comrades in arms. The bond is a common bond of suffering and courage rather than an article of faith. But even within the FTP it is difficult to generalize: here again the maquisards came from all walks of life.

There are "political commissars," but they seem to have the function of the American Special Services officer. There is no effort to enforce particular political opinions.

It is nevertheless among these men that the loftiest political idealism is found, though not, perhaps, the deepest political understanding. Isolated until recently from public opinion, and still in a sense living as a group apart, they remain animated by the optimism of the International Brigade. They still assume, for instance, that when the time comes the democracies will help them to drive Franco out of Spain; for them the war remains a simple rather than a complex thing—the struggle of communism and liberty against fascism and oppression. Time—four to eight years of vagabond hardship—has blurred communism as a political or economic objective, but has also sharpened hatred of the enemy. And the normal state of man is war. There are FTP's, seventeen-year-old maquisards, who will become workers or artisans in a peaceful society; but there are others who, like the Hemingway characters, "are not good for much any more." This is not to say that they enjoy the maquis; but eight such years is a lifetime, and for many it is the only life they know.

SUCH is the tragedy, and the glory, of a generation which was and remains youthful in spirit—courageous, resourceful, loyal—but a generation without care-free years to remember, a generation which in this other sense had no youth. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive"—but the dawn is eight years past. Without education, without roots in normal society, without remembered pleasure, but with the intelligence bred by suffering and difficult living and the daily imminence of disaster if once it falters, theirs is in some ways a lost generation but also, perhaps, the only young generation to have found itself at all. There remains an enormous reserve of good intentions, of hope and faith; and it is up to society,

rather than to these men themselves, whether these qualities will be used.

There are some who have acquired a taste for camp life, just as there are some who have acquired a taste for cloak-and-sword intrigue. But the majority, the majority of all these displaced millions, long with an almost unendurable longing for home. For almost no one in Europe, it must be remembered, is at home. In a little town in the center of France, spending the night at an FTP barracks, I talked with a girl of twenty-two who was a full and accepted member of the FTP company, after a year with them in the maquis—wearing the standard uniform, living in the barracks herself. She was with them because her husband had been tortured and killed two years before by the Gestapo; her only child was in the hands of grandparents. She wanted "only one thing": to go to the front and fight.

Her hair had been cropped short and she almost never smiled; but her voice was that of a child. She showed me a photograph of herself, three years before: a beautiful, almost too fashionably dressed girl. She wanted to go to the front. But was that really the only thing? The tears came to her eyes.

"I want to have a home," she said slowly. "I want to bring up my child in a quiet little home. But why should I have it and not the others?" She nodded to the roomful of FTP's. "What are all these men? Frenchmen—but also Russians, Yugoslavs, Belgians, Poles. No one in Europe is in his home. The Frenchmen are in Poland, and the Poles are in France. The Yugoslavs are in the Spanish maquis, and the Spaniards are with Tito. They all want it, too, to go home. But we can't go home—we can't go home until it's all finished, until we can go home to stay. It's got to be finished once for all, even though it lasts a long time. Because if it's all just leading to another war, if it's all got to be done over again, it just isn't worth while. And you Americans—you who are away from home too—how long do you think it will last?"

THE SIN

A Story

LEONARD WALLACE ROBINSON



THE bedcovers weighed heavily on the boy's chest. In a moment there was the sudden catching inside, the feeling that an object had moved into the upper part of his windpipe, and he struggled and threshed about in a sweating horror to force the air into his body. It took every bit of his strength to get enough air. Then in a second the pain went from him, and his windpipe opened again and his body started a series of convulsive gasps, shot with chestwide agony, as it panicked for oxygen.

The spells would last for ten or fifteen minutes, and, while they did, she stood over him, Alice, the great round face, calm and kind, with just the right concern, and the right amount of concern. He had no idea he was dying, and he would never have discovered it from her face. With her there he was glad. This was the special situation, the special attention he had always expected but somehow had never received. He watched her, now that the spell had passed, looking down on his small dying body, electric with infection, and he knew that he was happy to be so racked. If it was necessary to be so racked to get her love, to see that look on her face, he was happy to be.

Fever corrupted sequence. She was undressing, taking off her starched nurse's uniform, the white hat with the black,

magic stripe that made her different from all other people he had known and her love especially important. She unbuttoned her white dress, standing before the mirror, her back to him. He gazed, the eyes great in his thin, wasted face, calmly upon her, yet knowing, somehow, that now he must turn away. Even at eight years old he knew he must turn away.

There was never a struggle about such things. One didn't do the thing that brought pleasure; one always averted the head, turned away, prayed, swept out one's soul. His soul was a room and no one could enter or clean it but him. When his mind was pure the room was clean. But when evil thoughts came (and all thoughts had some bloom of wickedness upon them) the room became dirty, and cobwebs and spiders got into the corners and dirt littered the floor. At such times his soul-room looked like the attic his mother had taken him to see once in Aunt Theresa's house, when Aunt Theresa had died. When evil thoughts came he had to enter the dirtied soul-room and clean it out, carefully move the accumulated dirt to the center of the room and then sweep it out the door. When, at confession on Saturdays, he waited for his turn to enter the presence of the priest, he always conjured up this room, made a neat pile of his sins in the

center of the room; then, when he actually went into the confessional and told his sins to the priest, he would imagine that he was sweeping the sins over the threshold and out. This was a major cleaning. But often enough he had to sweep out the room in the middle of the week even without the help of the priest.

As Alice unbuttoned her dress she turned, with her slow head, and looked at him and smiled. He smiled back and turned away. She would put on her street clothes now and go away and he would not see her till the morning. Time lost order again and the priest suddenly was there.

IT WAS Father Frandon, the priest with the large sad eyes that showed the pain within them. It was a real pain, according to the little boy's mother. "Oh," she had said, "he suffers so much from headaches. Father Walsh told me he knows no freedom from them. He's tried everything. It's migraine." It made the priest gentle, Walter thought, saintly and gentle. He was glad it was this priest, for his misery gave him special power. Father Frandon had never scolded him, never hurried him, and somehow, in the dark confessional, the priest's soft voice always seemed to imply recognition, recognition of Walter and his specialness, almost glad welcome, as if to say, "You're Walter Holden. I know you. You're one of us. Special. I recognize you." And once, so soft-voiced and filled with the promise of recognition and the possibility of utter forgiveness had he found Father Frandon that he almost had told him *the sin*. It hesitated to emerge on the level of speech, but it had almost come out. Later the boy had been terrified at the closeness of the escape.

Now he did not know why the priest who bent over him was there. "Hello, Walter," Father Frandon said. The large, watery brown eyes of the man were as soft as his voice.

"Hello, Father," the boy said.

"Well, you don't look so sick," the priest said; "you look as if you were just having a good rest for yourself." His mouth formed, through the pain, a slow, archaic half-smile.

The boy said nothing, his eyes going to

the small black leather case the priest held in his hand. He made nothing of it and the priest offered no explanation and said no more but opened the case and took some things out of it. Presently he came to the bed and looked down at Walter for a moment.

"Walter," he said softly, "sometimes when you can't get down to the church we come up here to your house and listen to your confession and give you Holy Communion."

"Yes, Father," the boy said.

"Now," the priest continued, "I know you're a good boy but you understand that since you're sick I'm giving you a chance to tell your sins here. You *do* understand, don't you?"

"Yes, Father," the boy said. But he understood only the words, only their sound and tendency and not their meaning. To him confession was a rigid, delimited series of acts, identifiable by the long walk through the center of town, kneeling in the pew, waiting your turn, hearing the subdued murmurs from the others as they told their sins and received their penances in the dark confessional, giving yourself a good examination of conscience (which meant the thorough sweeping and cleansing of the soul-room). But this singular meeting in a bedroom with Father Frandon did not have these distinguishing characteristics.

The priest looked down upon the boy, and somehow sensed his lack of understanding. "Look, Walter," he said, "it's just as if you walked down through Manton Square and came to church and walked into the confessional and told your sins."

The boy did not say anything, but lay silently there, his eyes fast on the priest, turning this idea over in his mind. The priest's words were transmuted into pictures. Walter saw himself walking on the red brick sidewalks, going down Florence Street and turning into Maud, then going down Washington to Pleasant, then down Pleasant to Main, then coming to the church, going up the steps, blessing himself with holy water, genuflecting before the altar. It would be Saturday afternoon. On the way he counted the different makes of cars, so many Buicks, so

many Fords, so many Packards. In his pocket he had a dime to light a candle with in the church.

"You mean," he said to the priest, "I can go to confession right here without going in the confession box down in the church?"

"Yes, Walter," said the priest. He smiled at the little boy encouragingly. "Now you understand. I'll wait while you examine your conscience and then you can tell your sins."

EVEN then the boy was not alarmed. There was no difference. You could keep back *the sin* here as well as in the confessional. The soul-room had the special door that contained the other room inside it, and here *the sin* dwelt. This room was not dusty like the other. *The sin* was not made of impalpable cobwebs and floating dust like the small sins. It was definite, solid and complete. It could be described, he believed, in a sentence, though he had never used the words to describe it. Worst of all, and what gave it the dynamic terror properties it possessed, was the fact that it was subject to growth. For receiving Holy Communion with this sin on your soul compounded its evil. Indeed its special room often seemed scarcely large enough to hold it.

Now the priest leaned over toward Walter and said certain words that did bring on the darkness and the fear, made *the sin* writhe within its room and hurl itself against the door. "Do not be frightened, Walter," the priest murmured, his face close and his large eyes full of compassion as if, even then, the great aching pounded inside his head, to be controlled only by a great effort of will, by his absorption in the suffering of others. "You must not be frightened to tell the truth. You must make the best confession you ever made. Tell me anything you have never told before, because God may lean down and take you up to heaven with him and this may be your last chance to tell your sins."

A deep twinge of pain started in the lungs of the child; he could feel the

commencement of the constriction, the blocking of his breath. Father Frandon's words were enormously clear to him. They had used these hushed, gentle words for Aunt Theresa when she died. The words were about last times, endings. "Go in and see Aunt Theresa; she may be going away forever," they had said. "She is taking a long trip and you won't see her again." "Pray that Aunt Theresa will be happy." All the sentences were pictures, and in them Aunt Theresa was going along a dark road, white-faced and gasping as he had seen her on the bed, and she was afraid.

He knew what death was as well as he knew the enormous size of punishment. And he looked up into the gray face of the priest and made his choice. The door would not be opened, *the sin* would have no egress. He would live. He would have to live.

The priest waited for a moment. "Now tell everything, Walter; nothing must be held back," he said.

"Yes, Father," the boy said.

"Now start," the priest said. "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned—"

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned, this is two weeks since my last confession—"

Memory stopped, all mind stopped, obliterated by the integument blocking the air that the child's body sought ravenously. His mind blinked into unconsciousness and his body bent itself to win the vast struggle against death.

WHEN he woke Doctor Anders was there smiling and the family stood around the bed and he watched the older ones, who looked happy. The younger ones, Virginia and Marty, were giggling. And the priest was gone. The temptation had passed and he had won and *the sin* had remained within. He started to giggle with Virginia and Marty and when his mother saw him do this she broke down and started to cry out loudly. He knew she was crying with relief, and he knew he did not deserve such love, and that made him giggle louder as he looked at Virginia and Marty.

GOING HOME

A Story

ALFRED KAZIN



RAIN fell just as they left Chicago; by the time the train swept past the mills at Gary, the smoke over the lakefront had turned yellow and green in the downpour and the twilight. Great fires licked upward from the furnaces, and the stacks were so funneled, huge, and curled that they made him think of his mother's Victorian lampshades standing massively on a hill. He looked at the rain trudging against the windows, the Negro girl who had fallen asleep in the next seat with her mouth open, took a deep breath of the steamed air in the car, and sighed with relief. He was looking forward to the drink and dinner he could buy on the train out of his discharge pay, and when he thought of the hours he had lain on a bench in the Chicago waiting room, he felt he deserved a good one. Christ, peace again. He was out of the Army, out of Chicago at last, and now out of the rain. It would be good to get home.

The train rattled and curved along the tracks like a tail looking for its body. Five o'clock. The rain was coming down hard, and it was suddenly all black outside. When he looked at the windows he could see only the white disks in the car ceilings and his own thoughts. Ruth came into the window and as quickly went away; he could not find her anywhere now. Then he saw, like lost goods

dredged from the sea, the maroon Army bathrobe with its worn lettering, AUSMD, the files in Ward C-7, an open notebook, a hypodermic of sodium amytal, and the dark, almost stupidly shy face of Captain Danziger looking at him with the greatest attention. It seemed to him that the psychiatrist was sitting at a table with his chin thoughtfully in his hands, the open notebook before him, and that *he* was under the table with his knees up to his face. Danziger was looking for him. By God, he could look far. All that was over.

Danziger would not go away. Danziger made him think of the hospital, and the hospital made him think of the wire fencing between the kitchen and Ward C-7. He heard the recurrent clang of the locks and gates that went on all day between the hospital and the camp; suddenly it all went bad again. He felt as if he were made of the grime that lay on the window ledge; it was hard to believe that he was traveling at all. He looked at the Negro girl beside him, but her sleeping open mouth made it worse. She was too far away. The car lights swam revolv-ingly in the windows, a red-faced Marine just in front of him snored, and as the train jolted and screeched its way forward it seemed to him that the rattle of the wheels was asking the question he had in his mind: where?

He turned on his side, pressed his nose against the cold window, and thought how good it would be to fall asleep. But his mind kept turning with the disks shining back from the windows, and when he peered out he could see nothing but trees, farms already dead in the night, and the lights of an automobile winking its way down a small-town street. His loneliness lay in his stomach like the hard weight of something he had eaten and disliked, and when he fingered his rough new overcoat and looked down at his Army shoes, the mixed clothes he was in laughed back at him like the mixed state he was in—not a soldier, not free yet—and he suddenly wished he were back in bed in Ward C-7. It was not so bad, once they put away the sodium amytal and closed the notebook. It was only the notebook that had ever frightened him, for he had dreamed, the night his talk had been first taken down, that his veins were open dripping blood into the notebook, and that behind it Danziger's dark, secret face was piling up notes like a bank teller behind his cage. Danziger was writing a book. Hadn't the bastard told it around himself? He was writing a book out of endless drinks out of the veins of patients under the influence of sodium amytal in Ward C-7. He was frightened when he thought of the book. It stood like the memory of impotence between him and Ruth. Once in public school he had done something wrong and they had given him a red C on his report card: C for Bad Conduct. Of course it wasn't right for an Army psychiatrist to flaunt his private research in the hearing of his patients, but a man bubbled up serenely from his unconscious after seven and a half grains of sodium amytal, and this was a chance no Danziger, full of *his* postwar plans, would miss. The sodium amytal went into the veins. In the dream Danziger drank the veins. Yes, he had been let out at last: discharged, cut off the tree, a red crack down his service papers telling its own story to anyone who could know, but glad to be out. But Danziger had no right! He had no right!

HE LIFTED himself past the Negro girl, sauntered down the aisle, and drank three cups of water very quickly. The

car was full of sailors and soldiers, weary middle-aged women with cheap luggage and service stars on their coats. He wondered if they would see his Army shoes and realize, at least, that he had been in. He still had his long Army underwear, shoes, and shirt, but they were all inside. Like him. Would they know? They would never know? The curse of being something apart was now as sharp in his mind as it had been from the day they had put him to bed in Ward C-7, and he could hear, lying there, the beer parties on Friday nights at the Non-Commissioned Officers' Club while the clang of the doors in the ward rang in their laughter. So they were laughing. And? Plenty of men, good men, had been turned down or back when the going got too rough. No disgrace. In uniform or out he was as good as any of them. He remembered Major Rosenberger saying comfortingly, when he had wept that first time, that even Lincoln had been a little neurotic; and impatient with himself went forward to the dining car.

It was full of officers he didn't want to sit with. Foolishly, he had brought his cap in with him, the cap he had bought with such defiance and nostalgia in the Chicago station when he thought of all his good clothes waiting for him at home, and he could see that the steward wanted to snub him. He deliberately put on his cap and ate his meal at a table with three sailors who looked at each other in frigid silence. When he had gulped the last of the cold coffee he was too nervous to wait for the check and left two dollar bills on the cloth and ran back to his seat.

The Negro girl had fallen in her sleep all over his seat, and he could just barely wedge himself in past her. He pulled the shade down, lowered the cap over his eyes, and imagined that he was climbing into bed at home with Ruth waiting for him. After fifteen months away and thirteen weeks without letters, he could no longer see her clearly, and he was afraid now to make love to her even in his mind. All his fears, mistakes, and quarrels swam between him and her body, and when he tried violently to possess her, as he had so often possessed a woman in reverie before falling asleep, he saw her eyes staring

ahead with such bafflement and longing that he could not bear it. Too nervous; both of them always in flight and running in parallel lines of dismay. In his reveries the women were always sleek and big and later kissed his hand. Ruth was always afraid. A man needed strengthening from the outside, by God; by God he did. Ruth whimpered and her rabbit eyes floated at the bottom of a stream. He swung back from his fretful pictures of her and meditated that it was foolish, maybe, not to let her know. But over and over, lying on the bench in the Chicago station, he had planned it as the violent surprise that would dissolve the past. Now he was afraid again. His heart rocked and puffed in his chest like the train on its tracks, a whistle blew, and he wondered what it would be like. Morning after morning he had lain awake at four in Ward C-7, listening to the change of the guard and spelling out his life to himself in the early morning dark like a pilot peering ahead between rocks. Some mornings it had seemed possible. He had imagined himself flying into the apartment, flying back into Ruth's body to awaken her, embracing with violent love and tenderness all his old clothes, the three Van Gogh prints on the wall, the massed linen in the closet. What was over was over. Always a human being got damaged somewhere and somehow. Life was full of damage. And always there was the chance of renewal. Damage and renewal was the personal equation Rosenberger had drummed into him at the end, and he had believed it. He believed it now. It had to work.

The whistle blew into his head like Army bugles in the morning. They were drinking up ahead and laughing. A Negro corporal broke out an accordion and people sang. The floating music of the accordion brought into his mind water and country ferries on which a blind man with a stick tapped around for pennies when the music was over. The boat nuzzled against the pier walls like a calf, and people rushed for home. It was not all gone! It was not all gone! The ferry was home and the pier embraced it in love and bound it to itself in warm iron chains. He fell asleep.

WHEN he awoke it was two o'clock. They would be getting into Buffalo soon. There was the taste of coal in his mouth and the Negro girl had left. He went to the toilet, washed his hands and face, got his barracks bag off the rack, and held it between his legs to hide his nervousness. On a sudden impulse he took off the cap and threw it out of a window, and when the train coughed its way into the station he felt happy, standing beside the half-open door with the wind in his face. Rain swept along the deserted platform. He ran through it with the barracks bag in front of him like a basket of wash, got a nickel out of his pocket, and leaped into a booth to call Ruth. He was so nervous that he could not find the switch to light up the booth, and he panted in the dark cell for a moment, unable to move with the bag against the wall. Two-thirty. Could he awake her at this hour? He was afraid to go in without telling her first. He found the light, heard the hollow echo of his coin in the slot, and thought that the clang would awake the town. The ring of his telephone five miles away seemed foreign, and suddenly he wondered if he had not dialed a wrong number. He put the receiver back on its hook, closed his eyes for a moment, and tried again. Sweat rolled into his eyes and down his nose, his coat was suffocating, and he hung over the sound of the phone, his heart beating loudly to every ring. There was no answer.

He sat on a bench outside and let the rain fall on him. Saturday night. She was out somewhere. The darkness was all around him like the past and the world in which a splinter fell off the tree. They took a man and put him into the Army, told him nothing but yelled at him and fed him and marched him, and he fell like a splinter off the tree. The tree was always there, and there were millions in it still, even if they told them nothing. But a splinter off the tree. Ruth, he said to the rain, Ruth. Where? If it had been so bad before, what would it be now? The rain washed him and he cried with it in the dark. A local train came along the platform and threw its doors open. He thought for a moment, shouldered his barracks bag, and got in.

DEATH AND THE CHILDREN

A Story

ANNA MARY WELLS



MRS. AVERY prayed about the cat when she went to bed.

"Please let him be better in the morning," she said, and the realization of what she was saying brought her up short.

"It's all right for You to let Russian children freeze and Dutch ones be bombed," she added, "but do make our beautiful yellow cat well."

It was a fruitless and uncomfortable line of thought, and she turned out the light and tried to go to sleep, with a vague feeling that if the cat were better in the morning she would have dead Russian babies on her conscience. But in the morning it was the cat who was dead. When she opened the door of the sleeping porch he was stretched out on the newspapers in a stiff and uncomfortable-looking position, but the thick yellow fur was so glossy that she said "Kitty" hopefully. He didn't lift his head.

"Oh—oh," said Mr. Avery. "Dead."

"Hush," she answered. "Don't tell the children yet."

"How is my kitty?" Jane called from the next room.

"Not so good this morning," she called back. "He's pretty sick."

She went into the bathroom and sat down on the edge of the tub.

"Can we keep it from Jane?" she asked.

"Tell her we're sending it to the vet and

get her off to school," Mr. Avery suggested. "We can tell her this evening that he says it's no use."

She considered a minute and shook her head.

"I can't do it. She'll want to see him before she goes. I'll have to tell her. I won't make her go to school if she doesn't want to."

"Get it over with quick, then," he said. "I'll take him down cellar and bury him tonight."

Mrs. Avery went into the bedroom.

"I have dreadfully bad news for you, Jane," she said to the six-year-old. "Your kitty died in the night."

Jane cried out loud.

"My kitty, my kitty," she said. "He loved me better than anyone else."

"I know, darling. I'm sorry." Mrs. Avery lay down beside her daughter and they mingled their tears. After a little she said:

"I'll tell Hilda so she won't ask about him."

Jane lay still in bed and sobbed. Telling Hilda was easier. She was three and only said:

"Oh. Will he come alive again?"

"No. When things are dead they can't come alive again."

"Except in spirit," Jane called from the next room.

"Hilda is too little to understand about spirits," Mrs. Avery answered.

In the bathroom Jane asked if she could have another cat. Thinking of the stiff body in the cellar, Mrs. Avery found the question a little offensive, but she was resolved to be very tender.

"Yes, of course, dear. We'll ask Santa Claus to leave one under the Christmas tree. Is there any special kind you want?"

"One wis a tail," Hilda said.

Red-eyed, Jane giggled. Mrs. Avery spoke automatically and more sharply than she intended.

"Don't tease her."

"Don't laugh at me," Hilda said, looking thunderous. "We can too have one wis a tail."

Jane laughed out loud. "You're so dumb," she said.

Hilda cried and kicked, and Mrs. Avery took her in the other room to finish dressing.

AT BREAKFAST Jane was calm. She ate heartily, and put all the cream on her cereal so that Hilda cried again about the empty pitcher. She didn't ask to stay away from school, and Mrs. Avery didn't suggest it. She started away running and shouting "Hi!" at the little girl across the street.

Hilda talked a little about the cat. "Did his heart stop beating? Were his eyes shut? Why couldn't he get well? Will Papa bury him? In my book the little bunny was dead and came alive again. Why can't the kitty come alive again?"

Mrs. Avery answered patiently, and felt very wise and maternal, like the model parents in magazine articles. She was ready to be tender with Jane again at noon.

"There's a letter for you," she called, "from Grandma."

Jane came in beaming. "With Bronco Bill in it?" she asked. "Listen, Mother, the gymnasium teacher said our section wasn't very perfect but I was the most perfect one in it."

Mrs. Avery wondered if her determined tenderness and cheerfulness were wasted.

"That's wonderful," she said.

Jane dawdled over lunch and was almost late to school. She put too much sugar in her cocoa and dribbled peach syrup on the tablecloth, but her mother's resolve to be a sympathetic parent lasted through the noon hour. It was pretty thin, though, by the time Jane finally left again.

MR. AVERY called up in the afternoon. "How's the tragedy?" he asked.

"Not so bad. Hilda's a heartless little wretch, and even Jane doesn't seem to care since I said she could have a new kitten."

"I don't feel so hot myself," Mr. Avery admitted. "He was an awfully nice cat."

"Maybe we just projected the way we felt about him into the kids," suggested Mrs. Avery.

She thought they might take some comfort from a dignified burial. She found an old baby blanket to wrap the body in, and Mr. Avery chose a pleasant spot under the spiraea.

"Have to remember not to garden here in the spring," he said.

Jane was reading *Alice in Wonderland* and didn't care to see where the cat was buried. Mr. Avery couldn't find the spade and had to use the fireplace shovel, which kept bending on the hard earth. He came in looking pale and cold.

There were guests for dinner, and both children misbehaved. The guests thought little Hilda was cute when she shouted and snatched potato chips, but Jane rasped everyone's nerves. She drew her lips back over her teeth like a horse, and talked in a high, nasal whine. After every remark she added, "she said" and laughed a loud, whinnying laugh.

"Who talks like that at school?" Mrs. Avery asked, being patient if it killed her. "A teacher or one of the children?"

"I'm not talking like anything," Jane said in the same affected voice. "I'm just talking, she said merrily."

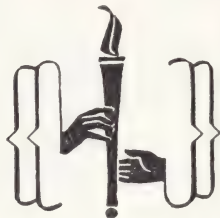
"You're talking silly and you know it," her father broke in sharply. "Now stop it."

Jane looked at him without rancor and spoke in her natural voice.

"When your heart is broken you have to talk silly," she said.

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THE ARMY TAKES OVER

JOHN FISCHER

*{ For the past ten years John Fischer, now of the Harper editorial staff, has }
{ worked in Washington as a newspaperman and government administrator. }*

THE Army appears to have won the Battle of Washington, its longest and most stubbornly contested campaign of the war. During the early months of this year, the military finally succeeded in seizing possession of most of the machinery which controls the nation's economy. Nearly all of the civilian administrators, who had struggled for five years to hang onto direction of the war production effort, either surrendered or fled the field.

The average citizen has regarded the prolonged uproar in the Capital with incomprehension, impatience, and disgust. This was natural, since he rarely could tell what the shooting was all about. Both sides failed—or refused—to take the public into their confidence: they generally preferred to fight from ambush, or behind a smoke screen of false issues. Many a noncombatant, caught unawares

in the crossfire, limped out of Washington nursing a bleeding ego or mangled reputation and cussing both sides with equal vehemence. Consequently most people have dismissed the whole noisy business as a bureaucratic squabble, in which personal ambition was the only motive and power the only thing at stake.

Nevertheless the issues have been real; the belligerents have been, for the most part, unselfish and patriotic men; and the results of the Army's victory will gravely affect all of us during the next few months. One result, for example, will be the most drastic shortages of the entire war in essential civilian supplies. Paradoxically, these shortages are likely to pinch the domestic economy most severely in the period immediately following the European war—just when industry is facing a crisis in shutdowns, contract cancellations, and unemployment. Even if the

Army's triumph is only temporary—and there are signs that some measure of civilian control may yet be restored—it is likely to leave the production machine seriously disorganized and overstrained.

EVER since the United States embarked on its great mobilization in May, 1940, the conflict has flared up in many sectors of Washington and under many guises. Yet the basic issue has always been the same: should the war economy—the vast complex of production facilities, raw materials, manpower, transport, and allocation of the finished goods—be directed by business men and civilian administrators or by the military? It has been, at bottom, a conflict between two modes of thought, two irreconcilable ideas of the way to get things done.

The spokesmen for the civilians have argued, with Bernard Baruch, that "it is absolutely impracticable for the War Department to control industrial mobilization," because "it is an economic problem requiring the ablest leadership in industry and utterly unsuited to military administration." They have insisted that America can produce best under a system of voluntary co-operation, with a minimum of rigid control. They have suggested that the Army would have its hands full training eleven million troops and fighting two wars on opposite sides of the globe; and they have promised: "If you tell us what you need, we'll see that you get it."

The Army men have replied with complete sincerity that America must organize for total war as the Germans and Japanese have, with everything—strategy, troops, weapons, factories, and labor—under firm military direction. They claim that a division of control between civilians and officers is bound to lead to fatal delays and confusion; that civilians can never understand military needs; that war is a single operation, from assembly line to foxhole, which can be properly handled only by men trained in warfare. Most of all, they distrust the civilian methods of consultation, compromise, persuasion. They have more confidence, naturally enough, in the one method they know best—the method of hierarchy, in which the top ranks give orders and the lower

ranks obey, without question or debate.

It should be noted that this is *not* a fight between the Army and the New Deal. On the contrary, the civilian cause has been led by conservative business men of the stamp of Donald Nelson, A. D. White-side, and (for a time) Charles E. Wilson of General Electric. The military, on the other hand, have enjoyed the support of some of the most powerful Administration figures, notably Harry Hopkins and James Byrnes; while other New Deal wheel horses—Leon Henderson, Robert Nathan, Harry Truman—have consistently opposed them. The struggle cuts clear across ordinary political lines, and has, in fact, little to do with politics.

Neither is it a conflict between civilians and the fighting army. The generals responsible for actual combat, including Chief of Staff George C. Marshall, usually have held aloof from the fight. The military men most determined to get control of the home front are supply officers, entrenched behind the mahogany desks of the Potomac River Line. They are mostly War Department, although they can always count on the backing of their opposite numbers in the Navy. They have been led by three men: Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson; General Brehon Somervell, commander of the Army Service Forces; and General Lucius Clay, until recently Byrnes's right-hand man in the Office of War Mobilization.

THESE make an extraordinary trio. All are able, hard-driving, intolerant of opposition. Patterson, a choleric little Irishman who wears a brown hat with a truculently upturned brim, is the least suave of the three. A brilliant lawyer and former judge, he has shown an incomplete understanding of economics and scant patience with the business men with whom he must deal. His prejudices are fierce and unshakable. Early in the war, for example, Patterson embarked on a one-man crusade against comic strips. He denounced them as a waste of precious paper, a symbol that the nation was not yet taking the war seriously. Donald Nelson patiently explained that WPB would gladly cut paper allotments as drastically as might be necessary—but that it could

not tell publishers how to use what paper they got. If you throw out comic strips, he argued, it is a short step to throwing out advertisements, or news stories, or disagreeable editorials; and every publisher would scream his head off at the first sign of such encroachment on freedom of the press. To this day Patterson remains unconvinced, and his temper is likely to blaze at a glimpse of Popeye or Superman. One of his chief opponents in WPB described him as "a man who believes he has a monopoly on patriotism. Bob is convinced that anyone who disagrees with him not only is wrong, but is wrong from bad motives—probably treasonable."

Somervell is a far smoother article. Handsome, shrewd, frankly ambitious, he dislikes to ruffle anyone's feathers unless he has to. His capacity for organization is extraordinary, and he inspires intense loyalty in the men close to him. To him rightfully belongs much of the credit for the Army's triumphs in planning and supply, such as the preparation for the Normandy invasion. Somervell's biggest job before the war was running WPA in New York City; and from that job he probably acquired his views on labor. Although he would vigorously deny any prejudice against unions, he still seems to think of labor leaders as unpredictable neurotics, who are likely to stage a sitdown strike in his office at any moment. In private conversations he often deplores the "coddling" of labor—by which he apparently does not mean high wages or too easy working conditions, but rather the process of negotiation carried on by government agencies. He seems to feel that such consultation is subversive of discipline, just as it would be if an officer negotiated with his troops before issuing an order. Towards business men he is more deferential, since they are in a sense the officer class of the industrial system; but he doesn't relish back talk from them either. Towards both industrialists and workers his instinctive attitude is: "Don't ask 'em—tell 'em."

Clay is an earnest disciple of Somervell, for whom he formerly worked as the War Department's Director of Materiel. He went to West Point, served in the last war, and spent the between-wars years building

dams and airports as an Army engineer. Although almost unknown outside of military circles, Clay became one of the most powerful figures in Washington during the period when he served as Byrnes's deputy in charge of war programs. From that position he laid down policy for WPB, the War Manpower Commission, the Office of Defense Transportation, and virtually all other war agencies. A gaunt, balding, tight-lipped man, he tried to use this authority to gear the country into that kind of total war effort which he believed America so far had shirked. Soon after his appointment, for example, the Byrnes office imposed the midnight curfew on night clubs and taverns. Clay could hardly have expected any significant saving in electricity or manpower; but to him it seemed blasphemous for civilians to go helling around at all hours, guzzling highballs and ogling curvesome blondes, while soldiers were shivering in wet trenches. Byendingsuchunseemlygaiety, he doubtless hoped at last to teach some people that there is a war on.

THIS feeling that civilians have not suffered and sweated enough is common among the armchair generals. It was noted some time ago by the Truman Committee, which reported that "some procurement officers [argue] . . . that there is a patriotic duty to reduce the civilian economy to bare levels of subsistence to bolster the morale of the men in the armed service." And the report added: "The committee disagrees with this argument."

Nevertheless, that argument has won out. For the last five months the military have been striving to pare the civilian economy as close as possible to a "bare level of subsistence." Uncomfortable as it might be, the operation would not be alarming if the military could recognize the subsistence level when they reach it. Certainly no responsible citizen would hesitate to give up every luxury if it would shorten the war by a single day.

Unfortunately, however, the military have a limited understanding of the way the civilian economy works, and—as we shall see—they are prone to confuse luxuries and essentials. In denying steel for

hair-curlers and washing machines, they are likely to deny it for railroads as well. Consequently there is a real possibility that in their laudable effort to squeeze every drop of fat out of the civilian goose they may also have impaired its ability to keep on laying munitions.

II

THE struggle to decide whether civilians or the military should administer war production has involved four major battles. The Army has won them all.

The first conflict, which might be described as the Battle of Conversion, began in May, 1940. That month Germany launched its great assault through the Low Countries and France; and a shiver of apprehension ran through the country. The President hastily appointed a Defense Advisory Commission—the first of four successive war production agencies—to equip a defense force. It was entirely civilian, with William S. Knudsen at its head and Nelson in a key position on its staff.

The Commission's first act was to ask the Army what it needed. It never got a firm answer. This was hardly the Army's fault, since at that time it had no clear idea of its mission. Its M-day plans merely called for the defense of our own borders against an invading army, which was assumed capable of landing up to three hundred thousand troops a month on American shores. This plainly was unrealistic. Nobody actually expected us to wait for a Nazi fleet to anchor off the Virginia Capes; but in the face of the then powerful isolationist sentiment, it was impossible to make precise plans to meet an enemy on foreign soil. So both the Army and the Commission stumbled along in a fog of uncertainty. The War Department could not even make up its mind how large an army it needed, much less how many tanks, canteens, surgical clamps, paper clips, and bayonets.

Throughout this period Knudsen, Nelson, and their associates fought to persuade the military to set their sights high enough. They argued that purchasing should be started on a really big scale, even though requirements were still hazy, and that a large part of the nation's industry should be converted to war production. To

make such large-scale conversion possible, they urged the Army to reform its procurement methods.

Against these suggestions the military put up surprising resistance. They were reluctant to give up the old system of competitive bidding, which protected each individual procurement officer against suspicion of unwise or improper purchases. They were more reluctant to spread orders among untried firms, or to approve minor changes in specifications for the sake of mass production. The very idea of giving a contract for, say, bomb sights to the East Wichita Glass Eye Foundry would throw an old-line supply colonel into a fit. He simply would not believe that the foundry could make bomb sights—and, besides, think of the security problem!

In the face of this opposition, the Commission managed to make some headway. It wangled contracts for scores of firms which had never turned out war supplies, and it got production going on aluminum, magnesium, and other strategic items long before the Army had decided how much of them it would need. It is significant, however, that actual purchasing and letting of contracts always remained in the hands of the War and Navy departments. The civilian Commission and its successors, the Office of Production Management and the Supply, Priorities, and Allocation Board, never had authority to do more than "advise" and "co-ordinate." As a result, they were never able to push conversion of industry very far. Until the eve of Pearl Harbor, 100 big corporations held 83 per cent of all military supply contracts—while some 174,000 other manufacturing plants had no contracts at all.

In this preliminary battle, then, the military won simply by standing firm. Indeed, the civilian agencies were never able at this stage to make a really effective attack on the Army procurement policy, for three reasons:

1. They never got either clear directives or firm authority from the White House, and as a result they were hobbled by internal confusion and bickering.
2. Many industrialists were reluctant during this period to accept war contracts, even if the procurement officers had been willing to hand them out. There was

little feeling of patriotic urgency—and civilian production paid better.

3. The civilian administrators always hesitated—as they do to this day—to make a public issue of their differences with the military. They felt that the public automatically would side with the generals; and, in addition, they were loath to shake the country's unity and confidence by open criticism of its military leadership.

PEARL HARBOR abruptly shifted the Battle of Washington to an entirely different issue. Previously, the military had consistently underestimated the nation's capacity to produce. They had believed it could turn out, at most, some \$30 billion worth of war supplies a year—as against the OPM estimate of \$70 billion—and they had geared their procurement to the lower figure, in spite of all civilian pleas for a more ambitious program.

After Pearl Harbor, the situation was exactly reversed. The Army and Navy wanted everything, right now, and seemed unable to believe that there was any limit to the country's ability to fill their demands. From that day on, the civilian agencies have been fighting to hold down military requirements to what is "do-able."

Thus began what is sometimes described in Washington as The Battle of Seven-up. The name comes from one of Patterson's pet hates. Whenever a civilian agency would plead for trucks or tires or gasoline for industrial use, Patterson had a standard answer which ran something like this:

"Why, just this morning," he would say, "I saw a Seven-up truck delivering soda pop to a whole string of soft drink stands. So long as gas and tires and equipment are being wasted on that kind of damn foolishness, the civilian economy doesn't deserve *anything*. You can't tell me that civilians need Seven-up worse than the Army needs munition carriers!"

There was just enough truth in this answer to make it sting. The dollar-a-year men who had thronged into OPM and its successor, the War Production Board, were never eager to crack down on their own industries, and innumerable luxury items somehow managed to get

produced and distributed. And, as everybody knows, they still do.

But the Seven-up argument was never limited to these nonessentials. It also was hauled out in opposition to perfectly valid requests for equipment needed in the most vital war industries. Nelson had to fight long and bitterly, for example, to get trucks to handle molybdenum ore and machinery to expand the iron mines, which are the very foundation of the war effort. In opposing these requests, the military no doubt hoped they could indirectly force a curtailment of soft drinks and similar luxuries. Perhaps it should have worked out that way; it just didn't.

Meanwhile, the armed services by no means felt it necessary to cut out *their* luxury items. At the time when aluminum and copper were shortest, the Navy was ordering hundreds of tons of aluminum chairs and fancy brass trimming, such as numbers and name plates for the inside doors of warships. The Army still insisted on brass buttons for every uniform (though they had to be covered with dull paint before a soldier went into combat), and nearly every military post was blossoming out with new golf courses and officers' clubs which it had been denied in peacetime. To be sure, this sort of thing resulted in occasional moments of embarrassment, even for Under Secretary Patterson. At one WPB meeting, when he was delivering his usual Seven-up oration, someone interrupted to point out that the Fourth Service Command had just ordered a fleet of soft-drink trucks to serve its post exchanges. That stopped him—but only for the moment. The War and Navy departments bulled right on, ordering fabulous quantities of everything they needed, thought they might need, or felt it would be nice to have around.

There still was no overall plan or firm list of military requirements. The proposed size of the Army was still being revised almost every month, and all the tables of organization and schedules of equipment had to be revised, too. Some of these constant changes were, of course, forced by the course of the war as the Army confronted unprecedented tasks. But many of them were simply the result of bad military planning. One flagrant

example was the Canol project, a \$134 million scheme for establishing oil wells, a pipe line, and a refinery in one of the most inaccessible corners of Canada, at a huge cost in manpower and materials. It was undertaken as a result of one of General Somervell's famous snap judgments, "without a survey of the route of the projected pipe line and with no knowledge of the conditions to be met," as the Senate National Defense Investigating Committee later pointed out. Nor did the General consult interested civilian officials such as the Petroleum Administrator for War, who learned about Canol only "through outside gossip." Although many officers connected with the project were convinced it would prove a failure—as it has—the War Department pushed ahead: under the army system, no subordinate dared question Somervell's decision. There were plenty of protests from civilian experts, however. The Truman Committee summed up the incident thus:

Within five weeks after the project was undertaken, the War Department was warned repeatedly of its unsoundness and excessive cost by qualified persons. There may be some slight excuse for General Somervell's original hasty decision in view of the tremendous pressure on him at that time, but his continued insistence on the project in the face of these repeated warnings is inexcusable.

Similar examples of waste and military mismanagement were apparent on every hand, but throughout 1942 the Army and Navy supply services continued to run hog-wild. There was only one possible method of bringing them under control: WPB could have taken over purchasing and the letting of contracts. Nelson, now head of WPB with more authority than any civilian administrator had yet possessed, unquestionably had the power to do so. He refused to use it.

There were, of course, strong reasons for his refusal. Nelson knew that any attempt to take these functions away from the military would touch off a fight far more violent than anything he had yet been through. He had little confidence that the President would back him up. And even if he had won, it would have taken three months for him to set up his own procurement organization—a delay which might have been fatal in those crucial

days when the Germans were battering at Stalingrad and El Alamein.

Consequently, he tried to infiltrate his own men into the Army and Navy offices, to "advise" procurement officers and "review" contracts. These men were generally ignored, or were taken over by the military: a number were persuaded to accept commissions at high rank and then were tucked out of sight.

THE very completeness of the Army's second victory precipitated the third conflict. Toward the end of 1942 the military discovered they could not get delivery on the orders they had placed so lavishly. It began to look as if Nelson had been right in predicting that there was an ultimate limit to the nation's productive capacity; and it became apparent that some umpire would have to divide up the available output among the various claimants. The issue then became: Who shall do the umpiring, WPB or the military?

A decision could not be long delayed, because one bottleneck was holding up five competing programs. The bottleneck was a small group of component parts, notably valves, ball bearings, heat exchangers, and small electric motors. These parts were indispensable to the production of planes, merchant vessels, warships, high-octane gas, and rubber; and all five of these programs were urgent.

The services suggested that the scheduling and allocation of these critical components should be handled by the Army-Navy Munitions Board, an organization originally set up to prevent different branches of the War and Navy departments from competing with each other in their purchases, but which had grown to be a military rival of WPB. Its head was Ferdinand Eberstadt, a civilian but the military's man for all that.

Nelson realized that if he let this Board take over scheduling, WPB might as well close up shop. Consequently he tried to compromise; he kept the all-important scheduling and allocation function, but brought Eberstadt into WPB to help run it. This compromise worked no better than such half-measures usually do. Within a few weeks Nelson became convinced that the military were using Eberstadt as their

Trojan horse in an effort to grab control of WPB. In February of 1943 he decided that Eberstadt had to go—and for once the President backed him up, in the face of strong Army and Navy protests.

Eberstadt's place was taken by Charles E. Wilson of General Electric, whom many regard as the best production man Washington ever had. He was big, tough, and bull-voiced—apparently just the man to shove the generals back in line. Nelson gave him full authority over WPB operations, while he himself withdrew to “make policy” far from the slugging-match which he thought was sure to come.

It didn't come immediately. Wilson decided to conciliate the military instead of fighting them; and the Army and Navy, shaken by the licking they had taken over Eberstadt, tried a little conciliating of their own. The result was an Era of Good Feeling which lasted well into 1944. During this year-long period WPB ticked better than it ever has, before or since. Wilson smashed the components bottleneck and went on to rescue the aircraft program, which had bogged down. For the first time competent industrialists held really effective control over war production, and as a consequence, output hit its all-time peak in November, 1943.

But the military had by no means given up; they had merely changed their tactics. They went to work to convert Wilson by every conceivable technique of persuasion, pressure, and personal friendship. Many people in Washington even believe that the Navy threatened to withhold important turbine contracts from General Electric until Wilson was persuaded to “take a more reasonable view” of military demands—although none of them has produced evidence to support this story.

At any rate, by the spring of 1944 the men closest to Nelson were complaining that Big Charlie had gone over to the Army. Moreover, they pointed out, he had gathered into his own hamlike fist all the reins of WPB, leaving Nelson looking remarkably like a figurehead. Even the “policies” which Nelson was evolving in his seclusion were often light-heartedly ignored by Wilson's operating people. (This is a common phenomenon in Washington. Whenever any agency is split into

“policy” and “operations” branches, the man who gets day-to-day control over money and personnel always ends up by controlling policy as well.)

THE blowup came over Nelson's so-called “reconversion program.” For some time Nelson had been worried about small pools of unemployment and surplus plant capacity which were showing up all over the country. Generally they resulted from cancellation of military contracts; after the fall of Paris the War Department hoped for an early end of the European war and started cutting back a number of munitions programs. Nearly always these cutbacks were made abruptly; factories closed down on short notice, or none at all, and the labor force scattered to other jobs—preferably nonwar jobs, which would not disappear overnight.

Nelson argued that these shut-down plants should be authorized to use surplus materials to make essential civilian products. His main objectives were: (1) to hold the labor force together, in case the Army later decided to place new contracts; and (2) to relieve the shortage of consumers' goods, which was becoming a serious inflationary threat. The spot-authorization scheme was designed to be as flexible as possible, to wipe up small local pockets of unemployment without general relaxation of the controls over materials, manpower, or production.

This proposal ran into immediate opposition from both the Army and Charles E. Wilson. Wilson, who came to be widely regarded as the spokesman for the great industrial corporations in this fight, argued that it would be unfair to keep big firms harnessed to war orders while some little manufacturer in Colorado started making electric fans and refrigerators. Nobody should be permitted to reconvert, he insisted, until a whole industry could be turned loose at once; then every firm, big and little, would have an even start in the race for postwar markets, and the old competitive pattern would be preserved.

The military sided with Wilson, partly because they had come to look on him as their man, and because their sympathies lay with the hundred or so big companies which always have held the juiciest share

of Army and Navy contracts. In addition, they feared that any reconversion, no matter how minor and local, would take the country's mind off the war. And they thought some unemployment might be a good thing. Although war production as a whole was excellent, a few items—notably such things as rockets, for which the Army jacked up its requirements every few weeks—were running behind schedule. If a thousand men were thrown out of work in Denver, the generals argued, maybe a few of them would move to Connecticut or Oregon, where more workers were needed. They were unimpressed by WPB evidence that housing and transport shortages would prevent such migration on any significant scale.

When the controversy got so noisy it could no longer be ignored, the President handled it in his traditional way. He avoided a clean-cut decision by getting rid of both belligerents. Wilson got out of WPB, and Nelson was sent to China, the Siberia for vanquished bureaucrats.

Nevertheless, it at first appeared that Nelson and the civilian party had won at least a Pyrrhic victory. WPB was entrusted to J. A. Krug, a Nelson protégé who was expected to follow the Nelson policies. These illusions, however, did not last long. Krug proved unable to stand up against the most determined assault the military had ever mounted against civilian direction of the home front.

III

THE first months of this year found the War Department in a bad state of nerves. Germany had not collapsed during the winter, and it was clear that the munitions cutbacks had been a mistake. Von Rundstedt's surprise offensive toward Liège had been an unpleasant shock. And nearly all the generals—at least those in the Service Forces—were convinced that when the European war reached its end the country would lie down on the job and refuse to throw its full weight into the Pacific campaign.

Now it is a curious thing that most regular Army officers fancy themselves experts on civilian psychology, in spite of the fact that their specialized experience

makes them almost complete strangers to civilian habits of thought. A prime doctrine of these military psychologists is that civilians (especially labor) will not do their share in the war effort unless they are forced to. Another tenet is that civilians cannot bear to face the truth; as Elmer Davis might testify, the military have often feared that any news of defeat or high casualties would "dishearten" the home front. A corollary is that no general should ever publicly confess to a mistake—not because of personal vanity, but because a myth of infallible military leadership has to be held before the public gaze.

This kind of reasoning made it impossible for the military to admit that they had guessed wrong on the European war; instead they felt impelled to say: "The folks at home have let us down." It also led to the conviction that the Army had to take control, at all costs, of the machinery governing production and manpower, to prevent it from slowing down during the second, or Japanese, phase of the war. And finally, it inhibited any candid explanation of their views or aims.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that the final push in the Battle of Washington opened with a terrific barrage of propaganda about Army shortages. True enough, shortages *had* occurred on the fighting fronts; but the cause—as Somervell admitted to a Senate committee—was transportation difficulties, not failure of production at home. Yet every effort was made to overwhelm the home folks with a sense of guilt. Soldiers were brought back from the German border to tell how artillery shells had to be rationed; and at the same press conference or factory meeting, a War Department bigwig pled for more production to save the boys dying overseas. Congressmen, WPB officials, and industrialists were given conducted tours of the battle zone, with plenty of time out for "indoctrination." A great to-do was made about certain ordnance items lagging behind schedule; although it was never mentioned that such schedules often had just been stepped up to offset the cutbacks of a few months earlier, and that some lag was inevitable.

While this propaganda drive was at its peak, War Department brass hats marched

on Congress and the White House by the platoon, to demand a manpower bill with fangs. They insisted such legislation was necessary to prevent an exodus from war factories at the close of the German war, and they wanted control over labor vested in military hands rather than the War Manpower Commission. Furthermore, they wanted to write their own ticket on future production programs, with no more civilian interference.

Under this pressure, Krug gave way. The careful scrutiny of military requirements, which Nelson had painfully put into operation, was virtually abandoned. Even if Krug had chosen to make a stand he could have had little hope for success, because General Clay in his new position as Byrnes's deputy became the super-boss of WPB. Clay's appointment signalized a major triumph for the military. It marked the accomplishment of the very thing against which Bernard Baruch had once issued a solemn warning. In analyzing the lessons of the War Industries Board in World War I, he had said:

The central control agency must act as arbiter of conflicting demands—the greatest of which is that of the civilian population. No single competitor such as the War Department should be entrusted with such arbitration.

"Entrusted" is hardly the right word; the War Department grabbed it.

IV

How has the Army been using its new power over the nation's economy?

First of all, it has been going on a colossal buying spree. Although no War Department official will admit it, there is considerable evidence that for the last four months it has been building up stockpiles for the Pacific war—because it does not trust the civilian population to maintain production at adequate levels after Germany's collapse.

At this writing, for example, it is taking 90 per cent of all leather available for shoe uppers, to supply the 11 million men in uniform. The remaining 120 million Americans will get the 10 per cent left over—if they don't have to share some of it with our Allies and the barefoot people of the liberated countries. This means

that during the rest of the year each adult civilian will get only one pair of shoes, while each child will get two and a half. Lots of us will get by, because we have an extra pair in the closet; but there are thousands of farmers and workmen who have never owned an extra pair of shoes. It also means that there won't be enough leather work gloves. Essential industries are reported short by 200,000 pairs already. And in a steel mill, for instance, it is impossible to work without leather gloves.

When the military got around to textiles, it demanded 97 million yards of combed cotton yarn, for the second quarter of the year, which may turn out to be almost all the country can produce. Such yarn is the raw material of work shirts, sheets, women's dresses, underwear. Maybe the Army really needs it all—not even WPB can get reliable figures on military stocks—but the Quartermaster's warehouses already are bulging with cotton goods. Some WPB experts insist that a two-year supply of certain items already is on hand.

The outlook for civilian woolens is somewhat worse. There may be virtually no overcoats next winter, and few worsted suits. The civilian supply of blankets probably will be about 10 per cent of prewar normal—a figure which may disturb mothers when they remember that in peacetime about 25 per cent of all blanket wool went into baby blankets. And the birth rate, of course, is up.

The most serious threat to the civilian economy, however, is the shortage of steel. The allocation to the Office of Civilian Requirements for the current quarter is only 27,000 tons, as against more than 6,000,000 tons for the Army and comparable big bites for the Navy and merchant marine. As a result, public health authorities are worrying about whether there will be enough garbage cans to stave off epidemics; and even now it is difficult to find enough refrigerators to supply the blood banks.

The steel shortage will pinch tightest on the nation's transport system. Railroads have been starved for four years; yet the last steel allotment to the Office of Defense Transportation was cut 30 per cent under its estimate of rock-bottom

needs. J. Monroe Johnson, Director of Defense Transportation, ordinarily a placid and soft-spoken fellow, thereupon told WPB that the wolf no longer is at the door but has his head clear inside.

He added that he found it difficult to understand why the Army considers the transport system of the enemy a military establishment, and devotes thousands of tons of bombs to its destruction; but regards our own transport system as a civilian luxury, and refuses to make available the rails, freight cars, and locomotives to keep it going.

One result may be a decline in steel production for munitions, because of a lack of open-top cars for hauling iron ore and finished bars and sheets. Another may be local shortages of coal and other raw materials. A third almost certainly will be an increase in the number of train wrecks. The huge task of shuttling troops and weapons across the country for the coming shift to the Pacific may be seriously hampered. And the transport crisis will be intensified by a sharp drop in the number of serviceable automobiles. The output of batteries and spare parts earmarked for civilian use may not keep on the road next winter more than 7 million of the 23 million cars now in use.

Before the close of the year similar bottlenecks and shortages of essential equipment will occur in many sectors of the home front. The economy probably will *not* break down. But it seems highly probable that the present overstrain will weaken the industrial machine and impair its ability to produce during the later stages of the war.

V

ALTHOUGH the Army has over-ridden the opposition of the civilian administrators in Washington, its dominance may be challenged from another quarter. Throughout the country business men are beginning to get restive under the "salute system" of industrial management; and their uneasiness is reflected in Congress. A few weeks ago C. F. Hughes, business commentator for the *New York Times*, predicted that "unless civilian control of the Nelson-Wilson caliber is speedily restored," both war and essential civilian production

may "drive on the rocks under their military skippers."

"This is the growing fear of industry," he said, adding that apparently "an effort was being made to cover military mistakes by attaching the blame to a shortage of supplies."

Similarly, the National Association of Purchasing Agents reported in late February that "many plants are loaded with new war contracts which may prove to be greatly overdone and may result in a very serious situation when cancellations come." And many an industrialist is getting fed up with incidents like that which recently happened to one manufacturer. For more than a year he had been trying to get an Army contract to make an ordnance part for which his plant was especially suited. Repeated visits to the Pentagon Building failed to clear away the red tape, although procurement officers assured him they needed the part badly and the contract would be issued "as soon as we can get it out." Finally the contract came through. It specified a delivery date just one week in the future. And in the same mail came a peremptory letter from the War Department informing the manufacturer that he was "behind schedule" and ordering him to speed up his operations.

Such examples of military ineptness in the industrial field, plus its own investigations, have inspired a growing opposition in Congress. In the Senate this opposition has been led by three men—Truman, Kilgore, and Elbert Thomas—who served as officers in the last war and who have a healthy skepticism about brass hats. It includes such steadfast conservatives as Senator Taft of Ohio, who answered the Army demand for national service legislation with the comment that "with perhaps 2 million men on the fighting front, the Army has over 6 million behind the lines and I venture to think that it is probably as inefficiently used as any labor in the United States." He added that if the military had been permitted to run the production machine "they would long ago have wrecked it."

This ripening mistrust of military control of the home front was primarily

responsible for Congress's reluctance to pass a stringent labor draft bill. Many Congressmen simply were not convinced that there is a real danger of labor's deserting the war plants at the end of the European war. They were not convinced that either the Army or the War Manpower Commission could administer a compulsory work law efficiently. And they were not even convinced that there was a serious shortage of military supplies. Too many of them knew that every supply officer, from the Quartermaster General to the dump-master behind the front lines, always complains that he doesn't have enough until he has squirreled away twice as much as he actually expects to use. The Senate National Defense Investigating Committee expressed such feelings in these words:

The committee . . . recognizes the need for reserve. It is even willing to condone a policy of insuring constancy of supply by providing more than will be needed. It does not object to having too much, but it has seen too many examples where provision has been made for *too much too much*.

In addition, Congress is developing a still livelier mistrust of the candor of the Service Forces generals who are telling such grim tales of a present manpower crisis. Senator Mead of New York recently visited the Norfolk Navy Yard, where there was said to be a shortage of four thousand urgently needed workers. He reported that he found:

Excess manpower, wasted labor, hoarded labor, and enforced loafing. . . . So many men are assigned to some jobs that they cannot even all squeeze into the place. Most of them stand around outside while a few work. . . . Their bosses were not to be seen. The men themselves think there are too many of them on the job. They say they are unable to do an honest day's work.

Men waste valuable time and materials making personal trinkets for their superiors. One man deferred as an essential worker spends most of his time on such work. Valuable hand-carved furniture is made—in wartime—for the use of the shop masters. Many weeks of labor were wasted on one table alone . . . all of this work was directed to be done by supervisors. Men are told to stretch out jobs and appear to be working.

In another Navy yard, he noted, "only

30 per cent of the potential work of common laborers is actually realized," and he concluded: "Certainly the armed forces have failed to demonstrate sufficient capacity to deal with such non-military matters" as a "completely regimented system" for controlling the nation's labor supply.

And there have been countless minor incidents which have led other congressmen to similar conclusions. One Senate investigator remarked that he finds it hard to believe the Army press releases about the manpower shortage so long as they are delivered by a commissioned officer riding in a reconnaissance car with a uniformed driver. Other members of Congress cite cases such as that of one perfectly able-bodied young soldier overseas for the last two years who has spent his entire military career running a movie projector at the private parties of a Service Forces general.

This sort of thing is beginning to stir up a considerable reaction, both in Congress and throughout the country. Within the next three months, as shortages, production difficulties, and the results of Army dictation become increasingly apparent, the ground swell is likely to gather momentum. Already rumblings have made themselves felt throughout official Washington. Not long before President Roosevelt's death, for example, an announcement came through of the transfer of General Clay to an overseas assignment, and then Byrnes himself gave up his thankless job of bossing war mobilization. The removal of one general does not, of course, mean that the grip of the military has been broken; but it may prove a portent of some significance.

It may be that President Truman—whose previous interest in these matters has been so marked—will restore civilian management in war production. If not, it seems probable that the victory of the generals over the civilian administrators may prove only the prelude to another—and tougher—struggle, in which Congress will lead the counterattack with support from business, labor, and the general public.

{ *The author of The Late George Apley,
So Little Time, etc., saw the Iwo Jima
attack as correspondent for Harper's.* }

IWO JIMA BEFORE H-HOUR

JOHN P. MARQUAND



LIFE on a battleship is largely conducted against a background of disregarded words. For example, upon leaving Saipan, the radio loudspeaker on the open bridge produced a continuous program somewhat along the following lines:

"This is Peter Rabbit calling Audacity One—Peter Rabbit calling Audacity One—over . . . Audacity One calling Peter Rabbit . . . Come in, Peter Rabbit—over . . . Peter Rabbit to Audacity One—Shackle. Charley. Abel. Oboe. Noel Coward. Unshackle—over . . . Audacity One to Peter Rabbit—Continue as directed. Over . . . Peter Rabbit to Audacity One—Roger. Over . . ."

Sometimes these guarded code conversations, all conducted with flawless diction in clear unemotional tones, would reach a degree of subtlety that bordered on the obvious.

"Tiger Two is now in a position to give the stepchildren a drink. Will Audacity One please notify the stepchildren? . . . Bulldog calling Turtle. A pilot is in the water, southeast of Hot Rock. Pick him up. I repeat: In the water, southeast of Hot Rock. Pick him up. . . ."

There was never any way of telling whether or not the stepchildren received the drinks which Tiger was kind enough to offer, or whether or not the pilot was rescued from the slightly chilly waters off that unpleasant island of Iwo. Moreover, no one seemed particularly to care. The

Admiral and the Captain sat upon the bridge in comfortable high-chairs, not unlike those used by patrons in a billiard parlor. Their staff officers stood near them, and behind the staff officers stood the men with earphones and mouthpieces tethered by long insulated cords, and next came the Marine orderlies with their .45 automatics. Occasionally a Filipino mess boy would appear from the small kitchenette below—doubtless called a galley—with sandwiches and coffee for the Admiral and the Captain. He would carry these on a tray, sparkling with bright silver, china, and napery, up two dark companion ladders to the open bridge. Once when the main battery of 14-inch guns was firing, some freak of concussion lifted him a good six inches off the deck. But guns or not, no one appeared to listen to the voices on that radio.

However, as hours merged into days during those vigils on the bridge, that constant flow of words could not help but appeal to the imagination of anyone whose experience on battleships and with naval affairs had been previously limited almost exclusively to an acquaintance with Pinafore and Madame Butterfly. Charley and Abel and Peter Rabbit, who kept shackling and unshackling themselves, gradually became old friends. You began to wonder what was happening now to Audacity and Oboe. It would not have been tactful to ask, since each

was a special ship, a unit of the task force, but once one of those characters revealed its identity. This was when Little Abner had words with Audacity off the beach of Iwo Jima on D-day minus two.

"Little Abner calling Audacity," Little Abner said. "We've got three holes and so we're going back to the line."

"What line do you mean?" Audacity asked.

"What the hell line do you think?" Little Abner answered. "The firing line."

Little Abner was an LCI—Landing Craft Infantry, in case you do not understand naval initials. She was one of the LCI's equipped with rockets, assigned to strafe the beach, and the Jap batteries had taken her under fire at eight hundred yards.

IN ADDITION to the radio on the bridge, there was also entertainment down below. When the great ship withdrew from the area, and when General Quarters had changed to Condition Two, some unknown hands would place recordings of radio programs from home upon a loudspeaker that reached the crew's mess, the warrant officers' mess, and the wardroom. Thus, above the shufflings on the deck, the clatter of mess tins and dishes, would come blasts of music, roars of laughter and blatant comedy. There was no way of escaping it if you wanted to eat. Though you were seven hundred-odd miles from Tokyo, you were back home again.

"And now Dr. Fisher's tablets for intestinal sluggishness present Willie Jones, and all the little Jones boys, and the Jones boys' orchestra." (Whistles, laughter, and applause from an unknown audience.) "But first a brief, friendly word from our sponsor. Folks, do you feel headachy and pepleless in the morning? Just take one with a glass of warm water. But here he is, Willie Jones himself." (Whistles, applause, and cheers from that unknown audience.) "How are you tonight, Willie?"—"Well, frankly, Frank, I'm feeling kind of dumb."—"You mean you're just your old self, then?" (Shrieks, whistles, and applause from the unknown audience.)

There was no way of turning the thing off, but no one seemed to mind. Perhaps after having been at sea almost continuously for thirty months, as had many members of that crew, these sounds gave a sort of reassurance that a past to which everyone was clinging still waited back at home. At the ship's service, days before the ship was cleared for action, you could buy all sorts of reminders of that past. The shaving creams and toothpastes were like old acquaintances. There was even Williams' Aqua Velva, though this line was finally discontinued when it was found that certain members of the crew were taking it internally. There was a selection of homely literature, such as *The Corpse in the Coppice* and *Murder Walks at Midnight* and *The Book of Riddles*, and there were fragile volumes of comics and nationally known brands of gum and candy. When men went to battle stations nearly all of them took a few of these things along. When the ship was closed into hermetically sealed compartments and the ventilating system was cut off you could see them reading by the ammunition hoist. You could see the damage control groups, with their gas masks, their tools and telephones, reclining on the decks slowly devouring those pages and chewing gum. They may not have enjoyed this literature for itself but it must have given them about the only illusion of privacy that there was in a life at sea where privacy does not exist.

IF YOU write this thing just the way you see it," an officer said, "maybe it might mean something to people back home. They might see what we're going through. They might understand—they never understand back home."

That was what nearly everyone aboard said. They all had a pathetic desire for people at home to know. Of course, if they had thought about it, they would have realized that this was impossible. There was too great a gap between civilian and naval life. There were too few common values. The life aboard a ship in enemy waters was even more complex and difficult of explanation than the life of troops ashore. There was a combination of small personal comforts and of impend-

ing danger verging on calamity that was ugly and incongruous. The living quarters of the crew were overcrowded, but they had hot water and soap, hot showers, and all sorts of things you would never get ashore. There were clean clothes, and all the coffee you wanted day and night, and red meat and other hot food, and butter and ice cream. Yet, at the same time, the sense of danger was more intense. You could not run away from it as you could on land. It might come at any minute of the day and night from torpedoes, from the air, from a surface engagement. Almost any sort of blow meant casualties and damage. Even a light shell on the superstructure might cause complications incomparable to the results of a similar blow on land.

II

THERE had been some hope that the task force of battleships, cruisers, and destroyers that was scheduled to bombard Iwo Jima for three days before the transports and the amphibious craft appeared, might arrive there undetected, but the force was spotted by an enemy plane on the evening of February 15th. No one aboard saw that speck in the dark sky.

In the junior officers' wardroom there was a complete collection of all the intelligence which had been gathered regarding the island of Iwo. Nothing was a secret any longer. It was possible to scan the latest airplane photographs, which had been taken early in the month. There were maps showing the target areas assigned every unit, with batteries, pillboxes, and anti-aircraft installations marked in red. There were reports on the soil of the island. The beach would be coal-black lava sand, and the land rose up from it quite sharply in terraces. Each terrace had been a former beach, since in the past few years the island had been rising from the sea. As one moved in from the water's edge the soil was a soft sand of volcanic ash, almost barren of vegetation and exceedingly difficult for any sort of vehicle to negotiate. Higher on the island were the cliffs of brown volcanic stone, suitable for construction of underground galleries. There were

patches of coarse grass full of the mites that cause scrub typhus. There were hot springs, and there was the sulphur mine from which Iwo draws its name (Sulphur Island), and a small sugar plantation to the north near a single town called Motoyama. There were believed to be fifteen hundred troops on the island. The defensive installations were all underground or carefully camouflaged. There was only one practical beach on which to land and there was no chance for tactical subtlety.

The most interesting unit of this informational material was a large relief map made out of soft, pliable rubber, that gave a bird's-eye view of the island we were approaching. Every contour of it was there in scale—the cliffs to the northward, the vegetation, the roads, the air strips (two finished and one nearing completion), and Mount Suribachi, the low, brown volcanic cone on the southern tip.

There have already been a good many ingenious descriptions of the shape of Iwo Jima, including comparisons to a mutton chop and a gourd. The whole thing was about five miles long. Mount Suribachi, to the south, was a walled-in crater. Its northern slope was known to be studded with pillboxes and with artillery. Bushes and boulders on this slope ran down to the lowest and narrowest stretch on the island, which had beaches on the east and west. (The west beach, however, would not permit landing operations on account of the prevailing winds.) From here the land gradually rose upward, and the island broadened until it finally reached a width of two and one-half miles. The air strips were on its central spine. The northern shores came down to the sea in cliffs. There were only eight square miles of this bleak, unpromising, and porous dry land.

Anyone could tell that the plans for the seizure of Iwo Jima must have been the main occupation of a large group of specialists for a long, long time. Heaps of secret orders showed the disposition at any given moment of every one of the hundreds of craft that would take part in the invasion. The thousands of pages made a scenario for an operation which might take place in an hour or a minute. Vet-

erans of other invasions were not impressed by the infinite detail. They spoke of the plans for Normandy and the south of France, or they discussed the arrangements for Guam and Saipan.

"If you've seen one of them," they said, "you've seen them all."

NO ONE spoke much on the bridge. It was chilly and rain was falling before daylight. We were a silent, blacked-out ship, moving slowly, and as far as one could tell, alone—except for voices on the bridge radio.

"Battleaxe One," the radio was saying, "Area Zebra. Shackle. Charley. Oswald. Henry. Abel. Unshackle."

"We'll start firing at about ten thousand yards," someone said.

Then the first daylight began to stir across the water and we were among the shadows of other heavy ships, moving very slowly.

"Look," someone said, "there's the mountain."

There was a faint, pinkish glow on the rain clouds above the horizon and the first faint rays of an abortive sunrise struggling against the rain fell on a rocky mass some five miles dead ahead. It was the cone of Suribachi emerging from a misty haze of cloud, and cloud vapor covered the dark mass of the rest of Iwo Jima. After one glance at its first vague outlines, it would have been hard to have mistaken it for anything but a Japanese island, for it had the faint delicate colors of a painting on a scroll of silk.

Our spotting plane was warming up on the catapult aft and you could hear the roar of the motor clearly over the silent ship. Then there was a flat explosion as the plane shot over the water. When it circled for altitude and headed for the island, there was already light enough to see the faces on the bridge.

THE Captain dropped his binoculars and lighted a cigarette. The clouds were gradually lifting above the island. It was unexpectedly tedious waiting and wondering when we would begin to fire. The island lay there mute and watchful. A bell was ringing. "Stand by," someone said, and seconds later one of our

14-inch projectiles was on its way to Iwo Jima. The noise was not as bad as the concussion, for your chest seemed to be pushed by invisible hands when the big guns went off. There was a cloud of yellow smoke, not unlike the color of Mount Suribachi. Then everyone crowded forward to gaze at the island. It seemed a very long while before a cloud of smoke and gray sand rose up almost like water from land. Then another ship fired. The bombardment of Iwo Jima had begun and the island lay there in the dingy, choppy sea, taking its punishment stoically without a sound.

Even at a distance of five miles, which somehow does not seem as far at sea as it does on land, one had the inescapable impression that Iwo Jima was ready for it and accustomed to taking a beating. This was not strange, as we had bombed it from the air for successive dozens of days, and fleet units had already shelled it twice. Nevertheless, this lack of reaction was something that you did not expect, even though common sense told you that there would not possibly be any land fire until we closed the range.

Another aspect of that three-day bombardment before D-day was even more unexpected, especially when one retained memories of the heavy and continuous fire by land batteries upon prepared positions in the last World War. The bombardment turned out to be a slow, careful probing for almost invisible targets, with long dull intervals between the firing. Occasionally one could see a cloud of drab smoke arise from another ship, and a long while afterward the sound of the explosion would come almost languidly across the water, and then there would be another plume of dust and rubble on another target area of Iwo Jima. Sometimes, when the breeze was light, the smoke from the big guns of another ship would rise in the air in a huge perfect ring. Of course common sense again gave the reason for this deliberate firing. The fleet had come too long a distance to waste its limited ammunition, and consequently the effect of every shot had to undergo careful professional analysis.

In the lulls between the firing there was always an atmosphere of unrelenting

watchfulness. While the crews of the anti-aircraft batteries below us sat by their guns, smoking and talking, hundreds of eyes were examining the sky and land. There was air cover far above us. In the distance were underwater listeners on the destroyers and DE's that were screening us. Our own air watch, besides, was covering every sector of the sky—and you also knew that the enemy looked back at us from his hidden observation posts. That consciousness of eye-strain and listening never entirely vanished in those days at Iwo Jima, and, because of it, not a moment on the bridge was restful.

The slow approach on Iwo Jima was somewhat like the weaving and feinting of a fighter watching for an opening early in the first round. To put it another way, our task force was like a group of big-game hunters surrounding a slightly wounded but dangerous animal. They were approaching him slowly and respectfully, endeavoring to gauge his strength and at the same time trying to tempt him into action. We moved all through the day, nearer and nearer to Iwo Jima. Planes from the carrier force came from beyond the horizon, peeling off through the clouds and diving toward the air strip; but except for an occasional burst of automatic fire and a few black dots of flak, the enemy was very listless. Our mine-sweeps, small, chunky vessels, began operating very close to the island. There were a few splashes near them, but that was all. The Japanese commander was too good a soldier to show his hand.

As the day wore on, we crowded close and objects loomed very large ashore. You could see the coal-black strip of beach where our assault waves would land, and the sea broke on the rusting hulls of a few old wrecks. Above the beach were the gray terraces we had read about, mounting in gradual, uneven steps to the air strip. Beside the air strip there was a tangle of planes, smashed by our bombings and pushed carelessly aside, like rubbish on a city dump. To the north were the quarries which had been mentioned by the Intelligence. You could see caves to the south on Mount Suribachi. We were very close for a battleship and we knew the enemy had 8-inch coast defense guns.

We continued firing at pillboxes and at anti-aircraft emplacements, but there was no return fire and no trace of life upon the island. We stayed there until the light grew dim, and then we turned to leave the area until next morning. Twelve hours of standing on the bridge and the concussion of the guns left everyone very tired. We must have done some damage but not enough to hurt.

III

IT WAS different the next morning—D-day minus two. When we returned to the dull work the island was waiting with the dawn. Today the sky was clearer and the sea was smoother, and the ships closed more confidently with the shore. The schedule showed that there was to be a diversion toward the middle of the morning, and the force was obviously moving into position.

"We're going to reconnoiter the beach with small craft," an officer explained. "And the LCI's will strafe the terraces with rockets."

It was hard to guess where the LCI's had come from, for they had not been with us yesterday—but there they were just behind us, on time and on order, like everything else in amphibious war. The sun had broken through the cloud ceiling and for once the sea was almost blue. The heavy ships had formed a line, firing methodically. Two destroyers edged their way past us and took positions nearer shore.

"Here come the LCI's," someone said. "You can see the small craft with them," and he gave the initials by which the small boats were identified. They were small open launches, manned by crews with kapok life jackets. They were twisting and turning nervously as they came to join the LCI's.

"Where are they going in those things?" I asked.

"They are going to see what there is along the beach," my friend answered. "Someone has to see." He spoke reprovingly, as though I should have known the routine that had been followed again and again in the Pacific.

Eight or ten LCI's—it was difficult to count them—were passing among the

battleships, with their crews at their battle stations. They were small vessels that had never been designed for heavy combat. They had been built only to carry infantry ashore, but in the Pacific they were being put to all sorts of other uses—as messenger ships to do odd jobs for the fleet, as gunboats, and as rocket ships. Each had a round tower amidships where the commanding officer stood. Each had open platforms with light automatic guns, and now they were also fitted with brackets for the rockets. They were high and narrow, about a hundred feet overall, dabbed with orange and green paint in jungle camouflage. They were a long way from jungle shores, however, as they moved toward the beach of Iwo Jima.

SUDDENLY the scene took concrete shape. They would approach within a quarter of a mile of shore under the cover of our guns. Without any further protection their crews stood motionless at their stations.

Afterward a gunner from one of the LCI's spoke about it.

"If we looked so still," he said, "it was because we were scared to death. But then everyone had told us there was nothing to be scared of. They told us the Japs never bothered to fire at LCI's."

They were wrong this time, probably because the small craft that followed gave the maneuver the appearance of a landing. For minutes the LCI's moved in and nothing happened. They had turned broadside to the beach, with small boats circling around them like water beetles, before the enemy tipped his hand and opened up his batteries. Then it became clear that nothing we had done so far had contributed materially to softening Iwo Jima. The LCI's were surrounded with spurts of water, and spray and smoke. They twisted and backed to avoid the fire, but they could not get away. It all seemed only a few yards off, directly beneath our guns. Then splashes appeared off our own bows. The big ships themselves were under fire.

"The so-and-so has taken a hit," someone said. "There are casualties on the such-and-such." He was referring to the big ships, but at the moment it did not

seem important. All you thought of were the LCI's just off the beach. We were inching into line with the destroyers.

It appeared later that when we had been ordered to withdraw we had disregarded the order, and thus all at once we were in a war of our own, slugging it out with the shore. There had been a great deal of talk about our gunnery and the training of our crews. There was no doubt that they knew their business when they began firing with everything that could bear. The 14-inch guns and the 5-inch batteries were firing as fast as they could load. The breeze from the shore blew the smoke up to the bridge in bilious clouds. The shore line of Iwo Jima became cloaked in white smoke as we threw in phosphorus. Even our 40-millimeters began to fire. It was hard to judge the lapse of time, but the LCI's must have let off their rockets according to the schedule while the Japanese were blinded by the smoke and counterfire. When the LCI's began to withdraw, we also moved off slowly. It was the first mistake the enemy had made, if it was a mistake—revealing those batteries, for the next day was mainly occupied in knocking them out.

THE LCI's were limping back. One of them was listing and small boats were taking off her crew. Another was asking permission to come alongside. When she reached us the sun was beating on the shambles of her decks. There was blood on the main deck, making widening pools as she rolled on the sluggish sea. A dead man on a gun platform was covered by a blanket. The decks were littered with wounded. They were being strapped on wire stretchers and passed up to us over the side, since nothing as small as an LCI had facilities for wounded. The men who were unhurt were lighting cigarettes and talking quietly, but no one was smiling. The commanding officer was tall, bare-headed, and blond, and he looked very young. Occasionally he gave an order and then he, also, lighted a cigarette. When they began to hose off the blood on the deck, the crew must have asked for fresh water, because our men, gathered by the rail, began tossing down canteens.

Then there was a call from our bridge.

"Can you proceed under your own power?"

The blond CO looked up. He evidently had not heard, because the question was repeated.

"Can you proceed under your own power?"

"We can't proceed anywhere for three days," the CO said.

They had passed up the wounded—seventeen of them—and then they passed up five stretchers with the dead—twenty-two out of a crew of about sixty.

"That officer ought to get a medal," I said to someone on the bridge.

"They don't give medals for things like that in the Navy," I was told.

It may be so, but I still hope he gets the medal.

THAT evening the Japanese reported that they had beaten off two landings on Iwo Jima and that they had sunk numerous craft, including a battleship and a destroyer. There was a certain basis of fact in this, since what had happened must have looked like a landing. One LCI was sinking, waiting for a demolition charge, as disregarded as a floating can.

After the reconnaissance of the beach had been accomplished, the pounding of Iwo Jima continued through the afternoon and through the whole next day. Planes dove in with bomb loads, while the ring of ships kept up their steady fire. At night the "cans," as the destroyers were called, continued a harassing fire. Incendiary bombs were dumped on the slopes of Suribachi. Rockets were thrown at it from the air. Fourteen-inch shells pounded into its batteries. The ship to starboard of us attacked the battery to the north on the lip of the quarry. The earth was blown away, exposing the naked concrete gun emplacements, but now that the novelty had worn off it was all a repetition of previous hours. The scene grew dull and very fatiguing, but the voices on the radio loudspeaker continued tirelessly.

"Dauntless reports a contact. . . . Bulldog is ready to give a drink to any of our pigeons that may need it. Audacity One to Tiger—I repeat: Did you get our message? Over. . . ."

The island lay still, taking it. No visible life appeared until the last day, when an installation was blown up and a few men staggered out from it. Some of us on the bridge saw them and some did not. One Japanese ran a few steps and seemed to stop and stoop to pick up something. Then he was gone. We had probably seen him dying.

The Japanese commander was playing his cards close to his chest, revealing no more targets by opening fire. It was clear that he also had his plan, less complicated than ours, but rational. He might damage our heavy ships, but he could not sink them, or conceivably prevent the inevitable landing. He had clearly concluded to wait and take his punishment, to keep his men and weapons under cover, until our assault waves were on the beach. Then he would do his best to drive them off, and everyone at Iwo knows it was not such a bad plan, either. He did not come so far from doing it when he opened up his crossfire on the beach. Some pessimists even admit that he might have succeeded if it had not been for that coarse, light sand which embedded the mortar shells as they struck, so that they only killed what was very near them.

IV

AT THE end of D-day minus one our task force was still there, without many new additions, but it was different the next morning. At dawn on D-day the waters of Iwo looked like New York harbor on a busy morning. The transports were there with three divisions of Marines—a semicircle of gray shipping seven miles out. Inside that gray arc the sea, turned choppy by the unsettled weather, was dotted by an alphabet soup of ships.

There were fleets of LST's filled with amphibious tanks and alligators; there were LSM's; there were the smaller LCT's, and packs of LCI's gathering about the kill. The ring of warships was drawing tighter. Small boats were moving out bearing flags to mark the rallying points from which the landing waves would leave. It looked like a Hollywood production, except that it was a three-billion-, not a three-million-dollar extravaganza. There must have been as many as eight

hundred ships clustered off Iwo Jima, not counting the small boats being lowered. The officers and crew faced it without surprise. Instead they pointed out small incidents and made critical remarks.

"See the LCVP's," someone said. He was pointing out the tiny dots around the transports where the landing craft were loading. "They'll be moving into position. Here come the planes." It was all working without a hitch, with H-hour not so far away. At nine o'clock exactly the first assault wave was due to hit the beach, but before that Iwo Jima was due to receive its final polishing. Its eight square miles were waiting to take everything we could pour into them, and they must have already received a heavier weight of fire than any navy in the world had previously concentrated upon so small an area.

Anyone who has been there can shut his eyes and see the place again. It never looked more aesthetically ugly than on D-day morning, or more completely Japanese. Its silhouette was like a sea monster with the little dead volcano for the head, and the beach area for the neck, and all the rest of it with its scrubby, brown cliffs for the body. It also had the minute, fussy compactness of those miniature Japanese gardens. Its stones and rocks were like those contorted, wind-scoured, water-worn boulders which the Japanese love to collect as landscape decorations. "I hope to God," a wounded Marine said later, "that we don't get to go on any more of those screwy islands."

AN HOUR before H-hour it shook and winced as it took what was being dished out to it. In fact, the whole surface of the island was in motion as its soil was churned by our shells and by the bombs from the carrier planes that were swooping down across its back. Every ship was firing with a rising tempo, salvo after salvo, with no more waiting for the shellburst to subside. Finally Iwo Jima was concealing itself in its own debris and dust. The haze of battle had become palpable, and the island was temporarily lost in a gray fog.

"The LST's are letting down their ramps," someone said.

THERE could not have been a better place to observe the whole spectacle than from the air lookout station above the bridge, but there was too much to see. Only an observer familiar with the art and theory of amphibious warfare could possibly have unraveled all the threads, and an ordinary witness could only give as inaccurate an account as the innocent bystander gives to circumstances surrounding a killing on the street. There was no time any longer to ask questions or to digest kindly professional explanations. All the facts that one had learned from the secret documents were confused by the reality.

The LST's had let down their ramps and the amphibious vehicles which they had carried were splashing through the water, like machines from a production line. Watching them, I found myself speaking to a chief petty officer who was standing next to me.

"It's like all the cats in the world having kittens," I said, and the idea appeared to interest him.

The amphibious vehicles, churning up the sea into foaming circles, organized themselves in lines, each line following its leader. Then the leaders moved out to the floating flags, around which they gathered in circling groups, waiting for their signal to move ashore. The gray landing craft with the Marines had left the transports some time before for their own fixed areas and they also were circling, like runners testing their muscles before the race. The barrage which had been working over the beach area had lifted, and the beach, with the smoldering terraces above it, was visible again. It was time for the first wave to be starting.

It was hard to pick the first wave out in that sea of milling craft, but suddenly a group of the barges broke loose from its circle, following its leader in a dash toward shore. Close to land the leader turned parallel to the beach, and kept on until the whole line was parallel. Then the boats turned individually and made a dash for it. The Navy had landed the first wave on Iwo Jima—at nine o'clock on the dot—or, at least, not more than a few seconds after nine.

THE Easy Chair Bernard DeVoto



THE Easy Chair award for Best Book of the Year in American History is usually made at this time to give you a quick check on the Pulitzer Prize. In making it I have never tried to think like a professional. A year can be more or less than twelve months. I am willing to include in "history" books so well written that they are obviously ineligible for the Pulitzer Prize. And when I say "best" I mean only what interests me most, whereas the Pulitzer committee means "most likely to improve or least likely to impair our fences in the American Historical Association." The 1945 award has strained even these flexible criteria to the limit. It does not go to the author of the book chosen, for nobody knows who he was. It cannot go to the book itself, for I might be competing with the Pulitzer committee on fiction—maybe the book is not history at all. I break the dilemma by disregarding both the book and its author and awarding the prize to its editor, Mr. F. Lauriston Bullard. Mr. Bullard has served us handsomely by invading the private cloisters of the professional historians and bringing back for the public one of their most celebrated mystery stories. He has reprinted as a book for the first time *The Diary of a Public Man*, which was serialized in the *North American Review* in 1879.

The controversy which this mystery story set off in 1879 has raged in the cloisters ever since. And here I must behave like a professional and take a cagey stand. I think that the *Diary* is a forgery but one has to leave the way open for a graceful escape. For if it is a forgery, then it is a big league forgery; in fact it holds the American championship. It is not like A. C. Buell's *Paul Jones*, for instance, which wowed the profession in 1900 with some gaudily imagined documents that shone a

brilliant light on some of the darkest areas of American history. Mr. Buell would probably have won the Pulitzer Prize if there had been one in 1900 but when critics got seriously to work on his stuff it shattered like glass. Whereas the *Diary* has withstood sixty-five years of critical analysis and to this day no one knows who wrote it or whether it is authentic. A properly professional attitude, therefore, requires me to say: I don't think the *Diary* is what it purports to be but you never can tell, and in this game it's best to have an out. That being said, I am willing to guess that *The Diary of a Public Man* was written some eighteen years after the time it purports to describe, was written in the form it had when published, and was written by Allen Thorndike Rice, who was then the editor of *The North American Review*.

IF THE guess is right it increases the stature of the book. The *Diary* has provided historical scholarship with such absorbing technical exercises that no one has bothered to point out that, if it is authentic, it is not very important. That is, as history it is just one more inside account of Washington during the period from Lincoln's election in November, 1860, to the decision in March, 1861 (a decision, incidentally, which occurs offstage), to send a relief expedition to Fort Sumter and so force the South to take aggressive action.

As a chronicle of that confused time it is certainly fascinating but it is no more than that. It is the original source of several Lincoln stories and it contains many glimpses of important people at interesting moments. But nothing of absolute importance takes place in its pages. It does not independently illuminate any important event or supply any new motivation

for any of its characters. And it is not the sole testimony to anything history need bother about. If it had never been published our only important loss would have been a Lincoln story that has proved immortal. That story has Lincoln discussing the rumor that Mayor Fernando Wood was going to force New York City out of the Union and out of York State too—that he was going to set it up as a free city. “I reckon,” Lincoln says, “that it will be some time before the front door sets up housekeeping on its own account.” That is a perfect Lincoln observation, like several hundred that are known to be apocryphal, and since 1879 it has duly reappeared in every book about Lincoln or about the Civil War. Can we suppose that it would not have appeared in every Northern newspaper by March 1, 1861, if, as the *Diary* makes out, Lincoln had actually said it on February 20?

Whereas, if the *Diary* is a fake, then it acquires accessory values. Success for instance: no other forgery in our literature remotely approaches it. It has maintained the integrity of its mystery for sixty-five years, though a good many men have tried to clear it up, the most persistent and ingenious of them being Dr. Frank Maloy Anderson. For many years Dr. Anderson has subjected the *Diary* to as formidable a research as any American historian has ever made. The versatility and exhaustiveness of his study make it a model of historical method and seminars will use it as such for a generation to come. His occasional reports on his search (never yet published) are, to this student at least, more interesting than the *Diary* itself. But so far, like everyone else who has ever dealt with the *Diary*, Dr. Anderson, who I think earnestly desires it to be genuine, has had to report that he has found no way of being sure.

Moreover, if the *Diary* is a fake, it is important in literary history as fiction's first mature effort to realize the turbulent days in which it is set. Its “documentation” is so excellent that no one has ever upset any important part of it, but its imagination is better still. It is novel-writing of a very high order indeed. It is the earliest novel about the Civil War in what may be called the modern spirit and,

though only a fragment, it remains one of the best.

The Public Man is never permitted by either his editor or his author, if they are not the same, to identify himself. He belongs to one of Washington's immortal types, the well connected, well informed offstage influences, old residents who know everyone, whom everyone consults, who are believed to have great power in the government and sometimes have it. He is The Man To See. As I have pointed out elsewhere, at the period of the *Diary* one of the most notable of these men was and long had been Amos Kendall, a member of Jackson's kitchen cabinet, later a member of his Cabinet, then a lobbyist and wirepuller on the highest levels, an intimate of every key man in every administration, with friends everywhere in the permanent bureaucracy, with entree to every circle. This fact is one of many that long made Kendall Dr. Anderson's candidate for the authorship of the *Diary*. Mr. Bullard says in his introduction that Dr. Anderson has withdrawn him and nominated someone else. He must have done so regretfully, for Kendall was exactly right.

THE Public Man is weathered in political wisdom. He is an extreme conservative. He believes that common sense and political skill are better instruments than emotion and idealism for the alleviation of the terrible crisis that is gathering. Clearly he is a Whig, an Old Whig, and no doubt a Cotton Whig; he is concerned to save the commercial and financial structure of the country as a necessary preliminary to saving the rest. (Kendall had begun as a revolutionary Democrat.) We are not told whom he supported or voted for in the late election. Douglas is the hero of his book but it seems likely that he supported Bell and Everett. Whigs of his type had to.

Everyone comes to see the Public Man in Washington—and in New York where he briefly appears when Lincoln gets there—against a backdrop of developing anarchy. One by one States secede. Commissioners from South Carolina arrive to treat with Buchanan, officially if possible, and to sound out Seward. The Peace

Convention assemblies. The Crittenden Compromise is introduced in Congress. The Confederate government is formed at Montgomery. The electoral vote is counted, in spite of threats and rumors. The President-elect begins his slow journey eastward and makes the speeches which marked the lowest point of his self-confidence. He and his probable Cabinet are subjected to unprecedented insult and abuse. . . . And no one believes that it is happening. Surely the seceded States are bluffing; surely the new Administration will yield. Surely the crisis is of fools, bigots, hotheads, and the corrupt only—surely it is not so dangerous as it seems. Surely a way will be found to patch the Union together and make a fresh start. And nevertheless the thought forces itself on everyone: are we really in the hands of the altogether incompetent, is the Union truly broken, is war really on the way?

So they call on the Public Man in his study, Wigfall or Sumner, Douglas or Seward, Orr or Aspinwall, the great and the lowly, the famous and the all but unknown—and a good many who are identified by the single initial or the blank which an editor would use if he were protecting the feelings of men still alive, and which a novelist would use if he were faking the evidence. They guess, they predict, they are sure that the improbable (but never anything that could not be recovered from contemporary newspapers) is the secret truth. They enlarge on Mr. Lincoln's unfitness for the job—and what novelist would not do the same, especially in 1879 when the dramatic value of that judgment had a springlike freshness? They express their fears and contempt. They argue and fret and tremble and condemn. And they talk about Seward.

THEY talk so much about Seward that a literary critic, habituated to the techniques of fiction, raises an eyebrow. The Public Man presents himself as a friend of Seward's, a wellwisher, and historians have taken his word for it. But the novelist does not so present him. He voices his liking for Seward but he sets down a succession of rumors, reports, libels, and caricatures which, in fact, make Seward the villain of the novel. And something else.

When Douglas or Sumner or some other notable says something to the Public Man which no other witness has attested, it is invariably something for which there is abundant warrant elsewhere. Thus when Sumner and Mr. ——— solicit the Public Man to go to Lincoln and advise against the appointment of Simon Cameron to the Cabinet, there is nothing in the scene or in Sumner's oration which could not have been written by any student of the period or which adds anything to what we know of Sumner. Similarly, Douglas' opinions about Lincoln and Buchanan are in the public domain; anyone who wanted to write what he says about them to the Public Man could have invented it at will and remained on safe ground. The same is true of some things said about Seward. But much else is said about Seward which confirms rumors and disparagements of him current at the time—rumors which remain rumors and are without confirmation except for the Public Man. It is only in regard to Seward that the *Diary* could be cited as a unique witness; it is only in regard to certain talk about Seward that it could be cited as a conclusive confirmation. He is the one character in the novel who comes out in the end smaller than he is in history.

Here one is reminded of an editor who once published some Lincolniana that turned out later to be forgeries. He first submitted the documents, under restrictions like those of a hypothetical question in a murder trial, to certain experts, and at least one expert told him flatly that they were forgeries and crude ones at that. Whereupon the editor is said to have remarked, "I believe that these documents are so important to history that the question of their authenticity is altogether irrelevant." Could an earlier editor have felt that way about the Public Man?

Well, maybe the treatment of Seward is a clue. Maybe too there is a slip in the treatment of Floyd, for surely the Public Man would have known of Floyd's only half-secret reputation—and maybe there are a few other similar slips. Most of all, the test used most often to vindicate the Public Man may not in fact vindicate him. Students who believe that the *Diary* is authentic invariably point out that, wher-

ever it can be checked, the contemporary newspapers bear out what it says. The book must be authentic because the newspapers support it. But if you were a novelist writing in 1878 or 1879 about events of 1860 and 1861, where would you look for supporting material?

SUCH tests, however, had better be left to historians. The humbler literary critic turns to speculation. To what end? he wonders. What does the novel accomplish? What opportunities of the imagination does it seize?

Politically the attack on Seward could be an act of belated revenge—on a wing of the Republican Party with which the novelist was currently or retrospectively at odds. But psychologically it could be a repudiation of a class, the privileged, safe, secure class to which Allen Thorndike Rice belonged and which he appears to have repudiated elsewhere more than once. In fact, repudiation of that class, North but more especially South, supplies the tonality of the novel. The book has no explicit teaching but it is a mature study in dramatic irony. It is minted from a hard text which rang more golden in 1879 than it does now: He hath cast down the mighty from their seats and hath exalted them of low degree.

If you had been an artist and an editor in the late 1870's, and especially if you felt that the Civil War embodied the whole truth of our national character, you might have been impatient with the failure of artists and editors to make more use of that text. There was Wigfall, for instance, the contemptuous bully, drunk with an arrogance that had proved unjustified and with power that had proved far from enough. The cruel, almost bestial ecstasy of Wigfall's last weeks in the Senate, his cheap, almost demented strutting

on Inauguration Day—it was clear now that the gods had made him and his kind mad for a purpose which the fifth act had revealed. The crazed dream of the South worked out by men like Wigfall had come to splinters and the dust—and the North of men who differed from Wigfall only in that they were on the other side lay in similar ruins. Whoever else had been wrong, the sure and the arrogant and the naturally masterful had been insanely wrong. So, an artist studying that most austere of dramas, you might be impelled to concentrate it, to shape it into a parable not only of its own time but of yours as well—of the nation yesterday and today and tomorrow. If you had steeped yourself in that period of desperate indecision and if you had been most impressed by the portent of Lincoln, how could you concentrate it better than in an Old Whig whispering among whispers in drawing rooms while the storm rose? An Old Whig agreeing with the eternal whigs of all the world, and with the Swards who are their counterparts, that the weak and the godless have possessed us—and peering with gracious, patronizing curiosity at a swarthy, ungainly man who wears black gloves to the opera, seems deluded by the crafty and too feeble to cope with the wicked, but who can nevertheless remark, tranquilly and most symbolically, while the hurricane roars outside, that Charles Sumner exactly satisfies his idea of what a bishop ought to be. An Old Whig seen at the moment of rejecting the stone that was to become the head of the corner.

If you were an artist you might be so rapt with vision that history's failure to bequeath us the diary of just such a Public Man might seem intolerable. If you were also an editor, you might act to repair history's omission. Which, I suspect, is just what Allen Thorndike Rice did.

ALL THE WET ANIMALS

A Story

MAX STEELE

Illustrations by Jonathan Tichenor

FOR a long time, almost two years, Uncle Winfield did not work. That was the time in America when a great many people did not work. Uncle Win tried to make a job for himself, but somehow he could not, and since no one offered him any encouragement, he quit trying and just did nothing all day.

He had been doing nothing for a long time when a fellow named Scruggs, whom he had been in college with, called him up. "How would you like a job?" Scruggs said.

In those days one had to be rather skeptical of a job that was offered suddenly, like that, and besides, my uncle did not want to appear too eager. "It all depends," he said.

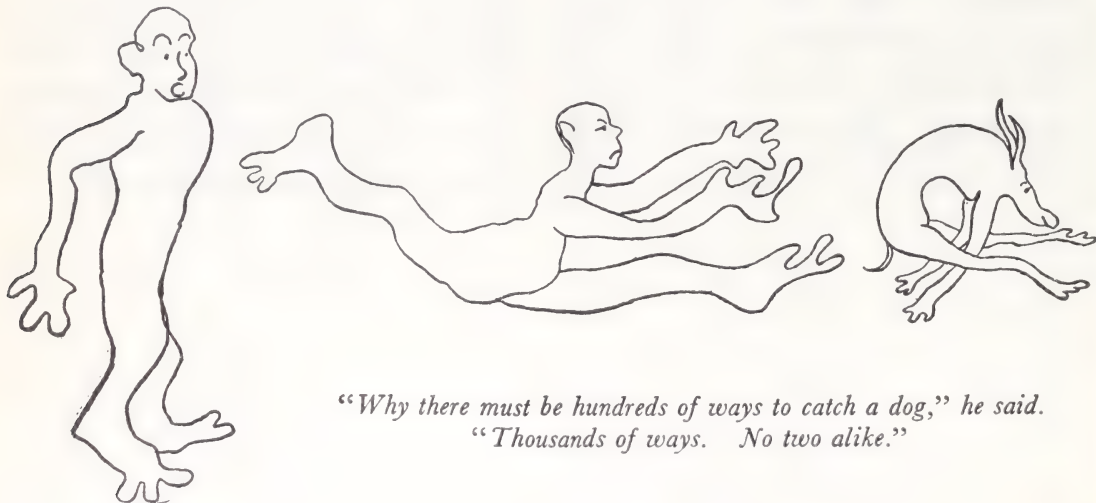
Scruggs said that he would come around and talk to my uncle about the job. Uncle Win put on his clothes as carefully as if he were going to be a pallbearer. He

shaved with a new razor blade. He put Jet Oil shoe polish on his black shoes. He put water on a hairbrush and tried to make the tuft of hair on the crown of his head lie down. Finally, he found his horn-rimmed glasses, that he had not worn in months, blew his breath on them, and shined them with a clean handkerchief.

After Uncle Win showed Mr. Scruggs into the parlor, he excused himself for a moment and came back upstairs. "I look as good as he does," my uncle said. Then he went back downstairs and shut the parlor door. He and the fellow talked and laughed for almost an hour. When my grandparents and Aunt Molly heard the front door slam, they went out into the hall.

Uncle Win was coming up the steps three at a time. "I got the job!" he yelled. "I'm going to be the dog catcher!"

At first Grandpa thought that Uncle



*"Why there must be hundreds of ways to catch a dog," he said.
"Thousands of ways. No two alike."*

Win was joking. "Be serious," Grandpa said. "Did you get a job or not?"

Uncle Win was still laughing his words out. "I'm going to be the dog catcher," he said.

"The dog catcher!" Grandmother said.

"Yes," Uncle Win said. "I'm going back to work."

"Work?" Grandpa snorted.

"It's better than nothing," Uncle Win said.

"Yes," Grandpa said. "It's better than nothing." He went into his room and shut the door.

"It can be a profession," my uncle said, still overcome by his good luck, "like medicine, or law, or mixing milk shakes."

"Certainly," Aunt Molly said. She was watching him as though she expected him at any minute to keel over from the excitement.

Uncle Win stood on the top step and surveyed the hall below as though it were a square full of people and he were a speaker on a balcony. "Why, there must be hundreds of ways to catch a dog," he said. "Thousands of ways. No two alike."

He turned and looked at the hall and at Grandmother and Aunt Molly. "Do you know how to catch a dog?" he said.

"Heavens, no!" Grandmother said.

"Neither do I," Uncle Win said. "But I'm going to learn. I'm going to be the best dog catcher this town ever had."

"I'm sure you are," Aunt Molly said, still watching him carefully, for she had not seen him talk so much in the last two years.

They stood, silent, in the dim hall for a minute. Then Uncle Win turned to Grandmother and said, "What would you do if you were walking down a side street and a big bloodhound with bloodshot eyes and foam at his mouth started at you from behind a hedge?"

Grandmother clutched at her high collar. "Now, Winfield," she said, "just leave me alone. I've told you I don't know anything about catching dogs."

"And then you start to run the other way and there is another bloodhound with bloodshot eyes coming at you from that way . . ." Uncle Win was saying.

"Now, Win," Grandmother said, open-



"That gives me two days to study my profession."

ing the door behind her without taking her eyes off my uncle, "you're just trying to get me upset again." She darted into her room and shut the door.

"When do you start work?" Aunt Molly said.

"Monday," Uncle Win said. "That gives me two days to study my profession."

THAT night my uncle went to the public library and borrowed seven books on the care and feeding of dogs. All day Sunday he read and made notes on what he read. From his desk he got out an old college notebook called "The Pathetic Fallacy in Wordsworth" and tore all of the used sheets out. He copied the notes into the notebook, marking off special pages for different breeds of dogs. He even had a page for Afghan hounds, although there was not one in town. "You never can tell," he said.

"No, you never can tell," Aunt Molly said.

The next day my uncle was out of bed and dressed before anyone else. He had finished breakfast and was on his way to the dog pound before the rest of the family got to the table. He came back about

ten o'clock that morning to get a pair of coveralls and a white sweater that he had worn when he was a cheerleader in college. Then he went out into the garage and got half a sack of lime that had been left by the plasterers who patched the parlor ceiling the time the upstairs bathtub ran over.

"I'm going to whitewash the dog pound," he explained to Aunt Molly and my grandparents, who were watching from the kitchen window. He didn't come home to lunch, but at dinner he was talking more than he had talked at any meal during the two years before. Since breakfast he had had the old dog catcher kill the only two dogs in the pound, old dogs, too old to be saved. Then he patched all of the screen wire on the tops and sides of the dog runs. He showered the whole place out and threw away all of the food pans. All afternoon he whitewashed.

To hear him talk one would have thought that he had known about dogs all of his life. "What is the masculine of 'dog'?" he asked at the table.

"Winfield!" Grandmother said.

"No!" Aunt Molly said, horrified with Grandmother's answer.

"Bull!" Grandpa said.

"No. 'Dog,' just plain 'dog'," Uncle Win said.

"Now who would have known it?" Grandmother said, impressed by her son's college education.

All week Uncle Win worked at cleaning the dog pound. He took hollyhock plants from the yard and planted them all around the building. He made walk borders out of rocks and then whitewashed them. By the borders he planted nasturtiums from a ten-cent package. By Sunday he had the dog pound as clean and white-trimmed as a Gulf station.

One week of work improved my uncle as much as it improved the dog pound. He walked tall now and was not shy around Uncle Bert, who worked for a living. He laughed more, and at the table he spoke out loud when he asked for things. Monday morning Uncle Win was ready to begin his collection of dogs. The family went out to the back yard with him and watched him climb up into the little Ford pickup truck with the big wire

cage on it. It was a cold spring morning and the little truck coughed twice before it banged away and jumped backward. Uncle Win raced the motor so that clouds of steam came out of the exhaust pipe. Laughing loudly, so that he could be heard above the roar of the motor, he waved good-by.

"Isn't he a lovely man?" said my aunt.

"Magnificent," Grandmother said.

"I hope he won't be disappointed," my aunt said.

But there was no reason for her to worry long: before the breakfast dishes had been put away, the phone rang.

"It's Winfield," Aunt Molly said, putting her hand over the receiver. "He's caught a dog!"

"What kind?" Grandmother shouted.

Aunt Molly asked my uncle. "He doesn't know," she said, with her hand over the receiver again.

Uncle Win called four more times that day. When the end of the week came, he had sixteen dogs listed in his book—fifteen of them were listed in a new section labeled "Miscellaneous." The other one looked like a kind of collie, and so my uncle listed him on the page marked for collies. The more he studied his book, though, the sillier he thought it looked, and so he tore out the pages for special breeds and just entered all of the dogs under "Miscellaneous."

Now my uncle did act like a man who was crazy, he was so proud of his job. For a while he could not eat his own meals for wanting to get down to the dog pound to feed the dogs. And when the evenings were cool he would leave the house and walk down to the railroad tracks and along the curving steel rails to the dog pound to close the doors to the runs, and to hang canvas over the windows.

Late one evening, after the first summer storm, Uncle Win went back to take the canvas off of the windows, for the earth heat had begun to rise again. When my uncle came back, he looked sad. "The roof is full of holes. All of the dogs are wet. On a colder night they would catch distemper," he said.

The next morning he went up to see the city manager. "I want a roof for the dog

pound," he said to the manager. "The old roof is full of holes, and I cannot keep the dogs alive in a building that leaks."

"We'll see about it," the manager said. "I'll bring it up at the next meeting."

After the next meeting, my uncle went back and asked about the new roof.

"Sorry, Win, old man," the city manager said. "But we didn't get around to it. We're still voting on changing the name of Hoover Street."

He went over to the newspaper office and walked right into the editor's office.

"Do you know what this city is doing?" Uncle Win said to Sam Ellis, the editor.

"No. What is this city doing?" Sam asked Uncle Win.

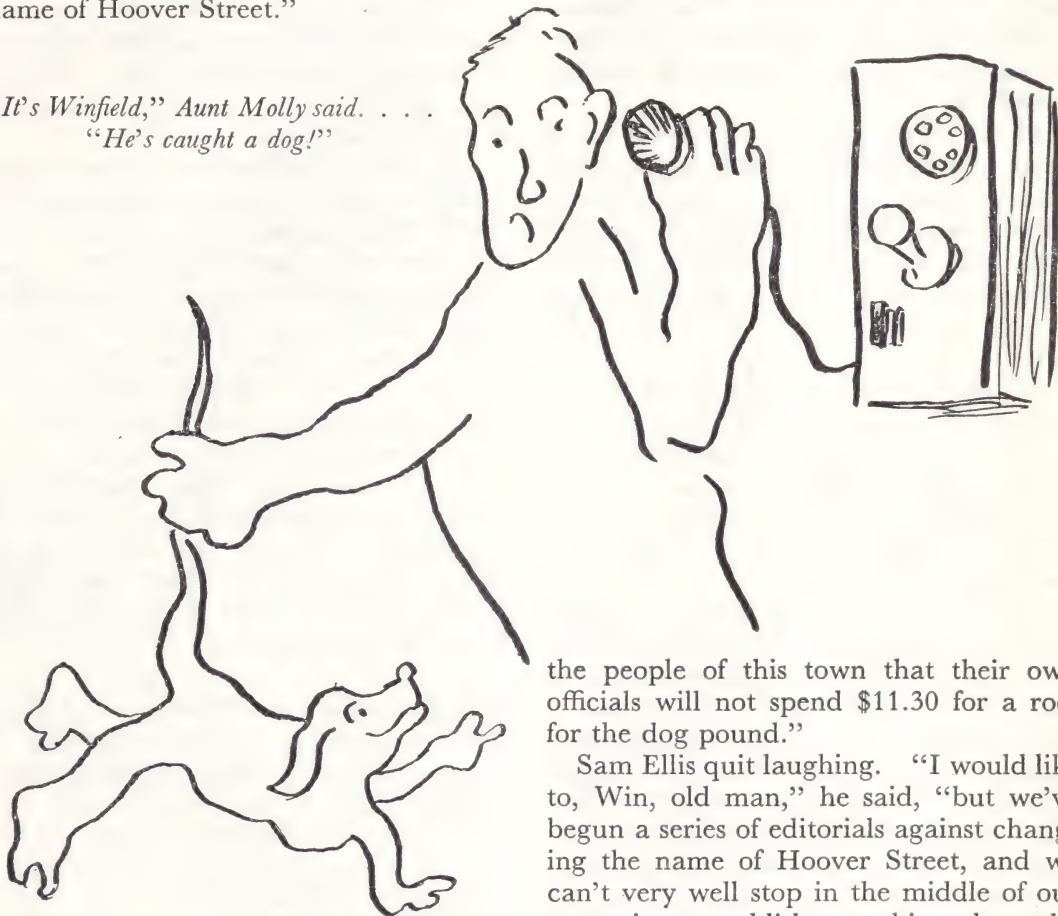
"It's trying to drown my dogs."

Sam laughed.

"Yes," Uncle Win said. "Tomorrow I want you to publish an editorial telling

"It's Winfield," Aunt Molly said. . . .

"He's caught a dog!"



"Tell them," my uncle said, "that if they will buy the material, I'll put it on. I figure that the shingles and all will come to about \$11.30."

"I'll tell them," the man said. But when my uncle went back the next Friday to see what the council had decided, the manager said that the roof would have to last all summer, because the city had gone over its budget.

"But . . ." Uncle Win said.

"No buts about it," the manager said, shutting the office door.

When, a few days later, it rained again, my uncle did not go to the city manager.

the people of this town that their own officials will not spend \$11.30 for a roof for the dog pound."

Sam Ellis quit laughing. "I would like to, Win, old man," he said, "but we've begun a series of editorials against changing the name of Hoover Street, and we can't very well stop in the middle of our campaign to publish something about the roof."

Uncle Win walked over to the door. "I don't understand," he said. "You've got plenty of room."

Sam Ellis began laughing again so that all of the reporters in the outer office looked up. "And we've got a certain editorial dignity to maintain."

My uncle frowned. "What's that got to do with a new roof?" he asked.

Sam laughed even louder and said, "Just that I can't see our paper going to the dogs." All of the reporters laughed very loudly, for jobs were hard to get that year.

Uncle Win walked across the outer office muttering: "Fools, fools, fools."

The next day when he drove down town several of the reporters standing in front of the newsstand hollered to him: "Did you get the new roof for your dogs?"

Uncle Win was so mad with the city council and the city paper that he could not answer the reporters. He just sat high in the little Ford truck and waited for the red light to change. The reporters laughed and slapped each other and themselves when my uncle drove off without answering.

The reporters must have told a lot of people about the dog pound roof and my uncle's anger, for the next day when he drove down town the reporters hollered to him again, and several more people at that corner and the next. Uncle Win didn't answer any of them and that made them laugh.

Uncle Win, even though he would not answer anyone who asked him about the roof, was not so angry as he looked. At home he said, "Well, they know now that the roof leaks, and with everyone talking about it I'll get a new roof. That's all I care about."

That's what my uncle said, and maybe that's what he meant, for he had no idea that the people in our town would do to him what they did: The next day, when he drove up Main Street and stopped for a red light at Washington Street, the people standing at that corner barked at him. The reporters barked first, and then the other men with the reporters. Uncle Win was so surprised and frustrated that he could not start the little Ford when the red light turned green. He pulled up the emergency brake, got out, and left the car in the middle of the street. He went into Shaffer's drug store and called Grandpa.

"They're barking at me!" he said.

Grandpa swore like all hell for a few minutes, then calmed down and said, "Bark back at them!"

A crowd had gathered at the corner to watch the traffic jam caused by the abandoned truck. My uncle made his way through the crowd, climbed into the truck, and began blowing his horn like the other people in the jam. The reporters began barking again; but no one heard,

for the noise of the horns, that my uncle was barking back.

Uncle Win thought that that would be the end of the barking, but it was not. That same afternoon two newsboys on a paper route barked at him as he drove by; and the next day all of the children at Parklawn School barked at him when he drove by during recess. He barked back at them and they were delighted.

"Keep on barking back," Grandpa said when Uncle Win told him that even the children were teasing him now. "They'll soon quit," Grandpa said, but he underestimated the people in our town.

No one in the family, not even Aunt Molly, seemed to realize the struggle that Uncle Win was going through that week. The first night, when Uncle Win came home hoarse from barking, Grandmother said, "Don't you remember anything about cheerleading? Don't use your throat. Let the noise come from here!" She put her hand on her stomach the way she had seen her elocution teacher do.

Other than that advice from Grandmother, nothing was said to encourage my uncle. When he quit talking at the table and excused himself early each night that week Aunt Molly said, "His throat probably hurts."

BY THE afternoon of the fourth day my uncle's voice was so hoarse that he sounded as though he were talking into a bucket. Late in the afternoon of that day he came home to eat some cracked ice. It was a hot day with the leaves hanging as still as death on the trees. Uncle Win looked at the swelling black clouds. When the first streak of lightning split the sky, he started off in a run to the dog pound. Before he got there, rain was falling in big drops that hit heavily like mercury; and like mercury splashed into smaller drops that rolled in the dust before the dog pound.

All of the dogs were in the building except one little black and white fox terrier that stood in the corner of the dog run, barking at the rain and shaking his head when drops splashed on his nose. My uncle called the dog in.

Pools of water stood in the yard by the time Uncle Win had finished putting

up the canvas curtains. The raindrops pounded on the roof—and then, in one corner, there was the sound of a steady drip, drip. My uncle put a bucket under the leak, but then there was another, and another, and the dogs began yelping. My uncle put cans and buckets under as

per. Two of the dogs that had been pulling at his trouser leg stopped when they heard him speak. My uncle sat down on a barrel and began talking to the dogs between the clashes of thunder. As the storm came nearer, the dogs quit barking each time that the lightning



He sang "Rock of Ages" and all of the other hymns that he knew.

many leaks as he could, but the dogs ran around and knocked them over and barked at the noise the buckets made rolling across the floor. The canvas curtains flapped loose at the bottom and the big dog that looked like a collie jumped up and caught one in his big teeth and tugged until it ripped loose at the top and fell. Uncle Win was trying to fasten the other flapping curtain and keep the dogs from jumping up on him at the same time.

He was so out of breath and so hoarse that he could hardly speak when he finally had the curtain tacked. "Quiet, boys! Quiet!" he said in a coarse whis-

pered. My uncle was singing to the dogs now to keep them from yelping and running about. He sang "Rock of Ages" and all of the other hymns that he knew; and then he sang to them the popular songs that he knew: "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and a newer one about a merry-go-round breaking down.

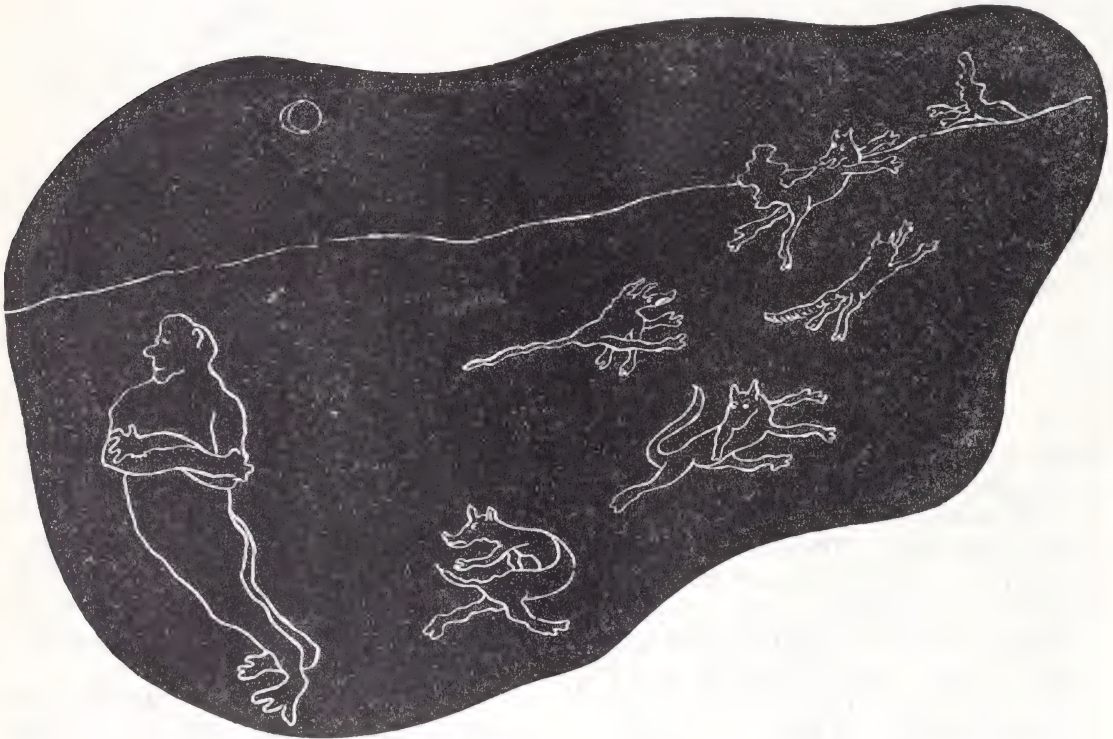
He did not seem to notice that he was sitting in the leakiest part of the dog pound and that he and all of the dogs were wet. He just kept singing until all of the dogs were lying down listening to him. He didn't notice exactly when the storm had passed. My uncle sang on until he

realized that the square of light that he had been watching on the floor was from the moon. He moved over to the door and looked at the little streams of water that were washing away his nasturtium plants, and at the whitewashed rocks that looked like teeth in a grinning skull.

My uncle opened the door and called the dogs. Only two of them followed. My uncle went back into the building and got the box of scraps and bones from the high shelf. All of the dogs followed him out into the yard, stretching and growling lowly, then moving quickly at the sound of the papers in the box being unwrapped. Then my uncle opened the gate of the yard and called them again. They were slow, at first, in coming to the open gate. But then they ran through to Uncle Win, who was walking away from the dog pound as fast as he could on the wet

ground. The collielike dog did not stop to eat. He galloped off across the field, back toward the old neighborhood where he had been caught. My uncle watched him as he ran up over the ridge of the hill in the moonlight.

The rest of the dogs did not realize, until after they had eaten, that they were free. For a while they thrashed around at my uncle's feet, nosing the papers and looking for bones. Then, like the collie, they started off across the field, some of them glancing back to see if they were being chased. My uncle watched the pack disappear over the ridge. Then he turned and walked back past the dog pound. The little black and white fox terrier was standing in the door watching my uncle. My uncle walked on down the curving railroad tracks in the light of the moon that was sailing west in a sea of scud.



(*Joseph Kinsey Howard, newspaperman and author of Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome, has recently been making a special study of the problems of the Missouri basin.*)

GOLDEN RIVER

What's to Be Done About the Missouri?

JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD



THE Missouri River really starts in Red Rock Lakes in the Montana Rockies forty miles west of Yellowstone National Park, source of a tributary, the Jefferson; it joins the Mississippi 17 miles north of St. Louis and empties into the Gulf of Mexico 4,000 miles from the mountain lakes. Figured that way, it's the longest river in the world.

Even that part of it from Three Forks, Montana, where it is formed by the junction of the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin Rivers, to St. Louis is 2,460 miles long—twice the span of the Mississippi from its source to the same point.

The Missouri is the frontier's river, and it is still regarded with the passionate possessiveness the frontier felt for its few immediately available natural resources. And that's just the trouble: each of the nine states in its basin—Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri—contributes important tributaries; each has always looked upon the Missouri as its own river, providentially placed where it would do that state the most good, and to be defended tooth and claw against the dishonorable designs of any other state which it accidentally might have to enter to find its way to the sea.

For a map of the Missouri Basin see the Personal and Otherwise column at the back of the magazine.

Along one stretch—the Great Bend in South Dakota—the Missouri flows in every direction of the compass. (Steamboat passengers used to get off and walk the mile and a half across the Bend while the paddle-wheeler toiled thirty miles around.) And somewhere along its course it changes its channel every year, sometimes twice a year; most American of rivers, it likes to move around. Like America, it is big, impatient, and wasteful. It is frequently guilty of desertion, nonsupport, and misconduct: it pulls out, leaving wife and kiddies to starve, and goes around smashing things in other people's houses.

"It is just not good sense," says Brigadier General R. C. Crawford, Missouri River division engineer at Omaha, "to let such a river wander around at will in a civilized country."

Nearly everyone in the basin will agree with that; but there agreement ceases, so there is reason to wonder whether the Missouri, big as it is, can do all that is expected of it by all the people—over six million in number—who live in its great valley and are somehow affected by it. Among the things they expect is that it will bring back the 10 per cent of their number who have moved away since the war began. Ignorance of the nature of the river and of river engineering is responsible for some too sanguine hopes, for many arguments.

There are things about the Missouri which even the engineers don't know—for instance, whether there's enough water for all desired uses if among these one includes a nine-foot navigation channel from Sioux City to St. Louis; and the ordinary citizen's search for truth is diverted by misleading or dishonest road signs which spring up in his path: "This Way to State Rights," or "This Way to Free Enterprise."

There are things that few of the people who live in the valley realize: for instance, that the river is owned by the people of the United States, and not by the 5 per cent of these who live in the Missouri basin. The Missouri is a navigable stream; by virtue of the Supreme Court's unanimous New River decision in 1940 and the commerce clause of the Constitution, its flow is subject to federal regulation. That is the answer to all the inspired or suborned prattle about "state rights" by politicians and press. The legislature of Montana, whose Republican majority adopted after angry debate a memorial opposing a Missouri Valley Authority, justified its action in the words, "the waters originate in Montana." Morally Montana may be assumed, of course, to have a right to speak; but legally its memorial has no more weight than one which might come out of Rhode Island. The *Montana Standard*, Butte newspaper which is one of seven controlled by Anaconda Copper and Montana Power Companies, also denounced the Authority proposal and proclaimed editorially: "Sovereign rights of states are involved; we shall be the masters, not the slaves, of our own big river." But at the other end of the valley the *Kansas City Star-Times*, just as strongly anti-Authority, pointed out that any attempt to set up "priorities" on the river on a basis of state rights rather than national interest "is going all the way back to claim state authority over the rivers that no state has had since the nation was founded."

With the people of the United States, therefore, rest the decisions on what shall be done about the Missouri basin, 17.5 per cent of the nation's continental area. The implications of these decisions reach far beyond regional development to na-

tional and even international policy. To the basic question—"Shall the valley be developed by existing federal agencies or by an Authority cut to the TVA pattern, as proposed in legislation now before Congress?"—there are appended many other questions. Only a few of them have strictly regional significance.

Some leading regional problems are:

1. In view of the conflicting interests of the states and the federal agencies involved, would it be possible to plan an integrated development of the valley's resources in any way except through an overall Authority?

2. Can the objectives of flood control, irrigation, navigation, and power production—ranked by Congress in that order of importance—be reconciled in a single system of dams and reservoirs? (This is an engineering problem, discussed later.)

3. How can the interests of farmers, business men, laborers, timber operators, industrialists, and others be safeguarded in the planning for the valley—whether it is handled piecemeal by a number of bureaus or by an overall Authority located perhaps a thousand miles away?

4. To what extent should water rights—especially those for food production and domestic use—be protected, even though their legal standing may be precarious when the water is drawn from a navigable stream?

5. Have the issues been distorted by special interests—utilities, railroads, navigation companies—with the hope of obstructing any integrated development?

6. Can the bitter rivalries and suspicions within the valley itself be overcome, so that the people of the dry upriver country and those of the humid downstream area can work together for their common good?

Because the Missouri is one of the world's great waterways, what is accomplished in its basin may influence the pattern for development of the Volga or the Nile. That fact expands the significance of such further questions as these:

1. Are the people of the United States morally obligated to use public money to help distressed areas? If the moral obligation is denied, can it be shown that such help would be a sound business investment for the country as a whole?

2. Is America really committed to the principles of decentralized industry, family-sized farms, and thriving small towns, on which the whole idea of a valley Authority is based?

3. Should MVA and future Authorities for other river basins be decentralized, rooted in their own regions, and capable of making decisions "at home"—or should they be centralized in Washington, with final control in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior?

II

THE Tennessee Valley Authority Act, first experiment in integrated development of a river basin, became law in 1933. The next year Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, TVA's sponsor, introduced a bill to create a Missouri Valley Authority; this proposal, however, would have placed control in the United States Bureau of Reclamation instead of setting up a new organization as had been done in the TVA bill. Norris' plan died in the Senate Irrigation Committee. President Roosevelt subsequently endorsed the idea of having Authorities direct development in the major river basins, and in 1940 the Republican candidates spoke up for federal control and distribution of power generated in navigable streams. In 1942 the case for comprehensive development was put succinctly in a National Planning Association study, *Regional Resource Development*.

The authors of this study, Alvin H. Hansen and Harvey S. Perloff, said such projects could create business opportunities and advance the public welfare if certain essential elements were recognized.

Here are the main principles they laid down: The river valley should be the unit of development. A single autonomous agency should be established within the region, co-operating with local organizations and "with devices of efficiency and flexibility common to management of a commercial enterprise." Central financial and policy control should be exercised through the President and Congress. Functions of the Authority should include long-range economic and social planning, resource surveys, development of new processes and new industries, and operation of multiple-purpose projects for proper use of water and land resources.

In 1943 the Missouri took it upon itself to force some kind of a decision. That spring it roared out of the west, ripped away \$2,000,000 worth of Army flood control installations, cost the Engineers' Corps another \$800,000 for rescue work, and caused \$35,000,000 damage between Sioux City and St. Louis. It repeated the performance in 1944; total loss for the two years was \$112,000,000, and four and a

half million acres were flooded. (About 1,800,000 acres between Sioux City and the mouth are subject to periodic inundation; vulnerable communities include the Kansas Citys, with more than half a million people; Omaha, with more than 200,000; Sioux City, 80,000; Council Bluffs, 40,000, and fifty smaller towns.)

So Congress called upon the Army in May, 1943, to determine what modifications of earlier plans were necessary "with respect to flood control." The job fell to Colonel Lewis A. Pick, then Missouri River division engineer at Omaha, later builder of the Ledo Road, and now a brigadier general. Let others speak of the river, with affectionate contempt, as "the Big Muddy"—Colonel Pick called it (though not in official reports) "the Golden River."

LESS than three months after he received the assignment, Pick had his report ready. He had done just what he had been instructed to do—drafted a *flood control program*—but he had also specified, without going into detail, that reservoirs built under his plan should be multiple-purpose installations with provision for irrigation, navigation, and hydroelectric power production. Use of water for these other functions was to be allocated "in collaboration with" the federal agencies concerned; but all reservoirs would be built and operated by the Corps of Army Engineers.

The Pick Plan, as it was promptly named, called for a series of levees from Sioux City to the river's mouth, five multiple-purpose dams and reservoirs on the main stem, five on tributaries of the upper Republican River in Nebraska and Colorado, one on Montana's Yellowstone, one on the Big Horn in Wyoming, and integration of eleven projects previously authorized by Congress but not yet completed. The cost, including that of the projects approved earlier (mostly in Kansas and Missouri) was put at \$658,600,000; but no major construction was contemplated until after the war.

Two months after he sent in his report, Pick was in India, and thereafter he was presumably too busy to hear the uproar which greeted publication of his proposals

for regimenting the West's unruly river. And despite the hardships of the Burma jungles, Pick today may well consider himself lucky: his assignment enabled him to escape confusion and conflict in Congress, visits by flying squadrons of indignant governors, newspaper crusades and counter crusades, resolutions and memorials and speeches by the hundreds. The confusion was scarcely relieved by the fact that three committees of the House and three more of the Senate considered various aspects of river legislation.

SPOKESMEN for the lower valley—which is primarily interested in flood control and navigation—hailed the Pick Plan with delight. Here for the first time was a thorough, river's-length approach to the flood problem, coupled with a sketchy, but therefore "flexible" program for what Pick and his supporters called "comprehensive development" of the Missouri basin. On the face of it the plan did not conflict with use of water upstream for irrigation or anything else. Unfortunately, in its attempt to cover the problems of the vast basin in six or seven thousand words, it left too many questions unanswered.

The downriver people were startled and outraged when three upper basin governors—the late John Moses of North Dakota (subsequently senator), Sam C. Ford of Montana, and Lester Hunt of Wyoming—descended upon Congress when the Pick Plan reached the hearing stage in the spring of 1944 to demand its rejection. Why? asked Kansas City, bridleing.

The principal reason was that Harold Ickes' Reclamation Bureau had been caught out on a long, long limb. For five years the Bureau, and particularly its assistant regional director, W. G. Sloan of Billings, Montana, had been working on an exhaustive program for the valley. His report was scheduled for completion May 1, 1944; the Pick Plan reached the House committee on flood control on March 2, 1944. The Reclamation Bureau's plan was in sharp conflict with the other, for it emphasized what is the chief concern of the upper-valley people: irrigation of the dry Northern plains. So the governors of upriver states came to the Bureau's rescue.

In Washington the state executives found to their dismay that in addition to the Pick Plan, which was incorporated in flood control legislation, there was *another* bill before *another* committee—the House Rivers and Harbors group—containing an Army proposal to create a nine-foot navigation channel from Sioux City to St. Louis. This was not a part of the Pick Plan, but naturally it had to be considered in any overall judgment of the river's future function.

Backed, if not pushed, by the Reclamation Bureau, the Western governors protested: to deepen the channel from six feet to nine and widen it from two hundred feet to three hundred, as proposed in this bill, would leave them little if any water with which to irrigate the parched lands upstream. The Army retorted that its computations of the river's flow indicated that the desired depth could be obtained by structural improvements, without appropriating more water. The Bureau of Reclamation, however, using a different basis to estimate the average flow, said the Army was wrong. Nobody knows yet which of the two sets of engineers, if either, was right; nor does it seem likely that anyone ever will know, until or unless the channel is actually deepened. Precipitation and run-off are so uncertain that no estimate can be assuredly valid.

The upper-valley people and the Bureau of Reclamation pinned their hopes on a group of amendments which they sought to attach to both bills when they reached the Senate Commerce Committee, where they came together at last after they had passed the House. These amendments, offered by Senators O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Millikin of Colorado with the support of twenty other members of the upper chamber, declared it to be "the policy of the Congress to recognize the interests and rights of the states in determining the development of the watersheds within their borders." Navigation was to be subordinate to, and should not "adversely affect" irrigation west of the 97th meridian. An immediate outcry came from the lower valley: this was an attempt to "freeze" state rights on navigable streams. It might be designed to protect existing irrigation projects, but it

might also put Congress on record as "recognizing" the state water rights of utility companies and almost immediately the suspicion was voiced that there was an unholy alliance between irrigationists and private power interests. The Army also argued that it would give the states veto power over any plan.

The O'Mahoney-Millikin amendments were defeated initially in the Senate Commerce Committee. A roar of rage went up from the upper river, and it became apparent that without some satisfactory substitute which would include provision for administration of upper-valley projects by the Reclamation Bureau, the Pick Plan and the urgently needed flood control it promised were doomed. The Corps of Engineers, standing firmly upon legal precedent, refused to write into the Pick Plan a promise that they would not override state water rights. Montana's Senator James E. Murray asserted that General Robbins, chief of the Corps, had told a Senate subcommittee that the O'Mahoney amendments "were crazy."

So, with some modification, the amendments came back and ultimately were approved in both flood control (Pick Plan) and rivers and harbors (Nine-Foot Channel) bills. In their final form the amendments retained the controversial "recognition" by Congress of "state interests and rights" and provided that in advance of legislation, plans must be submitted to state authorities for review, and Congressional consideration of any protests. It was specified that the use for navigation of waters arising west of the 98th meridian (Niobrara, Nebraska, and Mitchell, South Dakota) should be only such use as does not "conflict" with present or future use in states wholly or partially west of that line, of the water for "domestic, municipal, stock water, irrigation, mining or industrial purposes." This clause definitely subordinated navigation to irrigation in the rivers and harbors bill; in the other bill flood control remained the dominant purpose but irrigation came second. Since power production was not included in the list of uses limiting navigation, presumably it ranked last in importance.

III

MEANWHILE the Reclamation Bureau had come forward with its plan—known as the Sloan Plan, or "Document 191"—and the conflict took a new turn. The Bureau, proposing an expenditure of \$1,257,645,700, wanted to provide new irrigation for 4,760,400 acres and supplemental irrigation for another 500,000. It planned to produce firm power exceeding 3 billion kilowatt hours annually, for industrial, commercial, and domestic use, in addition to about 900 million kilowatt hours of seasonal power to handle irrigation pumping. It promised flood control benefits "at least equal to the cost of the works providing such flood control as proposed by the Corps of Engineers"; and its installations would improve navigation and supply water for municipal and domestic use.

The Bureau proposed to use Montana's vast Fort Peck reservoir for irrigation rather than chiefly for flood control and navigation. The Army wanted a reservoir at Garrison, N. D., to store floodwaters and build up the level of dwindling Devil's Lake; the Bureau wanted to use this same water, diverted by pumping over a divide near Fort Peck, to irrigate more than a million acres in the Souris River Valley, which is outside the Missouri Basin. Instead of Pick's two big reservoirs on the Yellowstone and Big Horn, the Bureau wanted twenty-seven small installations serving a wider irrigation function. The Army proposed five main-stem reservoirs between Fort Peck and Sioux City, the Bureau three. In addition the plans differed on several smaller reservoirs in the Kansas River basin.

RECLAMATION's proposal to divert Missouri water outside of the basin, on top of the O'Mahoney-Millikin amendments, touched off an explosion downriver. Kansas City's able mayor, John B. Gage, long an effective crusader for flood control, had been campaigning up and down the valley for the Pick Plan. He urged the flood control committee to approve it, as did the Missouri Valley Association, which was organized several years ago with the backing of the Kansas City

Star to drum up support for a "comprehensive" plan of river control. Scores of other agencies lined up behind the Army program; it meant a start on the flood problem the minute the war ended, and that was what the lower valley wanted.

The *Star* flung an angry and insulting editorial at the upper valley, headed by the challenge, "Why add 4 million acres?" It was time to ask questions, the newspaper said—"now that the purpose of the irrigationists and land development companies upriver to control the waters of the Missouri for their own local developments has been brought into plain view." Farm produce surpluses had caused national headaches before and would again; "already there is enough farm land available for the next several generations." The upriver people were proposing "a form of parasitism" and seeking priorities "on all upriver waters, even when the rights to the use of them downriver have been stabilized by many decades of use far antedating the claims of the dry land development companies." There were better and cheaper ways, anyway, to increase food production—by improving "the established farm area" and by protecting bottomlands from flood—than providing "4 million acres of secondary, public-expense, free-water irrigation land" to compete with Kansas and Missouri farmers.

The *Star's* arguments were easy to answer. The upholders of irrigation replied that irrigation began in the 'sixties, so it was no upstart claimant; that the 636,000 people who (the Bureau said) could be brought to the upper valley by irrigation would hardly restore the population lost in the past two decades, and only a third of them would be farmers. For any authority the *Star* could quote on potential overproduction, irrigation supporters could quote another who held that new acreage would be needed to maintain our standard of living. Anyway, the goal in the upper valley was to stabilize the farm family by diversification, rather than to boom production of "surplus" cash crops like wheat—the Reclamation Act limits irrigated acres on any Bureau project to 160 per farmer. Far from being "parasites" and seeking "free water," the upriver irrigators would repay

their share of the cost in forty years. For a century it has been national policy to improve rivers and harbors for navigation at public expense, and since 1935 a similar policy has been in effect for flood control; but for the past fifteen years irrigators have been required to pay the entire cost of irrigation projects, unless part can be allocated to power production or sale of water. Of the \$1,257,645,700 to be expended in the Sloan Plan, irrigators would repay \$298,000,000, power users \$423,100,000, and municipal water consumers \$20,000,000. Benefits estimated to be worth more than \$500 million were allocated to flood control and navigation—and not a nickel of this would be directly repaid.

Well, maybe the Pick Plan was not perfect, the *Star* admitted; it did not make adequate provision to combat drought on the Northern plains such as that which had occurred in the thirties—"but the Engineers contend that such occurrences are too infrequent to warrant the huge expenditures which would be necessary for the additional reservoirs to take care of every possible contingency."

If the Engineers did make such a statement, it went a long way toward explaining the upper valley's distrust of the Pick Plan, the nine-foot channel, or any other Army scheme. The climate of five-sixths of the Missouri basin is subhumid or semi-arid and drought may reasonably be expected in its northwestern section twice or oftener in a decade. "There are no such power possibilities in the Missouri Valley" as in TVA, the *Star* went on, "although . . . a certain amount of power can be developed." The Bureau's estimate of 3 billion kilowatt hours, even in a program in which power was definitely subordinated, would seem to refute this somewhat offhand judgment; this production represents nearly a third of the wartime output of TVA which made that agency the nation's second largest producer.

IV

BUT the *Star's* was not the only voice in the lower valley. The same day it denounced "subsidization" of four million new farm acres—May 14, 1944—the St.

Louis *Post-Dispatch* addressed to the editors of the Missouri Valley a full page editorial appeal so magnificently written that it brought tributes to the newspaper's sincerity and vision even from those who bitterly opposed its argument.

The only answer, said the *P-D*, was a Missouri Valley Authority, which it had first suggested in a news story in 1943. This newspaper, like the *Star*, had supported the Pick Plan; but it now acknowledged that the Pick Plan wouldn't work—first, because the plains states were dead set against it, so it was not feasible politically; second, because Army construction and operation of irrigation reservoirs was legally and administratively unsound. The editorial continued:

This newspaper confesses an error of the past—a preoccupation with the interests of its own section to the exclusion of those of Montana, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas. All along the valley, from the mountains at 13,000 feet to the low plains of the river's mouth, men have given a similar loyalty to the interests of their sections.

Yet is this not our common problem? Will not all our interests be better served—be multiplied—by working together toward a common solution? . . .

There must be men up and down our valley who have a vision that transcends the futile rivalries of the past. The editors from Montana to St. Louis have it within their power to preach the gospel that the Missouri is one big river with one big problem. . . .

We urge the editors of the Missouri Valley to lift up their eyes, to make stout their purpose. With unity we can conquer the one big problem that the one big river challenges us to solve.

The *Post-Dispatch* soon learned, however, that if men with the vision it sought did live in the valley, few of them were publishing newspapers. The editorial appealed specifically to Montana, and five editors in that state had been addressed by name; but three of them were on papers which took their orders from the Montana Power Company while the publisher of the fourth, O. S. Warden, was at that time president of the National Reclamation Association, which is closely linked with the Reclamation Bureau. Finally, however, the editorial's flaming appeal brought a responsive gleam from the fifth Montana paper, the *Lewistown Democrat-News*:

There can be no place for individual state planning and development, for that would result in an endless hodge-podge of inadequacies and conflicting state interests. Protect state right within reason, yes, but don't sacrifice the future of the valley for a political principle. . . . Beware those who condemn any plan as entirely wrong or who hold up the bugaboo of bureaucratic control. They are talking from selfish or partisan motivation. The stake of all residents of this valley in its development is too great, the interests of the individuals or individual companies are too small, to let partisanship dictate the program.

Valley editors, a poll indicated, were almost evenly divided, but several of the biggest and most influential papers, including the *Kansas City Star* and *Omaha World-Herald*, were consistently hostile to the Authority idea. The press of St. Louis itself was split: the *Star-Times* had been vigorously conducting a campaign of its own for an Authority, but the *Globe-Democrat* was opposed. Effective support for MVA came from the *Bismarck, North Dakota, Tribune*: it commented wryly, "when a flood rolls down the Missouri it does not communicate with the county board of commissioners enroute, and for some reason makes no effort to obtain permission from the governors or the legislatures."

Labor and the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America, politically potent in the valley, became interested. District 8 of the United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers, CIO, first union to indorse MVA, reported it had surveyed the postwar employment possibilities: 100,000 men for five years on construction, 3,000 for four years building power lines, 5,000 for six years in manufacture of transmission and distribution equipment; a market for \$2,500,000 worth of home and farm electrical appliances, providing 50,000 jobs in that industry.

Whatever else it had accomplished, the *Post-Dispatch* had scared the hell out of the Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Engineers. They were responsive, therefore, when the National Water Conservation Conference, meeting in Chicago, demanded that the two agencies reconcile their differences; so did the National Reclamation Association, through its secretary, F. O. Hagie. The governors of the valley states, at an urgent meeting on

August 6th, spurned the MVA plan and called for a "comprehensive plan" which they said could be obtained by merging the Sloan and Pick plans and coordinating their administration.

But the hound of time was now snapping at the throats of the Army and the Bureau. For on August 18th the *Post-Dispatch's* proposal was laid before Congress, and a few weeks later President Roosevelt, in a special message, called for the establishment of an MVA.

THE *Post-Dispatch* had been asking for another Norris. What it got was Senator James E. Murray of Montana, Democrat, who had not notably distinguished himself heretofore but who had a consistently liberal record and who was (a political advantage in the national scene) anathema to the copper and utility interests of his own state. On August 18th he introduced a bill to create the Missouri Valley Authority. So long, he said, as the river is "hacked to pieces, parceled out to this agency and that agency, to this interest and that interest, stalemate, inaction, and a declining economy will be our reward. . . . Here is a job of modern pioneering on a grand scale in the national interest." Representative Cochran of Missouri offered Murray's bill in the House, and Senator Gillette of Iowa later introduced another and slightly different MVA proposal.

Both the Army and the Reclamation Bureau now eagerly reported that their differences could be reconciled, and in response to a congressional resolution ordering them to get together, their engineers went into a huddle. They emerged November 8th announcing an "agreement" which was hailed jubilantly by foes of MVA.

But the "agreement," it developed, like the Pick Plan, was a skeleton statement of good intentions. It resembled nothing so much as a treaty of peace after an exhausting war, in which two reluctant and mutually suspicious allies mapped their respective spheres of influence and agreed to keep out of each other's way. The boundary line between the two agencies' territories was to be approximately at the mouth of the Yellowstone River, near the

western border of North Dakota. The Bureau was to have "responsibility for determining reservoir capacities" for irrigation, the Army was to determine them for navigation and flood control. Both agencies would "recognize the importance" of power development, "consistent with other beneficial uses of the water." The agreement didn't say so, but heads of both agencies took it to mean that the Bureau would build dams intended mainly for irrigation and the Army would build the others. There were a lot of things it didn't say. It specified locations of reservoirs, for example, but left the heights of dams and the size of power installations to be worked out later.

Said James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers' Union, which had come out strongly for MVA: "It's a shameful, loveless shotgun wedding."

And it did appear that although the wedding might legitimize the child, it could offer no assurance that the baby would not be born blind or witless.

On June 8th, Sloan had testified that the Bureau considered the Army's Gavins Point dam (cost, \$15 million) "unnecessary . . . a very expensive dam for the benefits to be derived from it," and the Garrison dam (cost, \$130 million) "unnecessary and not worth the expenditure." The Army in turn had assailed the Bureau's proposal to divert Missouri water into the Souris Valley (cost, \$122 million). But in the peace treaty the Bureau accepted Garrison and Gavins Point, the Army accepted Souris. Total cost of the three projects which one or the other of the agencies earlier had held to be unnecessary or undesirable: more than a quarter of a billion dollars.

V

AGAIN engineers had done what Congress had ordered: they had "coordinated" two plans, neither of which was necessarily perfect in the first place; inevitably the merged product would have some of the shortcomings of both and it could not contain anything which was not in the original plans.

Today H. D. Comstock, regional director of the Reclamation Bureau, says:

"When the Bureau opposed the Garrison and Gavins Point dams there was no agreement; it was trying to devise a complete program. When we reached an agreement we withdrew from the fields of flood control and navigation. We shall be the sole judge of requirements for reclamation. If the Army engineers say those dams are required for their functions, we have no opinion."

General Crawford in Omaha agrees substantially with that. The compact was a policy directive; many details are yet to be worked out. Some of them can be handled, he expects, by the new Inter-Agency River Basin Committee in Washington, whose membership includes representatives of the Army Engineers, Bureau of Reclamation, Department of Agriculture, and Federal Power Commission. Spheres of influence have been determined; generally, Crawford believes, the agreement means "the Bureau will build tributary reservoirs and the Army will build those on the main stem, although some to be built on the lower tributaries—in the wet belt—probably will come under Army jurisdiction because they pose flood problems." The Army intends to ask governors of states to obtain an expression of opinion from the people as to the degree of multiple-purpose development they want in the dams to be erected within their borders.

But what actually has been settled beyond a mere agreement to stick pins into the map in certain places to represent dams? The Bureau won the Yellowstone basin for its twenty-seven reservoirs, the Army won its big main-stem installations. All the major decisions even in the merged plans—decisions on reservoir capacities, costs, allocation of function—have merely been postponed. And neither plan, in its original form or after "co-ordination," makes any attempt to integrate erosion control, timber conservation, industrial research, or community planning within the overall valley program. Beyond perfunctory reference of the plans to the Department of Agriculture and the Power Commission for comment, neither plan considers soil problems or the promotion of industry through cheap power. "But you cannot plan for water," wrote Pare Lorentz in *The River*, "unless you plan for

land: for the cutover mountains—the eroded hills—the gullied fields that pour their waters unchecked down to the river. . . . But you cannot plan for water and land unless you plan for people. . . ."

The agreement didn't mention the nine-foot channel. General Crawford says of it, "The Army Engineers believe it to be possible, but some years there probably will have to be give and take; we'll have to ask the downstream people to shorten their navigation season and the upstream man to co-operate by yielding some irrigated acreage." But the farmer upriver will answer that raising food is a higher purpose than river navigation, even if all the boats have to be tied up; nor will he consider the investment thus destroyed. And General Crawford acknowledges that as a result of the O'Mahoney-Millikin amendments navigation has been subordinated to irrigation. As to the channel, Regional Director Comstock of the Bureau says, "We don't know."

THE agreement did mention, in its final paragraph, that the Army and Bureau would heed "the desires and objections of persons affected by the proposed developments." This, with the O'Mahoney amendments, opens the way to some interesting speculation. What did Congress mean when it "recognized the interests and rights of the states in determining the development of the watersheds within their borders?"

In Nebraska and Montana, two branches of the Electric Bond & Share—American Power & Light utility tree produce knotty clubs, which swing threateningly over the heads of legislators and executives. Montana's Governor Ford, after winning re-election against a Company-opposed young Supreme Court justice, devoted a major share of his message to the legislature to a denunciation of MVA—though he had previously called upon a congressional committee for "a statesmanlike approach, one great plan . . . we do not believe that the interests of the basin will be served by piecemeal consideration of different features of Missouri River legislation." In the first days of the legislative session, the anti-MVA memorial to Congress was introduced by

R. C. Bricker of Great Falls, formerly manager of the Montana Power Company's real estate interests in that city. Montanans, it said, have "property rights and interests in the waters of the Missouri basin"; it opposed not only a river Authority, but also "any similar delegation of governmental power." Attempts by the Democratic minority to amend the memorial, so that it would have been an affirmative statement of the state's need for all-purpose development of the river, were defeated.

Down at the other end of the valley, Mayor Gage of Kansas City can be depended upon for fireworks if that congressional "recognition" turns out to be an attempt to establish "state rights." Though he was among the most potent forces bringing the Army and Bureau together in their limited agreement, Gage is still for the Pick Plan: "I think it makes as adequate provision for irrigation and power as is consistent with overall development." He approves the "co-ordinated" plan of the Army and Bureau, with some reservation: "I'm for development of irrigation by the Bureau as provided in it, so far as reasonable economic considerations will permit." He is decidedly not a supporter of the Bureau's plan to divert water into the Souris.

When it comes to "state rights," the Mayor recalls that the river had a minimum flow of some 21,000 second feet at Kansas City thirty years ago and in recent years it has dropped as low as 8,000 feet, imperiling the city's water service. "Yet in the spring the floods have been just as big and have come even more frequently; that is the material effect of what I would call efficient operation of reservoirs built in the upper valley for reclamation alone. We need more uniform and more stabilized flow; we have some interests at stake in this river, too. I believe we can protect our interests without hurting reclamation at the upper end of the valley—of course I believe that's what the Pick Plan does." Mayor Gage suspects delaying tactics by the utilities with regard to MVA or any other proposal which threatens to supplant the Pick Plan and hold up a start on the urgent flood problem. That will surprise Montana.

The "shotgun wedding," incorporated in still more amendments to the flood control bill, received the blessing of Congress near the end of the 1944 session. Senator Murray, assured that MVA would get preferential consideration in the new session, abandoned his attempt to attach it to the flood control bill as an amendment. He was able to eliminate other amendments designed to forestall subsequent creation of an Authority. Soon after the Seventy-ninth Congress assembled, the rivers and harbors bill containing the nine-foot channel was approved.

In adopting the flood control measure, Congress merely authorized the "co-ordinated" construction program and provided that \$200 million could be spent by each agency in initial work, but the money was not actually appropriated and will not be until the war ends. Foes of MVA hoped briefly that they had headed off an Authority; but in signing the act, President Roosevelt said:

I note . . . that the bill authorizes, for construction by the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation, those improvements in the Missouri River Basin which, on November 27, 1944, I recommended to be developed and administered by a Missouri Valley Authority. My approval of the bill is given with the distinct understanding that it is not to be interpreted as jeopardizing in any way the creation of a Missouri Valley Authority, the establishment of which should receive the early consideration of the next Congress.

The shotgun wedding had failed to silence the noisy skeleton in the Missouri basin's family closet. There was little in it to indicate that it could bring genuine unity and integrated resource development.

VI

MURRAY offered a new MVA bill to the Seventy-ninth Congress on February 15th of this year, and a new phase of the battle opened with the scene shifted to Washington from the river basin: congressional maneuvering and bureaucratic intrigue supplanted debate in the field.

Vice-President Truman promptly referred Murray's bill to the Senate Commerce Committee, reported to be hostile to such regional Authorities, although Murray had asked that the bill go to the

Committee on Agriculture and Forestry. The agriculture committee had reported the original TVA bill and had considered several such measures since, including Murray's bill in the previous session. It is customary to comply with the request of a measure's sponsor, but Truman insisted the commerce group was "appropriate" and that he had acted in accordance with Senate rules. Why, said the Vice-President, he personally favored MVA; but later he acknowledged to the *Post-Dispatch* that he thought General Pick ought to run it. When the issue was carried to a Senate vote, a compromise was reached for consideration of the bill by three committees—commerce, irrigation, and agriculture—for sixty days each. This means that final action is virtually impossible during the current session of Congress. Moreover, the Commerce subcommittee which gets first whack at the bill is dominated by Senators openly hostile to such legislation.

THE committee incident could delay, but not permanently enjoin, MVA; it dwindled rapidly in importance with the arrival on the scene of Hairbreadth Harold Ickes, whose tempestuous wooing of the regional Authority threatened to end, according to its original sponsors, either in a kiss of death or a fate much, much worse.

Congress received an Ickes-sponsored measure providing for establishment of regional Authorities which he would supervise "to the extent necessary" to assure conformity of regional and national plans and to "co-ordinate" regional developments with the undertakings of federal agencies. The Secretary of the Interior ("kleptomaniac," raged the *Post-Dispatch*, pointing out that he already administered some two dozen agencies) would be chairman of a River Basin Development Board which would also include the chief of Army Engineers and the administrators of all Authorities, including the existing TVA. Each Authority would have a single administrator, instead of the board of three as proposed in the Murray bill and as now directing TVA.

"We don't mean to imply," said the *P-D*, "that Mr. Ickes' ambitions have no

bounds. No, all he wants is the whole interior of the United States. He has as yet shown no desire to take over the Army, the Navy, or the State Department."

The newspaper's indignation would appear to be justified. Regional administration in co-operation with local people has always been the basic principle of the Authority; TVA's stubborn devotion to this principle of decentralization is largely responsible for its success. Undoubtedly, broad directives of national policy must be considered in regional planning, but these should emanate from Congress, and responsibility for their execution should rest directly upon the regional administrators. If Authority policies are to filter through Ickes for "co-ordination," inevitably they will become chips in the unceasing poker game of competing bureaus. At a critical time in the MVA struggle, the Ickes proposal went a long way toward justifying the fears of the Kansas City *Star* that establishment of numerous Authorities would bring, ultimately, a "USAA," United States of America Authority, which would usurp the functions of Congress.

MURRAY's new MVA bill attempted to close some of the gaps in his original measure and to offer answers to some of the questions in the first section of this article. In addition to providing that the Authority must utilize local and state advice and assistance to the fullest possible extent, it set up an advisory committee enlisting the heads of government agencies and nine residents of the region, three each representing agriculture, business, and labor.

The bill, however, retained a provision which had drawn protest when it appeared in Murray's initial proposal. It prohibits construction of any dam, sewer, bridge, or other obstruction in the Missouri, any tributary, or tributary of a tributary, without Authority consent. MVA opponents have argued that this would forbid a farmer to bridge a stream in his own hay meadow; in TVA, however, a similar clause has not been so strictly interpreted. It would undoubtedly bar any major irrigation or power development which was not in conformity with the Authority's overall plan, and it is difficult to see how

an Authority could function without this protection.

Judicial processes in the MVA bill have also been questioned. In actions questioning validity of the act itself or the conduct of any employee under the act—a very broad field—the law specifies that trial must occur in the federal court of the district in which MVA's principal offices are located. Other actions—if there were any not included in this classification—would be tried in federal court in the district in which they were filed. Designed undoubtedly to curb legal harassment of the type which TVA suffered for years, the clause has brought complaint from the West that because of distances involved, the expense of action against MVA might be prohibitive. Distance will be a big factor in MVA; the size of the region as contrasted with TVA (twelve times as great) has been a major argument for opponents, who seized upon a statement by TVA Chairman Lilienthal in his book, *TVA: Democracy on the March*, that regions should not be "so large that they are not, in a management sense, of 'workable' size." It is evident from the text, however, that by "too large" he meant the expansion of a region beyond the natural drainage basin plus the area to which electric service could be economically extended. And TVA, though it is small, did have to contend with political and cultural differences in the population.

Condemnation procedure in the MVA bill differs from present federal court practice. The judge is required to select three commissioners from outside the locality of the property in question, and from their award appeal may be taken to a three-judge federal court. Present practice is for the judge to name commissioners from the locality of the property, from a list agreed to by counsel; and from their award appeal is taken to a jury trial.

Murray specifies, as did the TVA bill, that no political test or qualification shall be considered in MVA employment; violation of this clause subjects the offender to a fine of \$5,000 and a year in prison, whereas in TVA the penalty is only removal. As in TVA, to provide the flexibility of private employment, civil service may be disregarded. Undoubtedly, how-

ever, much of the personnel of the Reclamation Bureau would find its way into the newer agency; MVA should recognize the stake of these men in their Western careers: they were despised "radicals" thirty or even twenty years ago. Some, including Secretary of the Interior Hubert Work, were hanged in effigy by dryland farmers who feared water would ruin their soil (sometimes it did) or who could not pay the charges.

IN THE face of powerful pressure, Reclamation has stood firmly back of the principle of the family farm, fighting a losing battle against technology and agricultural scientists who insist that because the big farm is profitable its extension is inevitable and resistance to the trend is nostalgic sentimentality. Average farm size in Montana leaped from 480 acres to 821 between 1920 and 1940, in Wyoming from 749 to 1,866, in North Dakota from 466 to 512. But where there is water, the increase has been insignificant: Iowa, from 156 to 160, Missouri 132 to 135. Since 1935 the agricultural output per farm worker in the plains states has almost doubled, due to mechanization. Tenancy has increased.

The Bureau alone, through its 160-acre limitation (also incorporated in the Murray MVA bill) cannot arrest the drive to bigness or the drain of population from the northern plains. TVA accomplished it for its own valley through overall resource development, research, and perfection of new processes—services not offered in the Pick and Sloan plans. This brought into the Tennessee Valley in a decade more than 400 new manufacturing industries employing 100,000 persons.

Cheap power is essential for such development, so the major engineering problem of the Missouri Valley as distinguished from the Tennessee must be recognized. It is not difficult to reconcile navigation and power functions in the same dam, for both require a steady and uniform flow of water. It is difficult to reconcile flood control and power (though TVA has done it in crisis periods), still more so to link irrigation and power, or irrigation and flood control. To curb floods water must be held in the reservoir, but to irrigate or

produce power it must be released. For irrigation, however, its release is seasonal and perhaps unpredictable very far in advance; for power the flow past the water wheel must be unvaried.

Multiple-purpose dams in the Missouri basin, then, have to be as big as it is possible to build them, so that the lower portion of the reservoir can hold enough water for irrigation and power, and the upper portion can have adequate capacity to retain flood waters. Either that, or the multiple-purpose idea must be abandoned, and dams must be built for one or two functions where they can best accomplish them. But economic feasibility enters into reservoir planning—the value of lands to be flooded—and the best reservoir sites for flood control are in the lower valley after the major tributaries have contributed their flow; unfortunately that is also the area whose land is most valuable.

VII

BUT to all this the industrial East may protest: it is America's river; why should the East help to finance, even temporarily, a program of regional benefit to the West?

One may accept the theory that strengthening the limb strengthens the tree, or one may not. If this is rejected and the East clings to a sectionalist view, it must recognize three consequences: First, our national population cannot be maintained if the drain from rural areas to urban areas, which do not reproduce themselves, continues. Second, unless the economy of the northern plains is stabilized, relief and public works expenditures ultimately will have to be resumed—and in the drought period of the thirties such costs in the area totaled more than a billion dollars, approximately the sum the Reclamation Bureau proposes spending on productive works. Third, a developing, prosperous Missouri Valley (especially if it gets cheap power) will provide a vast new market for the East's manufactures.

Even if the East is convinced, however, that sectionalism won't pay, there remain the rivalries and fears within the region itself; and these may be harder to wipe

out. Certainly neither the Pick nor Sloan Plan makes any provision for the psychological "peace offensive" without which no genuinely comprehensive program can possibly succeed in the Missouri basin. That is a function of education; it was, and remains, an important consideration of TVA, which had plenty of jealousies in its own region.

Nevertheless, the very process of argument over the function of *their* river is bringing Kansas City and Bismarck, St. Louis and Great Falls, together. To the extent that they recognize a common destiny on the Missouri, regional consciousness has been born.

Rather, it has been reborn; a river is again what Pascal called it, "a road which moves." Significant, though overlooked in the argument, is the fact that a natural region of the frontier is being restored—a region which had been cut up, overorganized, dismembered, and forgotten. Rails, wires, roads, and airways have cross-hatched this region in every direction; financial and business and occupational ties with other regions have pulled it out of shape. But Chouteau County, Montana, of which Fort Benton, historic head of navigation on the river, is the seat, bears the name of a founder of St. Louis: his grandson dominated the Montana fur trade when the boats came up the Missouri. The town itself was named for Thomas Hart Benton, Missouri's distinguished senator. Missouri names—river names—are on Montana's map and imprinted forever in her history: Pierre De Smet, William Clark, Manuel Lisa—priest, explorer, trader; Charles M. Russell, painter; "Kid" Curry, rogue. For seventy-five years the growth of St. Louis was almost wholly due to its function as trading center and outfitter for the upper Missouri frontier.

Loyalties implanted so deeply in the tradition of a people should not be hard to nurture again. The Missouri Valley needs only to recapture the vision, the venturesome spirit, and the valor of the men of St. Louis who shoved their boats away from their home moorings and swung singing into the Golden River a hundred years ago.

Another Man's Poison

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL



OUR old springer spaniel named Drum simply couldn't endure the statue of Robert Burns in City Park, Denver. He'd howl and groan whenever we got near it, and this went on for eleven years. When I found that all my artist friends agreed with old Drum, I took the opposite side out of sheer obstinacy. I thought up reasons why I should like the statue. Thrifty Caledonians, I said, had been generous; they'd given our park a statue of their favorite poet. Maybe somebody who'd never heard of Burns might see it and look him up. Thanks to old Drum's fixation, I reread Carlyle's essay on Burns, which I'd detested in high school, and found that I liked it very much. What finally convinced me that the statue was right was that it tried to give some idea of what Burns looked like; and so it was causing him to be remembered. Even if it frightened spaniels and artists, it was fulfilling the purpose of those who put it up.

I mention old Drum and Burns at this time because every community is confronted with the memorial problem. Will the people of Poplar, Wisconsin, for example, want others to remember that their distinguished townsman, Major Richard I. Bong, shot down forty Japanese planes? If so—if this is the specific man and action they want remembered—then I suggest they put up a faithful likeness of him in some durable material with a text telling who he was and what he did. I realize that portrait sculpture is in bad repute nowadays. In advocating this heresy I am, in the eyes of every art commission, lower than a snake in a wagon track. Demand a realistic representation of your hero and you'll be hooted down by every-

body from the Parent-Teacher Association to the enlightened Chamber of Commerce. But if it's the man and his action that started it, if you want to keep him going longer than the bell rings or the widow weeps, stick to your guns. Put up something that looks like him.

Don't be shunted off into abstract art, however beautiful. The better the abstraction, the quicker your man is lost. Benny Bufano of San Francisco doesn't care whether you call one of his stainless steel abstractions "Joan of Arc" or "The Masked Rider." Your art commission will tell you that abstractions last longer. They usually do, but that's not the point. The abstract "Charioteer" seems to be lasting forever, but we don't know what specific charioteer, if any, was being commemorated. That is the point. Our charioteer is, say, Major Bong. Older than "The Charioteer" and equally beautiful are the very realistic heads of King Ikhnaton and his wife Nofretete; after thirty-five centuries you greet them as familiar friends. The right sculptor might do as well by the major. A head by Despiau is realistic and luminous, a head by Donatello is realistic and vulgar; realism finally degenerates to the leer of Jack the Ripper in Mme. Tussaud's waxworks, but they all serve personal memory. If it's abstraction you want, there's no point in introducing your hero at all. Forget him before you start. The less the sculptor is bound by any specific man, the better he works. You will, of course, be guilty of spiritual embezzlement if you raise funds in your hero's name to create a beautiful abstraction to obliterate his memory. Ignorance is no defense in violating the laws of immortality.

AND this above all! If it's a man you want remembered (and the most you can hope for is oblivion slightly deferred), then preserve him from worthy causes. These are sponges and blotters. Protect him from humanitarianism and civic enterprise. Here, as in abstract sculpture, you're cheating if you use his name to raise money. If your town needs trees, playgrounds, hospitals, chairs, endowments, scholarships, libraries, it will get them. Neither taxes nor benevolence end with us. These institutions destroy rather than perpetuate memory of specific men. Denver was excited about playgrounds about the time the statue of Robert Burns was put up. The good Caledonians might have established a Burns Playground instead. We'd have got a playground we soon got anyhow, but it would not have caused me or anybody else to reread Carlyle's essay. Only the name of Burns would have lingered and most tenuously. I went through school with Francis B. Lowry and never think of Francis in connection with Denver's huge Lowry Field, for the same reason that I never think of General Denver when I say Denver. The other day in the Washington zoo I came upon a vast wire cage towering to the tree-tops. It was solemnly marked "The Beatrice Henderson Cage." In it was one lonely Red-Backed Buzzard from the Andes. Was the buzzard's name Beatrice? Was Beatrice an ornithologist? A philanthropist? A cage builder? Something in the memory business had misfired.

I was pleased to learn that the people of Charleston recently had the courageous vulgarity to put up a portrait bust of the British poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, who once lived there. When you see it you are specifically reminded of Arthur Hugh Clough, who wrote the lines Churchill quoted: "Say not the struggle naught availeth." It works. Whether the sculpture is good or bad is beside my point. The bad statue of William Jennings Bryan back of the brewery on the Potomac works. Above the Yellowstone rimrock at Billings, Montana, is a queer-looking statue of William S. Hart which reminds you of William S. Hart. Even the statue of Popeye at Crystal City, Texas, reminds

you that Popeye got his stamina from spinach. The spinach growers might have been nobler men if they'd put their money into Epstein's "Adam and Eve," but their point was not plastic organization of a fertility myth, but spinach!

Indeed, if a statue is slightly ridiculous it may defer oblivion longer than if it were aesthetically perfect, in confirmation of the wisdom of the late George M. Cohan: "I don't care what you say about me, just so you mention my name." Our bathroom library in the mountains now includes a copy of Burke's *Conciliation*. It got there after I'd read the odd inscription on the foolish statue of Edmund Burke at Massachusetts and Eleventh Street, N.W., Washington. Erected by the kind folk of Bristol at the instance of the Lord Mayor of London, this statue shows Burke giving a sort of Nazi salute (which may worry the statue of Sam Gompers across the street) and the text says: "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom." What a sentence! What a deal of circumambient hocus-pocus! Did Burke ever sink to that level or did somebody else think it up? It became one of my minor projects to find out. Burke's identity, in my case, had been continued by the statue. Suppose living memorials had been undertaken in the instances just mentioned—Arthur Hugh Clough, William S. Hart, Popeye, and Edmund Burke; suppose, instead of sculpture, that trees had been planted along Main Street. Trees remind you of trees and that's all they do remind you of. I can look at the bust of Socrates in my old eighth-grade history book with the feeling that he must have looked something like that. It adds to what I know about him. There's continuity. I'm glad that the money went to the sculptor and not to the Socratic Foundation for Eradication of Hemlock.

I SPEAK with some authority on these matters because I am a sculptor myself and have participated in international competition. We had a mayor in Denver named Robert W. Speer who gave the people more for their money than anybody else. He befriended, among others, one Vaso L. Chucovich, a benevolent real-estate operator openly identified with

large-scale gambling interests. Vaso left a hundred thousand dollars to perpetuate the memory of his equally benevolent friend the mayor. This tidy morsel scared up enough sculptors to choke a horse and plunged more than three hundred thousand citizens into the liveliest knock-down, drag-out art rumpus you ever heard of. I exaggerate only mildly when I say that motormen were quoting Jay Hambidge; milkmen, Elie Faure; that every contractor was a Frank Lloyd Wright and every lawyer a Clive Bell spouting significant form, linear rhythm, dynamic symmetry, focal organization—and the lawyers had good reason. We all learned the words. I could back away from Brancusi's "Bird" and say with the best of them: "God, how that carries!" I could say of Praxiteles: "Pretty, but after all, he doesn't read very well."

I sneaked into the attic with a batch of plaster of paris and designed a fountain of deathless beauty symbolizing the significance of water to this land of little rain and the significance of water also, if you wanted to think it through, to the late mayor, Robert W. Speer, and his benefactor, Vaso L. Chucovich. I could hardly lose, because my fountain, like the Parthenon, was based on unerring mathematical relationships derived from the square root of five; but if there were any doubt about the formula, I had a sun dial and planetarium up my sleeve. But it all degenerated into a field day for the lawyers. Everybody was calling everybody dirty names. We sculptors went home cross-lots and crying. I fared no better than Mestrovic, Zorach, Ronnebeck, Laurent, Hoyt, or Caldwell. The money went to a hospital we were about to build anyhow. Vaso Chucovich, master of living gamblers, had lost a hundred-thousand-dollar bet with posterity.

THE Washington Monument is an excellent example of how our ideas shift from a revered person to something in which his identity as a person is utterly lost. Begin with John Marshall's original resolution December 19, 1799, the day after Washington had been entombed at Mount Vernon, and end with the dedication of the Washington monument, six dreary

hours of apology and praise, February 21, 1885. The original idea was to represent his personal appearance and had started in his lifetime when, in 1783, Congress had authorized an equestrian statue. What happened over 102 years recapitulates all our behavior regarding memorials, including even rivalry over possession of the body—Mount Vernon, Richmond, and the Capitol all at odds with each other. Interwoven with these disputes was the question of how best to represent the body. Should we go back to the equestrian statue of 1783? Or how about putting horse and rider on top of a great pyramid? Or wouldn't the pyramid look better without the statue? Or even better, how about a plain obelisk; no pyramid, no horse, no man, just so we kept it Egyptian?

The Washington Monument today reminds no one of George Washington. I've asked many people directly and obliquely, on guard and off, what it does make them think of. One woman said "height"; another, "Washington, D. C."; one, a radio commentator, for some strange reason said "New York City." Another woman said "'Bloomer Girl'"; another, "a picture of the Washington Monument"; another, "rabbits"; another said "terribly eclectic"; and one said "stairs." A painter said "phallus" and an interior decorator said "phallus." A turret gunner said "Cleopatra . . . cantilever . . . sand." An architect said: "I agree with Jacques Carlu that it is the most beautiful thing in the world. It's just there, it's handsome, it's like a mountain that's always been there, it does nothing, it can't hurt anybody's feelings." But if you show your friends a silver quarter with Washington's head on it, more than a third will say something about Washington. The coin not only outlives Tiberius, but if he needs a lift helps keep him going.

Men's spiritual entities take care of themselves. Washington and Shakespeare relieve us of any effort in their behalf. It's our confusion of spiritual and physical entities that causes the rub. We mistake the person for the man. We are fascinated by the body itself, we try to cheat time by embalming and do well with Tutankh-amen, wretchedly with Charlemagne,

but better with Lenin. Sometimes we even eat the body, or parts of it, to assure continuity of its admirable qualities in ourselves and our posterity, a custom common to all primitive peoples and still lingering symbolically in our communion service. But in the case of common men, soon to be forgotten no matter how hard we try to prevent it, the best stopgap with mortality is the specific image in durable material. For your war hero it's the safest.

AM I arguing, then, for hero busts all over town? Only, I repeat, if you're interested in reminding others of who these particular boys were and what they did. But take comfort. You're not so interested. You only think you are. It's only a pretext for exercising your reverence, your love, your sense of fitness. You have good taste. You are, in a word, less devoted to honoring them than pleasing yourself. You conveniently forget your sports-page attitude toward battle. You're unaware of the quirks of your own ego by which the soldier became your vicar, how he gave you access to your own nobility, and how the sordidness of his daily routine was washed away in your own high virtues. And now that it's over, you do the right thing. In the names of specific men, or groups of men, you transfer your emotion to sculptured abstraction, architectural beauty or humanitarianism in which they are lost and you are glorified. Then soon, through this vicious alchemy of the spirit, war itself is exalted. Again we'll follow the grisly pattern of glorifying war in the name of those who were trapped by it and loathed it.

War memorials will be as beautiful as men can make them—in America, Britain, Russia, Germany, Japan—and a beautiful war memorial betrays every man who ever fought and always has. We can't out-

grow the impulses of the Greeks and Egyptians, who, after disemboweling their fellows, gave beatification to butchery by erecting in its name the most luminous structures ever created, temples to swear by and die for—emotional catalysts to make the elements of war combine all the more readily the next time. And any man will die for the temples of his fathers without thinking twice how sordid were the pretexts that summoned the temples into being. It seems to be an ineluctable pattern, blundering into war, then calling it beautiful, and no spiritual mutation is indicated by which it may ever be otherwise. Perhaps it's a physical defect. Anton J. Carlson, the distinguished physiologist-philosopher of the University of Chicago, quietly reminds us that the hypothalamus still dominates the cerebrum.

If we loved our fallen sons more than ourselves, if we would protect their children, then would we demand that war memorials in every land be foul, disgusting, stinking things recalling stupidity and pus, the chant of fevers and wistful questionings . . . *Why? Why? Why?* It is, I know, too much to ask. We love war too well and love ourselves too well. We can't break the emotional pattern of the ages because we don't even know it is a pattern. But if we can't have repulsive reminders of war, thank heaven we shall have a good many boring ones. Bad taste works a little in our favor. Equestrian statues, unfortunately, are no more: they were useful because they were foolish. But we can at least hope that in their places, here in our own country and all over the world, parks and plazas may be cluttered to overflowing with tanks, landing craft, wrecked planes, and marble-mounted bazookas—all so stubbornly anchored in concrete that they will be hard to get rid of when people begin to feel sheepish for having them around.

(Roscoe Fleming, a former Scripps-Howard reporter, has since 1936 been living in Colorado and reporting on the happenings of the surrounding region for a variety of periodicals.)

HORSERADISH AND WORLD PEACE

ROSCOE FLEMING



WHEN the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill was reported to the House in 1929, a reporter on his way to the telephone was intercepted by a Midwestern congressman, who seized his arm and asked, "Is the bill out of committee? Is there a tariff on horseradish in it?"

"Yes, it's been reported," the reporter answered, "and horseradish is protected."

The congressman shook hands with himself, like a boxer greeting his friends in the galleries, and cried:

"Wonderful! It's a good bill."

There is a portent for our times in the spectacle of that congressman, in fear of a few hundred horseradish growers in his district, voting patiently for high tariff schedules on thousands of other items—just to make sure that other congressmen would in return vote for his pet tariff on horseradish. The country is still full of producers of horseradish (or wool or manganese or sugar) and the Capitol is still filled with their congressmen. Nearly all of them—and their congressmen—are eager for a lasting peace, for a world security organization, and for international co-operation. They are also eager for a protected market for their own particular brands of horseradish. And they can't have both.

MANY people who feel that organizing a durable peace is the overriding task of our times are inclined to forget, or

to ignore contemptuously, the hundreds of Horseradish Growers' Protective Associations that wield a large share of the political power in this country. Yet these groups, each intent on building its own little storm cellar against the threat of a postwar economic hurricane, may be more important than all the diplomats in determining whether we actually get a world organized for peace.

For we cannot offer the right hand of political friendship to the world and at the same time smash it in the face with the left hand of tariffs, embargoes, import quotas, export subsidies, and all the other devices of economic isolation with which American producers of raw materials are now planning to protect themselves. Such a course would arouse more antagonism and suspicion than the political isolation into which we retreated after World War I. After all, the economic isolation expressed in the Smoot-Hawley tariff was simply a reflection of the political policy America had adopted when it repudiated the Versailles Treaty and walked away from the League of Nations. Our economic policy then was at least consistent, understandable, and nonhypocritical. After all, fair warning had been given.

But what if we speak sweet words of concord to the rest of the world—as we have already done when our delegation at the Chapultepec Conference offered on behalf

of the United States a program which included equality of access to raw materials for all nations of the Western Hemisphere, reduction of trade barriers, and elimination of economic nationalism—and then, a little later, we set up economic barriers which will make the Smoot-Hawley tariff look like a low picket fence? If we do that, how long will it be before we find similar barriers built against us in retaliation? How long before World War III?

II

IN SPITE of these obvious dangers, the likelihood of our embarking on such a course is increasing daily. America has always had a strong pressure bloc fighting for high tariffs, of course; but in the past few years it has gained new and powerful recruits from a group which traditionally had been on the other side of the fence.

Indeed, the leadership of the protectionist bloc seems to be slipping away from the industrialists who formerly led the drive for bigger and better tariffs. Today many of them have come to realize that their industries—now grown far beyond the infant stage—no longer need protection from foreign competition; on the contrary, they need the foreign markets which can come only from a general expansion of world trade. Meanwhile the producers of raw materials—the farmers, miners, fishermen, and lumbermen—are taking up the tariff fight with the zeal of new converts. In the past they generally had opposed the tariff, because they were denied its benefits; the manufacturers had argued that infant industries needed not only tariff protection but also low-cost raw materials, kept that way by importation or its threat—and they were strong enough to make the argument stick. Since the last war, however, the raw materials producers little by little have been shoving their way inside the tariff fence. And they like it so well that they are now more eager than most industrialists to build that fence higher and tighter.

In addition, throughout much of the West—where the raw materials producers are most numerous—political isolationism has gone underground in the guise of economic nationalism. Many a former

isolationist spokesman now has become an “economist.” It is a handy term. Economists (except when employed by the government) enjoy public prestige, and people are inclined to take them seriously—particularly when they throw the mantle of that prestige over what people want to hear anyway.

Producers of raw materials—farmers and miners and timbermen and fishermen—are no less patriotic than any other Americans. Service stars hang in their windows, too, and the fateful War Department telegrams come to their homes. In each instance they have staged an epic struggle, under very great handicaps, to keep the materials of war flowing. They are as determined as anyone that “it shall not happen again.” Their conventions are passing resolutions for international accord.

But, on the other hand, they genuinely fear that their sons may come home to a blighted country and to a jobless, hopeless future because our statesmen may in some way be outsmarted by “the foreigners,” who will then flood America with “foreign competition.” And they are determined this shall not happen here, either.

Also, these raw materials producers are as prone as the rest of us to seek a noble excuse for self-service; they are as ego-centric as the rest of the human race and as subconsciously inclined to consider that their interests are the most important. Above all, they are no more able than the rest of us to connect up their daily activities with the fate of the world.

The gospel of the new economic nationalism is being preached to them, and they are eagerly swallowing it. The ideology of the movement is embodied in a recent article in the *Country Gentleman*, which was reprinted by many thousands and is being sown throughout the farm and mining country. This ideology is being carried by speakers, too, some of whom are proving very popular, with thousands of reprints of their speeches being snatched up by eager hands.

AND here, in essence, is what producers are being told:

Farmers' income, whether in good times or bad, runs about one-seventh of the gross

income of the country. Since the proportion is so exact, it is clear that the farmers' income is not a mere fraction or resultant of national economic activity but is, instead, the ultimate index, and the only mainspring of national prosperity!

Therefore our national policy—according to the economic isolationists—must be, above all else, to hold farmers' income at a high level, to see that it goes up and up, to protect it by parity legislation and a "parity tariff" (whatever that may mean). How can we lose, since the prosperity of the farmer is so essential to all of us, and since for every dollar sown in his fields and nourished by the manure of protective legislation seven dollars will spring up to bless everyone in the nation?

In this view, the trouble with the Smoot-Hawley tariff—which most economists blame for hastening the Great Depression—was not that it was too high and too sweeping, but rather that it was too little and too late. The real damage had already been done because under the "low" tariff schedules of 1925-29 farm products and other producers' goods were imported into the United States. For lasting prosperity the formula is simple: throw a tariff fence around our producers of all raw materials, supplemented by other forms of protection so high, so strong, and so tight that no competing materials can enter.

Originally the appeal was directed at farmers alone, but their political strength by itself may not have been considered sufficient. Now all producers of raw materials, especially miners and lumbermen, are being led up on a high hill to view the promised land of the protectionist New Order. The formula now becomes: The income of all producers of raw materials invariably runs about one-fifth of national income; from that point go on as above. Just build up the income of all raw materials producers through "parity prices" and "parity tariffs," and surely, swiftly, and painlessly the whole national economy will be built up to whatever towering heights of prosperity we may wish, to stay fixed there forever, with no depressions and no anxieties.

According to a quotation from an exponent of the plan, speaking not to

farmers but to an important group of producers of nonferrous metals:

You are being underpaid 20 per cent. You . . . have been underpaid \$1.8 billions during the past year. Who is to blame? Haven't you asked for proper prices through your members of Congress? The farm groups were able to get parity legislation, and I would suggest that you join them, and demand parity for all raw materials. The raw material states have the votes if they will use them.

This is heady stuff. It is intoxicating to be told that your own interests are the nation's too, and that anything at all you may do to get more money is justified, because it will simply build up the whole national economy and benefit everyone. And nobody, at the moment, is offering any sobering rebuttal. Nobody has bothered to point out to the raw materials producers that their one-fifth of the national income has no more magic to it than the fraction which goes to labor, or filling station operators, or the proprietors of hot dog stands. There are of course many groups whose incomes, in good times and bad, go up and down almost exactly in proportion with the national total; if the argument of the new producer-nationalists is valid, all we need for a boundless prosperity is to raise wages higher and higher—or perhaps to keep jacking up the price of hot dogs.

III

THE raw materials producing groups never have gone along more than grudgingly with Mr. Hull's reciprocal trade agreements. Once this war is out of the way they may go along no more, nor with any other tariff policy tending to free economic intercourse among nations—if they believe it is at their expense.

Indeed, their hand may be shown earlier than that. The Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act expires this coming June, unless renewed by Congress. The growing strength of the producers' alliance may provoke at least a preliminary skirmish then. Listen to U. S. Senator Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska, who is a principal exponent of the New Economic Order in the Senate, as he spoke before the American Tariff League at New York last January 18th.

Mr. Wherry found it very sinister that Earl Browder is in favor of a huge international trade. He quoted Tom Lindner, of the Southern Commissioners of Agriculture, as saying the nation had lost \$70 billions between 1934 and 1939 because it permitted the importation of \$10 billion in agricultural products—the seven-to-one formula applied in reverse to our imports, you see. (Many of these imports were, of course, such things as bananas, coffee, palm oil, and quinine, which America *must* import or do without.)

Then Senator Wherry let go all out at the trade agreements as “administered by a crowd of bureaucrats heading up to the then Secretary of State [Mr. Hull] who have taken the Act as a mandate to change the economy of the United States through lowering the tariffs.”

After stating that 1,227 general reductions had been made through the medium of agreements with 27 countries, “constituting a more violent revision downward of our tariff rates than any that Congress has undertaken in fifty years,” he added:

“Our tariff protection is down, and we shall find ourselves at the mercy of the world, unless the Congress either scraps the whole program, or requires that the agreements be ratified by both House and Senate.”

IF YOU think such sentiments are negligible and their sponsors lack effective strength, let us recall for a moment the achievements of the silver bloc. Senators from half a dozen of the least populous states—which produce silver, though it is of prime importance to none of them—were able at the beginning of the New Deal to erect around silver mining the most formidable wall of protection enjoyed by any economic element in the United States. Of course they didn’t accomplish this all alone: they did it by coalition with the farm bloc, so that by rights the cost of the agricultural program during the past ten years should include the cost of the silver program. The nation hardly realized what had been done until it was revealed in 1942 that the powers of the silver bloc in effect included that of rigidly restricting any use of silver

for industrial war purposes. The resulting outcry disturbed the senators of the silver bloc very little; they made only small and grudging concessions. They knew that the votes of the populous East could never be cast against them in their home states, while any weakening of the protection they had thrown about the silver mine operators would be equivalent to political suicide. Since the inception of this legislation the personnel of the silver bloc has changed somewhat, but whatever their party politics and their views on other subjects the newcomers are faithful to silver. And our silver policy has coincidentally been blamed abroad for much economic dislocation, with resulting distress and anger.

It may be that the silver bloc was only the advance guard of the New Economic Order. What we are witnessing now apparently is the beginning of the organization of a raw materials bloc on a gigantic scale—perhaps even on a great enough scale to defeat in Congress any postwar economic policy that does not include complete protection, horse-high, hog-tight, and bull-strong, for the domestic producers of any raw material that may by any stretch of ingenuity, or at any cost, be supplied from domestic sources. We may see the same senators who have voted for political understanding vote coincidentally for a closed economic system which will render our political pledge meaningless and even insulting so far as the rest of the world is concerned.

IV

EVERYWHERE you look among these producers the gospel of the New Economic Order is making converts.

Take the farmers, for instance. Congress has already pledged to the producers of numerous farm products that they will receive at least 90 per cent of parity for two years after the war—and this means not for two years after the shooting war stops but for two years after peace is formally proclaimed by a joint resolution of both houses of Congress, signed by the President. The pledge may run well beyond 1950.

Now let us look at the resolutions

passed at the recent national convention of the National Grange. They endorse an "effective international organization to promote world peace," and the "development of international trade on an equitable basis." But they also demand protection for parity prices for farm products and a two-price system for crops with exportable surpluses—all the leading ones. Under such a system "the consumer would pay a price which would reflect parity, on that part of the crop consumed at home; each farmer would then be free to determine the extent to which he would produce for the world market at world prices."

You cannot make such a system work without tariff protection. Turn that plan around, go out and stare at it from beyond our own frontiers, and you will see a frowning, forbidding wall erected against the importation of any farm products into the United States while we are busy dumping our surpluses abroad to depress the markets of farmers of other lands.

THE growers of beef cattle, recently assembled in national convention at Denver, urged continuance of the "sanitary embargo against the importation of meat supplies from countries having foot-and-mouth disease," an embargo directed against Argentina; and a protective tariff to "fully protect our domestic American economy."

At Fort Worth the wool growers came out for a quota on imports. The government is now buying all domestically produced wool. Australian wool, of the best grade, now overleaps the 34-cent tariff and enters the country at a price which permits it to sell at some 15 or 16 cents per pound below the \$1.18 which the government is paying for the best grade (scoured) American. American wool growers say they aren't making a living even at \$1.18, and as an earnest of their sincerity they have reduced flocks about 15 per cent in the past two years. There's roughly a year's supply on hand, excluding the British-owned wool here (totaling nearly as much again) which is under bond not to be disposed of in this country without prior notice.

By an import quota the wool growers

mean a system which will reserve for them the entire American market, which will work down that stockpile, and which will permit the import of only a few special types of wool that cannot be produced in the United States. And the fewer the better.

LET's take a look at another large group of American producers, the miners and refiners of such nonferrous metals as manganese and copper. There is general agreement among them that the United States should stockpile strategic metals after the war. But they want to be allowed to do the stockpiling behind a protection from import competition which will enable them to work low-grade American ores; while, by contrast, the State Department wants to supplement home production with strategic metals from the outside world in order to conserve our own limited deposits of high-grade ores.

At the recent Intermountain Mining Congress in Denver, the delegates listened politely while Charles P. Taft of the State Department spoke in favor of the latter plan, and assured them that neither the United States nor the world could indefinitely support high-cost metal producers (who are now receiving premium prices for critical metals) but that all high-cost producers would be treated alike, whether foreign or domestic.

After Mr. Taft had gone, a nonferrous metals processor brought down the house when he remarked he was glad to find out from Mr. Taft's speech that "our government after the war is going to treat Americans as well as [it treats] foreigners."

And the proponents of buying abroad for the stockpile were savagely assailed as "have-notists"—victims of a supposedly fallacious theory that America's mineral supply has been so gravely exhausted by the war that it must be supplemented from abroad. Just put the price high enough, the world was assured, and there will be plenty of American metals. The price may be three or four times as high, in some cases, as that of similar ores purchased abroad.

The nonferrous metals interests are still groping for a formula, but one suggestion

put forward at Denver is probably about as far as they would be willing to go toward internationalism. This would protect domestic producers in supplying the domestic market, at prices which would return American costs and afford about a 6 per cent profit, while the government bought abroad for the stockpile at world prices. When, and only when, the American price level behind the protective wall rose above that of the stipulated formula, the government would be permitted to sell from the stockpile for domestic consumption. The cost of such a program to American industries and consumers is difficult to estimate, but it clearly would run into astronomical figures.

THE New Economic Order will have powerful support from some sections of organized labor. Workers in the mines are well organized and are now making approximately twice, in wages per hour, their prewar pay. Wages of farm workers are now some 200 per cent above their prewar level.

Here are two sections of American labor (and there are undoubtedly others) which see no gains for themselves, but only losses, in a freer-trading postwar world. Day after day they are being told, in plausible-sounding terms, of the dangers of foreign competition. They are being persuaded that their job security depends upon the maintenance—at whatever cost to the nation—of the new vested interests and abnormal price structures created by the war. Nobody has yet tried to show them the other side of the picture—to prove, in specific, easily understandable fashion, that a thriving international commerce would make more jobs than it would lose.

V

PERHAPS it might be prudent for those who earnestly want to further the cause of world peace to take their eyes for a moment away from Dumbarton Oaks and Yalta and San Francisco and the German problem, and look instead at the problem in our own back yard. They need to make their case more pointedly and persuasively than they have yet attempted to make it. They need to convince thousands of worried, doubting Americans that international security does not have to be purchased at a ruinous price. They need to demonstrate that co-operation with other nations—political and economic, as it must be—will be a paying proposition for the United States, not only in terms of lives but also in terms of hard cash.

The magniloquent generalities which the State Department has been accustomed to uttering will not do the job. The farmer, the lumberman, the miner have to be shown in precise figures that a free-flowing trade between nations will mean better markets and more jobs for them.

Most of all they need some assurance that this country will not collapse into a postwar depression; that the United States can, and will, achieve something close to full employment—and that a healthy two-way international commerce is an important step toward that goal. Unless they get such assurance, they will continue to listen eagerly to the missionaries of the New Economic Order. They will go right ahead trying to build their own private breastworks against hard times, with results quite probably disastrous to all our brave hopes—which they share—for a saner, safer world.

*{ There has been much public discussion lately
of freedom of the press and radio. Here
one of the editors of Harper's raises the
related question of freedom of the screen. }*

THE MOVIES BETTER BE GOOD!

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN



Nobody would deny that the movies have their faults—rather endearing faults to most of us, but faults nevertheless. Indeed, there has rarely been a time when one group or another of enraged, shocked, or aggrieved citizens (a Parent-Teacher Association, a congressional committee, the Legion of Decency, or the aesthetes) has not been actively engaged in exhorting or chastising Hollywood. But even the severest of these critics would probably agree that there's nothing wrong with the movies which government control can cure.

Yet government control of the movies, direct or indirect, is exactly what we're going to get if Hollywood and the moviegoers don't look sharp. It is a complex story, involving American foreign policy, international trade rivalries, and domestic politics, complicated by the customary struggles between competing film companies and between the various elements in the industry (producers versus exhibitors, employers versus the unions, and so on). The majority of movie-goers obviously have little or no interest in such matters, but the worst of it is that even among those people who are directly concerned there are few who seem to realize that all these problems are interrelated and that the solutions which are currently being offered—however attractive they may individually seem—add up to a serious threat to a free screen.

THE problem which at the moment is in the foreground is the future of American movies in foreign lands. The overseas market for Hollywood movies is still, in spite of the war, a source of considerable profits. In 1944 the gross receipts from foreign distribution of American films amounted to almost \$170,000,000, and *Variety* (weekly bible of the stage, screen, and radio—from which a number of items in this article were lifted) reported last January that, what with domestic taxes and all, the foreign market for an "A" picture represents from 70 to 80 per cent of the net profit to the producer.

Foreign rentals always were important, but the record during the war years has been amazing. Though many countries have been cut off from Hollywood by the war, film rentals from the others have increased so rapidly that the foreign revenues of most American companies are as large as ever. Rentals from England, for example, have doubled since 1940 (reaching an estimated gross of \$92,000,000 in 1944), and receipts from some other foreign countries are as much as 500 per cent above prewar levels. You can't blame Hollywood if—with mouth watering slightly—its leading distributors are already saying that foreign rentals will "in time exceed domestic grosses if the foreign markets are properly developed." The question is, of course, what they mean by "properly developed"; but we'll come back to that later.

Between Hollywood and the gold-paved precincts of this promised land there are, however, some not inconsiderable barriers. Long before World War II foreign countries began to devise ways of stemming the tide of American films, and in the years just before 1939 restrictive barriers were rapidly rising higher and higher.

Basically these barriers (high taxes, excessive import duties, quotas, censorship) were erected for economic or political-cultural reasons—that is, on the one hand, to raise revenue or to protect and subsidize native film production, or, on the other, to limit or prevent the spread of American cultural and political influences. Nathan Golden, chief of the Motion Picture Unit of the Department of Commerce, recently issued a summary of such prewar restrictions which noted, among others:

A film monopoly system (in 2 countries) which virtually excluded *all* American films.

Import restrictions and quotas (in England, notably).

Limitations on the distribution of "dubbed" films (that is, talkies in which Spanish, French, Portuguese, or other dialogue is dubbed in to replace the English spoken by the actors). Eleven countries required the dubbing to be done within their borders.

Import licenses (in addition to import duties).

Preferential tariffs, favoring films from countries other than the United States.

Refusal to reimburse import duties on films rejected by the censors.

Reduction of taxes on local theaters which showed only native films.

Legislation requiring theaters to show domestic-made newsreels and shorts (in 19 countries).

All told there were 58 countries which in one way or another were out gunning for Hollywood—10 of them in the British Commonwealth, 11 in Latin America, 26 in Europe, 6 in the Far East, and 5 in the Near East.

Some people have hopes that after the war everything will be different, that trade barriers like these will be swept away. For the time being, however, no nation seems to be making any moves in that direction. Most nations, in fact, seem to want more restrictions rather than less. In the past year Brazil has passed a new law to encourage native (and discourage foreign) films and has established a national newsreel which must be shown in all theaters; Spain has drastically lim-

ited the importation of foreign films; and Australia has renewed its old threat to impose an *ad valorem* tax on all films from the United States. No wonder Mr. Golden of the Commerce Department felt, last January, that "the prospect for the 'road ahead' in the distribution of American motion pictures abroad is not too comforting."

II

NO WONDER, either, that the Hollywood producers are ready to try almost anything which looks as if it might help them to hold, and if possible to expand, their foreign markets. Seventy per cent of the net on an "A" feature is not to be sneezed at, especially when the domestic as well as the foreign movie business is unsettled and unpredictable, as it is today.

One of the chief domestic worries (aside from a bad case of jitters over probable postwar labor troubles) is, of course, the Department of Justice action against the Big Five (Loew's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Brothers, RKO, Paramount, and Twentieth Century-Fox). Cleared of legal terminology, the aim of this action, and of the consent decree proposed by the government for its settlement, is to divorce the business of operating chains of movie theaters from the business of producing and distributing movies. If the Department has its way, there will be something of an upheaval in the entire movie industry.

Just what will happen is anybody's guess. The Big Five argue, among other things, that the huge investments they make in many of their pictures couldn't be risked unless distribution of the completed film, in suitable theaters and at suitable prices, were guaranteed in advance. The government (backed by a number of independent producers, theater operators, and distributors) contends, on the contrary, that divorcement of the theaters will encourage more production by independents, clear the way for new distribution companies, and precipitate a theater-building boom which, in turn, will provide a larger market for more pictures.

The Justice Department's move ac-

centuates the rivalry which has long existed between the Big Five companies and the so-called independents. David O. Selznick recently reminded Abel Green of *Variety* that, thirteen years ago, he "put himself on record that motion picture production must inevitably turn into the independent setups. It's coming true now." By way of explanation he added, "By independents I mean the Sam Goldwyn type, myself, and others." As Samuel Spring, legal adviser to Goldwyn, Selznick, and other film interests, put it recently, "Never before has there been such an opportunity for the independent producers. The government apparently favors them as against studio control by the majors, and the exhibitors, also, are in their corner."

In other words, competition for the domestic movie market is getting hotter at the very moment when Hollywood is faced with a battle for its rich overseas markets. The government's anti-trust proceeding, coming unexpectedly as it did last summer, inevitably seemed to the Big Five almost like betrayal. Spokesmen for Hollywood's major producers plaintively remarked that whereas every other government on earth was getting ready to foster—if not actually to subsidize—native film industries, Washington apparently wanted to kick the Big Five in the teeth.

That was in August, 1944. Then, in September, came news out of Washington which sounded good. "D.C. AID TO FILM BIZ ABROAD," shouted the headline in *Variety* for September 6, 1944. The State Department, it was reported, was acutely aware of the growth of native film industries in foreign countries and was "studying all developments" which would hinder distribution of American films abroad. Furthermore, recognizing the importance of the movies in both diplomacy and trade, the Department was taking definite steps, in co-operation with the Treasury and other government agencies, "to protect, solidify, and possibly extend" the overseas operations of American film companies.

What could be finer than this? In spite of the industry's fears, Washington had a heart of gold and wasn't going to sit by and watch Hollywood's \$170,000,000 overseas income be cut off without lifting a hand to help.

Washington, it is now clear, was delighted to help. You might even say that the more help the movies needed the happier Washington would be. And the reasons are broadly suggested in the following paragraph in *Variety's* State Department story.

The war has brought home to our government the full value of the motion picture as perhaps the most powerful of all communications media in domestic affairs. In international affairs, since motion pictures more than American radio or newspapers can penetrate and remain in circulation in foreign countries, the motion picture has become easily the most valuable of communications media.

The precise nature of the government's interest in the movies is revealed in a statement made last August by Francis Colt de Wolf, chief of the State Department's Telecommunications Division (quoted by Herman A. Lowe in his article, "Washington Discovers Hollywood," in the *American Mercury* for April, 1945):

The right kind of film can present a picture of this nation, its culture, its institutions, its method of dealing with social problems and its people, which may be invaluable from the political, cultural and commercial point of view. On the other hand, the wrong kind of picture may have the opposite effect. Finally—and this is an important consideration—American motion pictures act as salesmen for American products, salesmen that are readily welcomed by the public.

For all these reasons, the Department of State and its representatives in foreign countries desire to co-operate fully in the protection of American motion pictures abroad, especially in the difficult postwar era. *In return* [italics mine, J.A.K.], the Department confidently expects that the industry will co-operate with our Government with a view to insuring that the pictures distributed abroad will reflect credit on the good name and reputation of this country and its institutions.

III

ALTHOUGH Mr. de Wolf's statement was not published until last month, and no other equally forthright exposition of the government's interest in the propaganda value of the movies was in the meantime issued for the record, there were some people in the industry who were nevertheless uneasy about the situation.

Arthur Mayer of the movies' War Activities Committee, for instance, speaking at a dinner in his honor in October, prior to

his departure for Hawaii as deputy Red Cross commissioner, reminded the film industry that some fifty government agencies were now making motion pictures, and warned that "no government, Democratic or Republican, New Deal or Old, having once tasted the sweets of nationwide showing of its pictures will willingly relinquish this marvelous opportunity for propaganda and self-justification." And Lester Cowan, the independent producer, two months ago refused to go along with a suggestion made by Robert Riskin of the OWI (with the "unofficial" blessing of the State Department) for a postwar film agency, subsidized by the movie industry and by philanthropic organizations and various government agencies whose work was to be pictured, to make films about "favorable" phases of American life for overseas distribution. "The war has taught us a few things," Mr. Cowan warned, "about dictatorship and the elements indispensable to its growth. A dictator can hardly grow unless his government can make the press and the motion pictures the servants of his political interests."

Other, but usually anonymous, warnings have been sounded. It has been pointed out that the film industry has received \$50,000,000 of government money from the OWI for "carefully selected" films to be distributed in liberated countries, and that it would be unfortunate if a taste for government money, acquired in wartime, became habit-forming. Similarly, Walt Disney and others made a number of movies at the request of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs under a plan (discontinued a year ago) where CIAA guaranteed the producer against loss, and risk-free enterprises of that kind will always have attractions to companies whose profits from other sources are in jeopardy—especially when they are offered as opportunities for patriotic service.

Early in the war, when raw film rationing first became necessary, government officials suggested that the number of pictures to be made, and the length of each, be fixed by government ruling, and that the story material for every movie be submitted for government approval before

production began. Neither of these suggested regulations for raw film allocation was adopted in such strait-jacket form, but somewhat the same ends were achieved by other means. During the war, no movie can be sent abroad unless it is approved by the Office of Censorship or the OWI. While censorship is confined to matters of security, OWI is able to prevent distribution (in liberated areas) of pictures which it feels might injure American prestige or offend our Allies. (OWI, for instance, refused to approve Lester Cowan's "Tomorrow the World" unless important changes were made. The reason given was that it would be bad for Europeans to see an American family portrayed as incapable of handling a single Nazi-indoctrinated boy.) Faced with the possibility that foreign distribution of their pictures might be curtailed unless expensive changes were made, most producers "found it more expedient" (to use *Variety's* phrase) to consult the government before going into production if they had any doubts about a story.

In wartime it is, of course, absolutely necessary for the government to control the supplies of raw film. The Army and Navy, the OWI, the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, and other agencies need tremendous quantities of film for combat pictures, training films, propaganda reels, and other uses, and it is no credit to the film industry that up to last September, when WPB tightened the regulations, its members had used 150,000,000 feet more film than they were authorized to use under their quotas. Similarly, the government in wartime *must* prevent the export of movies (or magazines or any other communications media) which might, in the best (though admittedly fallible) judgment of those in authority, directly or indirectly hamper the military or diplomatic services in winning the war.

There is no valid basis for objecting to any of these wartime restrictions *if their purposes are clearly defined and the term of their application is strictly limited to the duration of the war*. But when their scope is not rigidly defined and when there is evidence, as there now is, of a desire among some people in authority to perpetuate government influence or control over the subject



matter of the movies, it is high time for the industry and the public to look into the matter. It is disturbing, for instance, that no questions were asked when a report was published recently to the effect that the Paramount studio in Astoria, Long Island—now one of the best equipped in the country—cannot be counted on for commercial use after the war because the Army, which now uses it, will probably keep it “through the reconversion era and possibly permanently.” There may well be good reasons why the Army should run a movie studio in peacetime, if such is its intention, but the reasons should be stated and Congress should be cautious in deciding whether or not to appropriate money for this purpose.

IV

THERE are peculiar dangers in the present setup, and they have not been adequately assessed. We have tended to assume that if the government were making any moves to extend its control of a private business, there would be instantaneous yelps from the industry. Hollywood, after all, has some good friends in Congress, and Congress hollers good and loud when the Associated Press, for instance, tells it that freedom of the press is endangered. As long, therefore, as we heard nothing more than the usual amount of griping against wartime restrictions, we took it for granted that all was well.

After all, there is nothing surprising about the fact that the State Department, the OWI, the CIAA, and other government agencies use moving pictures in carrying on their work. They would be inexcusably negligent if they did not. No one but a captious critic would quarrel with the statement, made by Elmer Davis of the OWI in an address last November, that the biggest job ahead for the movies is to help, by disseminating information, in preparing the United States and the world to meet the problems ahead of us, telling people what kind of world now has to be patched up and how to make the patched-up world hold together. At all events, no one yet has objected to the fact that this year Hollywood will produce seven films at the request of and in col-

laboration with various government agencies, to be distributed in this country under supervision of the industry's War Activities Committee. There will probably be few who object to pictures like “When He Comes Home,” which David Selznick will produce, advising the public how to treat the returning soldier; or “Something You Didn't Eat,” on nutrition, which Walt Disney is completing. Nobody but the economic isolationist is likely to object to the film which Edward Eliscu, with Professor James T. Shotwell as consultant, is writing to explain “the dependence of all countries on one another's goods and manpower.” Yet the charge is certain to be made, whether justified or not, that that film and one written by Allen Rivkin, “based on President Roosevelt's objective of 60,000,000 jobs,” were undertaken in the Administration's—rather than the nation's—interest.

Even so, there has been little to arouse public concern over the government's interest in the movies. Far from complaining about it, some of the leading figures in the industry have publicly welcomed it. Darryl Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox, whose experience with the Department of Justice in its anti-trust action against the Big Five presumably would not endear the present administration to him, is now at work on a picture which, he says, “deals with an escaped German prisoner, has some delicate implications, and will be filmed with State Department co-operation.” His attitude toward government-Hollywood co-operation was stated in a speech he delivered at the Nobel Prize Awards dinner last December. Having pointed out that, as a result of seeing Hollywood films, the people of foreign lands had come to appreciate the American way of life and the democratic system which produced it, he said:

I therefore ask for a free screen throughout the world, a competitive screen. We will do our part. Protection—yes. We need the active aid of our State Department, as does every export industry. Guidance—yes. We need that, too, so that we do not offend nationals anywhere. But censorship in any form or governmental interference will cripple our efforts to aid in this great task.

Samuel Goldwyn, the independent producer, went even further. In an exclusive

interview with *Variety* shortly after he conferred with State Department officials in Washington and just before he left for London on a government mission connected with Reverse Lend-Lease, Goldwyn asserted that from now on "one of the most important functions of the motion picture industry will be to present the United States in a proper light to the other nations of the world." Gangster pictures and such were "the worst kind of propaganda ever released," he said, and he emphasized that the government would "look to motion pictures as a powerful instrument in the promotion of international relations. We've got to show the rest of the world what America is really like," he declared, and this means that there is no room for "a distorted viewpoint" which emphasizes "narrow, unsavory segments of our national life."

These views, of course, are in perfect harmony with those expressed last summer by Mr. de Wolf of the Telecommunications Division. They fit in equally well with those of Archibald MacLeish, the new assistant secretary of state in charge of "public and cultural relations." Mr. MacLeish—who (among other things) is assigned to the job of "initiation and development of the Department's programs of overseas information services, by means of films, radio broadcasts, and publications"—made an eloquent statement to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee when his nomination was submitted last year in which he stated his belief that the basic right upon which freedom rests is "the right of the people to read and to hear and therefore to think as they please." But there is no reason to suppose that he would not agree with Mr. Goldwyn that it would be better if our films did not reflect "a distorted viewpoint." It was just five years ago that he denounced his fellow authors of the post-last-war generation for writing books which were "disastrous as education for a generation which would be obliged to face the threat of fascism in its adult years."

The nub of the problem, really, is contained in Mr. Zanuck's frank statement that Hollywood needs "the active aid of our State Department." Mr. Zanuck, indeed, said a mouthful, as anyone knows

who has kept track of what has happened to American movies in France, for example, since that country was liberated. The French government, at the moment this article goes to press, has placed all aspects of motion picture production and distribution in the hands of ardent nationalists who are supported in their desire to restrict foreign films by various local film industry leaders who would like to be shet of Hollywood competition. Further, it has tied up an estimated \$10,000,000 of American film money in France and North Africa, and has refused to grant visas to representatives of American film companies, though granting them to agents of British firms.

Similarly, Great Britain has dreams of expanding its native film industry and reducing the percentage of screen time devoted to American films in British theaters. Captain Waterhouse, parliamentary secretary of the Board of Trade, told the Commons at the end of last year that American films were being imported "on such a scale that they must be a matter of concern," and the quota of screen time in British theaters which must be devoted to British pictures is to be increased next year. Meanwhile, the Cinematograph Film Council—a British government agency—has urged the Board of Trade to initiate talks with the United States government for the purpose of determining how the American film industry might "voluntarily" increase the number of British movies shown over here, and J. Arthur Rank, the most active producer-distributor in England, is busily at work on pictures aimed at American and world markets.

Confronted with all these complex international problems, Hollywood is in a tough spot. Its producers know that the quotas and tariff barriers which are rising on foreign shores threaten to "include them out" of their most profitable movie market, and it looks as if government intervention is the only medicine for those ills.

Our film industry will certainly need help from the State Department's commercial attachés in competing for postwar overseas trade. *But the industry—and the public—should be wary if any form of government control or supervision of the content of films is expected "in return" for such help.*

The movies are unique among communications media. When the government in wartime bars an issue of an American magazine for export (as it occasionally does) the publisher's financial loss is seldom serious. No magazine in this country need be edited with one eye on the censor's office. But the lion's share of a movie producer's profit comes from overseas distribution of films. By a peculiar twist, therefore, any form of direct or indirect censorship or control over films going to other countries in effect gives the government similar control over the content of domestic films. If present controls had been in force when "The Grapes of Wrath" was being considered for the movies, and if the story had seemed to the authorities unsuitable for foreign distribution, it would not have been made for the home market. It would be too expensive for Hollywood to make two different versions, one (uncensored) for release here and another (showing only "favorable" aspects of our life) for the rest of the world.

Furthermore, the movies are not a mere commodity. They are, as the government is well aware, a powerful instrument for molding public opinion at home and abroad. But it must be emphasized—and never forgotten—that what Wendell Willkie called the "gigantic reservoir of good will" toward the United States among the peoples of the world was in large measure the creation of Hollywood's movies, of movies which—in spite of their gangsters and incredibly swank offices and voluptuous females in satin-quilted boudoirs—have been among the most appealing representatives of our civilization because of the very fact that they were so blatantly uninterested in putting our best foot forward. They were movies made to please American movie fans, and it turned out that everybody else liked them too—liked them so well, in fact, that neither Mussolini nor Hitler could afford to permit his people to see them.

It is worth remembering, too, that when—as sometimes happens—official propaganda makes a misstep it kicks back harder on the nation's good name than any conceivable blunder which a commercial

film company might commit. In 1942, for example, Walt Disney made a film for the Donovan committee and the Department of Agriculture propagandizing Secretary Wickard's slogan that "Food will win the war." The picture was intended for distribution through the underground in occupied countries and elsewhere, and its prime purpose, according to an enthusiastic article in *Fortune* at the time, was "to sway and hearten hungry U. S. allies in the United Nations."

The film consisted largely of animated pictorial statistics on American food production: wheat flour snowing under the entire German panzer army, milk pouring over Niagara Falls, a fleet of aircraft carriers bearing ham.

When our armies finally liberated the peoples to whom that movie had been shown, unforeseen difficulties prevented the distribution of any such quantities of food. In many places people got less to eat after liberation than during German occupation, and it would be surprising if that official government film did not result in more resentment toward, and misunderstanding of, the United States than all the gangster pictures ever made.

In other words, it is by no means certain that government influence over the films would serve the nation's best interest, however mild and benevolent the official attitude. But it is certain that many of those in government are vitally interested in continuing, in peacetime, the controls which have been set up during the war.

Meanwhile Hollywood, wrestling with serious business and labor problems here at home, is faced with the curtailment of its greatest source of profits, and desperately needs government assistance in overcoming foreign barriers to its films. The moral for Hollywood, I fear, must be stated thus:

You better mind your manners, an' your teachers
fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the
orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all
about,
Er the Guvve-ment 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

{ *A leading civilian student of naval warfare, Mr. Pratt* }
{ *pieces together in Harper's the stories of our great battles* }
{ *as soon as censorship permits. He now begins a new series.* }

THE BIG PACIFIC PUSH

I. THE TURKEY-SHOOT OF SAIPAN

FLETCHER PRATT



IT HELPS comprehension of naval battles to regard them as belonging to three general types. In one both parties approach the contact willingly; confident, even when their forces are inferior, that they have some tactical or technical means of bringing off a victory. Examples: Midway, Jutland. In the second type, one of the fleets has been caught in a situation from which there is no outlet but battle; forced to fight, not for the attainment of some strategic mission, but for its life. Examples: Santiago, Tsushima. Somewhere in between lies the battle in which one side is trying to do something by means of ships but without fighting a naval battle, and in which the tactics revolve around the raider's efforts to get away, like Dogger Bank in the last war.

After the great three-day fight off Guadalcanal in November, 1942, the contest of mutual confidence was no longer for the Japanese. They made violent air and destroyer attacks all through the remainder of the campaign for the Solomons, culminating in the cruiser battle of Empress Augusta Bay, a year after the night Admiral Lee ran up the Slot. But there was no more fire in their bellies. They struck at airfields, supply dumps, convoys when they thought they could find them unprotected. They were constantly trying to avoid battle and to break it off when

it was forced upon them, and they did not risk their major units even for raiding purposes. After the battle of Santa Cruz in October, 1942, their carriers were no more seen save by prowling submarines. After Guadalcanal in November, there was no more of their battleships, and this endured for a year and a half.

It was not altogether unexpected. The details of prewar anticipations differed among themselves and from the actual working out of the movements of conflict, but through all ran the major line so clearly expressed in that best of all imaginary histories, Hector Bywater's *Great Pacific War*. The United States would have to work through the maze of Japanese islands below the Equator, during which process the Japanese, inferior on the battle line, would wage a campaign of attrition. When the island screen had been penetrated there would be a campaign for Guam in the Marianas, and since the lodgment of an American fleet there would threaten Japan with blockade, the enemy would come out and strike with all his strength in a tremendous sea battle which would decide every real military issue of the war. The Japs would approach that battle with confidence, for they could choose their own hour and would have had the opportunity to prepare something in the line of tactical or technical surprise.

It is easy to see where the actual event differed from the predictions. The Japs had more south Pacific islands than any anticipation called for and they used them primarily as air bases, which no one had anticipated. Their temporary superiority on the battle line as the result of Pearl Harbor and the self-confidence that brought them too late to Midway to take advantage of that superiority were unforeseen; and so was the possibility that seaborne airpower would enable us to bypass such enormous bases as Truk and Rabaul. But by the spring of 1944 the war was well along the main highroad of predicted strategy. The American fleet had twice hit Truk with great force; it was no longer a factor. With the capture of the Green and Admiralty islands and the landing at Cape Gloucester, Rabaul was out of the picture. At Kwajalein and Eniwetok we had gained intermediate bases that made possible the solution of the supply problem during the great swing forward toward Guam, key island of the war; and the moment envisioned by Bywater and many another had come.

GUAM is not an isolated island but a member of a group, the Marianas, rocky and volcanic, nearly five hundred miles long. The northern islands are mostly uninhabited and are all unimportant. Everything that matters is concentrated on Guam, Rota, Tinian, and Saipan (with the exception of one small staging airstrip on Pagan). These are at the southern end of the chain, heavily populated by a cheerful people of singularly mixed origin and dietary habits, the Chamorros. It rains among these islands practically every day; the temperature is seldom below eighty; and since Magellan came there in 1521 they have normally been under the domination of an exterior military power which wanted them for reasons of strategy. The Japs took the Chamorro girls for their Yoshiwara houses and set the men to growing sugar and working on fortifications under a ferocious *corvée* in order to preserve the Asiatic Co-Prosperity Sphere against the encroachments of the white races.

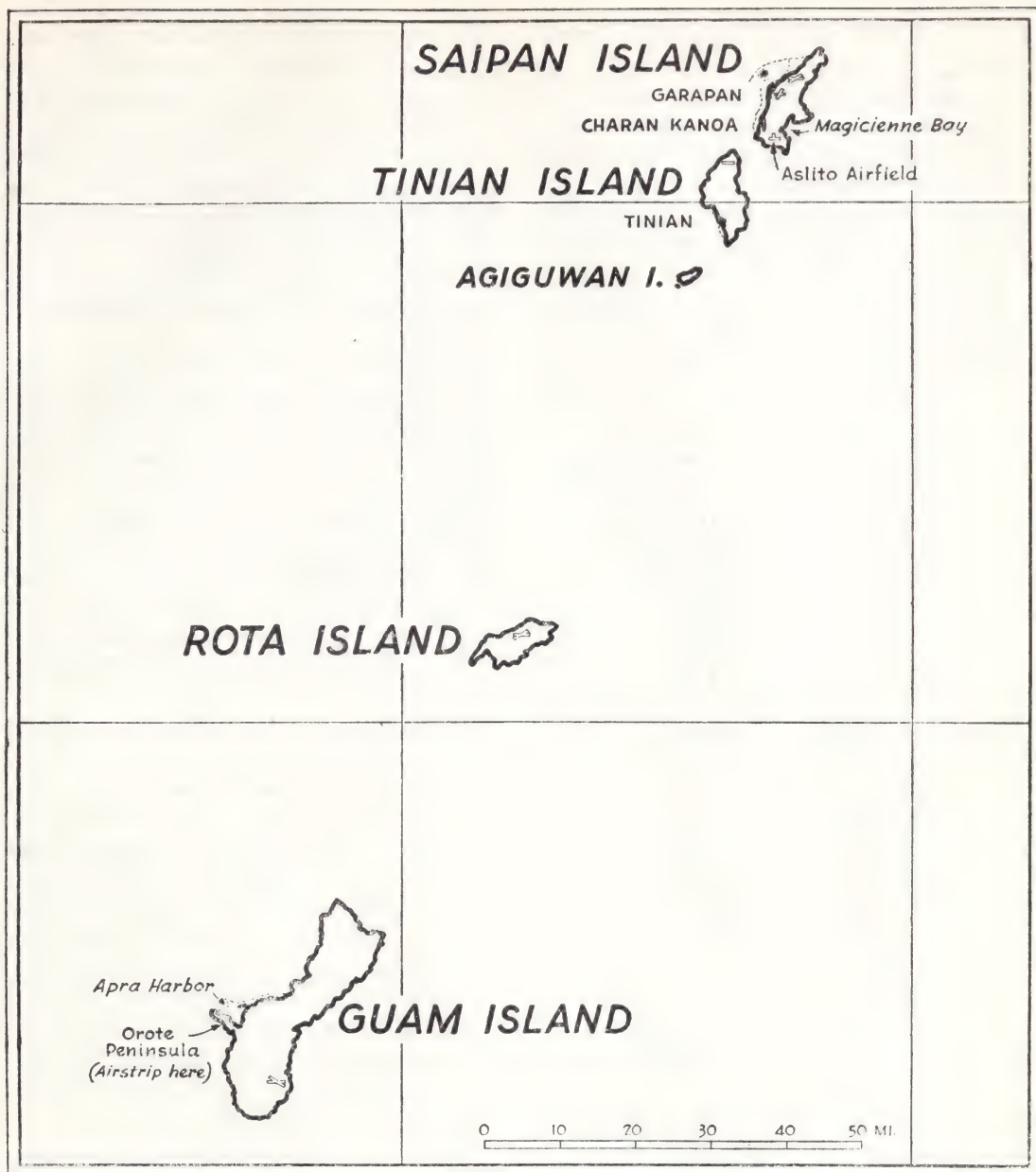
Of all the islands Saipan is the best provided with the requisites of a place of

arms—an excellent natural harbor on the western side, near the local metropolis of Garapan; and a good and wide anchorage inside the southeastern tip, called Magicienne Bay after a wandering British frigate. The island is one of cliffs and caves. When the Japs got the place from the spoils of Germany in 1919 they set up artillery among the natural features in places where it could not be got at by bombs. Later they built a good airfield at Aslito in the south, and also smaller strips at Garapan and toward the northern tip.

The most practical beaches were on the eastern side where Magicienne Bay gives shelter that is often necessary in this region, which is the mother of Pacific storms as Greenland of those in the Atlantic. There were underwater obstructions offshore at all these beaches and presumably mines. When our fleet, sweeping north past Truk on February 22, 1944, gave the place a good going-over by means of carrier planes, they found the AA fire was hearty and fairly accurate, indicating that the garrison was composed of good troops in considerable numbers.

Tinian lies south of Saipan, so near that medium artillery can fire across the strait. It is more rugged and rocky than its neighbor. There was a small airfield and a smallish harbor where search planes in the February air strike found assorted sampans, and here also there was plenty of AA artillery. South of Tinian again, and visible from it, is the small island of Agiguwan with no military installations but with a radio station. Some sixty miles farther on is Rota, flattest of the Marianas, where the Japs had a considerable air station with dispersal areas in outlying fields.

Guam is the largest of the Marianas, rough and rugged like the others, but with a central flat plateau. It has the best harbor of all, at Port Apra, for situation and room, but full of the coral heads which Congress had refused an appropriation for dredging before the war. There was room on the island for military operations of some extent; and there was a big airfield on Orote Point, which juts out from the western flank of the island to cover the harbor at Port Apra.



II

IN SPITE of the familiarity of many American officers with the ground on Guam, Admiral Nimitz picked Saipan as the point of attack when the matter came up in staff conference. There would be trouble enough with Jap planes anyway, staged down the Bonins from the homeland; if we hit Saipan first these planes could be forced to fight at the end of their maximum run, whereas if Guam were the target they might slip into fields on the other islands and so be in position to attack.

The place was thoroughly surveyed by photo planes during the February strike and again later. From the pictures the interpreters estimated that the Japs could not have many more than twenty-five thousand troops on the island, even allowing for their usual crowding and concealments. But as these were fanatics who would fight till their ears fell off, it was necessary to provide the attack with numbers as well as the fire superiority they would get from sea and air. Therefore three divisions were placed under command of General Holland Smith—"Howling Mad Smith"; two of them were Marines (the

2d and 4th) and the third was the 27th Division of the Army, a National Guard outfit which had performed creditably in the amphibious operation at Makin.

The tactical problem of getting them ashore with minimum losses differed in degree but not in kind from that which had been so brilliantly solved at Kwajalein and Eniwetok. To the crushing artillery cover that had been given in those attacks could be added support from a new type of weapon—the rocket, here employed on a large scale for the first time. That ought to take care of the Japs ashore.

But to consider the shore problem only was oversimplification. The Japs had been saving up the major units of their surface fleet and all their naval air service during eighteen months in which none of them had seen action. Eighteen months—in that time they would have replaced plane, carrier, and pilot losses; their fliers could be expected to be the same type we had met at Midway, as good as ours. They could choose their own moment for attack during the operations, and no admiral asks a more favorable opportunity to strike a blow than when his opponent is encumbered by a fleet of slow transports, which exert upon tactics the effect of an iron band, constricting them within a narrow circle.

This is to say that the enemy was expected to approach that decisive battle with confidence and a new bag of tricks.

TO MEET them Nimitz chose Raymond Spruance, "the thinking machine" who had won Midway, his most trusted officer for those immense combinations that involve fleets and oceans, a leader capable of abnegating even his chances for the long-desired sea victory if the process would gain him the essential objective of Saipan. For Spruance was organized a new Fifth Fleet. The new fast battleships were under Rear Admiral Willis Augustus Lee, who had led the charge up the Slot the night the Jap battleships went down; they would have to bear the brunt of any gunfighting that was done. A bombardment group was organized from the old battleships—*Maryland*, *Tennessee*, *California*—the fat boys, built out with

bulges as protection against the excellent Jap torpedoes till they looked pregnant. These furnished punch; a handful of cruisers were added to give rapidity of fire; and the command of the whole was given to Rear Admiral Jesse Oldendorf, careful and precise, who had had the anti-submarine command at Trinidad when the going was tough. The transports and their guard of more old battleships were under Vice Admiral R. K. Turner, the amphibious expert.

The fleet that would have to carry the shock of any Japanese counteraction was Task Force 58, the carrier force, commanded by Vice Admiral Mark A. Mitscher, small and wizened, active as a monkey, Voltairean in face and speech, always wearing a baseball cap with a long peak. He had flown the NC-1 in the first attempt to cross the Atlantic and had commanded the *Hornet* when she carried Doolittle and his bombers on their way to Tokyo.

His force was New Navy; of that whole carrier group only one ship had been in the water when the war broke out and that one was *Enterprise*, which had been in everything. At Midway Spruance had had the tactical inspiration of keeping his carriers widely separated and thus only one of them suffered injury, while the Japs bunched theirs and lost them all. Mitscher's organization was a logical extrapolation from this; his carriers were divided into groups, each under a separate admiral, with each group about evenly divided* among the big new cruisers of the *Essex* type and those light carriers built on cruiser hulls and loaded largely with fighter squadrons. To each group were attached the anti-aircraft cruisers which have become such a nightmare to the Japanese bomber squadrons, other cruisers for surface work, and destroyers for everything. For tactical purposes Lee's battleships were added to the whole force.

Behind Mitscher came the escort carrier groups of Rear Admirals Ragsdale and Connolly, an aero-naval innovation. Up to this time in the Pacific it had been possible to support each forward step from some air base on land. But the Marianas

*As listed in Jensen's *Carrier War*, which shows an ideal rather than an actual organization.

were right out in the blue, beyond the range of anything we had except the long-legged search planes. This time the air support would all have to come from carrier decks and there would have to be a lot of it, for Saipan was no coral island that could be shot over by the guns of a destroyer. But the Jap fleet was expected to show up and put in a demand for every carrier plane we could get in the air; and it would be sure to come just at the moment when some crisis in the land operations had developed and support there was most needed. There were available a number of those escort carriers on merchant hulls, which the Kaiser yards had been emitting as rapidly as a drunk emits burps; and since the Jap attempts to use their submarines had been so flat a failure, these ships were not needed for their designed purpose. They had been employed in carrying planes forward during the drive for the central Pacific; now they were given composite fighter-bomber squadrons and sent out to lie just beyond gun range from the shore, furnishing air support for the land operations. Some of the fighters mounted rockets (for the first time) which were regarded with suspicion by the pilots.

It was the largest fleet in history on any basis of comparison. Late-comers had trouble finding anchorage space in the lagoon where it assembled, a place larger than Manhattan Island.

III

IF WE can land on Saipan," said one of the admirals to a press conference at Pearl Harbor, "we can land anywhere there are Japanese." The whole operation had to be one of the most exquisite co-ordination, reaching all the way from Washington to Chungking. In early June they were ready to try it and the fleet steamed west, Task Force 58 well in the lead with its planes out beyond the horizon.

Far in the north a cruiser squadron was pushing through the fogs, bound for Paramoshiru; behind it, Army bombers were being readied on the strips at Adak and Kiska to attack in co-ordination. Far in the south the bombers of the MacArthur

command were waiting for the word to strike at Yap, Palau, and even Mindanao. The Seventh Army Air Force among the islands was going for Truk, Ponape, and Nauru. Far in the west, in China, coolies were carrying tins of gasoline to load the B-29's which would bring true the old Japanese nightmare of being bombed in their own homes.

Mitscher's operational plan was to give all the airfields in the Marianas a close fighter sweep at dawn on June 12th, to knock down whatever Jap planes were airborne and to beat up those on the ground, thus eliminating the local air defense. The dive bombers would follow later in the day, going for defense installations but letting the big airfield at Aslito severely alone, for the landing operations were aimed at winning it for our own use at the earliest possible moment. Lee with his fast battleships would follow Mitscher in the afternoon, combing over the barracks areas as he had at Nauru, then swinging out into the offing to join Mitscher.

From the air strikes all around the circle of their empire, the Japs would be sure something was in the wind; it was our usual way of announcing a major move. All of these air attacks except the one on the Marianas were timed for late on the 10th or early on the 11th. What with the bombing of the Japanese homeland, it was hoped that some confusion in the Oriental mind might result, until the news of the fighter sweep followed by dive bomber and battleship attack on Saipan came in. At this point the Japs could deduce where the real attack was being made. But they would hardly be able to rally planes from the islands of the empire. They might send out their fleet and Spruance hoped they would, for by the time it could arrive Mitscher would long since have turned over the job of supporting the Marines to Oldendorf, Ragsdale, and Connolly. In the meanwhile the first Jap reaction would certainly be to send numbers of planes from Japan itself, staging down the chain of the Bonins.

Therefore when Turner and company arrived off Saipan and some of Mitscher's force could be spared, two of the latter's

task groups were to remain with the fast battleships, while the groups of Admirals Harrill and Clark, with *Essex*, *Hornet*, *Yorktown*, and four of the light carriers, ran north at their best speed and hit the airfields in the Jimas some time during the morning of the 16th. This would be just about right to catch the Japanese reserves of planes coming down from Japan and to catch most of them on the ground; for the Jap planes would want to make the long hop from Iwo to Saipan during the day, so as to arrive at dusk.

Admiral Clark was to have charge of this force, his first independent command—"Jocko" Clark, a big light-haired man with the full lips, jowled cheeks, and high nose-bridge of an Indian (and in fact he had a strong infusion of Cherokee blood, so that he was always caricatured in the fleet as a bonneted brave and often saluted with war whoops). His energy was uproarious, undampened by the fact that digestive troubles forced him to live on tenderized chicken, creamed vegetables, and milk; he had been known to shout instructions across nearly half a mile of water to another carrier and to make them heard. Halsey-type temperament.

THIS was the plan and these the men. But war never goes exactly to plan; its effects are those of mutually antagonistic plans encountering each other. Before dawn on June 10th the Liberators hit every island in the Truk atoll. Ponape and Palau were also struck during the day and fast Mitchell light bombers gave Ocean Island and Nauru a thorough going-over. Marine fighter bombers went after the outposts still held by the Japs in the Marshalls. The cruisers at Paramoshiru were on time. All this was according to schedule. But the B-29s were delayed; and more important still, in spite of the heavy combat patrols Mitscher had up, a couple of Jap snoopers got through and sighted his ships a full day early.

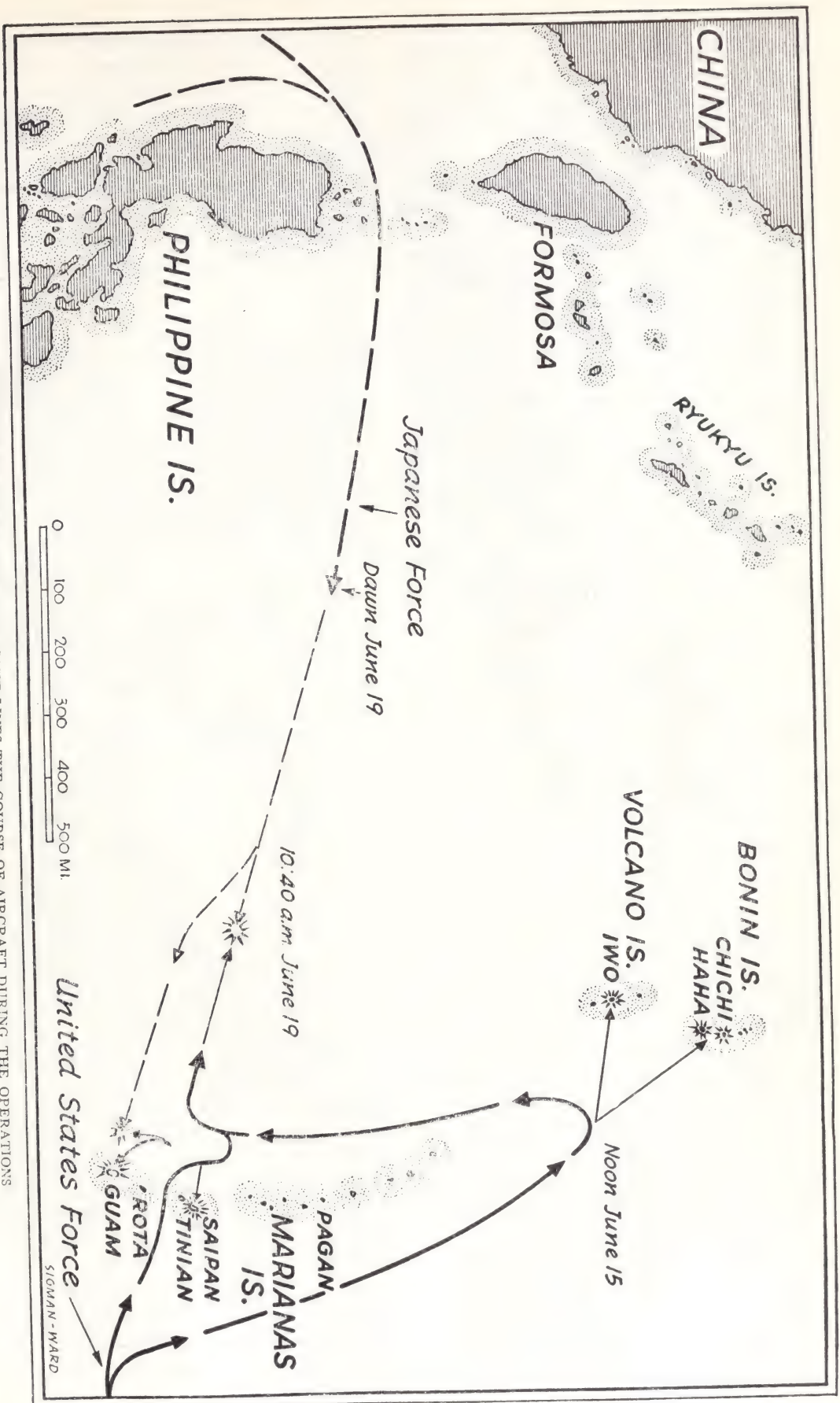
The Tokyo radio was pleased with the news. That night it declared: "It has been announced here that the Japanese navy in the near future will win a great naval victory in the central Pacific. We are all waiting for the news." Apparently they too had a plan.

IV

THE fact that Mitscher's ships had been discovered too soon knocked on the head any chance of getting a complete tactical surprise at Saipan. But Mitscher felt after a staff conference that he could still gain enough surprise to make it worth while speeding up and arriving a whole day early. He was all fast ships, but weather built up ahead so that it was afternoon of the 11th, Sunday, when his planes flew off for the first attack that had originally been scheduled for the morning of the 12th. There were "some two hundred" Grumman Hellcats. They hit all four of the southern Marianas at once—a pure fighter sweep.

As expected, the Japs were on the alert, but they apparently had not counted on our fighters coming so strong or quite so soon. Their air groups were well scattered, teamed badly, and broke up under the more precise attack of the American fighters, which came in tight knots, one after another like the units of a well-directed cavalry charge. Fighting Two, already one of our hottest squadrons in the Pacific, was high gun with 24 certified kills, but one brand-new unit in combat for the first time did almost as well. Search planes from the *Essex* spotted a Jap convoy just outside Saipan harbor (it had apparently delayed long enough to unload even after our ships were sighted the previous night) and the dive bombers were sent after them during the evening. They hit everything there was and 11 of the convoy went down—a big oiler, 5 assorted cargo carriers, 3 corvettes, and a destroyer. When the ACI officers had finished their questions and totted up the reports, we had the loss of 11 fighters to regret (three of the pilots were picked up); but the convoy had been knocked off and 123 Jap planes had been downed. They could not have many more left in the Marianas.

SKETCH maps made at the time show Mitscher's force with the battleships penetrating the wide gap between Tinian and Rota to run up the west side of the islands for its dawn attack of the 12th, while the Clark detachment ran along the



eastern flank of the chain. This seems a logical disposition of the forces from which the islands were hit that next morning, with the dive bombers and torpedo carriers now attacking under cover of the fighters.

During the night of the 11th-12th there had been an air alert and a few Jap planes had come around dropping flares, but only out of curiosity, for they made no attempt to attack; and in the morning only 16 came up to challenge ours. They were rapidly dispatched and the bombers went ahead with their business, which was a ground strike aimed at the fixed artillery positions of Saipan. The fliers reported that heavy and pretty accurate flak came up at them, and located the batteries for the task battleships to shell during the afternoon. One of the torpedo pilots, Bill Martin, did more than that. His was one of four planes shot down; he parachuted to a reef off the sugar-mill town of Charan Kanoa, and when a rescue plane found him he had buoyed the whole reef with cloth on bits of stick—a set of impromptu navigational markings that was extremely useful later.

That day a small tanker and a couple of cargo ships which had not been able to get out of Saipan harbor were sunk there; and our search planes, looking for the remains of the convoy that had been hit the day before, missed it but picked up instead another 6-ship convoy far out to the northwest. It had apparently been bound for Saipan but had turned back at the news that the American carriers were loose again and was running for home. The dive bombers all had things to do, but 20 fighters from *Yorktown* and *Hornet* went out—a seven-hundred-mile round trip—and managed to set two destroyers afire with one of the ships they were protecting.

The notable fact is that these proceedings had been intended for the 13th, but owing to the speedup that had now become an extra day, the time was employed by the bombers in going after targets that had revealed themselves and making sure of those which they had attacked before. Toward evening Oldendorf arrived in the offing with the battleships and cruisers of his bombardment group, and planes from the escort carriers began to appear.

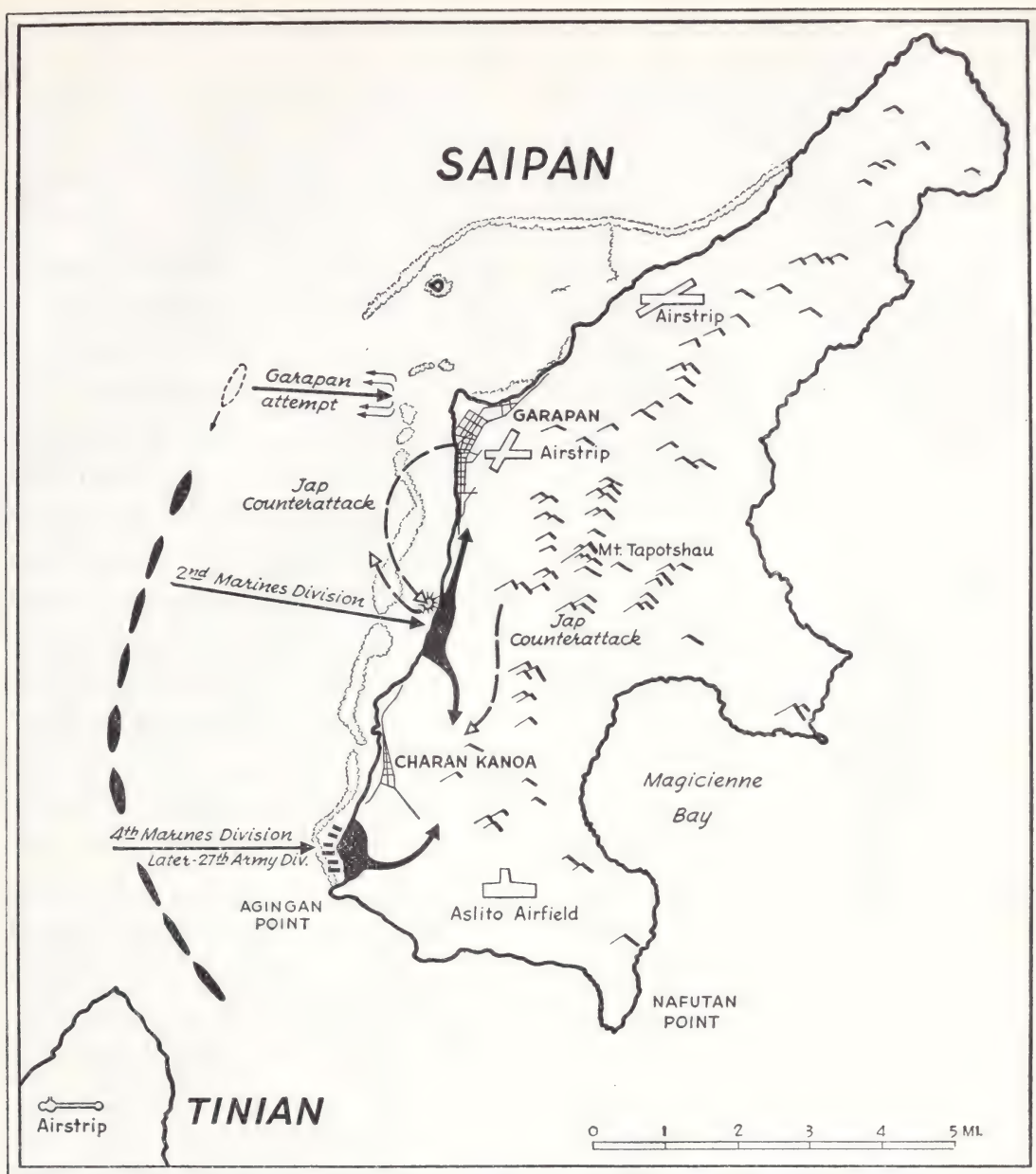
That evening also a report ran in that caused genuine excitement in the flag plot, which was already congratulating itself on the destruction of more Jap planes than on any single day since Midway. A Japanese fleet had been sighted, heavy units, off Tawi Tawi where the Philippines join Borneo, steering north. Maybe they meant it about coming out to get themselves a naval victory.

V

THAT Japanese fleet was still an ocean away, however. On the 14th Mitscher coolly detached Clark and his ships for the Bonins, a run of over seven hundred miles. That day the bombers were working over Saipan again and the men on the anti-aircraft cruisers were beefing their heads off that the fighter patrol was too damned efficient; there were no Japs to shoot at, not even a snooper. Oldendorf and his battleships went in on the west side of the island toward Agingan Point, and another group along Magicienne Bay, with the objective of forcing any batteries which might later prove troublesome to show themselves.

They started at 5:40 in the morning of the 14th, well out, corkscrewing in to a point where machine guns would have reached them; but the Japs refused to be drawn into any contest with those big bruisers that could hit back so hard. From the deck of *Tennessee* could be seen only a town that looked like a minor Honolulu, white houses among vegetation along a narrow littoral at the foot of hills—the town of Charan Kanoa, silent completely, with an occasional light plume of dust going up when something was hit. When the *Tennessee* moved out into the layoff area for the night there was comment from the young officers in the wardroom to the point that they were ashamed to be fighting the war in such comfort, sitting down to a good dinner after a good shower after a day's work that was noisy but not dangerous.

"Just you wait," said one of the seniors. "When the pinch comes those carriers and fast battleships will be off chasing will-o'-the-wisps somewhere while we're doing the fighting."



"Well, if the Japs are good enough to break through the fast battleships we won't stand much of a chance."

"We can still put out the shells and we've still got that armor around us."

All night destroyers ran along the coast of Saipan, throwing in shells, as much to produce that psychological and physical exhaustion which makes real resistance impossible as for any effect on targets; and next day—June 15th—was D-day.

HALFWAY up the island on its western side is the capital and largest town—Garapan. Near it there are some prac-

ticable beaches to which both the planes and bombarding ships had given attention. Now, as dawn of the 15th broke, a battleship moved in toward these beaches with a train of transports from which men descended into landing craft, which formed and made for the beach under cover of the battleship's guns. The shore batteries opened up, firing fast and accurately; there were white splashes all among the landing craft, which zigzagged, broke formation, and finally turned back out of range to reassemble and try again. Once more the batteries rapped out—not quite so many, for the battleship was get-

ting hits. But once more the boats lost their formation and turned back. Then there was a long pause and a third attempt, with the landing craft coming in from several angles; but this ended like the others and about 9:30 the transports were hoisting their boats in again and the battleship was steaming away.

Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo, who had led the Jap fleet to Pearl Harbor, was in charge of the island. Now he put out a vainglorious broadcast to the world and Tokyo telling how his defense forces had sunk a battleship, "probably the *New Jersey*," damaged two more and a carrier, shot down 124 planes, and driven the Americans back to their boats by Japanese valor. Tokyo Rose had the story that evening.

If the movement at the north could have been carried farther, it might have yielded some extremely useful results in locating the guns around Garapan, which were to prove troublesome later. But a bad situation had developed down at the landing point on both sides of Charan Kanoa, which made it necessary for the battleship and her attendant transports to leave.

The arrangement there was for the battleships to lie pretty well out on the flanks of the operation, using their big guns, with the cruisers and destroyers in close support at the center; the 4th Marines making their landing at Agingan Point while the 2nd Marines went in north of the town.

The thing had been planned to the last inch and ounce of shellfire; but here the Japs had rocks and caves screened by vegetation from eyes in the air, and sense enough not to fire the guns that were in them till they could get something by shooting. There had been a sample of this the night before at Nafutan Point, where *California* had been working over the shore positions with a cruiser and a division of destroyers. The battleship pulled out first; when she was beyond range the Japs suddenly opened rapid fire from a well-hidden battery in a cliff against the lighter vessels whose armor they could penetrate. These vessels had to pull out under a smoke screen and this delayed the whole landing of the 15th for some twenty minutes while the big ships

blasted down the cliff to get rid of that battery.

At Agingan there was no such luck now in persuading the enemy to announce his presence. When the amphibian tanks went in at a little before 9:00 under clouds of smoke and a blaze of rockets they met a perfectly murderous fire. At the most southerly of the three Agingan beaches it was an enfilade so bad that the Marines were driven out of position to a landing five hundred yards north of where they should have been. This firing was from small stuff, but at the same time some medium guns farther back in the ravine behind Charan Kanoa were firing on the line of the reef (which had been perfectly calibrated) with such effect that only a few of the LVT's were able to get in and disembark their crews; a good many were hit and the casualties were high. The cruisers did not seem to be able to get this fire down; the battleships were heavily engaged with some big guns on steep Mount Tapotshau behind the town; and in *Tennessee* at least they had discovered there was nothing to be ashamed of, for the ship had been hit and had dead men aboard.

Half an hour after the first men reached the beach there were some ten thousand Marines on Agingan; but no artillery carriers had got through to help them, several LCM's with tanks aboard had capsized trying to get through Charan Kanoa channel, and the ten thousand were pinned down by machine-gun fire beside a narrow strip of beach, where they were being pounded by mortar shells which came arching over the reverse slopes of hills to lay explosions along the line with an accuracy that was mathematical and frightening. One Marine officer at least thought the situation critical. There was a hasty reorganization of the forces afloat which sent *Maryland* to help out the cruisers against the medium guns, brought another battleship down to take over *Maryland's* spot against the 2nd Division beach, and brought into action earlier than planned both the dive bombers from the CVE's and the fighters with their rockets. The LCM's were ordered to disembark their tanks directly on the reef and let them go in under their own power.

IF THE Japs had achieved something of a surprise by the strength of their dispersed artillery, they now got one in return. The big guns of the battleships were too much for the Jap medium artillery. One battleship hit an ammunition dump back of Charan Kanoa; another set a fuel dump burning with so much smoke that it hampered the Jap fire control. The rocket-armed fighters were beyond all expectation effective against the mortar positions. "You just drive right in on them and they haven't got a thing they can send back," exclaimed an enthusiastic pilot; "I'll never carry anything else on my plane as long as I live." A number of tanks broke down on the coral of the reef, but those that did get ashore released the Marines from their predicament; and by two in the afternoon it was possible to get two battalions of artillery ashore, organized and firing, while a few patrols began to work up the hills around Charan Kanoa and pick off the Jap observation posts.

At about the same time the airmen found indisputable evidence that the Japs were organizing a heavy counter-attack around Aslito airfield with a group of tanks. Our own tanks could not reach the area because the narrow strip between was crowded with Marines and landing craft; Mitscher's dive bombers came over and broke up the organization of the counterattack.

Toward evening of the 15th it became apparent that the objective line for the day would not quite be reached; but the Japs seemed too fought out to take any advantage of this. So everything was dug in, the command posts went ashore (that of the 4th Marines was only fifty yards from the water's edge), and communication wire was strung.

AT TWILIGHT the destroyers came in, and all night they fired into Charan Kanoa and the valley behind. It was as well they did; with the day the Japs made a counterattack designed to split the tenuous connection between the 2nd and 4th divisions. A good deal of the sting had been taken out of it by that all-night shooting; now the Marines expertly cut the attacking column to pieces from both

flanks, pinched out the burning town as an incident, and went on with the plan of the day, which was for the 2nd to attack north along the coast toward Garapan, the 4th to work south and west around Agingan Point toward Aslito field.

There was hard fighting all day among the rocks and draws, mostly platoon operations, with the planes from the CVE's working hard on targets of call. The beaches were still congested, with wounded going out and supplies coming in, and it was still not possible to get the Army men ashore. It would seem to have been this night that the heavy ships moved out of the immediate area (they shelled Guam at dawn on the 17th); and the Japs tried to use the occasion for another counterattack.

Some twenty-five tanks—all they had left—were put into an effort down the Charan Kanoa valley while a good sized force of Jap infantry, in those heavy barges they use, slipped down the shore from Garapan under cover of the last dark before dawn and tried a counter-landing behind the position of the 2nd Marines. The barge attack was broken up by the guns of our landing craft before it got a man ashore. As for the inland effort, General Harry Schmidt of the 4th Marines had expected it to be made in exactly that way; and having secured some crests of the central mountain chain, he had executed a half-wheel, bringing the bulk of his forces facing north. Between his own fire and that of the ships the attack was badly beaten up, all the tanks being destroyed. At daybreak and with good airplane observation the big guns of the old battleships demolished the Japanese infantry concentrations.

During that day, the 17th, the Army division was landed; it pushed through the rear of the 4th Marines and began to close round Aslito field. General Smith now had a good idea of the enemy positions and a count of their strength. There were about two divisions north of him (minus their casualties, which had been heavy) and about a regiment around Aslito. He had also gained a beachhead sufficiently large so that parts of it were no longer within range of Japanese artillery—which meant that he was able to maintain him-

self without the help of guns on the sea. The enemy had been hit so hard as apparently to be in need of reorganization, and was for the moment quiescent.

This success was not twenty-four hours too early. For the 17th also brought news that Mitscher and Spruance would have to leave the Marines to their own devices for the time being. *The whole Japanese southern fleet, with battleships, cruisers, destroyers, tankers and a parade of new carriers, had been sighted rounding Luzon and steaming northeastward!*

VI

AS JOCKO CLARK'S force ran north it began to hit weather, and by morning of the 15th it was bucking a half-gale, with an overcast many hundreds of feet high, low clouds scudding along the surface, and rain squalls sometimes hiding half the ships. By noon the force was in range of the Bonins but the carriers were pitching so violently that some of the air officers doubted whether Clark would order them to fly.

He did so order them, however—sending off strikes against all the known airfields at Chichi Jima and Haha Jima in the Bonins proper and Iwo Jima in the Kazan Islands, which are a prolongation of the chain, the nearest our ships had ever come to Japan. The Japs were caught napping by such boldness and such weather; at Iwo they had only 2 planes off the ground out of 16, and at Chichi, where they had about 40 aloft, they were neither high up nor well formed when our fighters hit them. Thirty-three were shot down with hardly a return.

The bombing did not go quite so well; one section discovered and lamed a big cargo ship, but it had to be finished off by a destroyer from the screen. Again and again fliers had to hunt for a full hour over their targets to find holes in the cloud cover; some brought back full loads and all had navigation trouble returning to the carriers.

IN THE afternoon a second strike was flown off, but as the sun went down the sea rose instead of flattening, and it was a wild business getting the planes in at night with lights flashing on and off across

the heaving decks. At least one plane did not quite make it on a light carrier; the gas tank went and a huge puff of wind-blown flame leaped up, so high that everyone in the force thought the ship was gone. But our damage control had advanced since the day the first *Lexington* went down; they had the fire out so quickly that the flight operations of the next day were not in the least interfered with.

That night Clark must have received information that the Japs (as Mitscher and Spruance had foreseen) were sending a lot of planes down from Japan itself to help the defense of Saipan. Fortunately the weather moderated to some extent and the next morning our pilots could see what they were hitting. The Jap relief planes were coming through all right, the big majority of them bombers; so there was no effective opposition for our forces, who disposed of 47 more on the ground and in the sky, meanwhile hitting the runways too.

The Marianas were now fairly well isolated by air and sea, and aboard Clark's ships they formed the "Jocko Jima Real Estate Development Corporation," with printed certificates of membership. Men who were with him say he wanted to stay in the area and conduct an aerial blockade of the Bonins, the first in history; but that was impossible. The news was in from the Philippines, and on the 17th Clark's detached group was running down to rejoin Mitscher, with his combat patrols knocking down long-range Jap snoopers at the rate of three a day.

VII

IT is time now to look at the situation from the Japanese point of view, so far as this can be deduced. That peculiar race observes a rule of etiquette not unknown to other Orientals, of never telling an interlocutor anything he does not wish to hear. But Japan carries it to far greater lengths. When the Empress was at her lying-in in the days before the war, for instance, the first announcement from the imperial bedchamber was that she had given birth to the son for which everyone was hoping. It was blandly explained to foreigners who knew the an-

nouncement to be untrue that the mistake could be corrected in print at some later date, but it was simply impolite to disappoint all those people.

Now add to this the normal quota of Japanese Emperor-worship; it becomes clear that Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo, entrusted with the defense of Saipan by the Son of Ten Thousand Years, would be violating the most ordinary rules of politeness and reverence if he reported anything less than a smashing victory when the Americans came to call. Any errors could be wiped out later, if necessary in blood—his blood.

The politely mendacious information furnished by Nagumo as to his alleged victory was all that Shigataro Shimada (Admiral King's opposite number) had on which to base a plan of campaign. There was no compulsion on him to believe all of it, but at the very least reasonable estimate he could assume that we had some crippled ships and quite heavy plane losses sustained in battle, with still more air loss taken operationally during that rough weather in the Bonins; that one of our attacks on Saipan had been beaten off, and that the successful beachhead was so weakly held that the Marines in it needed the constant gunnery and air support of the fleet; and furthermore that the Jap air strips in the Marianas were virtually intact.

The last item was the only one that was even approximately true. It was the effect of that extra day which had slipped in when Mitscher speeded up after being sighted by the Jap scouts; and is a good illustration of how small events in war can turn into big ones. The small strip at Garapan had been cut up and the Tinian strip, such as it was. But Aslito was still in Jap hands and in good shape; a few hours would fix up Rota; and the big field at Orote Point on Guam had hardly been touched. Mitscher's early arrival had caused him to use a whole day's extra bombs on Saipan, and though we were not short (for no American commander lets himself get below the strength necessary to fight a major battle) it was necessary to save bombs for targets that were actively hostile, and the idea of shooting up Orote had been quietly dropped.

THE Japanese admiral had available at least five carriers of the very largest size, with four of the type we call CVL's, which for a single emergency operation could probably carry more planes than their American cognates. This gave him a floating air force larger than those that came up to Pearl Harbor or Midway, and no poor comparison for Mitscher's own. And Mitscher had lost so many planes (Shimada estimated) that the American force would be far inferior. The scale would be still further tipped by a strong formation of land-based planes staged down through the Bonins.

The experience of carrier battles—the eastern Solomons, Santa Cruz, Coral Sea—showed that the damage inflicted by the two sides was about proportionate to the number of planes engaged. Shimada could therefore count on hitting us hard. And he had an ingenious plan by which his own fleet, coming from the direction of the Philippines, was to escape any damage whatever. *His planes would fly off at exactly double the normal range, from a point northeast of the Philippines. Somewhere along a straight line between that point and the Marianas the American fleet would be found and attacked, with the land-based planes helping. Then all would land at the Marianas fields, presumably to gas up and strike again.* We do not know whether there was a Japanese plan for their heavy-gunnery ship to run in and kill off our cripples, but it would be logical.

One of the best characteristics a military man can have is that of refusing to be shaken from a good plan by loss and damage, which must always be expected in war. By the 17th at least, the Jap admiral in direct charge of the expedition must have received news that the force coming down through the Bonins had been heavily hit by Clark; that the runways of the Jimas had been pitted; and that not until the 23rd, at the earliest, could they be repaired and new air groups be flown down from Japan. He came on.

Then as he rounded the Philippines and headed out into the Pacific, an American submarine slipped through his screens and torpedoed *Shokaku*, the big veteran carrier that had seen so many of the Pacific battles. He still came on. His

planes were flown off in the half-light just before dawn of the 19th, with the crews of the carriers lined up along their decks, lifting their arms three times in salute and shouting "Banzai!" as they had before Pearl Harbor.

VIII

IT WAS presumably from the American sub that had torpedoed *Shokaku* (or another) that Admiral Spruance received word that the Jap fleet was at sea, their planes in the air, and the damaged carrier a drag on their fleet speed. Back at Pearl Harbor Admiral Nimitz had the news too, and as always when nervous, went out to shoot on his private pistol range behind his headquarters. The men who saw him that day describe him as cheerful and confident. Confidence was never more justified; for the Fifth Fleet battle plan, which cannot have been fully concocted before the Jap planes were actually on the way, found a place for every element in an intensely complex situation.

On Saipan the 4th Marines sliced through to Magicienne Bay around the foot of the central mountain and the whole 27th Division attacked a single Jap regiment at Aslito Field, capturing it shortly after daybreak with the help of planes from the CVE's. One less airfield for those Jap planes to land on. Oldendorf's old battleships formed line and steamed out into the offing to meet anything that broke through Task Force 58. Clark had joined Mitscher with time to spare; the latter, with the fast battleships, ran out along the easily discoverable line by which the Japanese planes would have to come from their fleet toward the Marianas, pushing his own scouts still farther ahead.

The battleships were at the tail of the formation, which caused some of the junior tacticians in the ready rooms to growl over a mixed-up mess of distribution; but they changed their minds when, a good hour after daybreak, with light perfect and sea smooth, the whole fleet turned in succession to face the east wind and began to send off planes. The battleships with all those guns were still at the tail, but between the carriers and the enemy.

AT 10:07 came the first alarm—"Unidentified planes picked up bearing 333," followed sharply by "Scramble all ready rooms," with the news that the enemy planes were at altitudes between twenty-two and twenty-four thousand feet, which is high up enough to mean big squadrons of dive bombers. From every field that the Japs still possessed in the Marianas, every plane in operating condition was coming out to join the battle. Our own fighters went up at once; our bombers, fully loaded to get as many explosives off the carriers as possible, took the air after them and swung in an easy circle twenty miles on the disengaged side toward Guam.

At 10:40 vapor trails high in air and the sound of guns faintly heard told that the battle had been engaged, and within the next ten minutes no less than seven Jap air groups were spotted coming in, the least of them 40 planes strong and others ranging up to 75 planes strong—some 400 all told. There are no accounts of the battle from those air groups, nor ever will be; but we know they must have received one of the most dreadful surprises in military history. They expected to find our fleet close to the island and entangled in shore operations, with most of the fighters still on their decks or just rising; they met our air groups far at sea while they themselves were still in cruising formation, and they met our fighters at their own level of sky where they could not be avoided. Worst of all, they expected to find a fleet with damaged ships and decimated fighter groups; they met one whose fighter squadrons alone outnumbered their whole force.

These were the aviators Japan had spent a year and a half in training to replace the losses of Midway: their first team, their best. Under the circumstances they reverted to the usual behavior of the Oriental when faced with an inexplicable situation—a mechanical performance of duty. Of the first group of Japs between 10 and 15 splashed in less than five minutes. Our older pilots noted how those that were left closed up their formations and came straight along, very much as they had done in the early days of the Solomons campaign.

THEN a flier from *Lexington* noticed something else and broadcast it. The Jap fighters, like their bombers, were sticking to formation, making no effort to peel off and attack ours unless they just happened to be between the Americans and the Jap bombers that were their targets. Were they, perhaps, short of fuel, unwilling to engage seriously before they had gassed up in the islands? It does not seem likely; when one of these formations was hit directly it burst like a tomato can struck by a bullet, all the Jap pilots going off into a series of intricate wingovers, Immelmans, and climbing turns, highly wasteful of fuel.

Our planes were individually tactically better, mechanically better also; but the morale question, the surprise, seems to have been the determining factor with pilots who were well enough trained but lacking in combat experience. When ours got the news from the *Lexington* man, they abandoned the usual tactic of a quick pass at the bomber groups followed by an equally quick pullout; instead, they hung on the tails of those doomed Jap formations, pouring in bullets as long as they had any. A *Cabot* fighter counted 15 going down in flames at one time. Fighting 15 from *Essex* set a record by shooting down 68 planes. Lieutenant Alec Gracieu got 6 alone, and along the gunwalks of the carriers they stared aloft in astonishment with nothing to do. Of all that huge armada of Jap planes, only 18 broke through our fighter groups to the ships and 12 of these were shot down in the screen. One got a near miss that caused a few splinter casualties aboard one carrier, one dropped a single bomb that fell harmlessly in the middle of the formation, and there was exactly one bomb hit out of it all—on the heavy armor of a battleship. Our own losses were utterly insignificant.

BUT not all the Japanese, faced with such opposition, attempted to come through. After forty-five minutes of fighting, some groups began to sheer off around

the fleet and make for the Marianas airfields. They must have received by radio news that Aslito was lost, that Orote Point (on Guam) alone was open. They must have counted on being able to land there.

The final element of Spruance's plan was designed to take care of this expectation of theirs. Commander Shively of Air Group 8 was ordered to take command of all the bomber and torpedo squadrons (which, it will be remembered, were flying around near Guam, loaded with bombs but not in the fight)—to take them all in and dig Orote Point field to rubble.

As Shively called the air groups to assembly, high in air above Orote Point, he could see planes suddenly begin to thicken over the field below, Japs and our own fighters all mingled. There was no time to waste; he led the bombers in without staying for a perfect formation. The flak was terrific, but he had enough planes to have destroyed a fleet and they had no fighter opposition. As Shively swung back into the clouds he could bear witness that the runway on which the Jap planes had expected to land was now nothing but crater merging into crater.

At this point the battle turned into a massacre. For the Japanese had very literally no place to go. Most of them flew around till they were knocked down by our fighters; a few attempted to land on the pitted runway and tipped over into burning wreckage; a few went into the water and never came up. When it was all over and the bugles sounded secure from general quarters at a little after one o'clock, they began totaling up in flag plot the astonishing figure of 404 enemy planes shot down—more than twice as many as the RAF got on the best day of the Battle of Britain, more than twice as many as had gone down on any day before. The air groups of the entire Japanese navy had been wiped out, and the operation had cost us 27 planes, the pilots of 9 of which were picked out of the water. Back at Pearl Harbor Admiral Nimitz put away his pistol.

[Next month, in the second article of this series, Mr. Pratt will tell the story of the great naval-air battle which immediately followed this engagement—a Japanese defeat which he calls "as quantitatively appalling as Midway and rather more important in its strategic effect."—The Editors]

AFTER DARK

A Story

EVAN COOMBES



AT THE last minute Ruth decided not to stay for supper. She had come to the fair in the little country church and had planned to stay, but as soon as the lights were lit, she knew she must go home.

"You're not leaving?" they said.

"I must." She was hurrying to get her things, hoping to slip out unnoticed.

"But we thought you were going to have supper with us. Your husband won't mind for once, Ruth."

"Oh, no, John wouldn't mind; it's not that. I just think I'd better get home."

She said good-by and left the bright room filled with laughing, chattering people. Outside, in the quiet evening, as she walked down the village street, she could see that the sky was still light; the clear blue-green of autumn with the trees black against it, trees partly stripped of foliage, their leaves thick underfoot. But she knew night had already come at home on the hillside, because the sun set earlier there and the dark came suddenly.

John will be eating supper, she thought; he doesn't expect me. And she began to wonder what reason she would give him for not staying at the church. She could not tell him the truth, that she did not want to leave him home alone in the dark. It sounded silly, even to herself. What was the outer darkness to him now that he

was living within it? What did it matter to him when the small nights came and went?

"You must stay for supper, Ruth," he had said to her as she was leaving. "Now that I am learning to do things for myself you should let me do them."

He had been sitting comfortably on the back steps in the bright afternoon sun, smoking his pipe, accepting his other world. His face was serene and untroubled; hers was the troubled one. She was ready to leave but she stood there, watching him, shielding her eyes from the glare of the sun, always trying to understand what it meant to be in the sunlight and the night at the same time.

"I don't like to think of you here alone."

"Don't think of me, then," he smiled. "But I shall like to think of you, sitting down to eat with the crowd."

She had not said yes or no but walked over to find a ripe yellow pear on the tree near the house. She brought it back to him and watched his angular hands close over it, defining the form of its plump body tapering to a stem.

"Pear," he said, biting into it.

And she had started shamefully to run off, only forcing herself to stop and say lightly, in the tone she had learned to use:

"I'm not allowed to come home to supper, then?"

"You won't get a crumb if you do. I'm going to eat everything I can find."

They had laughed and she had turned the corner of the house. But running down the sunny, dusty road, she cried to herself: I'll never get used to it, never, never. Because she still felt that she did not share his world; with all her efforts to understand, she had only learned how to see. She saw more intensely all the colors of the October countryside, and all the colors were there. The yellows and browns and reds of the leaves, the lavender of the asters, the intense blue of the sky and the white clouds; she saw the very splinters of the old rail fence, the tangle of weeds and vines by the road, the dusty ruts and stones, a slow turtle crossing over. She had fairly flung herself into the light and it was like a tide, a flood; it was buoyant and sustained her. Warm, bright sunlight, dazzling, glorious, but even then casting afternoon shadows: shadows that now she was returning had grown and engulfed the earth, blotting out the colors and shapes of things, so that only the afterglow was left, the clear blue-green dome of heaven where one great star hung glittering as if wet.

Toward this she seemed to hurry, out of the village, past the houses already lighted, their little domestic interiors illuminated and set in the dark frame of the night. Now the houses were farther and farther apart, and as she left the main road for the one toward home, there were only two large farms to pass, the Parkers' and the Tobey's. It was quiet except for the scuffle of dry leaves underfoot, a sound that had been so brisk and cheerful on the way down, but now seemed to make her walk more dreary and lonesome. The Parker dog, hearing her coming, began to bark, and as she went by the gate he rushed out furiously.

"Why, Sam Parker," she said, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? You know me perfectly well. Is that the way to treat a neighbor?"

But Sam, although he recognized her as soon as she spoke, continued his barking, not to be made a fool of, perhaps, or as an excuse to rend the countryside with his voice, and other dogs answered him. From distant and more distant farmyards, dogs answered with various barks, and

then the whistle of the evening train hooted mournfully at the crossing.

Half past six, she thought, walking more quickly, turning the corner where the Tobey's lived. Their big barns loomed up, and as she passed the house she saw the family in the dining room eating supper, and involuntarily she paused, held by the picture. No shades were pulled down here, and through the looped-back curtains and the plants on the window sill she saw them all, Mother and Father Tobey, the three little heads of the children, the two old grandparents, all around the table with the blue dishes, under the old-fashioned lamp that hung from the ceiling.

As she hurried on, it seemed as if she had left all light in that dining room. The night was darker than before and she could see only the pale track of the road on its way uphill. The rest of the hillside was in unrelieved darkness, and when she looked for her house she could not find it. But of course, she kept telling herself, of course John would not light the lamp; he would not even think of it nor trust himself if he did. Of course the house would not be lighted. But as she came nearer, running up the last stretch of road, dislodging the little stones that tumbled back, and she was able to distinguish the outlines of the house from the surrounding trees, she felt a sudden fright. It looked so small and cold, so empty, like a house deserted and for sale. Frightened beyond reason, she stumbled up the front steps and opened the door.

"Is that you, Ruth?" she heard him call.

He was there, he was all right. For a moment she could not answer.

"Yes, John," she said, trying to speak naturally.

Still she did not move forward. She stood on the threshold of complete darkness. Night was inside the house, a blacker night, deeper and impenetrable. She could see nothing, she could feel nothing but the floor under her feet and the door she held. She stood on the edge of nothingness, the dreadful edge of space, the original dark before there was light or the solid earth. Then slowly, trying to keep from crying out, she felt for the wall, the stairs, the banisters, and she advanced

into the blackness that enveloped her, depriving her of everything known and familiar, against which she moved as against heavy black curtains that yielded, a step-by-step foothold that seemed about to pitch her forward into space, and then the wall that was guiding her suddenly gave way, an opening . . .

"John!" she cried. "Where are you?"

"Here I am, Ruth. What's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"There's no light, John . . . there's no light . . ."

"Why, I never thought," he said. His chair scraped back and she heard him moving. "I was just sitting here eating supper. Stay where you are, Ruth; I'll find the matches."

The Threshold

DON GORDON

The mind blacks out at a certain point, only
the images of death are lit
In its gallery; the murals we see at night
are all of soft surrealist bones;
We study as in sleep the awkward sculpture
of the age—the art
Of dismemberment, the separated eyes, the
wound acting under sulfa.

The map in the brain is of battlefields,
of sunken fleets,
Of the camp at Maidanek; waxworks are shown
by intermittent gunfire—
The men drowned, the men burned, the men
fallen from heights.

*sorrow cannot embrace
the hills of the dead*

*horror is lost
in the flat cities*

pity itself is a casualty

Proud flesh grows over an excess of emotion;
the heart,
Flicked long by whips, falters in its horny case.
The aftermath of war
Can be indifference, the averted glance begins
the retreat from reality.

None the less, as the soldiers have their interminable
bruised homeward route,
Those they saved may edge painfully over the shocked
threshold
Into the lighted rooms where compassion is opened
by a single cry.

*(This is the third war in a decade in which
Mr. Matthews has been a New York
Times correspondent (Ethiopia and Spain
were the other two). Italy is his regular beat.)*

ITALIAN ART UNDER SHELLFIRE

HERBERT L. MATTHEWS



WAR has always been represented as a juggernaut, and with good reason. It creates nothing and it destroys much. Civilization goes on, of course, for it lives in the hearts and minds of men who rebuild what other men have destroyed, or who create new glories. You cannot take comfort in the losses; you can only be philosophical and consider them a price that had to be paid to save something more precious.

Anyone who writes about the destruction to art in Europe without a full realization of its enormity is being frivolous. Anyone who claims that all of that destruction was unavoidable and that everything was done to prevent it is telling a falsehood. The best you can say is that it might have been worse and that many men have worked hard to minimize the damage and to repair it when it was done.

Never forget that impersonality of warfare. The depredations of the Huns and Goths and Vandals were the work of men who did not know what they were doing, who had no feeling for the glories of Roman civilization, whose sense of values, in other words, was too limited to give them reasons to spare temples, statues, or mosaics. They were, to all intents and purposes, like machines. It is true that they came down over the Alps to pillage and destroy while we came in to "liberate," but if the remnants of the bronze doors of Benevento Cathedral, or the

ruined frescoes of the Campo Santo in Pisa, or the destroyed Mantegna Chapel in the Eremitani of Padua could speak like Omar Khayyam's wine jugs, they would not feel any more charitably inclined toward us than if we were ancient barbarians.

It really is inevitable, generally speaking. How can we expect a lad from Main Street of a Midwestern town to know what the palace in Anagni means to history and art? How can we expect a Frenchman from North Africa with his Moroccan gun crew to appreciate the importance of Pienza's cathedral? Why should an Indian division know that the Monastery of La Verna was not only full of Andrea della Robbia's finest works but was the place where St. Francis received the stigmata?

So all three monuments were seriously damaged in the course of the campaign, not because the Allies were vandals or indifferent to the fate of artistic and religious monuments, but because the average soldier is no student of art and because war is like that.

You have to start from that realistic basis. Whatever you do there is bound to be a certain amount of destruction. However, there are ways and means of minimizing the destruction and repairing and restoring what is damaged. In that respect the Allies have a record

which is creditable, thanks to the intelligent and persistent work of men who generally have the co-operation but sometimes have to overcome the opposition of the military.

As far back as January, 1943, the American Council of Learned Societies formed a Committee on Protection of Cultural Treasures in War Areas, representing various national organizations and also such governmental institutions as the Library of Congress, the National Archives, and the Smithsonian Institution. During the following spring a subcommittee of the American Defense-Harvard Group began working on lists of monuments and cultural institutions in the war areas for Army use. And in August, 1943, the work was co-ordinated with the formation, at President Roosevelt's suggestion, of the American Commission for the Protection and Salvage of Artistic and Historic Monuments in Europe, under the auspices of the State Department.

It was Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone who first suggested the creation of the Commission to the President, and Justice Owen J. Roberts who became its chairman. A group of outstanding men agreed to serve on it. David E. Finley, director of the National Gallery, was appointed vice-chairman, and Huntington Cairns, secretary-treasurer of the National Gallery, became secretary-treasurer of the Commission. The other members were Herbert Lehman, director of UNRRA; Archibald MacLeish, now assistant secretary of state (who resigned upon appointment to that office); William Bell Dinsmoor, president of the Archaeological Institute of America; Francis Henry Taylor, director of the Metropolitan Museum in New York; Paul J. Sachs, associate director of the Fogg Museum of Fine Arts of Harvard University; and Archbishop Francis J. Spellman of New York, who was appointed to succeed the late Alfred E. Smith. Under it are a number of subcommittees, each with its advisers, while John Walker, chief curator of the National Gallery of Art, and Sumner McK. Crosby, former president of the College Art Association of America, are special advisers to the Commission itself.

The work of these men has already

saved an incalculable number of the artistic treasures of Europe—and they are not working alone. At the end of this war we are not going to be caught napping as we were in 1918, when the peacemakers at Versailles were seriously handicapped by insufficient information on the destruction and looting of art treasures. (As a result, much that had been taken by the Germans was never recovered.) This time there will be fairly complete lists from every country, showing what is missing, what the Germans are known to have taken or deliberately destroyed; and they will have either to restore the objects, if they still exist, or to supply something similar in exchange—supposing that enough is left. Naturally, neither the Germans nor the Allies can bring destroyed churches and monuments back to life, but paintings, statues, books, and archives are recoverable.

There is no way of calculating values in these matters, so it is almost amusing to see a delegation from the Commission pleading for an appropriation of \$59,000 from Congress, and having to argue long and earnestly before getting only \$40,000. Mr. Finley, who headed the delegation before the House Appropriations Committee, put the matter rather neatly at one point.

"I might give one instance of the kind of thing these officers are equipped to do," he said. "If our Army passes through Paris, there is near by the great Cathedral of Chartres, one of the great monuments of France, whose destruction would be a calamity of the first importance. If this Commission, through furnishing maps and trained personnel to the Army, can even be partly instrumental in saving this great cathedral, the money required to operate this Commission next year will be well spent.

"To take another example: There is at Padua, in northern Italy, a small building near the railroad station, known as the Arena Chapel. It is completely decorated with fresco paintings by Giotto, done early in the fourteenth century. We have in the National Gallery one small painting by Giotto and one attributed to a follower of Giotto. For the latter painting, attributed only to a follower of Giotto, Mr. Mellon paid far more than the

amount asked for the expenses of the Commission for next year. If the Commission can be of any assistance in avoiding the destruction of the Arena Chapel at Padua, that service alone will be of inestimable value to the world and will be so regarded by future generations."

II

I CAN put the same proposition from other angles. In the great and now historic raid on Rome of July 19, 1943, we partially destroyed the Basilica of San Lorenzo, which is not only important as an artistic monument but is one of the most sacred churches in the world to Catholics. I was on that raid in a Flying Fortress; I attended the final briefing and I distinctly recall that, at this last pre-mission briefing, bombardiers were not warned of the presence of the Basilica of San Lorenzo. I knew what great care had been taken by the Air Command to avoid damage to the four main basilicas of Rome and the Vatican buildings. However, the plain truth is that high-altitude bombing had not then reached and probably never will reach the point of perfection where it can be guaranteed that no damage will be done to a structure as close to the target area as San Lorenzo was to the marshaling yards that were destroyed. It is possible that if the medium-altitude B-26's which did the precise bombing of the yards at Florence had been available for the Rome mission, the basilica might have escaped all damage.

It must be understood that when successive groups of heavy bombers attack a target from twenty thousand feet or more, with all bombardiers releasing their loads when they see the bombs of the lead ship drop, the compounded errors of human beings and complicated mechanisms will inevitably spill stray bombs hundreds of yards from the briefed aiming point. Dive-bombing of small targets has achieved considerable pinpoint accuracy; but when a target like a factory or a marshaling yard is attacked by waves of heavy bombers, the objective is to confine as small a pattern as possible to a target area.

It could hardly have been an accident that Mr. Finley chose the Arena Chapel

in Padua as one of his examples, for it was only about a half-mile away from there that we may perhaps have destroyed the Mantegna frescoes in the bombed Augustine Church of the Eremitani, which I have already mentioned. In fact, a study of the reconnaissance photographs after that disastrous raid showed that one large bomb had landed within a hundred yards of the Arena Chapel. Not ten nor a hundred times the \$59,000 asked by the Commission can ever restore the Mantegna frescoes. It is possible that if the Commission had been able to provide the special maps and other detailed information for the briefing for this mission, these frescoes might have escaped damage. However, the church stands eight hundred yards from the railroad station that was the briefed aiming point; hence it is probable that the damage was another case in which it was impossible to guarantee that all bombs would fall in the target pattern.

I RECEIVED a good idea of the monetary factors involved when I was in Pisa on January 10th of this year. I came out of the Campo Santo as dismayed as anyone must be who remembered it in the recent days of its glory, with its roof intact and its great frescoes still relatively fresh and clear. Now not a square yard of its roof remained; great pieces of the paintings had crumbled and fallen; the sun and rain had faded Benozzo Gozzoli's masterpieces into almost colorless, barely distinguishable compositions and the ancient sarcophagi and statues of the cloister lay broken along the walls.

The Italian superintendent of arts for Pisa met me in the Piazza del Duomo just outside and showed me a plan which he and other experts had prepared just for the reconstruction of the roof of the Campo Santo. (Incidentally, we had hit the cathedral fifteen times, the baptistery five times, and the Leaning Tower twice, with shells, but in no case did the damage amount to anything.)

I asked the superintendent how much it would cost to rebuild the roof. "At present prices," he replied, "although you must keep in mind that prices are always rising, we estimate the cost at 38,000,000 lire."

That is the equivalent of \$380,000, just to rebuild the roof on one of the destroyed monuments of Europe! That was a lost monument, and I have given a figure in terms of dollars for its partial repair. Even if the figure is exaggerated, the principle holds true. No amount of money will make the great fresco of "The Triumph of Death" or the Gozzoli series look as they did before, but expert restorers are going to spend months of painstaking work replacing the broken fragments and preventing further deterioration. The cost of that can ultimately be calculated in terms of lire or dollars.

III

WE CANNOT, on the other hand, say that such and such monuments have been saved from destruction because of the activities of the American Commission or the Allied military authorities. That will always be incalculable. What is more tangible is the work of restoration or protection of art treasures and the listing of looted or missing objects. Not only the American Commission, but a whole series of organizations, are at work in this field, and it would not be fair to omit the armed forces from that list.

In November, 1943, after a visit to Benevento, where, months before, a bombing raid had almost completely destroyed the old cathedral with its famous bronze doors—a raid which was glaring evidence of a lack, at that time, of preparation to avoid damage to artistic monuments—I had an exchange of correspondence with General Dwight D. Eisenhower's chief of staff on the subject, meeting with a sympathetic response. Naturally, there was no question about the desirability of sparing Italy's art treasures, but in those early days it was feared that if the Germans knew that the Allies, as a policy, would avoid bombing certain buildings they would use them as depots or command or observation posts. However, it was finally decided to make a formal expression of Allied good intentions.

This was done in a letter sent by General Eisenhower on December 29, 1943, to all commanders. It pointed out that Italy was very rich in monuments and

that "we are bound to respect those monuments so far as war allows."

"If we have to choose between destroying a famous building and sacrificing our own men, then our men's lives count infinitely more and the buildings must go," the letter continued. "But the choice is not always so clear-cut as that. In many cases the monuments can be spared without any detriment to operational needs. Nothing can stand against the argument of military necessity. That is an accepted principle. But the phrase 'military necessity' is sometimes used where it would be more truthful to speak of military convenience or even of personal convenience. I do not want it to cloak slackness or indifference."

In principle, that seemed to settle the matter, but in practice it proved to be far from simple, and when the Abbey of Monte Cassino was destroyed a month later a controversy raged from one end of America and Britain to the other. In the first place, many people questioned whether General Eisenhower was posing the problem fairly. Men have often risked or given their lives to save great works of art. It depends on the point of view. When St. Paul's was threatened with destruction, Londoners did not stop to argue whether their lives were worth more than the cathedral. As it happened, they saved both. In point of fact one does find that the clean-cut proposition of "lives against monuments" is rarely faced.

Often the national factor is decisive. Italian monuments mean more to Italians than they do to Americans, so it is natural that Italians should risk their lives to save them, as they have often done, while Americans would feel no particular emotion over the threatened destruction of an art treasure they might not even have heard about.

The worst way to put the proposition—and some do it—is "live men against dead art." Art is not dead, and it is trite to say that the richness it adds to life and the joy that it gives generations of men have a value which you cannot measure in bald terms of so many lives. All you can say is that the art of Italy, to take one example, is worth a great deal to the world, and that is the fact to keep in mind.

Then there is the religious factor. In a Gallup poll held in the spring of 1944, at the height of the controversy over Cassino and Rome, 19 per cent of the voters disapproved of the bombing of religious buildings and shrines even "if military leaders believe it necessary." Obviously Rome has immense religious as well as historic value and should be spared if possible for this reason alone. However, it should hardly be necessary to add that Rome is infinitely more than the chief center of Catholicism, and that the whole world and every human being in it would be poorer if Rome were partially or wholly destroyed.

The event which touched off the most vivid flare-up of controversy was the destruction of the Abbey of Monte Cassino by American bombers at the end of January, 1944. It was a case where religious, as well as historic and cultural factors, were involved, for the abbey was on the spot where the Benedictine Order was founded fourteen centuries ago, and hence was one of the most sacred places in Christendom. Using General Eisenhower's yardstick of "military necessity," one has to admit that the question of justification was highly debatable. It was not a close tactical raid, which is to say that the Fifth Army was not then in a position to follow up the bombing immediately by a direct assault on the mountain. Later testimony from the monks and from Italian civilians in the abbey was to the effect that except for observation purposes there were no German soldiers or supplies in the buildings. After the bombing, the ruined abbey provided just as good an observation post as before and made an even better fortress, and the Germans did use it. However, this is largely wisdom after the event. The American commanders had what they thought was sound information and they had certain military reasons which seemed to them to justify the grave decision they took. We can leave judgment to history, but the important thing to realize for our purposes is the difficulty of putting general principles and good intentions into practical effect.

Human nature being what it is, a generic order such as General Eisenhower issued could remain in the minds of "all

commanders" only for a certain length of time. It had to be implemented, and that was where the efforts of the American Commission and especially the Allied organizations on the spot bore richest fruit.

THE setup in Italy, which is typical and which I am writing about because I happen to know it at first hand, stems downward from the Allied Commission, which is under the control of Allied Force Headquarters, and that in turn is under the ultimate authority of Washington and London. The AC has a Subcommittee on Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives headed by Lieutenant Colonel Ernest T. DeWald, Princeton professor of the history of art. His deputy is a Britisher, Major J. B. Ward Perkins of the London Museum. Under them are certain regional directors whose duty it is to go into captured towns and cities more or less with the attacking troops and make quick surveys and take first-aid measures. There are three principal officers—Major Paul Gardner, director of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art of Kansas City, for southern Italy and Sicily; Captain Deane Keller, of the Yale University School of Fine Arts, with the Fifth Army; and Major Norman T. Newton, of the Harvard Faculty of Design, with the Eighth Army. Until recently there was an archivist in charge of that branch of the work, Captain Roger Ellis of the British army, who is now on the German front.

These larger zones are broken down into smaller regions under the charge of Allied Military Government officers. These in turn work with Italian organizations, and it must quickly be said that the Italians do most of the work. They not only provide the manpower but, of course, supply experts whose knowledge and skill are unrivaled in the world. Italian restorers can perform miracles. For instance, here in Rome, at the Istituto del Restauro, experts are patiently putting together the innumerable fragments of the famous fresco by Lorenzo da Viterbo from the church of Santa Maria della Verità in Viterbo. The fresco was nothing but a heap of fine rubble after one of our bombing raids, but when they have fin-

ished the world is again going to see Lorenzo's fresco, by no means in its pristine glory, but in a condition to be appreciated and enjoyed. Prato provided another typical and fine example of Italian skill and devotion. One of our bombs hit the house and tabernacle of Filippino Lippi, demolishing it and knocking one of the painter's most beautiful frescoes, "The Madonna and Child Adored by Saints," into little bits. A local fresco restorer named Tintori, during and between bombing raids, lovingly gathered all the pieces together, however tiny, carrying them in bags and handkerchiefs on his bicycle to his studio three miles outside of Prato. For eleven months Tintori has been meticulously putting the pieces together until today, without any repainting, the fresco can be seen and enjoyed.

IV

ALL Italy's elaborate governmental and local machinery is working at top speed from the Ministry of Public Instruction down to the local "superintendencies." They are aided by institutions like the Vatican's Pontifical Commission for Sacred Art and a specially created National Association for the Restoration of Monuments Damaged by the War. All of them were on the job, of course, long before we arrived. At the very beginning of the war the Italian Administration for Antiquities and Fine Arts removed what it could from every city, town, and exposed building. Pictures, statues, manuscripts, archives, and other precious objects were cased and put in shelters, not all of which escaped damage or looting. However, an incalculable amount of art was saved in that way, much of it ending up in Vatican City or Vatican extraterritorial buildings.

That is a story in itself, but a few typical examples will show the sort of things that happened to such deposits. Italy's—and the world's—philosopher, Benedetto Croce, divided his great library into four parts scattered around Naples. The Germans removed one part, which was in the Franciscan monastery at Teano, but later abandoned it at Minturno. After the tide of war swept through Naples and

north to Rome, the books were collected again in Naples, where Professor Croce and his daughter Alda are now putting them in order to be donated to the city.

The day after we took Naples I went to see the director of the National Museum, Professor Maiuri, who told me that most of the works from the museum and its pinacotheca had been deposited in "a secret and sacred place" where he felt they would be safe. The place was the Abbey of Monte Cassino. Fortunately for posterity, the Germans did not respect the sacredness of the spot and removed the treasures they found there. Ultimately, Italian and Vatican officials persuaded them to turn the material over to the Vatican, which they did with much publicity, omitting to mention the fact that they had held back fifteen cases, while other cases had been opened and some of their most important contents removed. Two Titians, a Raphael, a Luini, a Claude Lorrain, and the famous Peter Breughel painting of "The Blind Leading the Blind" are among the masterpieces which are still missing. So is a collection of Pompeian gold objects from the Naples Museum.

The dispersal of collections was not always successful. A large number of paintings from Roman galleries were placed in Genazzano for safety. In September, 1943, the Germans seized them and took them north, also "for safety," but they were persuaded to turn them over to the superintendent of galleries of Milan, where it is hoped they will be found later on. From around Florence alone the Germans took away 490 paintings of first-rate importance and 130 cases of sculpture.

THE American Commission has been accumulating lists of missing objects and some day the Germans are going to have to account for them—and that is only one of the things which the Commission is doing, with the help, of course, of the Italian, AMG, and AC authorities on the spot. One of the most important activities has been the preparation of hundreds of maps of every locality which contains at least five important monuments, while for other places regional maps have

been made. These are distributed both separately and, for the most important countries, bound in atlas form, and are supplied to all staffs. For the greater convenience of bombardiers, in the case of one hundred Italian cities the Mediterranean Allied Air Force transposed the data from the maps to a series of aerial photographs, with important monuments marked in white on the prints.

Then there are Lists of Protected Monuments for every country in Europe except Russia, Great Britain, and the neutral nations. Each region of Italy has its special list, which is provided to all commanders down to the rank of major. These are invaluable when troops enter a newly conquered city or town.

In fact, the mechanism is put in motion well before a place is taken, although in practice all that the art officials can do is to call attention to what lies in the immediate path of the juggernaut and then pray that as much as possible will be spared. For instance, as the Eighth Army approached Ravenna, Lieutenant Colonel DeWald warned the chief of staff of AC that Ravenna was the most precious repository of Byzantine art, among other things, in the West, and that the warning should be passed on. The chief of staff referred the matter to AFHQ, whence the information was passed on to the various commands.

The results were a partial success. Two nights before the city was going to be outflanked and taken the R.A.F. made two raids, dropping bombs all over the city. By an absolute miracle, all the great monuments escaped destruction, although a few were slightly damaged. For instance, the house across the street from the Church of Sant'Apollinare Nuovo was demolished by one bomb. Another house right up against the campanile was knocked flat, but somehow the bell tower itself stood intact. Inside the church the force of the blasts brought down stucco, cracked the apse, and damaged the ceiling, but the great mosaics remained absolutely unharmed.

On the other hand, the attacking troops did their part well. In the artillery preparation a certain amount of damage was done by shells, but that was largely

because the Germans were using some buildings for observation posts, such as the Church of Santa Maria in Porto Fuori, which was almost destroyed. Once the soldiers got in, not only was nothing in Ravenna destroyed, but the process of protection and restoration began.

The technique was well established and highly efficient by the time the Allied armies began to capture the great cities of Tuscany, although for reasons beyond control they are the most destroyed in all Italy—as they are, unfortunately, the most precious. Every city and town—from Viterbo and Arezzo to Florence, Pisa, and Ravenna (to take a very rich zone of central Italy)—is a long and thrilling story by itself. The history of art is being made in a very great way in these months—unhappily so, as a matter of fact, since history will recall primarily what was destroyed and damaged, rather than what was saved. And it will forever record who did the damage, although to be fair a goodly part of the blame should go to Mussolini and his Fascisti who brought this calamity down on Italy, and another goodly part to the inevitable accidents of war.

V

LET us take Florence as a more or less typical example of what can be and is being done to save and repair and restore, once the war has passed on. The Florence that we and successive generations of men since the days of the Medici knew and loved is no more. Of all the world's artistic losses in the war this is one of the saddest.

The preliminary safety measures worked to perfection. On every bombing raid of the Florentine railway stations and yards the bombardiers had their instructions and the American Commission's maps to guide them, and not a single monument of importance was destroyed or damaged. As the battle lines approached the city, artillery commanders were duly warned and as a result shell damage was slight. As he told us later, it was the intention of General Alexander, then Fifteenth Army Group commander, to encircle the city just as Siena was encircled and thus try to spare it. However, a leaflet dropped by

our planes and signed by him called upon the partisans of Florence to rise and gave the impression that the Allies intended to force a crossing of the Arno River through Florence. The tragedy which was to occur was partly the result of this misunderstanding.

The Germans, with dreadful thoroughness, mined all the bridges, except the Ponte Vecchio with its cumbrous and picturesque superstructure of little jewelry and antique shops. Since it was the dry season they knew that the wreckage of the bridge would have remained above water and provided a crossing which bulldozers could quickly make, so instead they decided to create road blocks at both ends of the Ponte Vecchio by blowing up all the old palaces around it. The decision, and the way it was carried out, represented a piece of vandalism for which history will never forgive the Germans.

Five days before the demolitions they evacuated fifty thousand people from a two-hundred-meter zone on both sides of the Arno. Then they set their explosive charges tranquilly (four German soldiers, for instance, worked leisurely in the open during daylight with electric drills at the southern end of the Ponte Vecchio, laying the charges which destroyed the Società Santa Colombaria), looted the houses in their spare time, and finally set the fuses.

On the early morning of August 4th a series of explosions destroyed the heart of old Florence, so it was no exaggeration when I wrote for my newspaper that "Florence is no longer the Florence that the world has known for four hundred years." It was a particularly vicious act of vandalism because the Germans used much heavier explosive charges in every case than were required.

When the Allied troops got across the Arno, they found a third of the medieval city in ruins from German demolition. Palace after palace dating from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries was a heap of rubble in which were strewn such treasures as the ancient manuscripts, books, and art objects from the Società Santa Colombaria. Three great medieval towers (the Torre degli Amidei, the Girolami, and the Gherardini) had crumbled and two others were damaged. All

the famous Arno bridges, except the Ponte Vecchio, were destroyed with a breathtaking thoroughness far beyond military necessity. The Palace of the Guelph Party, embellished by Brunelleschi and Vasari, was terribly damaged and the frescoes were ruined. Street after street of houses was gone. For blocks outside the demolished area the terrific concussion had loosened stones and plaster, making many buildings dangerously infirm.

Such was the state of things when an AMG officer representing the Monuments and Fine Arts Subcommittee entered the city with the troops. Captain Deane Keller would normally have been the officer, but he was on an equally important job down at Pisa, and it was young Lieutenant Frederick Hartt, former assistant curator of the Yale University art collection, who had the thrilling task.

One of his first jobs (remember, I am using Florence as a typical example of what is done when a city is captured) was to locate art treasures. He, like all the men chosen by Professor DeWald, is a thoroughly trained art scholar, who knows where to look and what to look for. All these men must, of course, speak Italian, and it is necessary to get immediately in touch with the Italian art authorities on the spot. One never fails to find a devoted and expert group of men who have worked, often at great danger, up to the last minute before the Germans leave and who are ready to start again when the Allies arrive.

In Florence, the Italian Superintendency of Art was to prove invaluable. It was headed by Professors Giovanni Poggi, the superintendent of galleries and monuments, and Ugo Procacci, art historian who is a great expert on the region. They were aided by a group of young Italian architects who were untiringly zealous.

They all got down to work checking on looted and missing treasures and collecting the art objects deposited in villas and villages around Florence. An immediate survey was made to see what monuments in Florence needed emergency treatment. The remaining wall of the Torre degli Amidei, for instance, was shored up in one of the first-aid treatments. Priority lists of urgent provisional repairs were

drawn up and work was begun in a matter of hours. AMG in such cases furnishes some funds, but most of the money must come from the Italians themselves. The emergency repairs are to prevent aggravation of damage, to cover roof holes, bolster crumbling walls and ceilings, fill in blasted doors and windows, and, above all, clear rubble heaps, whose weight sometimes is a danger. This is done with care by expert workmen, so that pieces of frescoes, mosaics, and the like can be used for reconstruction or taken to museums.

That is where army engineers must be expected to blunder like bulls in china shops. I could list a dozen cases in Tuscany alone where the hasty shoveling up of what naturally seemed to soldiers nothing but useless rubble destroyed hopes of reconstructing something precious. The Church of Sant'Agostino in Pisa and the nearby house where Mazzini died were typical instances.

In Florence, vigilant work by Lieutenant Hartt, with the strong backing of Brigadier General Edgar Erskine Hume, Fifth Army AMG commander, prevented two such disasters. Engineers began shoveling the wreckage of the Santa Colombaria at the southeast corner of the Ponte Vecchio into the Arno. After General Hume's energetic intervention, the engineers were forced to wait until experts patiently grubbed into the ruins that had been leveled to the ground while the great library underneath burned for days. As a result about half of the valuable collection of rare books, manuscripts, incunabula, and archives were saved, although the whole modern library was destroyed.

The other case concerned what little remained of the prow-shaped piers of Ponte Santa Trinità. Florence, to add to its woes, had the worst flood in exactly one hundred years on November 1st. The great flow of water weakened the south pier of the bridge, necessitating reinforcements. So the engineers started throwing the loosened old blocks into the water. Once again strong opposition was overcome and skilled workmen were permitted to take the stones down one by one, numbering them and putting them in a place of safety, along with the statues of the seasons and the two *cartelli*, or double-

curvature plaques which were the keystones of the arches and had previously been fished out of the water. So some day Florence is going to see a replica of its beautiful Santa Trinità Bridge. It may not exactly get that subtle curvature architects used to quarrel about, but posterity will never know the difference.

Here we are getting into the field of artistic restoration, and that is something which must wait until after the war. There is too much first-aid work to be done, and too much money and materials are needed. The patient work and expert study for which Italians are so famous will be needed for years and years to come—and still Florence will not be what it was. That is the tragedy. Bernard Berenson, American by birth and Florentine by adoption, would like to see old Florence rise again from its ashes, so to speak, by reconstructing every building as nearly as possible in its old place and shape. The venerable "B.B.," who is our most famous expert, frankly admits his passion for the past, but the new Florentines will build something new.

WHEN I returned to Florence at Christmas time, and again in January, it was to find everyone busily discussing the question, but in the meantime working hard at what was still the stage of emergency treatment. Streets had been cleared through the rubble at both ends of the Ponte Vecchio. You could now go along what was the Via di Por Santa Maria or the Via dei Guicciardini on the other side, although except for the location there was nothing to remind you of what they had been. The Torre di Parte Guelfa had to be demolished because the terrific blast of the excessive explosives used by the Germans in some extraordinary way had desiccated the mortar in all the old monuments, making them like so many loose stones piled atop each other.

The top half of the façade of the little Church of Santo Stefano had been taken down and was being put together again. About half of the old jewelry shops on the Ponte Vecchio had been reopened, and the others were being repaired. The Lungarno Torrigiani, that used to strike a

dead end where the old houses overhung the Arno, now ran right up to the Ponte Vecchio upon the flattened-out debris of the ancient palaces. But there was still much to be done. Neither the Borgo San Jacopo nor the Lungarno Acciaoli had been cleared.

But the work goes on, sad work, which for all its skill and patience can never bring life back to the heart of old Florence. The war has gone northward and the struggle now, everywhere in liberated Italy, is no longer against man but against nature. New dangers arise in unsuspected places. On December 20th a high wind struck San Gimignano, and before it ended part of the wall on the southern side of the cathedral, known as the Collegiata, crumbled, taking with it some precious fourteenth-century frescoes by Barna da Siena. It was a case of "invisible damage" caused during the shelling of the town by the Germans after they withdrew. No one could know that in order to prepare the ground for Barna's paintings, the monks at the time had bricked up some windows and covered them with plaster.

In a number of cases, such as the old Monastery of San Lucchese, outside Poggibonsi, it has been impossible to repair roofs, and precious frescoes are being exposed to sun and rain. Another trouble has been the improper walling of treasures, which is being gradually discovered. If frescoes are walled in while in a damp condition, or if proper precautions are not taken, the paintings will be covered with mold. This happened, for instance, to one of the earliest works of Fra Angelico and one of the most important Sassettas, in the Church of San Domenico in Cortona. The paint lifted on the Sassetta fresco, and it must be transferred to new plaster and wood. Two restorers will have to spend a full year at the job.

SOMETIMES the war gives an opportunity to make repairs and changes that should have been made generations ago. One example is the multistyled Church of San Lorenzo Maggiore in Naples, which has been closed since the middle of the nineteenth century. The nave crumbled under the concussion from bombs, and a new skeleton framework is now being built for this important church which the French began to build in the thirteenth century. When the repairs are completed it will be opened again to the public.

The thirteenth-century French Gothic Church of Sant'Elogio in Naples is benefiting by a somewhat similar accident. It was hit by a bomb which happily removed some later and hideous additions, revealing its true architectural structure. The repairs now being made will restore the church to its original glory.

American GI's, digging foxholes near the Greek temples of Paestum at the time of the Salerno landing in September, 1943, uncovered a cemetery of the Stone Age (Neolithic) which experts think is the oldest yet found on the Italian mainland.

However, the gains are slight; the losses are enormous and irreplaceable. Only Italy could lose so much and still remain incomparably the richest storehouse of art in the world. That is some consolation, but one cannot forget the great monuments of art and culture that are no more. This article has barely mentioned Pisa and has said nothing about Rimini, yet in those two towns alone more precious things were lost than all the tribute from Germany or donations from American millionaires could pay for.

"But in the miserable account of war," wrote Gibbon, "the gain is never equivalent to the loss, the pleasure to the pain."

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THESE GOVERNMENT CORPORATIONS

MARSHALL EDWARD DIMOCK



IN THE recent uproar over the nomination of Henry A. Wallace to succeed Jesse Jones as secretary of commerce, the chief hue and cry was over the immense lending powers of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which senators were unwilling to put into Mr. Wallace's hands. What attracted almost no attention, but is for the long run much more vital, was the impersonal issue behind the personal issue. The RFC is but one of a fleet of government corporations, the lending powers of these corporations constitute only a part of their potential authority, and too little thought has been given to the question how they shall be managed and controlled. The mere notion that one man—whether Mr. Wallace or Mr. Jones or some other—could personally dictate how this authority should be wielded threw into relief the fact that in the government corporation we have an instrument of imposing and potentially irresponsible power.

For the first time in our national history, these government corporations swing a commanding weight. What private corporation do you regard as monstrously big? The U. S. Steel Corporation? The American Telephone and Telegraph Company? General Motors? Well, the RFC is several times larger than any of them. It is the country's biggest banker. It alone has pumped out some thirty billions of dollars since 1932—more than the total

value of all manufacturing plants in the United States at the beginning of the present war. And the RFC, though the biggest government corporation we have, is but one of a score whose authorizations and disbursements sound like the total national income before the war.

Take the matter of capital stock. The RFC is capitalized for \$500 million; the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, for \$300 million; the Smaller War Plants Corporation, for \$150 million; while the authorization of the Export-Import Bank is \$700 million.

Take the property they command. At present the Defense Plant Corporation, a subsidiary of the RFC, owns outright 920 plants representing an investment of approximately six billion dollars, and has invested some three-quarters of a billion more for the expansion of 122 others, whose products include steel, aircraft, chemicals, machine tools, aluminum, synthetic rubber, and ordnance. As the *Chicago Tribune* said as early as 1935, "Using powers granted to it through these corporations, the government under the New Deal could manufacture anything from carpet tacks to steam engines."

This is big stuff indeed. And although it has grown vastly bigger by reason of the war, it will not necessarily dwindle afterwards. Ours has become a mixed economy; regulations and subsidies are extensive and a large chunk of business is

now government owned or government controlled. If trends are reliable guides, we shall see more government participation in business after the war than before it. Public opinion seems likely to force upon the government the role of stabilizer of the national economy. We may find government corporations being used as instruments to this end, engaging in peace-time operations on an immense scale.

For some purposes they may prove appropriate and useful instruments. But we cannot expect them to operate responsibly and efficiently unless the peculiar advantages and dangers to which they are subject are well understood—not only by the officials who administer them, and the members of Congress, but also by a wide-awake citizenry.

THE first thing which we need to bear in mind is that the issue here is not between unregulated private enterprise and straight old-style socialism. There is a broad middle ground. What we call a private corporation is itself, in part, a creature of the state. Ever since the Romans adopted the *corporatio* ("association") before the Christian era, governments have chartered groups of individuals and given them privileges, powers, and immunities. From the end of the fifteenth century and for some two hundred years thereafter the "sovereign" kept a fairly tight rein on these privileged groups of business enterprisers. Later, incorporation could be had for the asking and the controls virtually disappeared. In recent years, however, the pendulum has been swinging back, "private" corporations are now being reminded of the historical circumstances from which they emerged, and more emphasis is being placed upon their public obligations. And meanwhile governments have added something new: they have incorporated their own economic ventures, thus setting up government enterprises that operate much like private corporations.

Why? Is there any special virtue in the corporate device? Business men universally testify that there is. The corporation is the most effective means yet invented whereby men—and government, too—may participate in a side issue, an activity

apart from that to which they devote their principal time. This is done by concentrating managerial powers in the hands of competent people and giving them free enough rein in finance and management to achieve the desired results. Autonomy is the chief virtue of the corporation—greater even than corporate personality, limited liability, or perpetuity. It is the privilege of being left alone so long as you do not overstep the rules laid down in advance. Autonomy of management produces unity and requires freedom from outside interference—conditions precedent to the best managerial results in any field.

THE nineteenth-century method of operating a public business was through the ordinary department of government. If Manchester, for example, wanted to manufacture and distribute electricity, the city fathers merely added another department to those already in existence, and subjected it to the same fiscal, personnel, and legal controls. The same was true of the British government's operation of the telephone and telegraph systems, or government operation of railroads generally, or our own post office system—a government department did the job.

Why the change to the corporation? Almost all of the new ventures in public ownership since 1900, the world over, have taken the corporate form. In Europe it has been the mixed enterprise and the government-owned corporation; in Great Britain the public utility trust; in the United States and Canada, and in Australia and New Zealand as well, the government-owned corporation; in Soviet Russia the state trust; in China the government-owned corporation. But whatever the names and the differences, all have shared in most of the generic characteristics of corporateness—separate identity, investment in a side issue, self-financing, profit and loss calculations, administrative autonomy, and the right to sue and be sued.

This has happened for several reasons. As compared with the public corporation, the traditional government department lacks continuity because of changing political fortunes. Its unity of management is

weakened by central financial and personnel controls, such, for example, as the Civil Service Commission and the General Accounting Office in our own federal government. Because the department receives appropriations from a legislature and turns its surpluses and net earnings into the general treasury, the department is less responsive to a sudden need for flexibility. And its management, being subject to civil service rules and other rigid, centralized controls, lacks the independence necessary to outstanding business success.

One must admit that, despite all these disadvantages, some departmental enterprises—such as, for example, the British Post Office and the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power—have proved wholly adequate, judged by private business standards. Generally speaking, however, private enterprise has an advantage over departmentalism in its greater managerial and financial freedom, and governments share these advantages when they adopt the corporate form of organization.

PUBLIC corporations have had some very conservative sponsors. In the nineteenth-century heyday of municipal socialism, leaders such as Joseph Chamberlain in England and Bismarck in Germany put many municipalities into the water, gas, traction, electricity, and telephone businesses. And when, in various countries, these experiments were succeeded by ventures on a national scale—chiefly in transportation, communications, housing, and finance—it was not ordinarily because of the influence of socialistic doctrine; more often the people behind these ventures were individualists, distrustful of the business operations of ordinary government departments. A perfect example is the fact that the RFC was created by Herbert Hoover, author of *American Individualism*.

The reasons why governments have gone into business have been varied. First, of course, they have done it for wartime operations, when private interest must be subordinated to the need for central planning, operation, and control. Second, for emergency purposes in a depression—for when a craft is sinking, men are not particular as to who does the bailing out. Third, for long-range pur-

poses connected with the national interest, as when a Conservative government in Britain established a state-controlled nationwide electricity grid in 1926 because cheap power meant world markets and would also facilitate the national defense in wartime. Fourth, because of public fear of private monopoly; sometimes consumers say, "Monopoly is bad enough under any circumstances; but if we must have it, it is better that the government which represents all of us should operate it." Fifth, because of considerations of profit. These work two ways: sometimes an enterprise is unloaded on the public if it becomes unprofitable but remains essential; sometimes it is taken over by the government if its profits are so high that consumers are angered. Sixth and last, because the job which has needed doing has been one for which private capital could not easily be secured, either on account of the large amount needed—as in the case of railroading in some countries—or because of the risk involved—as in the case of waterway transportation for public hire generally.

II

IF WE in the United States are to use the public corporation wisely and dodge the pitfalls that accompany it, we should be well aware that the form with which we are most familiar here is not the only one.

There are three principal varieties of the public corporation:

1. The *mixed enterprise*, in which both public and private ownership combine to form a corporate partnership;

2. The *public utility trust*, in which ownership is private, profits are limited by charter, and management is provided by the government; and

3. The *government-owned corporation*, where both ownership and management are public.

Which of these forms takes hold in any given country seems to be largely the result of chance. An experiment is tried, it seems to work, it is repeated, and presently the original experience has become a precedent. Certainly there is little logic in the fact that France has tended to prefer the mixed enterprise, Britain the public

utility trust, and Germany the government-owned corporation, whereas here in the United States, although our social tradition resembles those of England and France more than that of Germany, we have used the government-owned corporation almost exclusively. It all goes back to our first American experiment in the field, over forty years ago: the United States government's purchase of the capital stock of the Panama Railroad Company, back in 1904.

This enterprise, which had helped to make Russell Sage wealthy, had been chartered under the laws of New York state in 1849 and for fifty-five years had been operated as a private venture. When the government took it over at the time the Panama Canal was built, the corporation's momentum and traditions succeeded in keeping its private corporate features remarkably intact. It has a real board of directors, finances itself without appropriations, makes its own rules of internal management, and has remained a true business concern. Congress has not seen fit to rock the boat—partly, perhaps, because Panama is far away. The Panama Railroad Company has been very profitable, having earned an annual return of 10 per cent on its capital stock in addition to investing millions of dollars from reserves in extensions and improvements. It has been a remarkably efficient enterprise. In consequence of its early success, it became an example for other American ventures in public business.

These have fallen into six main groups: transportation, represented by the Panama Railroad Company and the Inland Waterways Corporation; banking, of which the Export-Import Bank and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation are examples; industrial credit, a field occupied by the RFC and a half-dozen wartime subsidiaries which purchase and produce essential commodities and finance manufacturing plants; housing, including the Defense Homes Corporation, the U. S. Housing Corporation, and the Home Owners' Loan Corporation (its three billions of outlay now in process of liquidation); and regional development and power, represented, of course, by the Tennessee Valley Authority.

In general, these later ventures have followed the pattern laid down in 1904. But not always wisely, as we shall see, and on the whole with striking disregard of the experience of other countries with other forms of government participation in business. If in the future the United States government is to steer a wise course in organizing business enterprises, those who have the power of decision ought first to know what the alternative forms are, why they are, and what can be learned from them. Only then can the right administrative answer be found for each distinctive problem.

So let us look at these other forms which have worked well elsewhere.

THE mixed enterprise (*public and private owners joining as partners*) was an outstanding social development in Europe after World War I, and it seems likely that many countries will take up where they left off at the outbreak of World War II. The resistance groups in France, for example, are bringing strong pressure on General de Gaulle to nationalize important sectors of the economy, and provisional nationalization has already been applied to the coal mines in the north. De Gaulle, however, insists that France will go back as soon as possible to her private ownership tradition, and recently shelved a report in favor of nationalization which had been submitted to him and his cabinet by M. Mendès-France, Minister of National Economy. Given this situation, and bearing in mind the vast amounts of capital required to rebuild the French productive capacity, it seems safe to predict that France will make extensive use of the mixed enterprise.

Every country in Europe has widely employed this device. In Germany, it took root even before the turn of the century. Used at first chiefly to run gas works and street railways and to supply electricity, it was later adopted for slaughterhouses, insurance companies, banks, garages, and even milk supply on a wide scale. There is no apparent limit to its use. In some countries the government was required to hold a majority of the stock; in others it was not allowed to. The French law, for example, limited the

public share to 40 per cent. Representation on the board of directors was usually proportionate to the percentage of stock ownership. In Germany the public members typically predominated, while in France the opposite was true. Even the management was divided, the majority selecting the president, the minority the vice-president.

The mixed enterprise took root and spread rapidly for a variety of reasons. Private enterprise needed help; or voters wanted to establish government ownership but did not possess sufficient tax revenues to purchase more than a portion of the enterprise; or the mixed enterprise was considered a substitute for regulation; or governments saw the advantages of a business income in lieu of higher taxes; or the mixed enterprise seemed a useful weapon with which to fight monopolies and cartels.

On the whole, the mixed enterprise has proved successful. Its extensive use and the variety of fields it has entered indicate wide public acceptance. It has two major weaknesses: first, it violates the principle of unified management, because competing public and private interests are likely to disagree within the management as well as within the board—a problem which might be minimized by not trying to make the management representative of both interests; and second, consumers sometimes object that rates are too high because the government has an interest in profits and there is no outside check.

In the United States we have few examples of the mixed enterprise, though the Federal Reserve System, the Boston Elevated Railway, and some of the joint agricultural banks are analogous. It would not be surprising, however, if at some time in the future we adopted it more widely because of its special advantages.

THE public utility trust is a British device—a chartered enterprise in which ownership is private but management is chosen by the government. Although stock is issued or exchanged, the holder possesses no voting rights and receives a fixed rate of interest, more like income from a debenture bond than like a fluctuating dividend. The British argue that if you write the

profit limitation into the charter, the fundamental problem of public control over monopolies has been solved.

Both the Conservative and Labor parties have fostered the public utility trust. This in itself seems to indicate that the idea has merit. The public corporation is the efficient substitute for regulation. "A regulated business," according to most British business men, "is worse than no business at all." It sets up one group of men to watch another, mistakes the number of regulations for their effectiveness, makes unity of management impossible, produces a repressed instead of a growing economy. Labor, on the other hand, argues that regulation has been "timid" and generally ineffective. "The problem is, at bottom, one of devising means for securing, both initially and continuously, an enlightened, efficient, and progressive management," a leading British executive has said. "Checks and controls can do little to secure this; they may arrest the criminal but they cannot make him good."

The answer to both lines of attack is thought to be the public utility trust. Thus the British formula for the regulation of monopolies is to make the controls inherent and automatic and then set the management free—as free as in any private enterprise. The rate of return on public utility trusts ranges from 3 to 5 per cent. Earnings above that may be used for replacements, expansion, or surplus, but beyond a certain point they must lead to reductions in price, because fluctuating profits are strictly out.

The success of this system depends largely upon the caliber of the trustees appointed. The Central Electricity Board was created in 1926, the British Broadcasting Corporation in 1927, the London Passenger Transport Board in 1933. The requirements for board membership are generally the same and are set forth in the charters: broad business or executive experience, success in one's field, demonstrated attachment to the public interest, and no axe to grind. Both political parties have respected the tradition of filling vacancies with men from other than their own political party. The appointments are made by the appropriate minister (postmaster general for BBC, minister of transport for



CEB and LPTB), after conference with the prime minister. Board members are well paid. The chairman of the BBC, for example, receives the equivalent of \$15,000 a year, while the other members are paid a third of this amount; none gives his full time to the job. The board picks the management, which in turn is amply remunerated. The head of London Transport, for example, receives the equivalent of \$65,000 a year. Members of Parliament may ask questions of the appropriate minister relating to the conduct of the public utility trusts, but the ministers do not interfere with the boards or their managements.

The public utility trusts have been a success. They will probably be extended after the war, one of the most likely fields being coal mining, when nationalized. Their securities have always sold at a premium. It is generally agreed that boards and management have been well chosen. The business independence and flexibility which it was hoped would result seem to have materialized in practice. Labor relations have been good. Britain has been stronger during the war because of a nationwide electricity grid, a broadcasting system devoted exclusively to entertainment and instruction, and an efficient network of transport in and around greater London.

There are, of course, some criticisms. In broadcasting, for example, the educational programs are said to be too "uplift" in character. The managers of the national grid have occasionally been accused of favoring some particular group of electrical manufacturers. London commuters want cheaper combination fares. More serious are the questions which arise among some labor leaders. Why, they ask, should investors earn a return on money that has been divested of risk and voting participation? And further, is what we mistook for gradual socialization merely a powerful prop to the rentier class? On one point, however, both the right and the left seem to have reached substantial agreement: the public utility trust is more efficient than either regulation or old-style socialism. It is truly the meeting place of individualism and collectivism.

The public utility trust possesses greater managerial unity than the mixed enterprise—more even than the government-owned corporation. In terms of structure, therefore, it should prove the most efficient of the three, although of course there are many other factors to be considered. That we in this country have been so little influenced by it is a matter of surprise, because business leaders who learn about it usually exhibit considerable enthusiasm for the basic formula.

III

HERE in the United States, as already noted, we have stuck to the government-owned corporation, following the original Panama experiment, which was blessed with autonomy, a real board of directors, and self-contained financing. Generally speaking, the corporations which the government set up during World War I—such as the Emergency Fleet Corporation and the U. S. Grain Corporation—followed the legitimate corporate pattern. On the other hand, the Inland Waterways Corporation, which was established in 1924, has drifted away from original corporate traditions. It has not been entirely self-financed and throughout most of its history has been officer-dominated rather than guided by a representative board of directors with real powers. And by 1932, when the RFC was created, the corporate model began to lose many of its most important business characteristics. One might have thought that the pattern would have become set by that time, and that the underlying principles might have become ingrained in official thinking. This did not happen.

In two thousand years of corporate history, the term "corporation" has never possessed any kind of innate magic. There is nothing about corporate characteristics that cannot be changed or lost. Romancers such as Blackstone became eloquent about personality, perpetuity, limited liability, and other so-called innate traits, but experience has proved that all of these are subject to loss or profound modification. There is nothing in a device that can keep men from changing it if they will. The only real safeguard is a com-

prehension of concept and principle by the community.

The really important features of corporations are their freedoms and unities—their autonomy of management and finance. Since 1932, federal corporations in this country have steadily lost sight of these guiding principles. If we are to continue to use the public corporation we had better relearn some of the important things we have forgotten.

The public corporations created in recent years, for example, have generally been run by their officers. In some cases they are a one-man show, with an officer of cabinet rank voting the government's stock and making all the important decisions. (Hence the recent Wallace-Jones fracas.) Under such circumstances the administration of a corporation does not greatly differ from the administration of a department.

THE first great problem which faces us, therefore, is what is going to happen to the independent board of directors. This is equally important in the case of private corporations, where the trend is also away from directorships chosen from outside the business. The arguments for officer control are that managers know the business more intimately than outsiders; that officers give all of their time to the job, as outsiders do not; and that hence there is an economy of time and explanation.

Over against these, however, are considerations which would seem to carry more weight. Ownership requires independent representation if it is to exercise any degree of control. Concentration of power inevitably leads to its abuse. Outside viewpoints help to offset bureaucracy and grooving. Corporations must adjust themselves to larger social forces and hence need the experience of men in larger fields; public attitudes are better judged by nonofficer directors; and last and perhaps most important, the public will have more confidence in an enterprise, and be less inclined to interfere with it, if the traditional separation is continued between layman boards and professional management. History is replete with object lessons demonstrating the force of these principles. Let American business

men profit by the trusteeship principle incorporated into public utility trusts. Let federal bureaucrats ponder the loss of corporate identity if representative boards are not reinstated.

Congress has consistently favored the corporate structure. It produces speedy action when time is scarce. But Congress does not seem to comprehend an essential feature of the corporation, namely, that the board of directors performs the role of a "little legislature." If the corporation is to discharge important functions of government and if autonomy is to be safeguarded, a representative group of men acting on behalf of the sovereign legislature must constitute an essential part of its organization. Congress cannot possibly supervise these enterprises itself—they are too many and their operations are far too complex. Yet supervision on behalf of the public is something they emphatically need, lest they be used for personal, political, or even corrupt purposes. Therefore Congress should provide the inner controls through incorporation, and then delegate future policy decisions and the direction of management to the board of directors. This requires an independent board, a separation between the making and execution of policy. A corporation is no stronger than its board of directors. If Congress does not see fit to revitalize this function, the corporation will lose ground in public confidence.

THE second great requirement of the successful public corporation is self-contained financing. Ideally, the public corporation should have the right to use subscribed capital; to raise new capital by the issuance of bonds or other evidences of indebtedness; to utilize operating revenues to defray operating expenses, provide working capital, or finance expansions; to build up reserves out of earned income or other revenue; to introduce commercial accounting methods; and to carry on purchasing with ordinary business freedom. In recent years, however, Congress has sometimes insisted upon appropriating funds for public corporations when they could just as well have been borrowed, and has required that net earnings be turned over to the general treasury even

when they were needed at once for the ensuing year's operations. If Congress will not treat the public corporation's finances as business operations, then the public corporation cannot expect to deserve business respect.

There has also been an invasion of personnel freedoms in the management of the public corporation. This type of enterprise differs from ordinary government in that, until recently, it was free from civil service laws. But since 1938, under pressure from the standardizers-at-all-costs in Washington, Congress has almost completely undermined this necessary requirement of business management. Congress should reconsider. The British are under no illusion as to the disadvantages of grafting the "civil service mentality" onto a corporate enterprise. In this country, the Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel laid down the sound rule in 1935 that "Utility undertakings should be excluded from the normal civil service personnel system . . . The personnel problem can be better handled in such cases as a part of management than as a part of government." Said Senator Wadsworth at the time when a corporation was being considered for the Muscle Shoals project, "You may apply civil service rules . . . if you please; but do not expect profits."

IV

IF PUBLIC corporations are to be usefully employed in vital areas of our national economy, we must, therefore, follow certain time-tested principles. They may be summarized as follows:

1. *The corporate device should be used for business purposes only.* Unless sales and profit-and-loss are intrinsic, the government would do better to use the departmental method. The public corporation will lose its virtue if a business operation is combined with nonbusiness programs and the combination is treated as a self-financing unit. (Here something akin to Gresham's Law seems to apply.)

2. *Financial self-sufficiency is necessary to business success.* This is the crux of the matter.

3. *A representative board of directors, chosen for demonstrated ability and attachment to the public interest, should be relied upon to secure public responsibility.* Except for granting the charter and modifying it if need be, Congress should keep hands off and let the board of directors do its proper job. The appropriate cabinet officer should be a member of the board *but should have no more power than his colleagues.*

4. *Business enterprises should develop their own personnel systems free from civil service rules and regulations.*

5. *There should be no exceptions to the rule that public corporations may sue and be sued.*

Congress should move without further delay to enact a model incorporation law for public corporations, setting forth the major principles and the measures of accountability which control corporate functioning. Simultaneously, steps should be taken to repair the breaches in corporate practice which now threaten to reduce this type of enterprise to a hollow symbol. Otherwise we may discover too late that we as a people have delivered huge power into the hands of men who are unable to wield it responsibly and effectively.

***For editorial comment on articles and contributors,
see Personal and Otherwise among the following pages.***

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FULL EMPLOYMENT THROUGH THE WRINGER

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

{Mr. Grattan's first article for Harper's, analyzing the social and economic costs of unemployment, appeared just ten years ago this month.}

IF ALL the advocates of full employment were laid end to end it would be a good thing. I don't mean I'd leave them prone for long (something has to be done to minimize unemployment after the war) but certainly if they were horizontal and silent for two or three weeks, the innocent bystanders who allegedly are going to benefit so hugely from their socio-economic schemes would be able to gather their wits together for the task of passing judgment on a vastly complex subject. As long as they are on their feet the full employment boys insist upon maintaining an incredible clatter and bang about 60,000,000 jobs, 60,000,000 jobs, 60,000,000 jobs, as though their vocal cords had become incapable of any more complicated feats of articulation. It all begins to sound like a campaign of

slogans designed to produce, not judicial judgment, but automatic response.

Though the literature of full employment is excessively voluminous, there are three basic documents to which most of the writing and argument must sooner or later return. These are the Murray-Wagner-Thomas-O'Mahoney bill (S. 380, 79th Congress, 1st Session); the United Kingdom's White Paper, "Employment Policy"; and Sir William Beveridge's book, *Full Employment in a Free Society*. Behind these looms the body of economic theory associated with the name of John Maynard Keynes, now Lord Keynes, especially his book *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*. The debt to Keynes is usually freely acknowledged, though sometimes it is obscured by a writer's dependence on the work of Keynes' American

epigone, Alvin H. Hansen. The bible of the full employment movement is now, however, Sir William Beveridge's book, even though it came along after a good deal of study and propaganda had been done. The book sums up the whole case more adequately than any other single document and elaborates it luxuriantly.

However others may have arrived at their opinions, it is certain that they will now seek to fortify their positions by reference to Beveridge. Individual Americans may repudiate particular opinions of Beveridge's—I'd think they'd want to!—but the attitude toward him of the advocates of full employment is so deferential that they must be assumed to accept the larger implications of his general line. That, surely, is burden enough.

THE first thing to be noted is that while the propaganda for full employment is usually dogmatic—often fiercely and aggressively dogmatic—and supported by all the tricks of the propaganda trade, including doubletalk, the whole position is founded upon hypotheses usually deductive in character. The more scrupulous students of the subject frequently complain that the needed statistical data are unavailable or incomplete. The theories, that is to say, cannot be tested against the facts of past experience, about which the figures have never been collected; nor, more importantly, can the factual data needed for the formulation of forward policies be found at the present time. Indeed it has even been alleged, light-heartedly, that one of the benefits of a full employment policy will be the collection of the statistics now so obviously missing! A close reading of the basic literature of the subject makes one realize that few policy proposals in recent years have had a less solid factual foundation.

I do not say this to disparage all theory, but to indicate clearly that dogmatism is totally unjustified by the current state of inductive knowledge in this field. I should add, of course, that the worst dogmatists are popular writers for the agitational press who are not notable for scrupulosity of statement about any subject. In no field I have lately explored are the reprehensible consequences

of sloganeering more clearly visible.

In one of his rare lapses into common sense, Henry Wallace remarked very correctly that the full employment issue was a matter of "high policy." It is indeed. Acceptance or rejection of the policy will profoundly affect the future of the United States. All the more reason, in my view, why it should be debated on the highest possible level of understanding, rather than to the accompaniment of primitive drum-beating designed to reduce our brains to a pulp.

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE arrived at his ideas in this field chiefly by way of a lifetime of study of unemployment. He is a world-famous expert in this field. He is not, however, an expert in economics. His basic economic ideas—which emphasize the importance of the volume of investment in determining the state of prosperity—he has taken over from Keynes.

The Murray bill has a different genesis. According to Henry Wallace the background is this: James G. Patton, President of the National Farmers' Union, concluded from studying national income data assembled by Simon Kuznets of the National Bureau of Economic Research that to reach a stable national income of 200 billions annually after the war, a regular annual expenditure of 40 billions on capital goods would be required. Patton handed the suggestion to Senator Murray of Montana, chairman of the War Contracts Subcommittee, who submitted it to various government agencies for comment. After being buffeted around, the idea was embodied in the form of a bill. There are several versions of this bill, all differing from one another in more or less significant particulars, but all based fundamentally on Patton's original conception. S. 380 is merely the most highly developed version of the idea. It seems to me that the reason Patton's idea survived to become a major public issue is that it is so obviously related to the Keynesian emphasis on the effect of the volume of investment on prosperity.

The third of the three basic documents, the United Kingdom White Paper, which represents the views of the Churchill government, makes proposals for Britain

which likewise turn fundamentally on the question of the volume of investment.

An ironic point emerges here. Sir William Beveridge says flatly that the White Paper proposals are "an anti-cycle policy, not a full employment policy." Since the Murray bill is closer in character to the White Paper proposals than to Sir William's own, he would probably condemn the Murray bill as insufficient also—though he would concede, I believe, that it is an advance beyond the United Kingdom proposals. We therefore have three major proposals, all allegedly designed to bring about full employment, only one of which is wholeheartedly accepted by Beveridge himself, the super-expert on the subject, as adequate to the purpose—that one being his own! The free use by propagandists of all three as equally supporting the full employment position simply confounds confusion.

When Alvin Hansen concludes his review of Beveridge with an ambiguous reference to the Murray bill—he suggests "careful study" of it—he is simply talking loosely. When the White Paper is cited as showing that the Churchill government supports a full employment program, the reference has a strong propaganda utility, perhaps, but it is painfully inexact. Only the Beveridge program (according to Beveridge) is a full employment program. This has implications of a very important character, as we shall see.

II

IT is my understanding that the crucial points about full employment are:

(1) The need to guarantee employment for all members of the national labor force able and willing to work.

(2) The need to get the national income to a high enough level to provide the required employment.

(3) The need to iron out the business cycle to keep the national income permanently high and the labor force continuously employed.

I have here placed the three essentials in the order favored by the popular writers. Jobs are more meaningful to the average man than the means of creating them, or insuring their continuity. Yet

when it comes to dealing with the problem it is the last two items which are of crucial importance. This is where the argument focuses. When Sir William Beveridge says that the White Paper merely outlined an anti-cycle program, he is saying that it doesn't go far enough. He is not saying that it does something that need not be done, or is not worth doing. On the contrary. But the downswings of the cycle might be eliminated without keeping the national income high enough to provide work for the total national labor force.

The favored method of counteracting the downswings of the business cycle—the method common to all parties here cited—is through government investment and other government expenditure. The assumption is that government outlay (to use an omnibus word of great utility) can compensate for the decline in outlay from other, chiefly private, sources. This diagnosis and prescription come from Keynes. He locates a weakness of the economic system at the point of investment, and it is therefore argued that governmental action at this point will bring the economy back to its former level. This is not a fact, but a theory—a theory of high respectability, but still a theory.

As a matter of fact there are excellent reasons for supposing that government spending is only in the loosest way comparable to private investment of equivalent amount; and equally excellent reasons for thinking that far from correcting the condition which Keynesian theory posits, namely, oversaving, it merely palliates it. As a matter of fact, moreover, the business cycle, with its upswings and downswings, is not yet understood, in spite of the immense labor expended in studying it, and the Keynesian prescription is but one of several possible solutions of the downswings. Dr. Wesley Mitchell, who is an expert on business cycles, recently remarked:

The number and diversity of the diagnoses and prescriptions offered, long a reproach to economics, stems from the inability of investigators to determine how adequately their own and one another's explanations account for what actually happens during a business cycle. Even the "theories" most fashionable today are really

untested hypotheses. Yet some of their advocates offer practical guidance to government and public with an assurance that contrasts painfully with the caution of responsible physicians in treating imperfectly understood disorders of the body.

Even Sir William, whose book as a whole breathes an Olympian assurance, remarks on "unsettled theoretical considerations" in this area. That is why the White Paper stated: "The Government recognize that they are entering a field where theory can be applied to practical issues with confidence and certainty only as experience accumulates and experiment extends over untried ground." You'd never guess that there was any need to be tentative from the popular propaganda on this subject. But there most certainly is.

YET it is on this insecure, or tentative, foundation that the next leap forward is made. If government outlay can compensate for the downswings of the business cycle, why cannot it also raise the national income to any required level? The question is no sooner asked than an affirmative answer is returned. Thus the Murray bill states: "To the extent that continuing full employment cannot otherwise be achieved, it is the further responsibility of the federal government to provide such volume of federal investment and expenditure as may be needed to assure continuing full employment." It is "otherwise [to] be achieved" by the action of private capitalism. The important point here is this: to raise the national income to the level defined as necessary for full employment, government outlay is the required weapon. Thus government outlay becomes not only a means of correcting a downswing in the business cycle, but a weapon to be used at any time, or continuously, to keep the national labor force fully employed. According to this reasoning, the national income should reach regularly the level necessary to keep the national labor force always at work. We are back again at our 60,000,000 jobs.

III

LET us now consider some of the elements hitherto implied but not yet mentioned. All three of the schemes

I have listed here are based on the continuance of private enterprise—or, better, private capitalism—as the mainspring of the economic system. The heft of the load of supplying the needed jobs is to be carried by private enterprise. But the proponents of these schemes return a pessimistic verdict on private capitalism. They say (1) that it cannot reach the level of employment at which they aim if it is left to its own devices; and (2) that the employment burden must therefore be shared with the government in the future. This pessimism is a psychological key to the understanding of this whole school. The free way in which they declare their allegiance to private capitalism is of less importance than their pessimistic verdict on that system.

The Murray bill, because of the climate of opinion in this country, is very explicit on the point that "It is the policy of the United States to foster free competitive enterprise and investment of private capital in trade and commerce and in the development of the natural resources of the United States." And it goes on to lay down the proposition that "free competitive enterprise" is to be encouraged by the federal government through the pursuit of "such consistent and openly arrived at economic policies and programs as will stimulate and encourage the highest feasible levels of employment opportunities through private and other non-federal investment and expenditure." It even says that only when "private and other non-federal [i.e., state and local government] investment and expenditure" fail to reach the level required for full employment will the federal government intervene with its own outlay for this purpose. But one does not need to be cynical—one merely needs to be informed—to realize that this is a tactical maneuver. The boys want desperately to jolly private capitalism along, but they do not really *expect* it to reach full employment levels on its own in the future.

This verdict is based on the dogma that although investment opportunities exist, private capitalism won't, or can't, avail itself of them. It is not based, as some suppose, on any pessimism about investment *opportunities*. The doctrine does not

assert that expansion is no longer possible. It rather argues that expansion is necessary, indeed obligatory, but says private capitalism cannot provide expansion on the scale and at the pace adequate to the necessities of the nation; and that much of the required expansion must therefore come through government investment in non-profit areas into which private capitalism cannot be expected to enter. In other words, the traditional stimulants of private investment in this country have been territorial expansion at the frontier, rising total population (natural increase and immigration), and technological change. Of these the first no longer exists, the second is of declining significance, and the third is unlikely to open up opportunities of vast enough magnitude. Hence government action is obligatory if the required investments are to be made.

Passing over the debate on the accuracy of this diagnosis—and it must be emphasized that here as all along the line there are sharp differences of opinion—we come to the question of where the government outlay shall be made. Shall it be confined to the areas occupied by PWA and WPA during the Great Depression? Or should the government seek to occupy more extensive territory? The Murray bill is ambiguous on the point: "Such investment and expenditure by the Federal Government shall be designed to contribute to the national wealth and well-being, and to stimulate increased employment opportunities by private enterprise." One can only throw up one's hands at such a loose statement. But on other evidence there seems good warrant for stating that while in the beginning the federal government would keep to its traditional area, this area would tend to become exhausted, and the temptation would soon arise to overstep it. As we all know, the line between legitimate governmental activities and those of private capitalism is a wavering one, differing from country to country, and from time to time within the same country. It is not a line that can be drawn once and for all.

For this reason the psychological attitude toward private capitalism entertained by the full employment boys is

all-important. As I stated earlier, they are pessimistic about it. I strongly suspect, therefore, that they rather expect that through government outlay, especially investment, they will be able soon to move to occupy fully areas which the government now occupies partially (e.g., electricity generation and distribution), and to invade other areas as the political state of the nation allows them to.

In this country they are naturally circumspect in their statements on this point. But Sir William Beveridge is in a different situation and his book is full of evidence that he expects rapidly to widen the area of public investment. He is, as a matter of fact, overtly hostile to private business. If his particular program should be adopted in England private business will exist on sufferance and be displaced if it fails to behave itself. Sir William is obviously seeking to surround private business, and he aims to use his strategic position, if won, to reduce it to the rank of a servant of the state at best, if not to eliminate it ultimately.

This raises the question of where the full employment theoreticians think they are going. It is generally agreed that this is an age of transition. Transition from what to what? There is little prospect of universal agreement on a definition of either wing of the question. But if the full employment program is accepted we will at minimum be moving toward a mixed economy, at maximum toward a comprehensive state socialism. Most American writers today stop short at the mixed economy station. I sometimes suspect that this is not in their minds a terminus but an uncomfortable way station. Sir William insists that his program leaves the socialism versus capitalism argument open. I cannot agree. I'd say that Sir William, and many of his admirers, are socialists who flatter themselves that they are really too bright to be socialists. Why don't they frankly say where they are going instead of talking rubbish about free enterprise while advocating action which will transform capitalism out of recognition? I for one retain an old-fashioned respect for blunt honesty and a strong distaste for the currently fashionable doubletalk and pretense.

IV

LET US now retreat to pick up some loose ends. First, that 60,000,000 figure. It has no particular sanctity. It is a political slogan, not an exactly determined figure for the number of jobs required after the war. The actual figure may turn out to be 55,000,000, or 57,500,000. A variety of figures have been put forward by reputable guessers. Senator Murray, who likes to wave the 60,000,000 figure around, was smart enough in his bill to leave the determination of the exact figure to the President. The arbitrary selection of too high a figure would be a disaster, for it would open up the possibility of excessive government expenditures to reach it—it might cause a disastrous inflation. We know what full employment meant in 1929 and 1944, but we don't know what it will mean in 1950. Any figure determined in advance must necessarily be an hypothesis.

We don't know, moreover, exactly what percentage of the working population will or should be unemployed at any given moment. Sir William Beveridge says 3 per cent for England; Alvin Hansen suggests 4 or 5 per cent for the United States and adds that this is a crucial issue. (Some unemployment is required to avoid a paralyzing rigidity in the labor market. The mobility of labor must be preserved.)

Similarly we do not know what total national income is required to give the national labor force full employment. (In this respect Mr. Patton evolved his idea by studying the wrong end of the problem; hence my feeling that Sir William's book will become the real arsenal of arguments.) All relations offered are hypothetical and tentative, subject to revision as the wealth-producing power of the community increases. Government outlay will increase rather than diminish the uncertainties. As a matter of fact the figures cited for national income are themselves the hypothetical results of a series of hypotheses or assumptions. "All income statements are expressions of opinion," says a Department of Commerce publication. No national income figure has unquestionable validity.

Furthermore, we do not know what effect government outlay will have on our economic affairs. It may cause sticky

maldistributions of the labor force; or it may cause distressing overinvestment in certain kinds of public works; or both. Badly handled public investment can stifle private investment rather than supplement or stimulate it. In such a contingency, will the policy be corrected, or will private enterprise be crowded into a narrower area of operations? The answer would depend on the outlook of the "experts" in charge of operations.

Another thing: we know little about the effect of public debt on the economy, and this whole program involves the accumulation of debt. We do know, however, that the effect of debt is important, especially when it achieves the magnitude now confronting us. Writers who blithely ignore it are peddling dangerous drivel.

In short, there is no point in the entire range of problems associated with the full employment schemes where dogmatic certainty is warranted. Propagandists who assert otherwise are misleading the public.

V

THUS far I have said nothing about what the Murray bill calls the National Production and Employment Budget. This is supposed to contain the necessary information for the operation of a continuous full employment scheme. If any such scheme is to be adopted, such a budget will presumably be required. But one point should be noted. Under Senator Murray's bill this budget is to be prepared by the executive branch of the government. This is probably the logical place to have it done; nevertheless it should not escape our notice that this will immeasurably increase the power of the executive. It will give the executive a power over the economic system which we have hitherto allowed it only in time of war. We shall, I should imagine, have a permanent Assistant President, with the powers, and more, of a war-time economic stabilizer. If we are worried about the constant aggrandizement of the powers of the executive in our democratic government, here is genuine cause for alarm.

But let us go on to another phase of the matter, the question of how far the government is to extend its controls over the

economic system. It is a delusion to suppose that the government will merely invest and spend. Willy-nilly, it must do many other things because of the investing and spending program. It is at this point that Sir William embarks on a far more comprehensive program than is provided for in either of the other major schemes, perhaps because he has more conscientiously worked out the details. And it is precisely because he feels that many additional controls are necessary that he feels that the rival schemes are more anti-cycle than full employment policies. The question immediately arises: is he right? Does a full employment scheme really involve the comprehensive controls he advocates? I believe it does; and I therefore conclude that if we accept the Murray bill and if the United Kingdom implements the White Paper, both nations will move fairly rapidly to the full program Sir William demands.

THIS is obviously not the place to reproduce Sir William's book. But let me select a few items. He would control investment by a system of priorities. The government would decide both the character and the timing of investment, private and governmental, according to a master plan of national development. He would control the location of industry, telling men where they may and may not build factories, not so much within cities—that is taken care of by zoning—as in the nation. This would be to avoid maldistribution of the working population. (In this country this might mean, for example, playing down investment in the great industrial cities of the Northeast and encouraging investment in the South and West—regardless of private wishes.)

He would, of course, control the banking system in accordance with the needs of full employment. He places great emphasis on a cheap money program to encourage investment. He would control foreign trade (income from which is a "wild" factor in the total national income), especially imports of foodstuffs and raw materials, since he believes that depressions tend to originate in countries producing such goods. He thinks bulk government purchases under long-term

contracts would stabilize demand for these things and also the incomes of primary producers, thus fending off "cyclical decline." He would control prices permanently, especially of the necessities of life, including furniture, to insure that wages in all industries would remain stable in purchasing power. He would expect the trade unions to be cautious in their wage demands so as not to upset the delicate balance of his elaborately planned system. (So also Alvin Hansen: "Control of wages must be achieved through enlightened union-management co-operation and collective bargaining.") What this really would lead to, it seems to me, is that wages would be tied to a cost of living index and increases would be made dependent upon expert determination of the improvements in productivity in each industry—a fruitful source of rancorous arguments. Anyhow this would involve a revolution in the thinking of the trade-union leadership and inevitably lead, in my opinion, to the increased dependence of the unions on the state. They would become more and more mere vehicles of economic control.

There is in these schemes no particular concern with a more just distribution of the national income. The immediate effect will be to freeze present-day relations, though there will be more claimants at the wage and salary levels. Yet it seems to me that one of the vital necessities of our time is a redistribution of income in favor of the groups now getting small returns. This would increase consumption through increasing effective demand—in itself a vast help in keeping the economic system on an even keel.

Sir William dislikes wholesalers. He would move in on them to prevent speculation in stocks of goods, especially foodstuffs and raw materials. The state would become the most important wholesaler. And so on and on.

What animates Sir William is this: he firmly believes that if you are to have full employment you cannot leave the market to its own devices. He says, "The policy of full employment . . . attacks directly the central weakness of the unplanned market economy of the past—failure to generate steady effective demand for its own products." Once you grant that

central premise, interference in the market is justified all along the line—and Sir William is nothing if not logical.

But capitalism without the market as a regulator is like a clock without a spring: I don't clearly see how it can be said any longer to exist. Why not say you are discarding it? Sir William is so logical that he is very obviously an economic nationalist new-style. His trend of thinking points toward a closed economy, though he recoils from it. His views on foreign trade, which cannot be explored here, are decidedly nationalist in character. He hates the idea that the United Kingdom is dependent on foreign trade and squirms amusingly between a pro- and an anti-foreign trade attitude. His thinking on this subject supports the fear entertained by some State Department advisers that full employment programs can lead to a world of carefully insulated economies, a result they cannot fail to view with alarm.

Properly read, Sir William's book is full of odd and disquieting ideas and attitudes. There is a phony rationalistic strain in his thinking which betrays him into believing that only the state is truly rational. If left to their own devices men are irrational and disorderly. Sir William has a spinster's passion for neatness and order. But society isn't a syllogism. And though he protests that he is all for the "essential" freedoms, he can also write as testily as in the following passage (my italics):

From the point of view of full employment, the decision [as to what the state will have to do] depends largely on how private citizens use their liberties. If trade unions under full employment press wage claims unreasonably, maintenance of a stable price level will become impossible; wage determination will perforce become a function of the State. If the private owners of business undertakings under full employment set out to exploit consumers by organizing monopolies and price rings, or abuse their economic power for political purposes, or fail, with all the help of the State and in an expanding economy, to stabilize the process of investment, the private owners cannot for long be left in their ownership. If the people of Britain generally under full employment become undisciplined in industry, that will show either that they are not sufficiently civilized to be led by anything but fear of unemployment and are unworthy of freedom, or that the control of industry must be changed. All liberties have their responsibilities. *The greater the sense of citizen responsibility, the greater can be the measure of*

liberty and the scope that is left for agencies independent of the State.

What incredible state-worship! The State, on his accounting, is the supremely and exclusively rational factor in the social complex. It alone can make no mistakes, do no wrong. But the unruly, semi-civilized population which this supremely rational organization is good enough to try to benefit can commit all sorts of gross errors of judgment. The state owns the jam-pot of freedom and doles out the jam—if we are good boys. That such nonsense should be piously and solemnly peddled in this day and age!

VI

IS THIS where a full employment program must inevitably end up? I wish I knew. For the oppressive fact is that no nation can in the future carry a heavy burden of unemployment without endangering the welfare of all its citizens. Continued heavy unemployment can—and probably will—provide the social basis for a revolution—or more war. It cannot be disputed that the unemployment question is a fundamental issue of our day. Action must therefore be taken to insure that unemployment is kept at a minimum. But what action? Must we ineluctably move, step by step, down the road Sir William Beveridge favors? If so we *may* get rid of unemployment—and a good deal else besides.

Confronted with such a dilemma I for one can sympathize with those who fall into what Dr. Johnson called the "middle state of mind between conviction and hypocrisy." They will escape it only when unemployment is mastered and the old freedoms demonstrably remain. I swear I cannot see this *guaranteed* under the schemes thus far propounded. The only honest presentation of a case for full employment is one that is tentative. We are entering an era when contrary *theories* will be advanced by the parties contending for power. Facts will be very hard to come by. This is a time for skepticism and for careful, open-eyed experiment. We *must* do something—but it is no time for open-mouthed, empty-brained, unquestioning belief.

{ *The Reverend Willis C. Lamott, a missionary*
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WHAT NOT TO DO WITH JAPAN

WILLIS CHURCH LAMOTT



WE CANNOT exterminate the Japanese people. Although they may attempt to liquidate themselves by mass suicide, we will still find a great many of them on our hands when the war ends. The problem of Japan will not be solved by shrinking her empire, destroying her military caste, preventing her rearmament, or revising her constitution. Such limitations and restrictions are all necessary, but the primary problem of postwar Japan is the Japanese people. We shall have to live with them as fellow members of the human race for some time to come. It behooves us, therefore, to understand them. Particularly, we should ask ourselves if there is hope for them, hope that they will throw off their allegiance to war lord and propagandist, turn their backs on the synthetic ideology forced upon them for two decades and settle down to life in a world peopled with reasonably civilized men and women. We should also consider how, as victors, we should use force, persuasion, and example to win the Japanese people into new ways of life.

IN THE first place, we should remind ourselves that there is nothing in their blood that makes the Japanese a war-like, cruel, cunning, unreliable, crafty, and generally loathsome people. We will never get anywhere in dealing with them until we stop thinking of them as being,

racially, subhuman devils, monkeys without tails, or something slimy that crawled from under a rock. We have only to look at our fellow-citizens of Japanese ancestry to realize the falsity of the tainted blood theory so often raised today. Not only are Japanese-Americans reliable, co-operative, resourceful, and responsive to the challenges of life in a free country, but on the whole they have reacted to existence in concentration camps (euphemistically termed "relocation centers") with a spirit that shames us of longer American heritage. Their loyalty to the United States has been tested by fire in Italy and Germany and on the islands of the Pacific, while at the same time their Japanese cousins have been dying with *banzais* for the Emperor on their lips.

It is amazing to realize that so many of the traits ordinarily ascribed to blood and age-old tradition can be so completely sloughed off in one generation, but it is true. It is especially noteworthy that many, perhaps most, of the Nisei (first-generation Americans) come from the same peasant class which forms the backbone of the Japanese army and was the determining force in the Japanese internal propaganda battle in the 1930's. Given the right environment and education, therefore, there is no reason why the Japanese should not become the raw material of a democracy. If this is true, we may next ask ourselves what the

chances are that they will develop along these lines.

II

WHAT will be the effect upon Japanese civilian morale of the demolition bombing of the home islands and the invasion by foreigners of the land protected by the gods? It will work no miracles. It will not turn the popular mind against the rulers who have brought this boomerang upon the divine land. Nor will it puncture the divinity of the Emperor. We may expect the Japanese to react to the bombing of their cities, the imperial palace, or their shrines and temples, much in the same way as the English people would respond to the destruction of London, Buckingham Palace, and St. Paul's. After all, the Japanese are human beings, and as they are faced by the widespread destruction and untold suffering caused by bombing and invasion, the tide of mingled hatred and sympathy will more than compensate for any ideological disillusion sustained.

In other words, we should not expect miracles from bombing. We have all along been hoping for something miraculous—a liberal uprising, a revolt of business and industry, a financial debacle, or the repudiation of the military by an initial defeat in battle. One by one these illusions have burst, and we should not now expect bombing to have the effect of winning the Japanese to our side. Let bombing be carried on as a military necessity, but let us not expect it to work political or spiritual miracles.

Let us likewise be prepared for a long, bloody, and heartbreaking experience when Japan is occupied. There will be no liberal or democratic underground to greet us. Our progress may become a succession of Japanese Aachens, we may be met with mass civilian suicide forced upon thousands by military and social pressure, and we may face a decade of guerrilla warfare. Long extended occupation of the country, unless we intend to remain there forever, may only serve to increase the power of imperial mysticism over the people, while "token" occupation and administration over a limited period may tend to make them incline to our side.

How deeply is the samurai mentality ingrained in the character of the Japanese? Upon the answer to this question will depend the manner of our reception by the conquered people. From my own knowledge of the younger generation, I should reply that about ninety-nine per cent of them are committed to Bushido and all that it implies of brutality, arrogance, and suicidal nihilism. Re-education of Japanese youth is just as necessary and perplexing a problem as the re-education of young Germans.

It is well, however, to realize that there exist degrees even in such a diabolical outfit of human characteristics as is represented by Bushido. We have had our attention called recently to the fact that the samurai mentality has been achieved much more fully among the officers of the army than among the men. Lin Yutang, in his visit to Japanese prison camps in China, apparently found that the officers were as fanatically loyal to the Imperial Way as when captured seven years ago; but that among the men, there were many "converts" to the Chinese cause.

It is being revealed, likewise, that there is a line dividing the military as a class from civilians. American soldiers have reported that they saw Japanese officers pushing civilians off the cliffs at Saipan and tying grenades about their waists. Such treatment, along with officer-inculcated fear of American atrocities, rather than samurai ethics, probably accounted for most civilian suicides that have taken place. As it later developed, hundreds permitted themselves to be taken prisoner when it was demonstrated that they would be treated fairly. These and similar facts lead us to believe that the lower class Japanese civilian, along with the intelligent Westernized middle class, are not by any means completely inoculated with the mystical warrior ideals of the military.

Many of the middle class have, indeed, given their support to the war, in spite of the military. The conflict has been "sold" to them by being interpreted as a moral crusade, a holy war, a struggle to free Asia from white imperialism and to unite the nations of the world, each in its

own place, into one brotherhood—"the eight corners of the world under a single sky." We may expect the most from the disillusion which defeat will bring to these educated, urban, modernized folk.

MUCH will depend upon the reaction to defeat of these and other civilian classes. How will they respond when the imperialistic house of cards comes tumbling down about their ears? We have learned that the Japanese is neither a superman nor a stoic. He is, moreover, unpredictable—long-suffering and patient but capable of violent outbursts of emotion; sternly self-repressed but given to running *amok*; obedient to authority but retaining a pale beyond which authority may not pass; loyal to the state, but lacking in public spirit. Placed under authority, as in the army, he is helpless and resourceless when authority is removed. Yet, on the other hand, as revealed in the prison camps at Saipan and elsewhere, if left to themselves, Japanese civilians have a "passion for organization," and for "doing everything in groups." This analysis is supported by all who have known the Japanese at close range over a period of years.

No other Japanese trait is so characteristic as that of suddenly giving up the struggle and relapsing into apathy. No amount of intense instruction in samurai ethics has quite succeeded in eliminating this element from Japanese character. It is observable, to a lesser degree, even among Japanese-Americans. An inheritance from generations of Buddhists, the *shikata ga nai* ("what's the use?") spirit is clearly a dominant Japanese trait and one that will surely reassert itself. It is quite possible that the lower-class Japanese, when once brought face to face with defeat, will shrug his weary shoulders and forsake the grandiose imperialistic designs of his breastbeating rulers for problems nearer home—the omnipresent landlord, exorbitant taxes, soaring prices, and the scarcity of the staff of life. He has reacted in this way following every war thus far and he may so react after this one, for basically self-interest and family-interest are his principal concerns.

Among all classes we may expect a

sudden and violent release of tension. Since 1931 the courage of Taro Suzuki has been kept screwed up to sacrifice pitch by a series of real or imaginary emergencies and more or less authentic victories in battle. When the rubber band snaps we may expect the reaction against militarism and mystical imperialism to be terrific, especially among the intellectual classes. New leaders will arise, new voices will be heard, new gospels offered. The people will be challenged from their *shikata ga nai* lethargy by any number of new schemes and cure-alls, religious, political, and economic.

We should remind ourselves that the unanimity of the present time, the "compact body with a single soul" about which the propagandist waxes lyrical, is really a new achievement for Japan. It is a miracle. The Japanese are, in fact, the most extraordinary faddists and cultists in the world, a truth to which any one who has lived long in Japan will testify. Throughout their history incredible crazes have been wont to sweep the country, a trend that has been especially noticeable since the Restoration of 1868. This is an amazing fact for the Westerner who thinks that the Japanese obediently open their minds and say "ah" whenever the authorities offer them a new idea, but it is true. Following defeat, if the Japanese intelligent classes are left alone, almost anything, politically and socially, may happen.

WHEN I say "left alone" I presuppose that Japan will be subjected to the restrictions and limitations recommended today by most students. This process having been started, the Japanese should then be thrown back upon their own resources and forced to rebuild their national life by their own efforts. For a generation social and agrarian reform should occupy their utmost endeavor. During that time the people should be permitted to work out their own salvation without undue outside interference.

Accompanying this there should be an enforced policy of absolute freedom of thought, debate, teaching, and religious belief, with the abolition of all censorship of press and radio. Such a policy will

undoubtedly greatly confound the confusion of a people so addicted to fads and cults. Nevertheless, the tides of world opinion and world life must be permitted, even forced, to flow through Japan. The people will go to extremes, but in the end they will discover their proper place in the life of the world. Only along these lines lies their salvation.

Nor should we lose sight of another deeply ingrained Japanese trait—the desire to stand well with others and to be “in the swim.” This spirit will be much in evidence in postwar Japan, and will be more or less sincere. Therefore if a trend toward democratic ways and international co-operation sets in and continues for a generation we may expect the Japanese to follow and in the process adjust themselves to life in a civilized world. But the world must be civilized, for the Japanese will take advantage of every lapse into the old ways, particularly the dark maneuvering of power politics, and will use every such opportunity to assist the nation once more in her climb to world power.

III

TO WHAT extent should re-education be guided from the outside? Since the Japanese of today are the product of coercive education, imposed upon them by their own rulers, it would be folly to coerce them into our own way of thinking. It would be worse than folly to impose such a course upon them by puppets—Wang Ching-wei or Pu-yi—controlled by the United Nations. To the Japanese mind this would appear like an old, familiar, and threadbare device, as indeed it is. It would lead them to despise us and would do little to commend democracy and democratic ways to them.

Yet a reconstructed education must be given a start—a boost or a kick—in the right direction if it is to succeed. How this is to be accomplished is not yet clear to anyone. If it is not done in the interests of democracy it will probably be done in the interests of the Soviet national theory. The fact should be faced that there are probably more and better trained Japanese communists or Red-tinged leaders waiting to step into the

breach than there are liberals. On the other hand most educated middle-class people will probably be more readily turned toward liberalism by the postwar swing than in the other direction. Once given a start along the right road, Japanese education should be left to the Japanese.

We should, however, not be disappointed if the results do not conform to our patterns of Jeffersonian or Rooseveltian democracy. Politically and economically the Japanese will probably be influenced more by Chinese and Soviet experience than by Anglo-American. They may be expected to be impelled less by doctrinaire gospels of political rights than by a desire for social and economic improvement. They may demand self-government in order to secure their own group or class interests rather than from a belief in “truths” which to the Westerner seem to be “self evident.”

HAVE the Japanese people a capacity for self-government? The answer, while not clear, is more nearly positive than negative. The “passion for organization” and for co-operative action referred to above is a rather deeply rooted characteristic. It was demonstrated in our relocation centers as well as in overseas prison camps and is an obvious fact to all who have lived in the country. It likewise has deep historical roots. Under the feudal system the lower classes of Japan were always permitted the greatest degree of autonomy. In villages guilds of five households existed, whose main functions were mutual aid and law enforcement. Representatives of the farmers and heads of the guilds administered the affairs of the village and elected the headman.

Towns and cities similarly were administered by municipal elders. From ancient times the farmers have been the victims of abuse and extortion by the samurai, and they have staged revolts and uprisings intermittently in every period of Japanese history. In the towns, guilds of artisans exerted considerable influence and merchant guilds waxed rich and gouged both the farmers and the samurai. And, in spite of the tremendous

centrifugal force generated by modern imperialistic nationalists, these classes have retained a large degree of autonomy and have been distinguished up to today by group and individual self-interest no less than by a passionate desire to die for the Emperor.

WILL there be a revolution in post-war Japan? There probably will be, but not the kind we expect. The Japanese have undergone one revolution during the past seventy-five years. Its outcome was modernization. It was a revolution planned and executed from above. Each step was thought out carefully before being handed down to the people. It was successful.

The attempt to establish genuine constitutional government, however, was a failure. Why was it? Our natural reply is that men do not appreciate political privileges for which they have not fought, bled, and died. This, however, does not necessarily follow. Constitutional government in Japan probably failed because the authorities never really wished it to succeed. A democratic revolution could have been achieved from the top down if the makers of new Japan had so ordained. Following defeat there will be riots, perhaps rebellions on the part of returned soldiers, peasants, and industrial workers, but we can hardly expect a mass revolution. The Japanese simply are not made that way. But revolution will come once Japan is fully exposed to the thought life of the world, and the chances are that it will be effected from the top down through a small group, a single party, and along a series of predetermined steps as followed in Russia, China, and elsewhere.

IV

FINALLY, the irrepressible question arises: What about the Emperor? So much heat and so little light have been produced by discussions of this subject that one should like to avoid it, but that is impossible since the subject-ruler relationship is a basic element in Japanese life as it is today.

In Western lands it is considered almost axiomatic that a monarch should go down

with the fall of the regime he has sponsored. Sometimes, indeed, the entire dynasty has had to pay the price of defeat. It appears to be logical to most Americans, therefore, that when military capitulation takes place, either the present Emperor should abdicate or the dynasty should be terminated. For although, technically, the Japanese ruler is supposed to be above party and government, he has been maneuvered into a position in which he is little more than a puppet of the military rulers of the country. With them he will be implicated in the defeat. Far more than innocuous little Victor Emmanuel, and just as much as Mussolini or Hitler, he has been made the symbol of the spirit and aim of his nation's military aggression.

Likewise, the re-education of the Japanese people demands that the Emperor be dealt with. He is the key figure of the Japanese ideology that must be repudiated before reform can take place. He is not merely the head of the state. He *is* the state, biologically carrying on from generation to generation the rule of his ancestress, Amaterasu O-mikami. He is a living link in the dynasty coeval with heaven and earth. He is not only a puppet of the militarists, but he is a puppet seated on a god shelf. In him are tied up the concepts of racial superiority and national destiny to such a degree that these dangerous ideas will persist so long as he is permitted to wear his halo of divinity. Therefore it would be for the best interests of all concerned to ask him to step down.

It all sounds very simple. Nevertheless there is an influential group of persons in this country that favors his retention. If he is removed, we are assured, the people will cast off restraint, the empire will have no loyalty center, chaos will reign. Or else attempts to eliminate him by outside pressure will result in a wave of imperialistic fervor that will outweigh all the good liquidation would achieve. Another argument is that, because the Emperor is supposed to be an amiable, harmless, peacefully inclined individual, the United Nations should use him as the rallying point for a rejuvenated government, much as the militarists now use him. This was, in fact, the position he occupied in feudal

Japan; he was a sort of mascot to be held by the ruling powers as the symbol of their rule. It is difficult, however, to reconcile this sort of policy with democratic ideals and a desire for the liberation of the Japanese people.

But—the question inevitably arises—what do the people themselves think about this subject? It is safe to say that, with the exception of a small minority of Communists, the nation is one in outward devotion to the Emperor. But if you can find out what the average Japanese actually thinks in his heart about his ruler, you will be doing something no other Westerner has ever accomplished. It is too dangerous a question for a Japanese to discuss, for it is treason even to think about it. However, abundant evidence points to the fact that even the most liberal Japanese look upon the Imperial Family in a different way than they look upon any other families of the nation. This feeling is so strong that defeat will not make the people cast the blame upon the ruler, but on the other hand may draw them around him more closely as a symbol of their nationality.

However, defeat will inevitably dilute the idea of divinity, which is after all the dangerous element in the Japanese imperial concept. Events will make it clear to the people that the Emperor was duped by his advisers into taking a course in which he did not believe or else that he was actually responsible for the policies which ruined his country. Either alternative will be difficult to square with divinity, even that of the synthetic Japanese variety. What will happen in the minds of the people when it is known that their god-man proceeded to the Meiji Shrine to report fictitious victories to the spirit of his august grandfather, or to the Grand Shrine of Ise to inform the Sun Goddess of the destruction of a very active United States fleet? That, indeed, will be a rude and sad awakening for millions of Emperor-worshippers. Add to this a liberated education, freedom for the people to read, to think, teach, and listen to the radio as they wish, along with a policy of popularizing the life of the Imperial Family, and it is quite possible that, within a generation or two, we may

have in Japan something approximating the English or Dutch type of monarchy.

Therefore, in dealing with the Emperor, let the representatives of the United Nations disregard the mumbo jumbo associated with his divinity and demand his abdication and exile. Then let a regency be set up to rule on behalf of his son. Ideas of divine right die slowly but such a course would, if accompanied by a liberal, democratic, or socialist government policy, eventually lead to the gradual evaporation of the halo that now surrounds the head of this particular specimen of the human race. Nevertheless, should the Japanese themselves decide that their future welfare demands the total elimination of the Throne, then let us by no means discourage them; for in so doing they will be hastening their own development into a democratic nation and will be adding materially to the sense of security of millions of people in Asia and the world.

V

IT WILL be objected that the "leave them alone" policy set forth in these pages is not sufficiently hard-boiled. In reply it may be stated that it is far more realistic and less dangerous than certain other proposed policies. It is safer in the long run than backing a puppet, who may turn against us, Japanese-fashion, and use us for his own ends; it is surer than re-education administered through the bungling and inept efforts of Americans, Chinese, or Russians; it is sounder than following a master-race complex and attempting to "run Japan" for a generation or a century, and then, when the back kick of postwar reaction strikes us, giving up the impossible job, and benevolently helping the Japanese get on their feet again. Moreover, armed rule by victors over too long a period may have the effect of putting down the rebellions, riots, and social uprisings by which the Japanese people may for the first time in history rise to self consciousness.

The place to be tough and hard-boiled is at the point of supervising and enforcing the military and economic restrictions imposed upon Japan, and by a system of international security making it impossible

for her to align herself with some hungry power who will strengthen and rearm her in order "to preserve the peace of East Asia" or remove a dagger pointing at some nation's vitals. If the United Nations reserve to themselves the power to supervise certain aspects of Japanese national life and crack down ruthlessly on all infringements, then the future of Japan should be left for the Japanese people to work out for themselves with fear and trembling.

For three quarters of a century the Japanese have been the problem children of the world, pampered and praised, feared and mistreated, patronized and used to achieve our own particular ends. In a certain sense we are responsible for creating their national neurosis. Neglect

by the rest of the world for a lifetime will be wholesome for all concerned. Their designs for military supremacy and imperial expansion crushed, they should be permitted to live to themselves until they discover whether they have anything to contribute to the culture and civilization of the world. The Japanese have had their chance—a chance such as few peoples ever had—of becoming a great nation. They lost it by substituting for steady national development a quick modernization geared for and steered toward military aggression. They will never regain it. The course of history will move on, but they will not be in the van. Now they will be given another chance, that of becoming a good third-rate power. If left alone, they ought to be able to achieve it.

Lawyers in Government

IF THE present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise, in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? That one hundred and fifty lawyers should do business together, ought not to be expected. — *Thomas Jefferson*, in a passage from his autobiography

{ *Richard H. Rovere, an able political reporter,* }
{ *is now on the staff of the New Yorker.* }

LABOR'S POLITICAL MACHINE

The CIO Goes After the Votes

RICHARD H. ROVERE

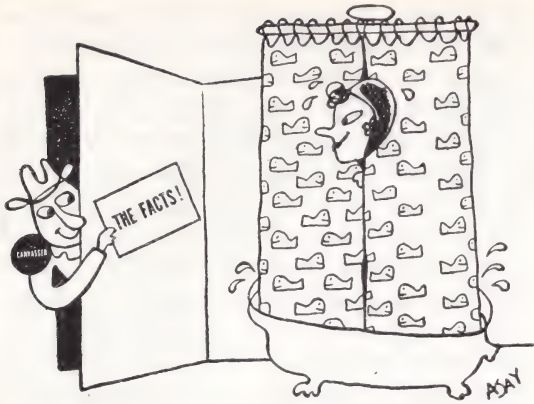


WITHIN the next few years, the CIO Political Action Committee, the act that nearly stole the show in the 1944 Presidential campaign, may become the most powerful vote-herding and lobbying organization in the country. It now has prestige, cohesive organization, political know-how, and formidable resources both in money and in manpower. On the other hand, PAC may, like Labor's Non-Partisan League, its dismantled predecessor as the political arm of the CIO, fizzle out almost as spectacularly as it rose. Labor's Non-Partisan League, which is now forgotten but which in 1936 was viewed with almost as much alarm and hope as PAC in 1944, eventually fell victim to the various schisms in the CIO and in the labor movement as a whole. Those schisms still exist, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had more power in the labor movement from 1933 to 1945 than any man on the unions' payrolls, is no longer on hand to heal them. In the uncertainties that surround a suddenly changed situation in domestic politics and a rapidly changing international situation, PAC is a bundle of ifs. As of the moment, however, it is labor's greatest venture in

national politics, and still on the offensive.

The case for a bright future for PAC does not rest wholly on its performance last year. Actually, no one has fully assayed its operations in 1944, and in the nature of things it is almost impossible to do so. PAC is not a party but a pressure group; as such, it operates below the political surface, where its influence merges with that of other pressure groups. Expert opinions on its work last year range from those of several who, like Thomas L. Stokes, one of the best political analysts in the country, have maintained that President Roosevelt would have lost the election without the help he got from PAC, to those of other observers who believe that PAC merely got credit for a lot of votes that would have gone to the President anyway. For a new movement, PAC unquestionably did very well by itself, if only in terms of the acreage of its newspaper publicity, which was not the less helpful because it was mostly unfavorable. Whether its power merited all the publicity PAC got no one really knows. In a few cases it was demonstrably a decisive force. At the Democratic National Convention it was, to be sure, unable to get the Vice-

The illustrations are taken from PAC pamphlets addressed to workers engaged as canvassers, speakers and radio broadcasters.



Presidential nomination for Henry Wallace, but it was able to veto several other candidacies, notably that of James A. Byrnes. In Michigan, where PAC was particularly active and where President Roosevelt squeezed through by 1,103,000 votes as against Governor Dewey's 1,082,000, it seems clear that if PAC was effective at all, it was effective enough to account for the 21,000 votes that put the state in the Roosevelt column, where it had not been in 1940.

There were probably other cases in which PAC provided the balance of power. It can at least be doubted, however, if its influence in the country as a whole was decisive, either in the sense of being of itself responsible for the President's re-election or of appreciably affecting the complexion of the new Congress. If all, or nearly all, of the administration's victories had been in urban centers, it would be easy to believe that PAC's doorbell ringers had done the trick. This was not the case. Three of the most impressive New Deal victories were the renomination of Senator Claude Pepper in Florida, the defeat of Senator Gerald P. Nye in North Dakota, and the defeat of Representative Hamilton Fish in New York State. There is no labor vote worth mentioning in Florida, North Dakota, or the Rip Van Winkle country, where Fish ran. PAC could have influenced votes in those sections only by buying them but if Sidney Hillman and the Congressional committees that investigated his accounts bear truthful witness, PAC was not spending its money that way.

Similarly in the case of the Presidential vote: Roosevelt was somewhat stronger than he was expected to be in the large cities and factory towns, a fact for which

PAC must deserve most of the credit. At the same time he was a good deal stronger—or Dewey weaker—in the villages and cow country, a fact that would seem to suggest that 1944, PAC or no PAC, was down in the books as a Roosevelt year.

But all this scarcely matters now. PAC today has the prestige of association with victory. Most of the men it marked for defeat were defeated; most of those it sought to elect were elected. PAC announced that it was going to break up the Dies Committee; Mr. Dies didn't dare run for re-election, and other members of his committee are now sulking in several states. Even if PAC's part in bringing such things to pass had been that of a rainmaker blessed by a cloudburst, the professional politicians would have to assume that PAC, as the major outside force at work in the campaign, was the cause of so many unexpected effects. Local party bosses throughout the country believe that in PAC they have a new force to contend with. Somebody new is getting out the vote.

II

Is PAC really a new force? In the historical sense it is not. There were workingmen's parties in this country before there were any trade unions of consequence. In 1828 fifteen states had labor parties, some of which wielded considerable influence, particularly in Philadelphia and New York. The early labor movement played a not insignificant part in the establishment of our public school systems. Samuel Gompers, however, would have nothing to do with the notion of a labor





party, nor would he let the American Federation of Labor bind itself to either of the major parties. Yet he saw that labor could not afford to neglect politics, and the formula he gave the AFL in 1886 is the same one that PAC has adapted to its own purposes today. For sixty years the AFL has worked on the principle that it should stay out of partisan politics but that it should use the franchise of its members "to punish our enemies and reward our friends," regardless of party.

The technique has been effective if the lengths to which candidates have gone to get AFL endorsements are any measure. Moreover, the AFL lobby has been able, even when big business and the Republicans have been most firmly in the saddle, to head off federal anti-labor legislation by threatening reprisals at the polls. The Open Shop campaigns of the National Association of Manufacturers, carried on through several Republican administrations, came a cropper, at least so far as sympathetic legislation was concerned, because of the AFL's political strength. The main trouble labor had in those days was with the judiciary, and the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Law, passed under Hoover and signed by him, took care of the courts to a large degree. No doubt the Norris-LaGuardia Act got the votes of many Congressmen who were contrary-minded but who felt that they had good reason to fear the wrath of the AFL at the next election. The AFL has never wanted much from government, but it has got most of what it wanted, and its political means have thus been adequate to its ends.

In setting up PAC, the CIO is not departing from the Gompers writ in any fundamental way. Like the AFL, PAC

takes the party system as it finds it and supports the regular candidates whose voting records are most acceptable to it. However, PAC will give the old formula a more intensive application than it has ever had in the past. As some philosopher has said, a change in degree, when great enough, becomes in effect a change in kind, and PAC's adaptation of the Gompers formula can conceivably have an enormous effect on national policy and on our political alignments. The AFL plays its politics rather casually. Its leaders merely advise the members that it is in the interests of the unions that certain candidates be elected and certain others defeated. This is done through the regular union channels. The AFL's only full-time political employees are its Washington lobbyists. PAC, however, is a national machine, a whole new apparatus outside the regular union structure, set up not only to keep CIO members advised of their political interests but to shepherd them to the polls and registering places. PAC is organized on a ward by ward, precinct by precinct, basis, wherever there are enough CIO members to justify and finance such organization. In many places, like Detroit, where it was reported to have had 7,500 full-time workers in the weeks before the last election, it is far more elaborately staffed than the local party machine which it parallels. The AFL has never publicized its endorsements, and it has rarely tried to corral any votes except those of its own members. PAC, on the other hand, will canvass whole communities wherever it can, and it has one of the largest and smartest publicity bureaus in the country.

The 57,000,000 copies of its fourteen pamphlets which it scattered throughout the country last summer and autumn were as smartly produced as any political propaganda in American history (as the accompanying illustrations indicate). Joseph Gaer, who wrote most of them, is a genius at popularization; before coming to PAC he had written for the layman on such varied and recondite subjects as meteorology, comparative religion, and the social security laws. His stuff was so good that the Democratic National Committee took it over in great quantities for its own workers. Most of the material the Democrats

used against Dewey came from a pamphlet that PAC, on the job months before Dewey's nomination, had gathered.

PAC will ask far more of the candidates who seek its endorsement than the AFL ever asked. The AFL has never taxed a politician on his attitude toward anything but legislation directly affecting trade unions. Thus it was able in the last election to support such opponents of its own foreign policy as Representative Stephen A. Day of Illinois, Senator Nye, Hamilton Fish, and Martin Dies, all of whom had good labor records. The CIO demanded not only that a candidate vote its way on legislation affecting labor but also that he support the New Deal in all its phases. In part this was because it is genuinely less parochial in its outlook than the AFL, but in part also it is because President Roosevelt was the special patron of the CIO and because it owes its existence very largely to the New Deal.

PAC's insistence on placing support of the New Deal on a par with support of labor has, where it has been forced to choose between the two, led to some contradictions as curious as those of the AFL, one of them being the support it is giving Mayor Hague of Jersey City, who used to order his police to take care of CIO organizers by cracking them over the head with nightsticks. Twice in the last year there have been opportunities to unseat Hague—first, by endorsing a new state constitution that would pull out the props from under him and, second, by supporting a coalition movement that is the only formidable opposition Hague has ever had to face. PAC has not only refrained from supporting these movements but has actively opposed them on the ground that Hague's congressmen vote PAC's way on national and international issues, which is quite true. As a PAC spokesman explained:

In politics there are no vacuums; once you smash the Hague machine, something has to replace it. The CIO doesn't want to smash it now because the CIO is afraid the replacement wouldn't go down the Roosevelt line on national and international issues.

BY FAR the most significant of PAC's innovations is its determination to get out the vote for primary as well as general

elections. A pressure group that can bargain with votes in the general elections can wring many concessions from candidates but not half so many as one that can muster effectives for the primaries, which are the wellsprings of power in our political system. This is a fact that no amount of education or experience seems to have taught the amateurs in politics, but PAC has apparently grasped it well. Moreover, it is in a position to do something about it. No matter what estimate one places on PAC's present vote-herding powers, only a fraction of those it prodded to the polls last year are needed to give it great influence in the party machines. "If you got more than five primary votes," said the late Senator George Washington Plunkitt of New York, a man whose informal lectures on practical politics are not widely enough known as the Machiavelian discourses of American literature, "you got marketable goods and you can take bids on them from all sides." This was said fifty years ago, but the voting figures in the primaries are still far lower than most citizens imagine, and a small, well-organized force can work wonders in them.

Sidney Hillman says that the CIO vote is 14,000,000, a sanguine estimate arrived at apparently by taking it for granted that the 5,500,000 dues-paying members claimed by the CIO can account, among their families and friends, for another 8,500,000 votes. The original figure of 5,500,000 is unquestionably exaggerated. Yet even if it is cut to 4,000,000 and we assume that only one in four of the regular members can become sufficiently aroused to vote in



the primaries, PAC would still have a clear balance-of-power strength in thousands of places throughout the country. Getting people to register in parties and vote in primaries is far easier to talk about than to accomplish, but PAC may succeed.

Not only is it organized to do the job precisely as the party bosses do it, but it can spend nearly all its money on the primary campaigns. The Smith-Connally Act, which prohibits labor unions from spending their funds on general elections, says nothing at all about the primaries. The CIO lawyers, with the approval so far of the Attorney General, have taken this to mean that PAC can shoot the works on the primaries so long as it locks up its funds once the candidates are named and the campaign is on. (In order to do this and still have funds available for the general elections, the National Citizens' Political Action Committee, which technically is not affiliated with the CIO and is therefore not subject to the Act, was established last year. The NC-PAC will raise funds independently and will carry the financial burden once the primaries are over.) If PAC is able to bring 1,000,000 disciplined voters to the primaries, there is no reason why it will not be in a position to tell the party bosses in sections where its strength is at all formidable what to do and where to go if they fail to do it. And if PAC really has the goods, there is no reason why the bosses should not listen.

PAC warned its radio mouthpieces not to argue about their pet points of view.



III

THE prospect of PAC mobilizing for the primaries, in which the control of party machinery is determined, has caused many persons to assume that the CIO is out to become a political power itself and wants to take over the reins of government and party management wherever it can. "Will the CIO Capture the Democratic Party?" the *Saturday Evening Post* asked itself last summer, and answered that it probably would if President Roosevelt were re-elected. It all depends upon what is meant by "capture." PAC wants the Democratic Party—with which, despite its official non-partisanship, it will inevitably do most of its business—to be deeply enough in its debt so that the administration will sponsor government policies which PAC favors. It is most unlikely, however, that it will ever want, or would even accept, direct political responsibility. Psychological likenesses between business men and labor leaders have been noted before, and they apply to politics as much as to anything else. Business men generally play politics not for its own sake but for their businesses' sake. They are not interested in winning public offices; they are already gainfully employed, and if they contribute to a campaign fund or go lobbying in Washington, they do so because they are eager to promote government policies that will favor their business or to stop policies that will hamper them. They would just as soon leave the politics, a grubby job at best, to the professionals.

Labor leaders are no different. Indeed, one reason why we have never had a national labor party is the reluctance of professional labor leaders to take political responsibility. Most of them are scared stiff by the thought of running for public office. Among other things, they are afraid that some day they might get elected, in which case they would be forced to exchange secure union jobs for the gamble of politics. This has been the experience of the American Labor Party, which represents PAC in New York State. On several occasions the ALP has been in a position to place men on the public payroll in jobs with resounding titles and adequate salaries, but it has almost invariably had

to go outside the ranks of the professional labor leaders to find anyone willing to run the risk of leaving his job long enough to fill a public office or even to campaign for one. When, in 1942, the ALP decided to enter its own candidate for governor, it peddled the nomination through all the unions in New York and could find no takers. After combing a long list of college professors, doctors, and writers, it finally settled for a young and obscure lawyer, not even a member of the party, who was willing to make the run.

To be sure, the CIO, like everyone else, is playing politics for what it can get out of it. "Politics," said one of PAC's pamphlets, "is the science of who gets what, and how"—a callous but accurate definition which Governor Dewey never tired of quoting in outraged innocence. But PAC wants the fruits, not the means, of political power. The fruits of power are bought from the professional politicians with votes, and PAC, by its basic organization as a pressure group, recognizes the cash-and-carry nature of our political system. Our political parties are not, like those of some countries, primarily concerned with philosophies of government or public issues. They are primarily concerned with getting themselves into office by the *manipulation* of public issues. If this were not true, the major parties could not have switched places on the states-rights issue as they so readily did a decade ago. A party's policy goes to the pressure group, or groups, that can bid highest with votes, and PAC is bidding, with the votes of union members, for policies which it believes will favor the trade-union business. But it would just as soon leave the means of power in the hands of the professional politicians. It is worth noting, in this connection, that even its own staff is made up more of hired politicians and professional administrators than of labor leaders. C. B. Baldwin, who ran everything below the top policy level last fall, is a government career man, and two of his chief assistants were former Congressmen Raymond McKeough of Illinois and Thomas Amlie of Wisconsin.



*Morning radio time is a good time to announce meetings.
"The people can plan to attend."*

This, however, is not the whole story. It was one thing for PAC to mobilize hordes of union members in support of President Roosevelt and the New Deal; it may prove quite another matter now that Roosevelt is out of the picture. For almost thirteen years he was a magic symbol to the American workingman, and when any union official asked a union member to get out and vote for the President there was no question of CIO dictation; it was merely a reminder to do what he in any case believed to be the proper thing.

Whether he will give the same sort of loyalty to President Truman, Henry Wallace, or anyone else is problematical. It may be that from now on the class lines in American politics will be sharply drawn and that it will take merely efficient organization, and not persuasion, to get the most out of the labor vote. It is a fact beyond question, though, that up to now American labor has been fiercely independent in its politics. Union members have refused to take any political bossing from union leaders, who have generally been regarded by the rank-and-file merely as men hired to represent their interests before employers, just as lawyers are hired to represent their clients' interests before the courts, and not to give them any sort of moral or political leadership. There is evidence of this attitude on every hand. John L. Lewis's attempts to get the miners behind Willkie and Dewey in the last two Presidential campaigns contrast revealingly with his success in leading them in their union battles. In 1936 Sidney Hillman successfully led most of the New York members of his union, the Amalgamated Clothing

VIEWED abstractly, in terms of its present resources in manpower, prestige, and organization, PAC's future is bright.

Workers, into the American Labor Party; in 1942, Hillman got into a factional fight with other ALP leaders and tried to pull the tailors back out of the party. He met with no success. That year the ALP vote was higher than ever before. Early in April Walter Reuther, a popular official of the United Automobile Workers, ran for a seat on the school board in Detroit, PAC's strongest city. He came in last in a field of ten. David Dubinsky, head of the International Ladies' Garment Workers and one of the frankest and most intelligent men in the labor movement, has said that he does not believe he could control more than ten per cent of the vote of his own union members, most of whom are highly political and devoted to Dubinsky. The figure would probably be lower in most unions.

So far PAC has shown only that it can mobilize the labor vote, and it seems in a good position to deploy it strategically in the primaries. It has not yet shown that it can direct it. Possibly it can, but it will face its real test now that President Roosevelt can no longer symbolize or define the issues. And if the coming post-war quest for normalcy breeds the sort of tweedledum-tweedledee politics that the last one did, labor may be indifferent or it may be as divided as the red-headed vote.

IV

TO SURVIVE the loss of Franklin D. Roosevelt, PAC will, in all probability, need not only new symbols but a new administration of its own. Sidney Hillman was chosen to lead PAC not because of his political experience—aside from some local campaigning in New York he has had none—but because of his entree with the New Deal. Hillman is one of the most curious figures in the labor movement. His standing in the two fields of organized labor and practical politics can be compared, not too unfairly, with the strange reputation of the politician described, I believe, by Carl Sandburg: in Washington they thought he was a big man from Rhode Island, and in Rhode Island they thought he was a big man from Washington. In politics, Hillman is an amateur who has been courted because of



Advice to speakers: "Be convinced yourself before you try to convince others."

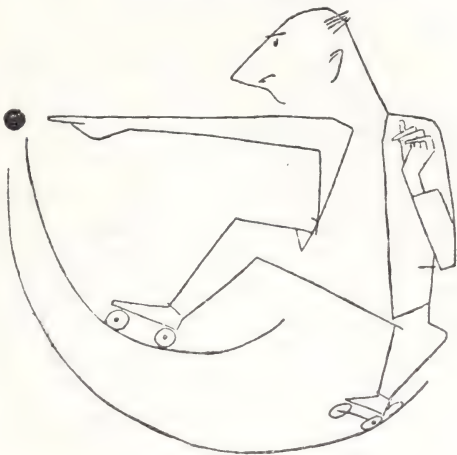
his supposed influence in the labor movement; in the labor movement, he has prospered because of his standing with the New Deal officialdom. In point of fact, Hillman is more of a social worker than anything else, and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers is as much a social-welfare agency as it is a union. Its wage standards are the lowest in the needle-trades, but it abounds in such fancy gadgets as banks, cultural programs, insurance schemes, and housing projects, all of which have endeared Hillman to a whole generation of reformers, among whom he is often referred to as "a labor statesman." Hillman first became nationally prominent during the Wilson administration, when his reformer friends saw to it that manufacturers of Army uniforms signed contracts with the Amalgamated. When the same reformers came back into power in 1933, his stock rose again, and it has mounted through the last decade. He was a natural selection as PAC's leader so long as he was able to carry on negotiations with the wardheelers through someone who understood both their mentality and his. Persons who understand both mentalities are rare, and Franklin D. Roosevelt was one of the few who did. If PAC is to work with President Truman, whose nomination as Vice-President it for a time opposed at Chicago, it will need new leadership and considerable reorganization.

The loss of Earl Browder might prove

as serious a blow to PAC as the loss of President Roosevelt. This is not to suggest that there was any connection between the two, nor is it to say, with Westbrook Pegler, that Communists control PAC. They do not. Sidney Hillman knows them well and does not care for them. He threw them out of the New York State CIO five years ago and out of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers fifteen years before that. Hillman has deliberately kept Communists out of PAC's top leadership. He is, however, nothing if not practical, and his personnel policy for PAC has been to hire no known Communists and no known anti-Communists. From his point of view, this is sound procedure. If the Communists support a cause, they toil in its vineyards longer and harder than anyone else, no matter whether they are accepted, reviled, or merely tolerated. It was their declared policy, when they disbanded their own party last year, to throw their full weight behind PAC, and PAC did not revile them. Wisely enough, it accepted them.

The full weight of the Communists can be estimated at somewhere between 50,000 and 75,000 tireless workers who are content with their station in the rank and file. Like any other political machine, PAC needs as many such people as it can get, and there can be no question but that a great deal of the ginger in PAC's 1944 campaign was supplied by the Communists, who gave themselves to PAC because their leaders and PAC's were, for the time being at any rate, going the same way.

Speakers are warned to stay on the track and stick to the point.



But if either one should leave the path, PAC would be the loser. How great its loss would be can no more be estimated than its full strength, but some indication of what the Communists can do when they set their minds to it and are not burdened by their own reputation can be gleaned from last year's vote in New York State. New York was the only place where any PAC votes were registered on a separate line, that of the American Labor Party. Two years ago the ALP, which had been based on a restive but workable co-operation between Communist and non-Communist labor leaders, split wide open. The issue was thrashed out in a primary fight, which the Communists won hands down. The losers abandoned the ALP machinery and set up their own party. PAC, however, retained the ALP as its New York representative, and the ALP, staffed almost solely by Communists, was able to round up 494,405 votes, or 8 per cent of the New York total.

Of course, only a small percentage of these voters were themselves Communists; the great majority would not have voted on the ALP line if William Z. Foster's name had been there in place of Franklin D. Roosevelt's. But that is not the point. The Communists were the backbone of PAC's doorbell-ringing staff in New York, as they most certainly were in many, though not all, other cities. Should they decide that it is no longer in their interests to work with PAC, it might very well find itself in the position of a general staff whose crack troops were in open rebellion.

Most of all, the future of PAC depends upon the future of the CIO itself. The CIO, which has survived five difficult years and prospered through five good ones, may now seem a permanent fixture in American life. In point of fact, its existence will be more in doubt during the next five years than it ever was during the first five. The CIO-AFL wars that raged through the late Thirties were suspended when the national defense program began in 1940, and in areas of jurisdictional dispute the status quo was frozen. But like wartime wages and contracts, it was frozen to no one's particular satisfaction and for the duration only. Open warfare will be



PAC plugged the woman's angle in its arguments for "full employment."

resumed when reconversion comes, and the CIO, as its leaders well know, will be in anything but an advantageous position.

Three factors accounted for the rise of the CIO: the principle of industrial unionism, which was better adapted to many unorganized industries than the AFL's craft unionism; a federal government that not only provided the legal basis for new organizing drives but often took sides with the CIO in its disputes with the parent body; and the enormous financial backing which it got from the richest and strongest union in the country, the United Mine Workers. Without industrial unionism, of course, the CIO would have had no reason to exist. Without a sympathetic administration, its way would have been harder, but at least it could have made the try. Without the funds supplied by the UMW, however, the CIO could never have started. Capital is as essential to the organization of workers into a union as it is to the organization of the industries in which they work, and the campaigns of the CIO in steel, automobiles, rubber, and other large industries were made possible by the money which John L. Lewis, then the CIO's president, had in the treasury of the United Mine Workers.

The finances of labor unions are difficult to discuss. Few unions make public their assets and liabilities or the ways in which funds are divided between offices. Still, it requires no inside knowledge to foresee the general situation after the war. For over half a century the AFL has been collecting high dues and initiation fees. It has always had tremendous resources, and it has been cautious in undertaking new organizing campaigns. The CIO collects low dues and initiation fees are often nonexistent. Its outgo is proportionately far

higher than the AFL's. For its number of dues-paying members, the CIO's staff is almost twice that of the AFL's. For seven years the CIO could count on the UMW's millions, but since Lewis resigned in 1942, the UMW's money has not only been unavailable to the CIO but has actually been used against it. True, the CIO has money coming in from war workers now; which has enabled it to keep going without Lewis. But the AFL has also been taking its cut—worker for worker a far heavier cut—of war wages, and when cutbacks start the CIO will be by far the heavier loser. No matter how close we come to full employment, industries such as shipbuilding, aircraft, and steel, all of which are now CIO strongholds, are bound to discharge workers by the hundreds of thousands. The AFL, however, with its strength based largely on carpenters, painters, plumbers, and other such highly paid workers will not stand to lose too greatly. Indeed, a post-war building boom, which most economists foresee as the most likely way of taking up the slack during the reconversion period, will actually profit the AFL, for it has clear control of all the construction trades.

THE CIO will be fighting for its life when the war is over, and PAC's future will obviously rest on the outcome of that fight. But it is perhaps more relevant to say that the CIO's future may rest on PAC. What the CIO will lose in membership and financial strength after the war, it may be able to offset with political strength. Politics alone can never keep it in business, but a sympathetic administration and Congress can help greatly. According to its declaration of principles, PAC's first aim is "the development of an abundant life for the Common Man of this earth"; this is no doubt one of the laudable ideals of its leaders, but PAC was first organized, on July 8, 1943, to accomplish something far more modest in scope. "We must," said Sidney Hillman, "see to it that the next Congress is too conscious of labor's strength to pass any more Smith-Connally Acts." PAC's biggest fight since the election was for the confirmation of Henry Wallace as Secretary of Commerce. It may regard Wallace's Sixty

Million Jobs as pie in the sky, but it knows that the government will have to do something to provide even forty million jobs, and where those jobs are provided, and who organizes the workers, will be of intense concern to the CIO and PAC.

V

PAC MAY be looked upon as a promise, a menace, or just another special-interest group, depending upon one's attitude toward the side it is backing. In one sense, though, it can perform a real service for all sides. PAC is a national machine, and, although it will use local issues to advantage where that can be done, its principal concern is with national policy.

This has never been true of our regular party machines. Neither major party is really a national organization; both are loose federations of forty-eight state parties, representatives of which meet once in four years to name a Presidential candidate. However, the national leaders of each party have less influence over federal officeholders than the state and county leaders. Only twice in recent times—when Mark Hanna led the Republicans and when James A. Farley led the Democrats—have national bosses wielded any real power. If a state or county boss does not like the way a Congressman behaves

himself, he can deprive him of the nomination. If a national boss is displeased, he can only recommend such action to the local bosses, who are free to accept the recommendation or not as they wish.

State and county bosses, of course, are absorbed in state and county affairs. How a man votes on Dumbarton Oaks is of far less consequence to them than how well he pushes the fight for federal funds to widen Zenith River. A Congressman, in their minds, goes to Washington to represent the interests of his district. Where he gets his ideas on foreign or national policy is, as often as not, his own affair.

In the 1944 Congressional elections, PAC introduced national and foreign issues into local campaigns on a larger scale than anyone has succeeded in doing in the past. Where candidates had formerly stood on their record for local improvement and faithful service to the special interests of their constituents, PAC, wherever it functioned, confronted them with their full records and forced them to defend themselves. It does not matter whether PAC's criticisms were always just or what its motives were in any particular case. If it can bring the world into the politics of the Umpteenth Congressional District, the politics of the Umpteenth Congressional District will be a lot the better for it, and so may the world.



THE Easy Chair *Bernard DeVoto*



IS IT the office of literary criticism to appraise the gossip which says that a vindictive woman tormented her spinster sister-in-law by having her gardener steal the manure meant for the sister-in-law's rose bushes? Have we got to decide whether, as gossip says, that woman did indeed sick her dog on the spinster's cats? Criticism cannot possibly evade such obligations. For it must make use of whatever may help it to understand one of the greatest American writers. In half a century it has not shown much understanding of that genius, and it had better go back and take up the manure, the cats, the sister-in-law, and the spinster.

We have too readily stamped the spinster with one of literature's handy clichés, the New England old maid. While those cats were still dilating their tails at the dog, back in 1895, Rebecca Harding Davis published an article advising realism about the "Gray Cabins of New England" and the unmarried women who lived in them. But when realism comes into conflict with literature it loses every time, and we have preferred to take pleasure in the quaint oddities of those old maids, their neatnesses, their small timidities, the tea-caddy excitements of their gentle, scrubbed lives. Give literature a chance and it will always make a picture pretty.

OUR old maid was neither picturesque nor pretty. Toward the end of her life she was hideous indeed, with swollen arthritic joints; dressed in a hodgepodge of styles and garments from her girlhood, with a witch-like face both sly and rapacious. She was a terror to salesmen, with a talent for diatribe and a railing voice sooner or later loosed against everyone except her pussies, and aggressive malice and suspicion eventually directed against

everyone, eventually alienating everyone except the even more frightened creature who was her servant. She had the penurious lust for small sums of money that our cliché attributes to the type, but she also had a more evil cupidity for possessions, power, display, and publicity. This can by no means be dismissed as an oddity. It was what psychology calls a displacement, and it was not the only or the most revealing displacement that our spinster showed.

She was the Squire's daughter and the young Squire's sister. In the New England of her time such a position conferred a certain immunity: she might be spoken of as "queer" but though the connotations of that adjective reached toward insanity they were always stopped short of it by the Squire's dignity. When a friend came to lunch with her, that friend ate alone at a single table, with our spinster standing behind her. If two friends should chance to call at the same time they must not meet; each must be shown to a separate room, and she would divide her time between them. There would be, you see, danger in their meeting. Instant and terrible danger lurked everywhere in the world—the world being one of the most serene of New England towns. If she received a check it could not be cashed in town but had to be sent to Boston: the town's knowledge that she had it would expose her to danger. When she left the security of her house it must be after dark, lest someone see her. If she called on a friend, even with the dark covering her, someone must go with her lest some terrible fate—which, let us say explicitly, was not rape—befall her. She writes to a newcomer who she knows is friendly that she dare not call on her, for "I may encounter strangers." So the newcomer is

solicited to call on her instead—by night—and promised, in this gentle town, “No harm shall overtake you.” In the passage of a few rods from house to house she, and therefore anyone, might encounter terrors out of hell itself.

It would be blind, stupid, and preposterous to dismiss such fears as mere eccentricities natural to an elderly unmarried woman who has lived alone too long. They are a terror so frenzied that only by means of crippling adaptations could the tortured mind stay sane at all, if indeed it did stay sane. Criticism has got to restrain its love of the picturesque and see terror for what it is. For in the end the spinster’s frenzy precipitated a mystery about one of our greatest poets, and in doing so created problems of mere editing that will take another fifty years to solve and problems of critical understanding that may never be solved.

THIS old maid was Lavinia Dickinson, and what happened to her in her house at Amherst, with its elms and ivy and box and roses and verberna, happened also in some degree to every other person who ever came within the influence of that house. What happened to Lavinia is a clue to the far more important, far more terrible story of her sister Emily. It happened to the Dickinsons and their friends even to the third generation. Whoever else might live in that stately house, there was always one living there whose name was Atreus. The house was a crucible for the distillation of terrors and hatreds more intense than any our literature has chanced to embody elsewhere. Criticism has so far refused to believe that they meant anything at all, except possibly as a decoration, a keepsake, a fern pressed between pages of a book. It has refused to deal with them at all but it must deal with them; it must follow those terrors and hatreds to their roots; for their flower was a great poetry. They are the reason why Emily Dickinson has had no biographer. There has been only one American who could have written her biography and Nathaniel Hawthorne died too soon. But though Hawthorne knew enough about evil, perhaps he did not know enough about hell. Emily Dickin-

son’s best biographer would have been Feodor Dostoevski.

We have been told that Emily Dickinson withdrew from mankind in order to develop the resources of her soul in solitude—as if when you have pointed out a crack in your sidewalk you have explained the earthquake that made it. Or, forsaking that transcendental fairy tale, criticism has been content to explain the struggle to the death of a great and greatly threatened mind to maintain itself somehow alive, somehow sane, no matter at what agony—by an even simpler story, a Victorian love story. Emily, we are told, could not marry the man she wanted to—and so the white dress, the hedged garden, the soft voice whispering in twilight hallways, the single flowers and little notes dropped in the laps of friends who must look the other way, and at last the poetry which has a higher voltage than any other an American has written. It will not do, gentlemen. This is a more tragic, more terrible, more triumphant story. This woman came to hold the infinite in her hands. It was not put there by love of a married parson or of an unmarried parson denied her by her father—she brought it back out of hell.

The agony that was within a pen-stroke of destroying her was not one that any minister of the gospel could have cured. If being the Squire’s daughter protected Vinnie from a flat judgment on her behavior, Emily’s genius has obscured the fact that her struggle against fate, a struggle with hatred and fear and the mad voices in the dark, a struggle in which her sole but triumphant weapon was her poetry—her genius has restrained us from realizing that the prize of battle was sanity itself. That white habit of the nuns of death—will you explain its sacrificial or penitential or expiatory symbolism as a simple longing for the Reverend George Gould? Those envelopes which Vinnie had to address for her or on which an address clipped from a printed page had to be pasted lest she be contaminated, the terror that would not face even a familiar dressmaker so that sister Vinnie had to have Emily’s dresses fitted to her lest the small body be violated by an alien knowledge, the margins of newspapers and flaps

of envelopes and wrappings of packages on which immortal poems were written—are such stigmata to be explained by the Reverend Charles Wadsworth? Hardly. George Gould and Charles Wadsworth were only small items in a small succession, ministerial representatives of Emily's immortal enemy and lover, the worshipped but impaired God who had somehow, in some way terrible but never confessed, committed personal treason against Emily herself. It is time for criticism to give up its little fables, to go back to the beginning and start over.

M^{RS.} Millicent Todd Bingham has made a memorable start in a book just published, *Ancestors' Brocades*. She has done Emily Dickinson's poetry the only important service rendered it since her mother, Mabel Loomis Todd, stopped editing it fifty years ago; and she has now made final editing of it eventually possible. But she has done criticism a much greater service: she has made it possible for the first time to define the hatreds rioting in that house where Atreus and Emily Dickinson and the Furies lived all together—the hatreds among which Emily Dickinson lived from girlhood on. For, though Mrs. Bingham picks them up when her parents moved to Amherst, in Emily's fifty-first year, they had been poisoning life in the house of Atreus for many years. The young Todds found the Dickinson family circle already twisted and tragic, and the evil that lived in that house promptly began to work its slow, inevitable corrosion on their lives too. Mrs. Bingham has revealed the second eruption of fury, the lesser one, the one which scarred even the minds of children and eventually set up a counterpoint of grotesque farce against the more exalted themes of horror and tragedy. But there had been an earlier eruption twenty-five years before, and it had not ended then and has not ended yet. Emily's word for it was "Vesuvius," and a child of the third generation could say that it was "hell on earth" and, having found the exact word, could then die with thanksgiving. One believes that most died with thanksgiving who ever came within its influence. For those fires were infernal.

The hatreds are so intense that they have come to have an infrangible dignity. Now that the last full sharer of them is dead they would best be given the final respect of silence—except that they open the only corridor that will ever lead to the heart of a great poetry. Literature has no more bitter paradox than this, that the most spiritual, the most incorruptible of our poets was created, shaped, and given immortality by hatred. Emily Dickinson was the supreme poet of hate and it is only by sifting and assaying complex hatreds that criticism will ever see her plain.

So criticism must get to work on those dire figures who begin by looking like stylized rustics in a drawing of a country frolic but come to wear faces like the masks of Iroquois devil-dancers or like the masks of any demons in any primitive rite of evil. Criticism made a start some years ago toward beginning to understand, a little to understand, one of them, Edward Dickinson, the father, but found the literary way convenient and so ended by supposing the truth exhausted when he had been called a Puritan and a country banker. Propriety, money, and Calvin—straws that can do no more than point out the path a hurricane traveled. Edward, father and head of the house and one of God's embodiments in phantasy, will have to be known—and his voiceless, substanceless wife who has not yet been known at all. And Vinnie, who came to be a hag. And Susan, whose first and lighter sin may have been only that she brought mirth and life and beauty to the house of death, but whose treason to Emily was at least threefold: that she loved and married Emily's brother Austin, that she dared to make him happy for a moment, and that she soon failed him and hated him and opened another crater in Vesuvius. But most of all Austin himself, the brother and fellow-victim, who shared with Emily agony and failure and years of death-in-life, who shared life's evil with her, who, the truth is, shared with her more than she could have borne if it had not turned her to alabaster.

Some time the eventual editor will clear away the half of her poetry that is trivial, arch, coy, irritating, thin, maidenly, and barren. Then criticism will take up her great poetry. And of this almost all

begins with love or God or else comes in the end to love or God.

ONE wonders how anyone who could read competently or anyone who had ever been in love could have accepted the shallow notion that Emily Dickinson's poems about love were love poems: that they came from any woman's desire for any man, least of all Emily's desire for George Gould or Charles Wadsworth. They and love—love as a longing of men and women, love as a wish for fulfillment, love as something possible to mortals, love as a richness or completion of the body, love that implies happiness or marriage or children—they and love are altogether incommensurable. They are light without heat, they are flame without fire, they are splendor without substance—light as phosphorus, light as refracted by a diamond. And they exist on the edge of an abyss. Love is immortal but it is also forbidden—bidden by the law of stone and petal and bough, forbidden by the constitution of the world and by the ordainment of God. More dangerous than death and forbidden because unholy.

There is not one word in them that any woman in love would write. And this is not true of the poetry of other women also deeply troubled, intuitive, and unknissed—Elizabeth Barrett or Christina Rossetti or Emily Brontë. Into their imagery, even at its most metaphysical, the flesh thrusts a splendid warmth.

God had forbidden it and clearly, though for a while God had the lineaments of an earthly father, something far deadlier was in that prohibition than Edward Dickinson's jealousy or any marriage oath already taken. God was at the center of Emily's poetry: God who must be worshipped, God who had betrayed her, God who had failed her by proving Himself less than God, who inspired a reverence that was fully half contempt. It chances

that such a diminished, worshipped, and despised God corresponds to the image in the house of faith through whose desecrated rooms the Nineteenth Century was wandering in a hopeless search for its lost certainty, so that Emily has given it symbols that will last as long as the history of thought. But we must not be put off by that correspondence for there is a much deeper one. God can be seen not only as a father but as a brother too, and it was the eternal failure and betrayal of Austin Dickinson that he proved himself less than God, and though he must be worshipped still he must also be despised. The sanctity of the love of God was broken when a brother married, when he made a marriage which, in the house of Atreus, could never have been anything but tragic.

On that altar Emily made her mortal sacrifice of immortal longings, and then she put on the white garments which may have meant purity or immolation or atonement but which to a mind not altogether unlike hers, the mind of Herman Melville who also traveled the abysses of the damned, meant an evil deeper than guilt, meant eternal evil itself. And straightway the sacrifice proved trivial indeed and wasted, Austin was seared in still another hatred, and what was left to Emily herself but scorn and hatred? What was left to any other of them but hatred, especially the mortal Semele who had dared to bare her body to a god?

Whether there was not a later repetition of the same betrayal, whether a woman in her fifties had not by then traveled so far into the infinite that she could make a reconciliation not possible before but only sardonic now, Mrs. Bingham's book authorizes us to speculate. But we need not, for enough had already been cast into the fire, enough had already come into the keeping of the Furies. They were all burning, in that house. They were all damned.

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SHOULD WE MIND HOLLAND'S BUSINESS?

BLAIR BOLLES



HOLLAND presents a small but disconcerting example of the kind of problems which are certain to plague the United States in its new role as a Great Power. Holland is prostrate, and most Americans are eager to help her climb back to her feet—for reasons both of sympathy and of self-interest. Yet in the long run we cannot help the Dutch regain their former prosperity on its former basis, unless we follow a course which would conflict with a whole set of American principles, sentiments, and economic aims. The problem is not only whether we will help restore the Netherlands but whether we will require changes in the Dutch economic system as the price of that help.

Of all the stunned and bleeding nations in Western Europe, Holland has taken the worst beating. She has served as a battleground longer than any of her neighboring allies. Her people have been starved more ruthlessly than any of Germany's victims, except perhaps the Poles. Much of her precious farm land, reclaimed from the sea by generations of toil, has been flooded. Both her scanty resources at home and her colonies in the Pacific have been systematically scorched and looted by hostile armies. At one time the Nazis even proclaimed that the nation had been rubbed out, and that "Holland as a state

is a concept that will be preserved only in history books."

Yet the Dutch have managed to preserve not only their statehood, but a good deal more besides. Ever since the outbreak of war, they have been working shrewdly and persistently to salvage the two economic cornerstones—their colonial empire and their own peculiar kind of international trade—on which they hope to rebuild much of their former wealth, power, and prestige. This salvage operation has been one of Holland's primary war aims; and it has received, from time to time, at least the tacit approval of both Great Britain and America.

Within the months just ahead, however, the Dutch plans for reconstruction are likely to come into sharp conflict with the slowly-forming war and peace aims of the United States. One potential source of conflict is the traditional American sentiment for the liberation of colonial peoples, as expressed in the State Department's recent cautious suggestion that colonial empires—such as the Netherlands Indies, East and West—might eventually be placed under some sort of "international trusteeship." Such proposals are sure to run into the most stubborn kind of opposition from the Dutch, because their empire furnishes a large share of both the raw materials and the markets which are

indispensable to Holland's economic recovery. Another sore point almost certainly will be the cartel question. If America really makes a serious effort to wipe out cartels and similar restrictions on world trade, it will strike a heavy blow at Holland's plan for reconstruction; for cartels and related monopolistic devices are built into the very structure of Dutch commerce.

II

THE Dutch are as international as the wind. They have to be; their own small land, by itself, could never have supported nine million people in the relatively comfortable prosperity which Holland achieved in the half century before World War II. Nature gave the Dutch few bounties. Only two minerals—salt and coal—lie under their flat, sandy soil. Consequently, their factories must draw nearly all their raw materials from the outside world, and transform them into finished products for shipment to distant markets. No other nation, not even England, is so dependent on colonial possessions and international business organization.

It was hardly surprising, therefore, that the Dutch made extraordinary efforts to save their chief foreign trade industries by whisking them out of the grasp of the Nazi invader. Moving the factories was hardly practicable, of course—but neither was it necessary, since the really important ingredients in many such industries were simply Dutch skill, management, and organizing ability. The most obvious example is the diamond-cutting trade, for many years a virtual monopoly of Amsterdam. It was able to move overnight to London and New York, because its one indispensable asset was the know-how which every lapidary carries under his hat.

LESS publicized but even more important was the migration of Holland's largest single manufacturing enterprise, the Philips Electric Lamp Company of Eindhoven. Because of Philips' key place in the Dutch economy, its story is unique; yet it is paralleled, in a smaller and less spectacular fashion, by the flight of other refugee industries.

Before the war Philips was second only

to the Radio Corporation of America in the production of radio equipment; it ranked behind only General Electric of this country and Osram of Germany in manufacturing electric light bulbs. Philips also made lighting devices, X-ray tubes, movie and electronic equipment, and even vitamins. World trade was its breath of life; it had to buy practically all of its raw materials abroad. A Dutchman once said that "the only materials of really Dutch origin Philips uses in production are the vacuum of the lamps and the energy of the founders." It also sold most of its output abroad; at home its wares were dear, too dear even for the Dutch Navy, which bought its radios elsewhere. The U. S. Department of Commerce reported a few years ago that in the Netherlands radio "prices are abnormally high" because of the control Philips had over the market. Philips operations were aimed to catch foreign markets. In 1939 more than a tenth of all Dutch exports were filament lamps made in Eindhoven. Philips employed 20,000 persons in Holland and 45,000 in other countries. Its Netherlands plant suffered heavily during the war. The Royal Air Force bombed it twice and the Nazis robbed it. The Dutch, relying on international law, had hoped that the Germans would permit the plant to produce for non-military purposes only, and for that reason had failed to blow it up when the Germans invaded the Netherlands. In consequence, for more than three years its machinery was making electronics materials for the Germans; but its machinery also, as set up on allied territory, made electronics materials for the United Nations. When the Nazis finally were forced to pull out of Eindhoven, they took with them thirty-six carloads of Philips machinery and finished products.

Philips' is a modern story. In 1891 Gerard Philips, a young engineer, borrowed 150,000 guilders from his banker father to go into the business of manufacturing carbon filament electric light bulbs. He set up his plant in an old buckskin factory in the country town of Eindhoven; to make his money last longer, he was looking for a place of cheap labor, and Eindhoven was it. Within two years

100,000 guilders were gone, and Philips had sold few bulbs; Europe still read and ate and danced by gaslight. The next year Philips' father, concerned over his investment, sent his son Anton, then 20, from his studies at Amsterdam to Eindhoven with instructions to look for ways of getting the business on its feet.

Anton is one of the world's great salesmen. Within two years he had Philips Eindhoven making money. Anton persuaded the managers of the Stuttgart Fair that they should electrify their show, and he sold the bulbs. He visited St. Petersburg and became friendly with the steward of the Czar's Winter Palace. When Czar Nicholas decided to replace the candles of the palace with electric lights, Philips got the contract to fill 50,000 sockets. Nicholas, moreover, ordered that no bulb, whatever its condition, should stay in a socket for more than a year; this meant at least 50,000 replacements a year for the Dutch company.

Philips Gloeilampenfabrieken grew; Eindhoven's population had increased by 1939 to 125,000 from the 16,000 it had when Gerard renovated the buckskin factory. The top men of Philips took on the stature of Cabinet ministers, according to the Dutch-American business magazine, *Knickerbocker*. The company spread far from Holland; it opened 45 manufacturing subsidiaries in 17 countries, and distributing subsidiaries in others. It created a holding company to hold most of its own stock—N. V. Gemeenschappelijk Bezit van Aandeelen Philips Gloeilampenfabrieken. It negotiated trade-restriction and cartel agreements with foreign electrical equipment firms.

IN 1925, for example, RCA, International General Electric, and Westinghouse agreed with Philips that the latter could sell radio tubes in the Netherlands, Czechoslovakia, the Balkans, Finland, and Scandinavia, while the American firms would have a field clear of Philips competition in the U. S. and Canada. The division of business on the continent of Europe Philips worked out with Telefunken, a German firm. Philips reached an agreement with Siemens-Halske, Germany, for exchange of patents in the X-

ray field. In 1935 Philips agreed with Corning Glass Works, New York, not to manufacture light bulbs or glass tubing for electrical equipment in the western hemisphere north of Panama; in return Corning agreed to pay Philips a sum varying between \$15,000 and \$25,000 a year. Philips also created subsidiaries jointly with other firms. In Switzerland, Philips joined with Osram, of Germany, and five others—including a Japanese firm—to create the Phoebus cartel for distributing electrical products. In Barcelona, Philips, Osram et Cie. des Lampes, of Paris, opened a factory. Osram and Philips set up in Germany a joint neon lighting company (Ophiac) with subsidiaries in Sweden, Switzerland, and Spain. In Buenos Aires, Philips, Osram, and other light bulb manufacturers established a joint distribution company, Cia. de Lamparas Electricas S.A. (Laco).

By the time war broke out the Philips interests were entwined, on all the continents, with the interests of both sides to the dispute—with those of France and Britain as well as with those of Germany. But its sympathies lay with Britain, as the preparations for taking the Philips enterprise into refuge show.

Concerned lest the Italian conquest of Abyssinia and the German reoccupation of the Rhineland meant that war was coming, the Philips Company in 1937 made plans to move the key parts of its factory if the war should spill into the Netherlands. In those days of great faith, none in the Netherlands thought that their country would be quickly overrun; it was expected that a water barrier could be created that would keep the western section of the country safe from invaders from the east. First the warehouses were moved north and west from Eindhoven; then, in 1938, after the annexation of Austria, the headquarters of the company was transferred from Eindhoven to The Hague, although the factory stayed put.

The decline of the Munich Pact quickened the Philips apprehensions, and the managers, including that same Anton who had lighted up the Winter Palace, decided to protect the assets from any invaders by finding a trustee for them abroad. Such a move, they reasoned, would make it im-

possible for the Germans, even if they seized the physical plant at Eindhoven, to require debtors of Philips to pay their obligations to the managers in the Netherlands and not to representatives abroad (which is the way the Nazis had handled the firms they took over in Austria).

BY THE end of 1939 Philips had two foreign trustees—one in Britain and one in the United States. The British trust was set up on May 1 with the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co., Ltd. During most of the period of the occupation of the Netherlands this trust has managed Philips properties in the British Empire—including plants in England making war goods for the United Nations and employing 12,000 persons—and in the Free French empire; it has shared control with the American trust over Philips interests in Argentina and Spain.

The American trust was set up on August 25 with the Hartford (Connecticut) National Bank and Trust Co. Philips was directed to it by a Washingtonian named Vernon M. Dorsey, patent attorney for Corning Glass, with whom Philips had a trade agreement. This American trustee controlled the Philips companies in the United States, Portugal, Colombia, Mexico, Brazil, Uruguay, Peru, Chile, Venezuela, and Ecuador.

In 1940 yet a third overseas refuge for Philips was set up. Fearing the worst, the Dutch parliament on April 26, 1940, passed an act, and Queen Wilhelmina signed it, authorizing Dutch firms to change their situs from Holland to another part of the Dutch kingdom, say the West Indies. The Nazi invasion which began two weeks later moved so swiftly that there was no time for removing vital machinery from Eindhoven. It was soon apparent that the only way to escape the Germans was to flee the country, and on May 13 Anton Philips and forty of his officers caught a destroyer at the Hook of Holland. It took them to England; and soon they were conducting a world-wide manufacturing business in exile.

The refugee Dutch government on May 15 gave formal approval for the transfer of Philips' headquarters from the Netherlands to Willemstad, Curaçao, in the

Dutch West Indies. On May 30 U. S. Ambassador Kennedy in London received a cable from the Hartford Trust reporting that it needed in the United States four of the refugee Philips officials as expert advisers: Anton Philips; his son-in-law, P. S. F. Otten; Dr. H. F. Van Walsem; and O. M. E. Loupart. They crossed the ocean and set up headquarters in the Roosevelt Hotel, New York City, where they remained until the liberation of Eindhoven last September. They guided the American trust, ran the American companies, and operated Philips Curaçao, which assumed responsibility for the conduct of the subsidiaries in Sweden, Switzerland, and Turkey.

BY SUCH preparations Philips became a house divided against itself, with the Germans able to operate the Eindhoven plant (managed by Anton's son, Frits—so badly that the Nazis gave him a short rest cure in a concentration camp) and to exploit Philips assets in Denmark, Norway, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Germany and Austria, Belgium, Italy, Finland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and France. The Japanese seized Philips plants in the East Indies and in China: it meant nothing to the Asiatic warriors that Philips and the Tokyo Electric Co. were associated in the partial control of Phoebus in Switzerland.

In the United States, Philips developed an industry during the war. In factories at Mt. Vernon and Irvington, New York, and Lewiston, Maine, it has processed quartz crystals and made electronic tubes, fine wire, tungsten and molybdenum rod, and medical and industrial X-ray tubes and equipment for the Army, Navy, and Lend-Lease. Philips' only subsidiaries here in 1939 were the Philips Metalix Corp., making X-ray tubes, and the Philips Technical Products, Inc., a distributor. After the attack on Pearl Harbor the Hartford trust created the North American Philips Co., Inc., which operates the factories, and set up Philips Export Corporation to succeed Philips Technical Products. This elaborate arrangement has been profitable. The balance sheet which Philips Curaçao submitted at the annual

stockholders' meeting in Willemstad on April 27, 1944, showed a net of \$5,102,432 for all the properties outside Axis control during the fiscal year ending April 30, 1943. At the same time, the Axis-controlled firms gave the impression of making money. Philips' subsidiary in occupied Belgium made a net of 3,560,000 francs in 1942. The Dutch radio announced on June 1, 1943, that Philips Eindhoven was paying six per cent to stockholders.

III

DESPITE its considerable efforts for the United Nations, Philips may have difficulties in re-establishing its prewar position, which contributed a great deal to Dutch economic stability. Much of its far-reaching operation depended on its cartel relationships with other firms—and the United States government has indicated that it will seek agreement in the peace settlement for restrictions on cartels in so far as they limit trade. "I hope that you will keep your eye on the whole subject of international cartels, because we are approaching the time when discussions will almost certainly arise between us and other nations," President Roosevelt wrote to Secretary of State Hull on September 6, 1944. The reorganized State Department under Stettinius retains an attitude of opposition toward cartels, although the attitude has not yet crystallized into a specific policy.

Elements within the United States government have sharply criticized Philips during the war. Corwin Edwards, now on the faculty of Northwestern University, termed the establishment of the two trusts and the Curaçao refuge "a peculiarly interesting attempt to safeguard an international combine by changing its apparent national character." He made this observation in a study published by the Kilgore Committee of the Senate at a time when he was on the staff of the Department of Justice.

Throughout the war Philips' pre-established cartel relationships with German firms have created special problems for the refugee management. Agents of the German-controlled Philips Eindhoven and the pro-allies Philips Curaçao met in Budapest

in 1941 to agree that neither company would claim the dividends from the subsidiaries in the German Danubian satellite states, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, nor from the occupied state of Yugoslavia. In Switzerland, Philips Curaçao continued to hold its share in the firm Licht A.G., of which German Osram owned 25 per cent in 1939, and more after the fall of the Netherlands. In Argentina, the management of the Dutch-German combine, Laco, removed the German directors from the board, but Osram, the German parent company, continued to hold 27 per cent of Laco stock. Negotiations carried on during the summer of 1942 to eliminate the Osram stock-holding from Laco came to nothing, because the American and British governments objected to the Laco plan for using a black-listed bank as the depository for the funds that would be owing to Osram in exchange for its shares.

The blacklist has been a source of other difficulty for refugee-Philips. The American trust asserted that the manager of the principal Philips company in Sweden, H. K. A. Kastengren, was pro-allies, but the British put him on their secret blacklist. The British Ministry of Economic Warfare also blacklisted Prima, Ltd., of Lisbon, a distributor for Philips in Portugal. The Buenos Aires law firm of Marval, Rodriguez, Laretta and O'Farrell, which handled Philips patents during the war, represented in Argentina a black-listed Spanish firm, Dana Sociedad Anonima, Barcelona. During the early years of its refuge, Philips' Ecuadorian agent was Holland Ecuador Radio Corp., S.A.; the two principal business associates of Juan Schotel, owner of most of Holland Ecuador stock, were on the American blacklist.

SOMETIMES refugee-Philips has apparently been confused about the reliability of its own men. The former vice president and general manager of Philips Argentina S.A. de Lamparas, of Buenos Aires, a firm with a capitalization of 2,000,000 pesos, is Walter Wolthers. In 1942, when the American government expressed doubt whether Wolthers was wholly friendly to the United Nations

cause, the Philips experts in this country offered to remove him; yet a month later they submitted his name to the War Department in a list of men they could vouch for as pro-allies. At the urging of the U. S. embassy in Buenos Aires, Philips New York dismissed Wolthers on July 15, 1943; but Philips Curaçao (operated by Philips in New York) at once hired him as its employee in Buenos Aires. In the summer of 1944 the State Department permitted Wolthers to enter the United States to discuss his case, but the Federal Bureau of Investigation followed him wherever he went and the Justice Department after six weeks sent him back to Argentina as an undesirable alien. The State Department, however, insisted that the Justice Department had a mistaken attitude toward him.

Refugee-Philips also found it difficult to cut off Philips Eindhoven completely from any profits from the subsidiary companies in neutral countries. For instance, Gustaf Almen, manager of the Swedish production subsidiary, Norrkopings Elektroniska Fabriker A.B., in 1940 paid the firm's 1939 dividends into the Swedish-Dutch clearing for the benefit of Philips Eindhoven. For the Swedish subsidiary which it operated with German Osram, Osram-Philips Neon A/b Skandinaviska Ophnag, Philips Curaçao neglected to issue a power of attorney, and it remained under the control of Philips Eindhoven. On August 16, 1943, the U. S. Legation in Stockholm reported to the State Department that the American trust was buying full pages of advertising in the Swedish edition of *Reader's Digest* and signing them simply "Philips." The legation protested that this advertising aided the business of the enemy, because virtually all Philips products in Sweden came from Philips Eindhoven. The Treasury required Philips to discontinue the Swedish advertising. The Treasury also in January, 1944, required the Philips subsidiaries in Spain and Turkey (subject to the Hartford trust and therefore in need of a U. S. license to trade with the enemy) to cease their commerce with the Netherlands without a specific Treasury authorization. The U. S. government turned down requests of Turkish and Spanish Philips in 1942 for trad-

ing with the occupied Netherlands, but the firms carried on the commerce anyway, with British and Dutch licenses.

IV

THE problem of the future of cartels affects Dutch interests far beyond the sphere of Philips. Through careful exploitation of their East Indies colonial possessions, the Dutch built a good deal of their income before the war on monopolistic and restrictive trade. For example, in 1931 the Netherlands joined the International Tin Committee, which restricted the marketing of tin in order to protect the mining industry from sudden rises and falls in demand and price. The Committee has been functioning during the war, although the main Far Eastern sources of tin fell to the Japanese with the conquest of the East Indies, Malaya, Burma, and Siam. When the Committee met on April 9, 1942, it greatly increased the annual tin quotas of the Indies (from 39,055 to 55,113 tons), although the Indies metal was controlled by the Japanese and not available, while it barely raised the quotas of the two tin-producing areas whose output the United Nations needed and could use—Bolivia, from 46,027 tons to 46,768 tons, and the Belgian Congo, from 15,035 to 20,178 tons. The meeting in 1942 invited the United States, which consumes 65 to 70 per cent of the available world output, to appoint a non-voting consumers' representative on the Committee.

In most instances the Dutch, looking toward the restoration of their economy after the defeat of Germany and Japan, have kept the restrictive agreements going during the war. That goes for the sale of quinine, of which the East Indies were the chief world source before the Japanese seized the islands. It is also true of tropical oils, over whose production the Dutch-British combine, Unilever—created in 1930 by union between the Dutch Margarine Union and the British Lever Brothers—holds a majority control, so far as sources available to the United States are concerned. The one commodity monopoly which the war has broken is that of rubber. The Dutch in 1934 joined the International Rubber Regulation Committee,

which controlled the output of rubber in the interest of "orderly marketing." But the wartime development of synthetics in the United States has weakened the committee's hopes for future control over a commodity which used to come from tropical plantations, but now comes mainly from chemical plants in the temperate zone. The United States government apparently has it in mind to propose in time some sort of agreement which would prevent a swift decline for the Dutch Indies rubber after the war by saving some of the market for the natural commodity. At all events, in March of this year a spokesman for the new Dutch government organization, which will take over temporary control of Netherlands Indies rubber after reconquest, said he knew that many persons whose interests are tied up with natural products "fear the advent of synthetics, but we of the Indies do not."

THE Dutch quinine monopoly in ordinary times contributes but a small percentage of the national income of the Netherlands, but its operation provides an example of efficiently restricted commerce that has long irked both the United States government and the American pharmaceutical industry. In 1928 the Department of Justice tried in vain through an anti-trust suit to break the Dutch hold on the sale of quinine in the United States. The monopoly system sent the price of quinine sulphate up from 26 cents an ounce in 1914 to about 85 cents in 1940-41, when the U. S. was on the verge of needing a large supply in order to take care of its coming war needs. The fact that the U. S. failed to get the quantity it wanted was a partial factor in the development of large-scale manufacture of atabrine, a synthetic whose widespread use might cut into the postwar market for Dutch quinine.

Quinine, extracted from cinchona bark, is native to South America, but the Dutch cultivated it in the Indies so efficiently that the islands became the source of 90 per cent of the world consumption. To "regulate" the commerce, three manufacturers of quinine derivatives in the Netherlands and the Indies planters created in 1914 an unincorporated association called the Kina Bureau. Almost the whole output

of the Indies passed to the Kina manufacturers, who restricted the quantity of raw bark to be marketed; the manufacturers in turn set a world price for bark sold overseas and for the processed product, and merchandised bark and quinine around the globe through monopoly agents in the various countries.

The U. S. government in 1928 charged that this system operated in restraint of trade. Among the defendants in the suit the U. S. named R. W. Greeff and Co., Inc., New York, agent for Kina Bureau and the sole authorized importer of finished quinine, and the three pharmaceutical houses authorized by Kina Bureau to buy bark and make quinine derivatives—Mallinckrodt Chemical Works, Inc., of St. Louis, Merck and Co., Inc., of Rahway, New Jersey, and New York Quinine and Chemical Works, Inc., of Brooklyn. Other American drug houses were cut off from direct access to bark or finished product, but could purchase from the authorized American sources. When McKesson & Robbins sent agents to bark plantations to arrange for direct buying, they failed to find a new source, and Greeff eliminated the discount at which McKesson & Robbins had been permitted to buy through the Bureau. When Hoskin and Company bought quinine from a Dutch house outside the Kina Bureau, the bureau successfully put pressure on the Dutch house to join the cartel, and the bureau then declined to furnish Hoskin with bark or derivatives.

THE anti-trust suit resulted in a consent decree that did not disturb essentially the agency arrangement in the United States. (The squeeze on Hoskin followed the decree.) This country continued to obtain quinine almost solely through the Kina Bureau arrangement, even after the fall of Holland forced Kina to shift its headquarters to Java. In 1941 the problem of American supply became critical. By August of that year the Reconstruction Finance Corporation had built up a stockpile of 2,000,000 ounces of quinine derivatives. In January, 1942, after American entrance into the war, the RFC sought more quinine, but the Netherlands East Indies Trade Commissioner said there was

none available in Java. A few weeks later the Dutch offered to sell 2,000,000 ounces, to be delivered 500,000 ounces a month from March through June, 1942. In February, 1942, the State Department discovered that 2,500,000 ounces of bark were available for shipment from Java. The RFC at once purchased these, but when in March the Japanese conquered Java, halting quinine deliveries, United States supplies were still short.

To make up for this lack, the United States began to buy wild bark in Latin America and to encourage intensive cinchona cultivation in that area. Kina had competition not alone from atabrine but from an independent drug house, Kingston Chemical Company, which in 1941 began to buy Latin American bark outside the cartel, without meeting the fate that had befallen McKesson & Robbins and Hoskin. During the war Kina has pursued its pre-war policy of buying up Latin American bark where it can, and it hopes to regain its position in the future. "When peace comes, the activity of the Kina Bureau will be intensified on this continent," Jan Van As, the Mexico representative of the Kina Bureau's factory in Bandoeng, Java, wrote to Norman Taylor of the Cinchona Products Institute in New York on December 4, 1942.

V

THE hopes of Herr Van As and other Dutch cartel operators can bear fruit only if the United Nations, in their settlement of the world after the war, decide to leave undisturbed the old relationships between European countries and their colonial empires. The strength of the Dutch arrangement for restricting trade in raw materials—tin and tropical oils as well as quinine—depends on Dutch control of the East Indies sources of those materials, and on continuing control by other imperial powers of their colonies. In ordinary times the Indies are a source of riches in many ways for the Netherlands, whose home population is less than a fourth of that of a single Indonesian island, Java. Queen Wilhelmina and her business-wise subjects have great investments in those Spice Islands, which in prewar days were

the world's second source of rubber, second source of tin, first source of palm oil, first source of pepper, second source of copra, and first of tapioca. There was wealth in commerce in cigar wrappers made from Sumatra tobacco, in kapok, and in petroleum. In the words of a Dutchman, Dr. A. C. Josephus Jitta: "Holland would never have taken the pre-eminent position she occupies in the world without colonies." In a report of the Foreign Policy Association, Lawrence K. Rosinger wrote that "the East Indies offer the most striking illustration of how important a colony can be in the life of a metropolitan country."

More than 400,000 Netherlanders in Europe were engaged before the war in factories, commercial enterprises, banks, and insurance companies dealing with Netherlands Indies products; the total number of adults employed in the Netherlands came to only 3,185,000 in 1930. Six per cent of the national income of the Netherlands came directly from the Indies in 1939. A few years before the war the Dutch had an investment of about \$1,500,000,000 in the Indies—more than 60 per cent of the total foreign business investment there and about 80 per cent of the total fixed income investment. By encouraging the Indies to trade generally around the world without restriction—except in the special monopoly products—the Dutch attracted a stream of trade to the islands, from which the investors at home profited. The United States was the third best customer of the Indies, after the Netherlands and Singapore (which is a transit point for commerce from the Indies). The secret of the Indies lies in cheap production—through low labor costs (average annual income of the Indonesian native family rarely goes over \$150)—of materials sold at fairly high markups in the western world.

The movement for "trusteeship" or liberation of colonies has some strength in the United States. The Dutch, looking ahead to their problems of recovery, want to defend the Indies from men with the views of Henry Wallace, who has proposed economic and political independence for the Dutch possessions. Moreover, our two most recent Secretaries of State, Cordell

Hull and Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., have both shown signs of anti-colonialism. Early this year Stettinius wrote to Paul Robeson that imperial nations should help the colonials "to prepare themselves for the duties and responsibilities of self-government and to attain liberty." Even within the Netherlands, doubts have been growing during the war about colonialism. The underground newspaper *Vrij Nederland* wrote during the occupation: "Not our own needs and dividends are to come first, but the needs and rights of the Indonesians."

Like Holland itself, the Indies have been swept by war's tidal wave, and the war-time destruction will be slowly repaired, even if the anti-colonial movement comes to nothing. Having learned by 1942 from the occupation of the Netherlands that the enemy forces exploit the economy of the occupied country, the Dutch in the Indies used scorched earth tactics when the Japs moved in. They fired their oil wells, burned down the quinine factory at Bandoeng, and destroyed the tin mining equipment in Bangka and Billiton. Subsequently the Japanese began an intensive exploitation of the Indonesian economy which undoubtedly has injured the Dutch investment in the islands. Even before the war, the Japs had made considerable commercial progress in the archipelago. Japan sold goods to the Indonesians far cheaper than the Dutch could, and the Netherlands market in its own colony was declining; from 1938 to 1939 the Japanese share in Indies' imports rose from 72 million guilders to 85 million while the Dutch share fell from 106 million to 99 million. After the war the Dutch will have to reckon with the desire of the natives for reasonably-priced goods. In the Pacific, as in Europe, the Dutch face troublesome problems of adjustment and recovery.

VI

THE United Nations policy toward defeated Germany also will influence the speed and scope of Holland's recovery. Since Holland lies squarely across the mouths of the Rhine, it has long served as an important port-of-entry for German trade. For example, Rotterdam—which

was largely destroyed by the Nazis the day after Dutch resistance collapsed—had become great and rich because of its commerce with Germany. It grew from a population of about 50,000 in 1850, before the German unification under Bismarck, to more than a half million in 1929. Germany was the source of about a third of the Netherlands' imports, and was the chief market for Dutch exports. The annual transit trade just before the war amounted to more than fifty million tons each way. Most of this commerce was for the benefit of the German industrial districts along the Ruhr and the Rhine. If the United Nations carry out their expressed intention of rigidly limiting Germany's heavy industry, Holland's transit traffic probably would never again rise to its prewar level. On the other hand, if the Rhine and Ruhr industrial areas are transferred to France, the Dutch might have a better chance of rebuilding this vital trade. In a visit to Paris last winter Eelco Van Kleffens, Dutch Foreign Minister, said that Holland would want no reconstruction that depended on rebuilding German industry.

In addition to their destruction of Rotterdam and other Dutch cities, the Germans have seriously damaged other sectors of the Netherlands' economy. The special kind of agriculture which the Dutch built up to support their export trade has been almost wiped out. Where tulips and cattle were once raised to supply bulbs for North America and butter for England, the Nazis decreed the planting of grains and oil seeds. The prewar livestock population of some 2,800,000 head was halved by forced slaughter and export to Germany.

Livestock quality also declined, because the choicest animals were selected for export. Milk production fell from 5,000,000 tons a year (1935-37) to 1,800,000. A nation of fishermen, the Dutch lost most of their fishing fleet, which had numbered 3,200 vessels in 1939. The Germans found few Dutch ships in port when they seized the Netherlands, but during the five years since, the Dutch have lost at sea about half their three million ton merchant fleet. The human population has been reduced and weakened. Starvation, assaults on the Jews, the movement of work-

ers from the Netherlands to Germany, and the relocation of farmers from the Netherlands to Russian areas formerly held by the Germans, have resulted in the loss of about 500,000 men and women from the pre-war population of 8,700,000. Mortality, which once was only eight per cent, has increased by a fifth; among the young the mortality has increased by a quarter.

On top of this destruction came floodings; the Germans let salt water flow over one-third of the land which the diligent Dutch had recovered from the sea by the work of three centuries. Alexander Loudon, Dutch Ambassador in Washington, has predicted that the flooded land may be unlivable for years. The German retreat was as destructive as the occupation; it resembled a tidal-wave, which as it receded swept with it many of the ordinary and necessary monuments of civilized life. The withdrawing Germans destroyed every windmill on the west bank of the Maas. As the United States forces attacked last September, the Germans carried machinery and finished products out of many factories, including Philips. Probably much of this loot can neither be recovered nor replaced from Germany. When P. S. F. Otten, the managing director of Philips, returned to Eindhoven in the wake of the liberating armies, he commented pessimistically that it would be difficult for the Netherlands "to get its share of Europe's massive reconstruction."

IN THE dilemma of ruined Holland, Americans have a sample of the peculiarly uncomfortable and complex problems which we must face as we begin to play a leading part in world politics. The overwhelming majority of Americans feel the greatest sympathy for the brave little

country, and instinctively wish it a quick and prosperous recovery. Moreover, we and the Dutch have long-standing financial and industrial ties. About a billion dollars' worth of property in this country—mostly industrial securities and real estate—are owned by Dutch nationals. Moreover, the Dutch control important business enterprises in America, in the fields of petroleum, soap, electronics, and artificial silk, among others. Perhaps most important of all, we are concerned in the rebuilding of a sturdy economy in Holland, as in other European countries, in the interests of peace and our own foreign trade.

But sympathy, even when spliced with self-interest, is hardly an adequate tool for coping with a problem such as Holland's. In the long run the recovery of the Netherlands according to the Dutch way of thinking does not depend on our generosity and good wishes, but on the policies we follow in the handling of cartels, German industry, and the liberation of colonial peoples. Here again our sympathies (and our self-interest) are deeply involved—but on the opposite side.

Obviously within the next year or two we shall have to work out some sort of compromise between our two conflicting sets of sympathies, interests, and principles. The result—whatever it may be—probably will displease a great many people in the United States, Holland, and the native villages of the Dutch Indies. Yet the decision cannot be avoided—nor can similar decisions touching the problems of a dozen other nations, each as complex and thorny as the dilemma of Holland. Facing them is part of our new job of learning how to behave as a Great Power—and the lesson may be more painful and difficult than any of us yet suspect.

{ *Both Mr. McCune and Mr. Beal were in Newsweek's Washington bureau during the heyday of the Truman Committee.* }

THE JOB THAT MADE TRUMAN PRESIDENT

WESLEY McCUNE AND JOHN R. BEAL



WITH all due allowance for the accidents of mortality and politics, it is clear that Harry S. Truman was lifted into the White House by his performance as an investigator. In 1941 he was just another obscure junior Senator with no visible political future. Three years later he had made himself known, and respected, as the chairman of a special committee investigating war production and, in consequence, the almost inevitable choice of his party as a compromise candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Truman's handling of that investigation throws a good deal of light on his character, methods, and capabilities. It also provides a noteworthy lesson in the handling of Congress' investigating power, one of the sharpest (and most hazardous) tools in the whole arsenal of government.

Plenty of other Senators and Representatives were running investigations at about the same time, in fields as important as Truman's. Most of them had greater political experience, and at least as much money and staff. Yet none was able to build himself into a national political figure. On the contrary, some—notably among the members of the Dies Committee—cut their political throats with spectacular thoroughness. Obviously Truman had learned, somehow, to wield his investigating tool with uncommon adroitness.

11

HIS training in the highly specialized business of Congressional inquiry began in 1936 under a master of the craft, Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. Because Wheeler's isolationist views have dimmed his reputation during the war years, many people have forgotten that he earned fame as one of the most able, honest, and thorough of Senate investigators. He and Truman sat together on the Interstate Commerce Committee and he chose the younger Senator to serve as his lieutenant in a special study of railway holding companies.

For two years this inquiry plodded along through some of the dullest hearings ever recorded at the Capitol. During the early months, Truman seldom opened his mouth. He watched the Montana maestro question an endless procession of witnesses; and he studied railway finance and corporate organization with a dogged intentness which his colleagues considered rather eccentric.

The public's indifference to the railroad inquiry was simply deafening. As the hearings dragged on, the other members (including Wheeler) lost interest, and Truman frequently was the only Senator who showed up for public sessions. Before no audience except his own counsel, the witness and his lawyers, and one or two weary

newspapermen, he conducted the questioning with meticulous fairness and a growing knowledge of the nation's transport system. He made no reputation; indeed, his fellow Senators sometimes hinted that he was wasting his time. But the investigation did result in a few important though obscure reforms. And a handful of industrialists and financiers began to speak of Truman as a strange sort of politician—a New Dealer who showed no desire to persecute business, a man who dug for his facts, used them surely, and tolerated no wool over his eyes.

THIS tedious schooling paid off handsomely when Truman decided early in 1941 to organize an investigation of his own. It was to be his first venture into the big-time political arena and its possibilities were not immediately apparent. There was no rivalry for the chairmanship, nor any stampede for seats on the committee. Consequently, Truman had an unusually free hand in indicating to the Senate leaders the men he wanted. His choices, together with the subsequent hiring of the committee's staff, perhaps can be taken as some indication of the course Truman may follow in making Presidential appointments.

The distinguishing mark of the original committee members—five Democrats and four Republicans—was a sort of unspectacular competence. All were junior senators from their respective states, with the exception of Tom Connally of Texas. They obviously were picked with an eye to their special knowledge of various phases of the war production program, and to the desirability of a balanced representation from every section of the country.

Carl A. Hatch, a wiry little man with a face tanned to leather by the New Mexico sun, is a crony of Truman.

Mon C. Wallgren, a ruddy, grey-haired jeweler from Everett, Washington, was the committee's lumber and aircraft man. He has since resigned to become governor of his state.

James M. Mead of New York and Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia are generally regarded as spokesmen for labor and the little businessman. Kilgore has carried a heavy share of the load in the steel

and shipbuilding phases of the inquiry.

Ralph O. Brewster of Maine, one of the ablest and hardest-working members, is particularly interested in the naval program because of his membership on the Senate Naval Affairs Committee.

Joseph H. Ball, young ex-newspaperman, came to the Senate as a Willkie-Stassen internationalist from supposedly isolationist Minnesota.

Harold H. Burton, former Cleveland mayor, has shown a marked ability in the analytical questioning of witnesses.

Homer A. Ferguson, the one-man grand jury from Michigan, is an experienced sleuth for facts, with some background in the automotive industry.

In one way or another, each of these men has demonstrated another characteristic—an uncommon degree of courage. Ball defied his party to support Roosevelt in the last election. Both Ferguson and Burton had chalked up records of untarnished independence in local politics before they came to the Senate. Mead, who was elected as a "labor Senator," and Kilgore, in whose state the coal miners are the strongest single political factor, risked their careers when the committee tangled with John L. Lewis. And so on. This phenomenon may have some significance; Truman has shown the same quality, and it may be that he has an intuition for discovering it in other men.

III

TRUMAN's selection of the committee's staff was even more revealing. Such jobs are luscious patronage plums, and swarms of political job-hunters were drooling in his outside office. But Truman had learned from the old railway inquiry—and perhaps, too, from watching the embarrassingly inept performance of the Dies Committee—that the technical staff can make or break a Congressional investigation. He decided that he simply could not afford to take a chance on patronage appointments.

Instead he paid a visit to Robert H. Jackson, then Attorney General, to ask him to recommend a good lawyer who might serve as counsel for the new committee. The request must have surprised

Jackson; he was more accustomed to hearing Senators demand jobs in the Justice Department for their own henchmen. Yes, he told Truman, he knew a good man—a young fellow recently out of Michigan Law School who was at work in New York as a special assistant to the attorney general. He had successfully prosecuted the utilities magnate, Howard C. Hopson, in the celebrated Associated Gas & Electric case and was even then preparing to indict a judge. Jackson promised to tell the young lawyer to drop around.

A few days later Hugh Alfred Fulton called at Truman's office. Neither had seen the other before, but they got along well from the beginning. Truman outlined his plan for the committee, and emphasized the mistakes in the history of past investigations which he wanted to avoid. He did not conceive his job to be that of running the defense program; a Committee on the Conduct of the War had tried that during the Civil War, and had caused President Lincoln and the Union much grief. He did not want to sit by until scandals developed, and then try to assess the blame after it was too late to do any good; that had been tried after World War I, in 116 post mortem investigations (one lasting as late as 1935) which dug into everything in sight for every conceivable partisan purpose.

Both these pitfalls might be avoided, he believed, if the new committee tried an entirely new technique. It would undertake a current, continuing checkup on each major war program as it developed. The aim would be to keep an alert watch for bottlenecks, graft, waste, bureaucratic deadlocks, and other weaknesses, and to remedy them promptly before they could grow to ominous dimensions. What he wanted above all, he told Fulton, was facts. "I don't want to whitewash and I don't want to smear," he explained.

FULTON decided it was the kind of job he wanted to tackle. The thick-set, chubby-faced young lawyer was no typical committee counsel. Usually such jobs go to a man who is either (1) a political creditor of the chairman; (2) a lawyer borrowed from an interested pressure group or government department; or (3)

a big-name attorney who works only part time and lets the inquiry flounder for want of tight direction. Fulton had no political strings, no axes to grind, and no objections to working all hours of the day and night. Moreover, he quickly developed an ability to make his subordinates work the same man-killing hours—and love it.

In his method of conducting a hearing Fulton also varied from the conventional pattern. He never tried to entrap or bully a witness, or to over-dramatize a line of questioning purely for the sake of the headlines. He brought into each session a carefully prepared list of questions, designed to lead the witness into the heart of his story with a minimum of lost motion. The questioning itself often was done by the chairman or the Senator with a special interest in the subject at issue.

TRUMAN and Fulton together assembled a staff of some 15 investigators, who have been largely responsible for the high quality and sweeping range of information the committee has brought to light. Of necessity the crew was relatively small; Truman's request for an initial appropriation of \$25,000 was pared by the Senate to \$15,000. Later appropriations also were modest in comparison with those, for example, of the Dies Committee or a dozen others.

In general the investigators were of the Fulton type—relatively young, no experience in war production, no private connections, no closed minds. The theory was that if, say, shipbuilding was to be scrutinized, it was better to have the fact-gathering done by someone who had never seen a ship than by an expert with preconceived views. Later the experts could make their contribution from the witness stand.

One of the ablest of the crew was Matthew Connelly, a professional Congressional investigator—or what is sometimes described in Washington as a "committee dick." At the age of 35 he had worked for five Congressional inquiries, and he knew all the twists and pitfalls of the trade. He also had acquired a tight-lipped discretion, and a thorough knowledge of the shifting, complex web of Washington pressures and power relationships.

Near the bottom of the list of investigators appeared the name of Walter Heh-meyer. He actually did some leg-work, but his primary job was that of press agent. He handled the committee's publicity quietly and honestly, with none of the synthetic fireworks which characterized some other Congressional investigations.

Several of these investigators seem likely to play an important part in the Truman administration. Five days after the new President took office he called Connelly to the White House to serve as his confidential secretary—a position considerably more important than the title may imply. Fulton had breakfast with Truman the morning after Roosevelt's death, and has been close at hand ever since. At this writing he has received no formal appointment; but it appears probable that he may come closer than any other man to filling the uniquely personal status which Harry Hopkins held during the Roosevelt regime—although Truman is far less inclined than his predecessor to operate through personal deputies with nebulous assignments.

Other members of the old committee staff are standing by. Truman knows their capabilities and is used to working with them. It would not be surprising if a number of them eventually sift into responsible administrative posts.

IV

THROUGH the door of Room 449 in the Senate Office Building, the committee headquarters, flowed a strange assortment of mail and people. A typical day might bring an eccentric inventor with a gadget; he said the Army and Navy had given him the brush-off. He would be followed by a manufacturer who thought his product had been discriminated against by the Quartermaster General. A maker of mouthwash for the Army couldn't get priorities for alcohol; a dry kiln owner couldn't get a government contract for his lumber; or an industrialist accused a competitor, now holding a dollar-a-year job in WPB, of using his official position for private ends. And every day there was an assortment of government officials, labor representatives, lobbyists, and occasion-

ally a plain citizen with an idea he hoped might help the war effort. Some came in search of a new shoulder to cry on; others looked to Truman as a court of last resort.

None was turned away coldly, although the crackpots and whiners were dispatched as quickly as politeness would permit. Complaints with a color of merit were submitted to pertinent agencies for information. If they were urgent, a few well-placed telephone calls often got results—as they did when Fulton called WPB to see why a priority for sprinkling pipes had not been delivered to the manager of a rubber-seedling nursery.

BOTH visitors and correspondence, which ran to more than a hundred letters a day, were screened by the investigating staff. The promising tips and scraps of information were passed immediately to Fulton, who decided whether to act at once, shelve the project, or order a further investigation. Many of the committee's best leads were uncovered in this fashion. Other lines of inquiry were developed on the committee's own initiative, and investigators were assigned to dig up all available data on such broad subjects as steel, shipbuilding, and rubber.

Basic strategy was developed in a series of early morning meetings. Truman rose at farmers' hours, and Fulton ate no breakfast; so between eight and nine each morning the two would comb over a stack of memos, reports, and letters which had been bundled up the night before for the Senator's evening reading.

Their tentative decisions, on matters of importance, were then taken up with the rest of the committee in private sessions held once or twice a week in Truman's "dog house," a small room behind his office. Sometimes the Senators invited some big-shot who seemed headed for trouble to sit in. Donald Nelson, Rubber Czar William Jeffers, Undersecretary Robert Patterson of the War Department, and Manpower Chief Paul McNutt were among those who told their sides of some confused story—thereby either crystallizing or averting a public hearing.

By such methods the committee and its staff accomplished at least half of their

work without any publicity whatever. It may, indeed, have been the more important half. The committee's informal conferences often pried open bureaucratic logjams, which had come about because the White House had been unwilling (or too busy) to knock stubborn heads together. Army, Navy, and WPB appointed high-ranking liaison men to expedite action on the committee's requests. And in many cases the mere knowledge that Truman's people were interested in a particular subject was enough to galvanize everyone concerned—bureaucrats, generals, manufacturers, and labor—into special efforts to avoid mismanagement or delay.

V

THE results of Truman's unorthodox formula for running a Congressional inquiry surprised everyone—including the committee members. The performance differed in four important respects from that of most such investigations.

First of all, it got results. The accomplishments of the typical Congressional committee are at best minor, and at worst a sheer waste of time and money. All too often such inquiries begin with a fanfare of publicity, and then dribble away into confusion, bickering, and impotence. The Truman Committee, on the other hand, started modestly—and then proceeded to produce. One of its earliest projects, which uncovered waste and extravagance in the construction of Army camps, led to an overhaul of the contract-letting system with savings estimated at well over a hundred million dollars. Its investigations of aluminum, steel, and other shortages spurred officials into finding ways to increase production; its rubber inquiry built a fire under Jesse Jones. The Committee insisted on the spreading of war contracts among smaller plants, at a time when both the Army and the Navy tended to concentrate their orders with a handful of giant corporations. Its discovery of outright incompetence in the Navy's Bureau of Ships led to a reorganization, although publication of the report was withheld at the request of Navy Secretary Knox.

Most spectacular of all, its first annual report, condemning bungling by the Office

of Production Management, needled President Roosevelt into an eleventh-hour shakeup which created the War Production Board with Donald Nelson at its head. Mr. Roosevelt beat the committee to the draw by a scant 24 hours because of his advance knowledge of the report; that was all right with Truman, who wanted action more than credit.

Perhaps the best evidence of the committee's effectiveness was the wry testimony of Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson, more than a year ago, that the investigators' recommendations often irritated him, but that they invariably turned out to be constructive. "Some of the very best features of our war program have had their origin from the investigations made by this committee," he concluded.

This does not mean that the committee's record was perfect. Its investigation of Senator A. B. Chandler's swimming pool, built free on the grounds of his home by a contractor, reeked strongly of politics. Twice the committee hauled John L. Lewis on the carpet in connection with threatened coal strikes, and came off second best. After watching the operations of OPM, Truman became convinced that the government was not getting its money's worth from dollar-a-year men; but he permitted Nelson to call him off that line of inquiry, on the plea that they were needed to help him do his new job with WPB.

On the whole, however, the committee built a record of accomplishment seldom surpassed in Congressional history.

A SECOND distinguishing mark of the Truman group was its good administration. An investigation of this sort presents a more serious administrative problem than is generally recognized; while the number of people involved is relatively small, the committee members are likely to be *prima donnas* who are notoriously hard to handle.

Truman handled his colleagues with unobtrusive skill. Unlike many investigations, his did not turn into a one-man show; all, or nearly all, of the Senators contributed an uncommon amount of hard work. Truman carefully apportioned the fields to be covered among the members, so they did not get into each

other's hair. He also made a point of spreading the credit and publicity, while he himself kept in the background as far as possible; as a result, internal jealousies never flared into open friction.

It is particularly significant that in four years of operation no committee member ever dissented from any report. Truman achieved this surprising unanimity by tireless search for all the facts, and then by consultation—no matter how tedious—until a set of conclusions was hammered out on which everyone could agree. Once a member objected when the committee prepared to spank an official from his own state for bungling one of the major war material programs. But after reviewing the case, the member decided against a minority report—the facts just couldn't be disputed. Senator Brewster summed it up in these words: "Reasonable men don't differ much when they have the facts."

In addition, Truman did a good job in administering the committee staff. He picked competent men; he gave a precise assignment to each, and made sure it did not overlap anyone else's job; and then he left them alone to do their work without undue interference.

Already there are indications that Truman has carried over these habits of administration to the infinitely more complex task of Chief Executive. He has made an emphatic point of frequent consultations with Congressional leaders. And his early decisions from the White House tend toward more clear-cut allocation of responsibility than has been customary in Washington in recent years.

IN THE third place, the Truman committee demonstrated a sense of fairness and responsibility which inspired widespread confidence.

All too frequently Congressional investigators have set out to smear somebody, by fair means or foul and without giving their victims a chance for rebuttal. In contrast, Truman's group went to unheard-of lengths to make sure its facts were right, and that everyone concerned had a chance to check up on them. Its shipbuilding report, for example,

was eighteen months in preparation. Several months before its release, the conclusions were circulated in draft to the WPB, Maritime Commission, and the Navy. All private shipbuilders mentioned in the document were consulted by telegram, and the maritime unions also were checked. Even the widow of a seaman was given opportunity to check the printer's proofs of her late husband's testimony. When the newspapers finally got the 75-page report, it was established as gospel.

It is noteworthy that Secretary Forrestal, whose Navy Department has come under frequent committee scrutiny, once remarked that the investigation was "as objective as I think possible." His view is shared by virtually all other government agencies; and in addition, both management and labor have been generally satisfied with the committee's impartiality.

FINALLY, the committee displayed a brand of courage rare among politicians. It did not hesitate to criticize labor, when plainly at fault. Similarly, it pulled no punches in its reports on the misbehavior of several of the most powerful of industrial corporations. Truman went after some of the biggest brass hats, including General Somervell himself, at a time when no other civilian dared raise a voice against military encroachment into control of the civilian economy. Many a government agency—not excepting the White House—smarted under his blunt comments, at a time when Truman must have known he was being discussed as a possible vice presidential candidate.

Such apparently foolhardy behavior turned out, of course, to be good politics. It nearly always does. It is curious that most politicians still believe implicitly in the myth that conspicuous valor in the face of entrenched pressure groups means political suicide—in spite of contrary evidence piled up by scores of public men from Lincoln to George Norris. In the performance of his investigating committee, Truman proved once more that a politician can make honesty and courage pay off. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that in the White House he will remember his own lesson.

*{ Mr. Mullen claims to have been the owner
of one of the first radio receivers in
Denver, Colorado, where he lived as a boy. }*

BIRDSEED ON A PING-PONG BALL

ROBERT R. MULLEN



AT Radio City they show you how they imitate the sound of rain by dropping birdseed on a ping-pong ball. Somehow, this birdseed on a ping-pong ball seems like a commentary on the radio, and I have been tempted to philosophize—especially since I have had a glimpse of NBC's collection of early radios. For wartime blackouts have also made me, Oliver Milquetoast, a collector of old radios.

It began quite early in the "blitz" of civilian defense. I wanted a battery radio, so that if the lights went off I could at least tune in Chicago and find out what was happening to our East Coast. I found one, an ancient beauty (circa 1923), under the dust of a junk shop and became its owner for 35 cents. The clerk thought he had stuck me good, and perhaps he did, for the war seemed to do something to the supply of batteries for 20-year-old radios. So it sits on the library floor where its slanting front panel occasionally serves as an impromptu sliding board for a small boy.

However, its presence has attracted some attention from guests and from those who mortgage nearby. Some are under the impression that I am collecting ancient radios as a hobby.

But most people glance at it and start talking about their first radio. They tell you that it was a crystal affair and that they wound the coils themselves on an

old oatmeal box, and the year was 1920 or '21. Then, about 1922, they graduated to a one-tube, single-circuit tuner, later adding two stages of audio amplification, so they could tune in distance, or "DX" as they called it. Some added a variometer to the plate circuit, making it a three-circuit "howler," which did little to improve the good-neighbor policy.

To get away from this regenerative transmission, the neutrodynes and the super heterodynes came into popularity, and that was the point where the home-made radio "bugs" usually dropped out, and radio blossomed into a \$150,000,000 manufacturing, advertising, and entertainment industry. That change-over began about 1923, which was about the vintage of my rare old sliding board, so quite a few people who look at it have their memories jogged.

"That was a pretty good set," they will say; "I had one like it, except for the cabinet, and I could tune in Fort Worth clear as a bell, on the earphones."

"Remember the Hired Hand?" chips in another with a note of excitement in his voice. "WBAP, the *Star Telegram*, Fort Worth, Texas. He used to ring the cowbells."

"Or was that Doc Reynolds of KLZ, Denver?"

"No, he had the little canary whistle, don't you remember?"

"I wonder what happened to that pris-

oner out in Missouri; he played the piano."

"Harry Snodgrass!"

"The King of the Ivories."

"WOS," mimics another in a slow Missouri drawl. "I'll never forget that one. It was a kick along about midnight to hear that Jefferson City, Missouri."

TO THOSE early DX fans, the sight of earphones releases nostalgic memories, even as the sight of a Model T recalls frigid mornings and the jacked-up left-rear wheel and the kettle of hot water to warm up the reluctant motor. The radio bugs recall how they managed to get their 150 feet of number 14 stranded copper wire up on the roof and over to a tree, how they waited for one of those icy cold nights when static was reduced. They'd check over the connections, test the B-battery voltages, adjust the earphones as comfortably as possible, and then approach the dials with both hands. They needed to. There was plenty to manipulate.

First, you would turn up the rheostat to that precise point where the tubes had all they would take without hissing. Then you turned up the knob for the plate regeneration. That was when your neighboring radio fans hit everything in sight, including the ceiling, for these regenerative sounds were of the four million sorts that Mr. Hammond later put in his organ.

You turned the secondary coil on your vario-coupler until you got a steady squeal somewhere on the wave band. That denoted a carrier wave—if not static, a leaky power transformer, a street-car line, or a neighbor's regeneration. Then, you worked the switch on the vario-coupler to find the spot where the squeal came in loudest. At that point you turned down the plate dial until you heard the voice or music. After that it was simply a matter of vernier adjustments, body capacity, and the vagaries of fortune.

The real fun lay in locating a strange squeal. If the squeal was a little weak and you had to strain and strive to get it into the earphones, that was all the better. You waited a little impatiently while Billy Jones and Ernie Hare sang about the paucity of bananas, and nearly fell out of your chair when the announcer said,

"WEAF, New York." You rushed upstairs to tell the rest of the family that you had New York and they dutifully got out of bed and trooped down to hear, but by the time they had reached the earphones the signal had faded or drifted irretrievably, and you had to start all over again.

Just as you were about to give up, you caught a dim voice, "WSB, Atlanta, covers Dixie like the dew," and you were half way upstairs again before you recalled darkling comments anent the previous excursion and decided the family's enthusiasm did not quite equal your own.

SOMEHOW, the actual programs didn't mean so much. You grew tired of the frequent station announcements, especially from those near by that you could readily identify, but you complained if the distant stations didn't give their call letters every 15 minutes. You even kept a little book handy, so that if you only caught a wisp of a call letter, or hint of a town, you could figure out what it was and drop them a card telling how clearly they came through on your Paragon, or Freed, or Polydyne, or Radiola. But some of the programs were good, the Coon-Sanders Nighthawks, for instance. They had an orchestra that played right down the groove of that postwar jazz age.

The radio had a powerful ability to make friends. One Kansas City station was operated by an automotive and electrical school. I well remember stepping out of the K.C. Union Station one murky morning years after I had last heard the station and seeing the Sweeney sign. It was like meeting an old friend.

Not a few of the early entertainers, of course, stayed on. Sam and Henry over KYW in Chicago became famous as Amos and Andy. Vaughn de Leath was the "Original Radio Girl." Bob Emery, who began on WGI, Medford Hillside, Mass., went on to the Mutual Network.

The radio had so much promise in those days. And now when we flip on the house current, turn only a knob or two, and go around the world by short wave or into new realms of clarity with Frequency Modulation, we may feel—even with all that birdseed on the ping-pong ball—that much of the promise has been kept.

HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE SING

A Story

CAROLINE GORDON



IT WAS so dark in the ravine that at first she could not see the horses. Then her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. She caught a gleam of white through the branches. She worked her way through the thicket and came upon Bess and Old Gray tethered to the ring that had been fixed in the trunk of a big pine. But the mule was not there.

She looked at the broken tether. "Where's Lightning?" she asked.

The horses pressed up to her, nudging at the sack that was slung over her shoulders. She took hold of their halters and led them down the hill to the branch and then up the stream to a place where the hazel bushes grew higher than her head. She let them drink their fill, then left them there, tethered to a little cottonwood, while she went on up the hill to look for the mule.

The woods were thin between here and the pike. She moved slowly, keeping trees always between her and the road. At the top of the hill she climbed up on a stump to look down on the pike. There was a cloud of dust off in the direction of Gordonsville but she could not see any soldiers moving along the road. She could remember times—in the first year of the war, just after all the boys had gone away—when she used to walk in the late afternoons up to the top of this hill in the

hope that somebody might be passing. There had hardly ever been anybody then. Now there was almost always something moving along the road—great lumbering army wagons, regiments of infantry marching, squads of cavalry sweeping by in clouds of dust.

There was a rustling in the bushes along the fence. There the mule stood looking at her. He ducked his head when he saw that she was looking at him and moved off quickly. She got down off the stump, clumsily, in her home-made shoes, and went towards him, holding out an ear of corn. "Cu-up! Cu-up!" she called in a whisper. He wheeled; his little hooves clattered against the rails. She turned and walked the other way, holding the nubbin of corn behind her back. When she felt him take hold of it, she whirled and grasped his foretop. The nubbin had fallen to the ground. She stooped and retrieved it and held it before him on her open palm. "Lightning!" she said. "Lightning!" She slipped her arms down about his neck and closed her eyes and laid her cheek against his side.

A LONG time ago—winter before last—she used to go down to the stable lot early after breakfast on cold mornings, and, finding Lightning standing in his corner, his breath steaming in the frosty

air, she would cry out to Uncle Joe that her little mule was freezing and put her arms about him and bury her face in his shaggy hair. Uncle Joe would laugh, saying that that mule had enough hair to keep both of them warm. "Ain't no 'count, nohow."

Once Tom Ladd had come up behind them without their hearing him. "I don't believe I'd have given you that mule if I'd known how you were going to raise him," he said. "You can't get him back now," she had told him. "I'm raising him to be the no 'countest mule in the county."

He laughed. They had walked in silence over the lightly frozen ground up to the house. Tom had what her father called "the gift of silence." But sometimes, sitting in company, you would look up and find him watching you and it would seem that he had just said something or was about to say something. But what it was she never knew. And it might be that he had never had any particularity for her. It might be that he noticed her more than the other girls only because she had the mule for a pet. He liked all animals.

She, too, had always been over-fond of animals. When she was a little girl and Uncle Joe would bring a team in to plough the garden in the spring she would look at the mules standing with their heads hung, their great, dark eyes fixing nothing, and she would think how, like Negroes, they were born into the world for nothing but labor, and her heart would seem to break in her bosom and she would run barefoot down the rows and when Uncle Joe cracked his whip she would clutch his elbow, shrieking, "You, Uncle Joe. Don't you hit that mule!" until the old man would leave his team standing, and going to the window where her mother sat sewing, would ask her to please make Miss Barbara come in the house.

When she became a young lady it had tickled her fancy to have a mule for a pet. Lightning, nosing unreprieved at the kitchen door or walking across the flower beds, seemed somehow to make up for the pangs she had suffered as a child. But even then, in those far-off days, when her father was still alive and the servants were

all still on the place and you had only to call from the upper gallery to have somebody come and lead him back to the pasture when he trespassed, even then in those days that were so hard to remember now, he had been a trouble and a care.

HE WAS old Lightfoot's colt. Lightfoot had gone blind in her last days. Tom Ladd had turned her over to Jake Robinson to take care of. Jake had taken good care of her but he could not resist the temptation to get one more colt out of her. Tom had some business with her father and had been spending the night at their house. A Negro boy brought word from Jake that Lightfoot had foaled in the night. They were at breakfast. Her mother had just asked her to go to the kitchen to get some hot bread. Tom Ladd said, "Miss Barbara, how'd you like to have one of Lightfoot's colts?" She was so taken aback that she did not answer. She came back with the biscuits and sat down and would have let what he had said pass unnoticed. But he looked at her as she came in and he spoke again. "It'll be her last colt."

Tom Ladd came to their house two or three times a week. A bed was kept ready for him in the office whenever he cared to spend the night. But he had never danced with her or with her sister and if he sat on the porch with them in the evenings it was to talk with her father about the crops or the stock. Tom Ladd loved horses better than people, her mother said, and he loved liquor better than he loved horses. Her father said that this was because he was a bachelor, living alone in that big house, but her mother said it was in the blood: all the Ladds drank themselves to death.

She had felt her color rising, knowing that her mother's eyes were upon her. But it was no crime to love horses, and as for liquor, she had seen her father sprawling on the cellar steps, a jug in his hand.

She said, "I'll have to see the colt first, Mr. Ladd."

Everybody laughed and the moment passed. After breakfast they drove over to Robinsons' to see the new colt. Jake was sitting on the front steps, mending some harness. He did not quit his work,

saying only, "I'll be out there in a minute, Mr. Tom."

They walked out into the pasture. The mare stood at the far end, beside a willow sink. They could see, under her belly, the long, thin legs and little wobbly feet. "Sorrel," Tom Ladd said, "Light-foot always breeds true," and walked around the mare's hindquarters and stopped and swore out loud.

Her father laughed until he had to put a hand on her shoulder to steady himself. "You never told him not to breed her," he said, wiping his eyes.

"I never thought he'd breed her to a jackass with ears as long as his," Tom Ladd said.

The colt stopped sucking and flung his head up and stared at them. His ears were so long that they looked as if they might tip him over. He had eyes as large and dark and mournful as a Negro baby's. The fawn color about his muzzle gave him the look of a little clown. She put her arms about his furry rump and he kicked feebly, nuzzling against his mother's side.

"Hush," she said, "you'll hurt his feelings."

It was a year later that Tom Ladd had given him to her, after Jake Robinson had had to give up trying to break him.

Now she led the mule down the hill. The horses heard them coming and whinnied. She led him up to them, so close that they could touch noses. Then she made a halter out of the broken rope and led the three of them back to the thicket. The old mare and the horse went quietly to their places beside the big pine but Lightning kept sidestepping and shaking his head. She led him off a little way and tied him to another tree and opened the sack and gave Bess and Gray four nubbins apiece and the clover that she had gathered in the orchard. When they had finished eating she tethered them again and mounted Lightning and rode him down the ravine.

The sun had set. Here in the thick woods it was dark. But she could see the light from the house, shining through the trees. They did not use the path at all now. No use in keeping your horses

hidden off in the woods if there was a path leading to them. But it was hard, riding through the underbrush. She had to lie flat on the mule's back to keep from being scraped off.

At the edge of the wood she dismounted and was about to open the gate when a sound down the road made her stop, chain in hand. Somebody was walking along the road, whistling softly. She let the chain fall with a little click against the post and led Lightning back a little way into the bushes. The sound grew. The man, or whoever it was, walked along steadily, whistling as he came.

She pressed close against the mule, her arm over his withers. He stood quietly but the sound of his breathing seemed to fill all the thicket. Light from the house fell in a great fan across the road. A man's vizored cap and the knapsack that bulged at his shoulder showed black against it for a second and then he passed on. But the sound of his whistling was all around her still. An old tune that she had always known:

*One morning, one morning, one morning in May
I met a fair lady a-wending her way*

She stood there until the sound had quite died away; then, lifting the chain with infinite care, she opened the gate and led the mule across the road and into the yard.

The front door opened. Her sister stood on the porch. "Barbara!" she called.

Barbara did not answer. After a little Sophy went inside and shut the door. Barbara drew Lightning swiftly through the yard and toward the stable. Halfway there she stopped. The stable wouldn't do. That was the first place they went. Nor the hen-house, though it was big enough. None of the outbuildings would do. They always searched outbuildings, to make sure they didn't miss anything. They would search an outbuilding when they wouldn't search the house itself. She turned back into the yard and ran down the cellar steps, the mule lumbering behind her.

He came down the last two steps so fast that he ran over her. She felt the impact of his chest between her shoulders and

knew that his forefoot had grazed her ankle before she went sprawling down in the dark. She lay there a moment, wondering how badly she was hurt, then got to her feet and felt her way to where he stood. She stroked his neck and talked to him gently.

A ray of light struck on the wall. Sophy stood at the head of the steps, a lighted lamp in her hand. She peered into the cellar, then came a little way down the steps, holding the lamp high over her head.

"Have you gone distracted?" she asked.

"Why don't *you* see after the stock?" Barbara asked coldly. "He's not hurting your old cellar."

She poured what corn was left in the sack out upon the earthen floor, fastened the cellar doors, and followed Sophy up the steps.

HER twelve-year-old brother sat beside the stove, whittling. He looked up eagerly as she came in. "You going to keep that mule in the cellar, Sister? You going to keep him in there all the time?"

Barbara sat down in the big chair by the window. She lifted her skirt to examine her leg. Blood was caked on her shin and the flesh of the ankle was bruised and discolored. She felt her lip trembling. She spoke brusquely:

"I saw a soldier going past the house just as I was getting ready to cross the road."

Sophy did not seem to have heard her. "Why didn't you leave that mule out in the hollow?" she asked.

"He slipped his halter," Barbara said, "I had to walk all over the woods to find him."

"It would have been a good thing if you couldn't find him," Sophy said.

Barbara looked at her steadily. "I'm going to keep him," she said, "I don't care what you say. I'm going to keep him."

Sophy, compressing her lips, did not answer. Cummy had gone over and sat down at the kitchen table where they always ate nowadays. "Aren't we going to have any supper?" he asked.

Sophy went out on the back porch and returned with two covered dishes. "There's some black-eyed peas," she said.

"And Mrs. Thomas sent us a pat of butter. I thought we might as well have it while it was fresh."

She bent over the table, arranging knives and forks and plates. A frail woman of twenty-seven, who looked, Barbara thought suddenly, at least thirty-five. That was because she was just recovering from one of her asthmatic attacks. No, it was because she was so thin. She had never noticed until tonight how sunken her sister's temples were. And under her cheekbones, where even as a young girl she had had hollows, were deep wells of shadow.

"She can't stand it," she thought. "She's not strong like me. She can't stand it. . . . I ought not to keep him. Those nubbins I gave him today. I could have taken them to the mill and had them ground into meal."

"There's two jars of preserves left," she said. "A jar of quince and a jar of peach."

Sophy nodded. "Might as well have them now. Preserves aren't any good without buttered bread, and no telling when we'll have butter again."

Barbara did not answer. She was looking through the open door into the hall. "Isn't that somebody on the porch?" she asked.

Cummy half rose from his chair. "You sit still," Barbara said sharply.

She got up and went through the hall toward the front door. When she was half way there she stopped. "Who is it?" she called.

THE door swung slowly open. A man stepped into the hall. A tall, red-faced man in a dark cloak and cavalryman's boots. He looked at Barbara a moment before he took off his vizored cap.

"Good evening, Miss," he said. "This the way to Gordonsville?"

"Yes," Barbara said and stepped out on to the porch. "You keep on down this lane till you hit the pike. It isn't more than a quarter of a mile."

The soldier was looking back through the hall into the lighted kitchen. "How about a bite of supper?" he asked, smiling a little.

Barbara moved past him to the door.

She put her hand on the knob. "I'm sorry but we haven't got a thing."

He thrust his foot swiftly forward just before the door closed. He was laughing. "That's too bad," he said and pushed past her into the kitchen.

Sophy got up slowly from her chair. Her face had gone dead white. Her mouth was open and then it shut, quivering like a rabbit's. She was always like that. In a minute she would be crying and telling him it was all right, the way she did last spring when the soldiers took all the meat out of the smokehouse.

Barbara thought of that time and her right hand clenched in the folds of her skirt. She put the other hand on Sophy's shoulder and pointed to the door. "Go on," she said, "you go on and take Cummy with you."

The soldier had sat down at the table and pulling the dish of peas towards him, he looked up at her, shaking his head a little. "I'm mighty sorry," he said, "but I'm so hungry I could eat a horse." He laughed. "Horse gave out on me way back up the road. I must have walked ten miles."

Barbara leaned forward until her face was on a level with his. A vein in her forehead stood out, swollen and tinged faintly with purple. She spoke through clenched teeth.

"Aren't you ashamed to take the bread out of the mouths of women and children?"

The soldier stared. He seemed about to rise from his chair, but he sank back, shaking his head again, laughing. After a moment he spoke, his mouth full of peas. "Lady, you got any pie?"

"We haven't got anything," Barbara said. "There isn't anything left on this place worth the taking. It doesn't make any difference which side they're on. They come and take everything."

The soldier nodded. A mischievous light came in his eyes. "Those damn Rebs," he said. "You turn 'em loose on a place and they'll strip it."

"Don't you say 'damn Reb' to me!" Barbara cried.

He put his knife and fork down and sat looking at her. His eyes sparkled. "Damn Reb," he said. "Damn Reb. Damn Reb. . . . If you aren't the feisti-

est Reb I ever saw!" He took up his fork.

Barbara left the room. Sophy and Cummy were on the front porch. She walked up and down there a few minutes, then went into the deserted parlor and stood before one of the darkened windows. "I wish I could kill him," she said aloud, "God! I wish I could kill him."

"Hush!" came a fierce whisper. "Here he comes."

THE soldier stood in the doorway. "That was a fine dinner," he said. He made a little bow. "I'm much obliged to you."

No one spoke. He lingered, fastening his cloak. He was humming that same tune.

*One morning, one morning, one morning in May
I met a fair lady a-wending her way. . . .*

"Very much obliged," he said. His eyes sought Barbara's. She did not answer, staring at Sophy who had moved over and was lighting one of the lamps that stood on the mantel, as if, Barbara thought, they had come in here to entertain a welcome guest. Sophy finished lighting the lamp and sat down on the old love seat, her hands folded in her lap. Cummy had slipped into the room and sat down beside her. On the mantel the lamp burned steadily, revealing objects unfamiliar from long disuse: the walnut chairs, upholstered in faded red, the mute piano, the damask curtains. Their mother had been proud of her parlor when all those things were new. The soldier was looking about him as calmly as if he had been invited to spend the evening in their company. A little smile played about the corners of his mouth. He walked over to a whatnot in the corner. Dresden figurines were on the top shelf and on the shelf below a hand-painted Japanese fan lay among a pile of Indian arrowheads that Cummy had picked up on the old chipping ground. The soldier took one in his hand. The bits of mica embedded in the flint gleamed as he turned it over slowly. "We get 'em like that on our home place," he said, and looked into her eyes and smiled. "Up in Indiana." He laid the arrowhead down and picked up a larger flint. "That's not

for an arrow," he said. "That's a sword. A ceremonial sword. My grandfather knew an old Indian once told him what all the different kinds were."

He spoke in a low, casual tone, as if to somebody who stood beside him, somebody who was listening and in a minute would say something back. But there was not anybody here who would listen to anything that he might ever say. And the room itself was not used to the sound of human voices. There had not been anybody in it for a long time, not since that night, two years ago, the night of Marie's wedding, when they had pushed the chairs back and danced till dawn broke at the windows. Gil Lathrop played the fiddle. Sometimes he sang as he played:

*And the voice that I heard made the valleys all
ring
It was fairer than the music when the nightingale
sings*

The soldier was humming again. That song, the song they all sang that night, seemed to go on inside him, and now he had to have something to listen to and words rang out in the still room:

*And if ever I return it will be in the spring
For to see the waters flowing, hear the nightin-
gale sing*

He had a clear tenor voice. At home, among his own people, he would be the one to sing at the gatherings. He picked up the little bright-colored fan. Over its rim his eyes sought Barbara's again. "Now which one of you ladies does this belong to?"

For to see the waters flowing, hear the nightingale sing. . . But the night of the wedding you could not tell who was singing; the song was on every lip. "Look!" Ruth Emory had said. "There's Tom Ladd. I never saw him at a dance before." He would have asked me to marry him, but for all their talk. *It will be in the spring.* No, I will never see him again. There are some men who do not come home from a war. If the music could only have gone on that night. . . .

The soldier's eyes were blue, really, not gray. Blue, overlaid with white, like frozen water. There was no song in the

room now. Black pin-points grew in his eyes, glinted as he slowly turned his head. "Now what was that?" he asked.

Barbara whirled and stood with her back to the window, her hands locked tight in front of her. She thought at first that she had not heard anything, that it was only the blood pounding in her ears. Then it came again, the slow beat—beat of the mule's hoof against the brick wall of the cellar.

SHE left the window and walked across the room. As she passed the fireplace she pushed the shovel with her foot. It fell to the floor with a clatter, taking the tongs with it. The Yankee picked them up and stood them on the hearth. He looked at her, his eyes grave and speculative.

"What was that?" he asked again.

She took a step towards him. "It's my brother," she said. "He's armed." She took another step. "He'll shoot you."

The Yankee laughed, cocking his head on one side. "Now what good would it do you to get me shot?"

He walked in his heavy boots out into the hall and back into the kitchen. They followed him. He lifted the lighted lantern that sat on the table and beckoned to Cummy. "Come here, son. I've got an errand for you."

Cummy's face took on its stubborn look. "I don't want to go down there," he said.

Sophy was crying. "Poor little motherless boy. Don't make him go."

The Yankee put his arm about Cummy's shoulders. "You come along with me, son. Nothing's going to hurt you."

He opened the door into the cellar and, holding the lantern, leaned over Cummy's shoulder to look down the stairs. He straightened up, laughing. "That's a mighty peculiar brother you've got down there," he said.

He handed the lantern to Cummy. "You hold on to that, son, and don't get in the way of my right arm. I wouldn't be surprised if you had another brother down there."

They started down the steps. The Yankee walked slowly, a step behind Cummy, his arm still about Cummy's shoulder. Barbara watched them until

they were halfway down, then she ran out through the back door and around the side of the house.

The double cellar doors were still closed when she got there, but she could hear the Yankee fumbling with the bolt. He had pulled it out. The doors slammed back. Lightning came slowly up the steps. She waited until his head and shoulders were level with the ground before she reached up and caught the halter.

"This is my mule," she said.

Lightning snorted and tossed his head. The whites of his eyes showed. His ears were laid back. She tugged at the halter again. "You let him go," she sobbed. "You *better* let him go!"

The soldier raised his arm and pushed her, so hard that she spun away from him to fall on the grass. He brought Lightning up the last two steps, then came and stood over her while she was getting to her feet. His hand was on her arm. The fingers pressed it for a moment, the firm, friendly, admonitory pressure a man might give your arm—at a dance, if there was some secret understanding between you that he wanted to remind you of. "I didn't mean to hurt you," he said, "but you oughtn't to have come interfering. Between us we might have broken that mule's legs on those steps."

She did not answer, staring past him at the mule where he stood in the wash of light from the window, gazing before him out of great, dark eyes. His coat and his little bristling mane shone red in the light. His nostrils were ringed with palest fawn color. If she went over now and cupped his nose in her hands, the nostrils, snuffing gently in and out, would beat against her palm like butterflies' wings.

She looked up into gray eyes that sparkled in the light. The soldier had a broad mouth that slanted a little to one side. The blunt lips seemed always just about to stretch into a smile. She looked away, thinking how you could set your thumbs at the corners of those lips and rend the mouth from side to side and then, grasping in your hands the head—the head that you had severed from the body—you would beat it up and down on the boards of the wellsweep until you cast it, finally, a battered, bloody pulp, into those grasses

that sprang up there beside the well.

She walked over and sat down on the wooden platform. The planks were cool and wet. She gripped them hard with both hands. The man was still there, making a throat latch out of a piece of twine. He was turning around. "You haven't got a bridle to spare, Bud?"

Cummy spoke up shrilly. "You better not take that mule. I'm telling you now. You better not take him. Can't anybody do anything with him but Tom Ladd and he's joined the army."

The Yankee had thrown a leg over Lightning's back and was sitting there looking down at them. "I'm swapping you a good mare for this mule," he said. "She gave out on me . . . about three miles up the road. . . ."

Lightning had stood quiet while the man mounted but he reared suddenly and plunged forward, his small, wicked head tucked down, his ears flat on his neck. And now he plunged on, turned the corner into the lane and broke into a mad gallop. The soldier's voice drifted back above the pounding of hooves. "I'd be glad for you to have her. . . . Lying down under a big oak. . . . About three miles up the road."

CUMMY caught hold of Barbara's arm. "Come on, Sister. Let's go see if we can find that mare."

Barbara did not move. Cummy waited a moment, then he sat down beside her. "One thing," he said, "he won't ever get Lightning through those woods. Lightning'll rub him off on the branches."

Barbara had been sitting with her head lifted, staring off into the lane. When he began to speak again she raised her hand. "Hush!" she said sharply and then, "What's that?"

Cummy jumped to his feet. "It's that Yankee," he said. "He's in trouble."

He bounded across the yard and through the open gate. Barbara followed him. It was black dark in the lane. They could not see their hands before them. There was no sound except the thudding of their own feet and then it came again, the cry which rose and swelled and broke finally into hideous shrieks. Barbara caught up with Cummy and

pulled him to the left. "It's this way," she panted, "over in the woods."

They crashed through the underbrush and came out in a little glade. They could not see anything at first; then they made out the white trunk of a sycamore and beside it, Lightning, stock still under a low hanging bough, his head sharply lifted, his forefeet planted wide apart. The dark mass between his spread legs was too dense for shadow.

Cummy was holding on to Barbara's hand. "Somebody's coming," he whispered.

Barbara did not look around. "It's Sis Sophy," she said. "She's bringing the lantern."

She stood motionless. The long rays of the lantern flickered across the tree

trunk and fell on the soldier's face, on the place where his eyes had been, on the blood that oozed from the torn mouth on to the dead leaves.

Sophy was whimpering softly. The lantern shook in her hand. "We'll have to bury him. . . . We'll have to get somebody to help us bury him."

Barbara's eyes came away at last from the dead man to rest on Sophy's face. "I'm not going to help bury him," she said.

She walked past Sophy to where the mule stood. She put her hand up and cupped it over his quivering nostrils. He gave a long sigh and stepped clear of the body. She slid her arm down to rest on his withers.

"Come on," she said. "Let's go home."

Bloody Ridge—Guadalcanal

RAYMOND HENRI

WHO would note such a field? A drop and rise
 No more than someone laughing might traverse
 Without a second breath: hardly a prize
 Which gained would gainer's trouble reimburse.
 Yet men have crossed ten thousand fields to fall
 Debating it. No marked lushness grows
 Where blood and bone dust fertilized the pall
 Of green; where friend or foe fell, nothing shows.
 This, in the sun, is a hot sweet field, or pale
 In the moon: a field the homesick dreamer might choose,
 Unmindful of its sanguinary tale
 Remembered only in the cockatoo's
 Raucous mimicry of battle cries
 And, ghosts of planes, the diving dragonflies.

Another Man's Poison

GEORGE W. MARTIN



THE Philosopher, observing with jaundiced eye the relaxed attitude of the Sluggard, recommended to him that he go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise. Whether the Sluggard acted on this advice we are not told; but probably he neglected it. For if he really had examined into the ant's way of life he would have found it distinctly repellent, and would have rationalized about it so that it satisfactorily appeared to be suited only to a low order of intelligence. And so also with the busy bee, who improves each shining hour: nobody ever wanted to be one.

Nobody much ever deliberately set out to be a grasshopper, either; but the grasshopper's conduct of life is emulated by a disconcertingly large proportion of the populace, and our laws and customs are adjusted so that he shall not starve when winter comes. No, indeed. When he gets sufficiently threadbare we declare a public emergency is at hand, and decree that the ants and bees of the community shall contribute from their wealth so that he shall not have to suspend living the more abundant life. This is rugged individualism. The ants and the bees have to be rugged, while the grasshopper develops his individuality.

It really is curious about ants. Put one down anywhere in the world, and straightway he will fall to working, and saving, and denying himself for his children (as he thinks). And, after a bit, here come the grasshoppers with security schemes, and old-age insurance, and equality for everybody; and they descend like a horde of locusts on the store of the ant, and the place thereof knows it no more. But the ant sets right to work again, and labors,

and saves, and denies himself. . . . It is hard to see what there is in it for him. For the whole organized system is arranged to loot him, and it depends on his inherent propensities to keep it going.

No matter how much the ants dislike it, they have to accept this dispensation. It is one of the immutable Ways of the World: a price we all pay for the maintenance of organized society. Sometimes we must regard the results ruefully, and wonder whether we should not do better as primordial cave men—particularly when the starry-eyed Celestials who operate the political machine insist on trying to combine waging war with reforming the innate criminal tendencies of the citizenry. A large part of the local denizens are completely convinced that no one would have to do any work if only the distribution of wealth were properly regulated, and sometimes it is just nip and tuck preventing immediate employment of means to that end. The grasshoppers are all for equality. The ants are for liberty. And these two goals are wholly incompatible. Wise philosophers try to afford the ants enough liberty to keep them constantly hopeful of better times, and to give the grasshoppers enough equality to make them think the wealth will be shared some day soon. It is kind of a conjuring trick: the hand moves faster than the eye. The dollars seem to increase, but, somehow, it is impossible to cash in; and everybody has to go on working just as usual.

It's a mad world; but not so fantastic as Utopia, after all. For just suppose all the women were beautiful, and all the men were sober and chaste and diligent. How fed up we should be with stories of big-

game hunting and making money. How we should long for the church picnic where some villain poured a quart of gin into the raspberry shrub. With what stealthy interest should we regard a lady who had a large black mole on her otherwise damask cheek; and how we should marvel at her very apparent obliviousness of this blemish. It is easy to be virtuous in the society of the wicked; but it is indeed difficult to restrain one's criminal instincts when exposed to those who are bound for Abraham's bosom.

If it were really impossible for us to carry each other out of factories in order to demonstrate how wise and efficient are our rulers; if we could not formulate our yearnings for a better world in statutes abolishing race discrimination (dressed up, of course, to look like religious tolerance); if there were no National Youth Administrations in which pimply adolescents could acquire strength through joy; if there were no Senate in which yodeling contests could appropriately be held; in short, if we all had to go to work, and no fooling about it, what a blight would descend on this fair land!

THE great, fundamental right in the world is the right to be wrong: to differ with the majority, and to say so, blatantly and offensively. This may not conduce to popularity; but it makes for an interesting existence, and adds to the general hilarity. This tolerance is the very stuff of which democracy is made, and the condition on which alone truth may be found. For once it is assumed, or successfully insisted, that any one group or government is the repository of all true knowledge and wisdom, then there is an end to further discoveries of truth.

Surely nobody thinks any more that democracy means the rule of the majority. Both Hitler and Mussolini were supported by majorities far in excess of any commanded by a modern parliamentary ruler. The essential difference between democracy and fascism is, not the majority involved, but the right to be wrong. Where there is no right to be wrong, there is no education—only indoctrination; no art—only blueprints; no reason—only threats and force. It is true that re-

publics are ungrateful, democracies are unjust, and in the name of liberty how many crimes are committed! Do not despond. So long as we may cry out that our government is unjust, there is a chance that it will change, and nothing else matters. If we may appeal to reason, to justice, to the bill of rights, and there is a respect for these things, then life is worth living.

Our children may be cast out of school (poor little brats) for refusing to salute the flag at the behest of some half-witted introvert who supposes that outward and visible signs of respect betoken inward and spiritual grace. We are not shot for this. We are not even dosed with castor oil. Why, no; we march into the Supreme Court in Washington. We bawl for justice. First the judges decide one way. Then they change their minds and decide the other way. It is truly wonderful. The nation seethes with rage. Simian cries resound from Chicago to South Rahway. This is freedom. This is democracy in action.

People like Hitler consider this decadent and contemptible. But long ago Aristotle pointed out that man was essentially a political animal. He is never an isolated individual living in and for himself; but always he is the member of a community, with whose nature and destiny he is linked by indissoluble and intimate bonds. For the sake of his society he will make guns instead of butter; he will give his life in its defense. But, sir, do not ask him to endure claptrap in silence. Do not tell him that his ancient system of morals is only for fools and slaves. Do not deride justice and mercy. If he loses his belief in these things he becomes a monster that the earth cannot endure, and he will be destroyed along with the authors of his madness.

ANTS are useful in maintaining business-as-usual. They are not only conservative; they are the repositories of traditions and customs, and can be counted on to resist totalitarian programs which involve regimenting everybody. Their idea of freedom is to be let alone. Their idea of equality is equality of opportunity—not equality of privilege. If, by self-

denial or by the expenditure of effort, one can acquire the privilege of lying in bed of a Sunday morning, or of feeding oversize caviar to decorative ladies, the ants are for it. There must be some privilege to reward the exercise of diligence and abstinence; and it ought to be here and now, and not postponed to the next world. Privileges in the next world have not been satisfactorily investigated. They are not so objectionable to the Prophets, for some reason, as are the immediately current privileges; but there is difficulty in persuading the ants to invest in them, in spite of considerable sales pressure. If faith be essential for salvation, Heaven is not going to be an anthill.

The grasshoppers have faults, too, but confidence in their own morality is not among them. It is far pleasanter to associate with worthless fiddlers who have rather bad consciences than with the self-righteous products of respectability. For there is always a chance that a grasshopper will invent a new drink, or discover a new way to avoid the irksomeness of thought, or otherwise contribute to the happiness and welfare of mankind; but these ants are eternally preoccupied with diligence, and character, and amounting to something: they do all those things which they ought to do, and they leave undone all those things which they ought not to do, and there is no health in them.

THE world changes, and we change with it. The millennium is getting a collectivistic look. Obviously no one is going to have as much private property as some lately had; and this prospect most of us can contemplate with considerable private amusement. For why should we worry? Some of these grasshoppers have got to go to work. It just will not do to abolish poverty by statute, or to decree a stately pleasure dome for each of the faithful. This is not what democracy means. An economic bill of rights does not mean

every man a king. When everyone is a king, no one is ahead by it; and of course this unpopular result will be ascribed to the machinations of the economic royalists. Such conclusions may not be reasonable; but they are and have been exceedingly familiar ever since the days of Pericles, and they must be regarded as the normal human reaction to anything unpleasant.

And surely these are difficult, unpleasant days, what with the underprivileged roaring for the more abundant life at our expense, and the tax-gatherer collecting the money we were saving for old age; and if collectivism is going to come, we had better sit right down and try to like it. Maybe it will not be so bad. Maybe it is here now under another name. It is written that the meek shall inherit the earth; and it is quite evident that they certainly will get it by no other method, and neither will anyone else. There is no reason to doubt that, when all of us meek heirs are communists together, distinctions in charm and virtue and personal beauty will persist to the same exciting degree as at present, and while some of us will be exceedingly objectionable to the rest of us, others of us will gyre and gimble in the wabe and have a good time. For popularity goes by favor; and in the new order we may reasonably expect to be delivered from the exhortations of the pious as well as from the patronage of the rich.

Of course some new kind of leper will turn up, some commissar connected with the Bureau of Internal Revenue perhaps; but, if we have no property, when we are bored with his talk we can go away. Indeed, in that happy period of impoverishment, we shall become invulnerable—like tramps, or the British Peerage before the invention of income taxes—and though we shall, perforce, still have to do some work, we shall be relieved from the inconvenient necessity of amounting to something and really have some time to think.

(*As soon as censorship permits, Mr. Pratt—
a leading civilian student of naval affairs
—presents the full story of a battle only
briefly and inadequately reported at the time.*)

THE BIG PACIFIC PUSH

II. Bigger Than Midway

FLETCHER PRATT



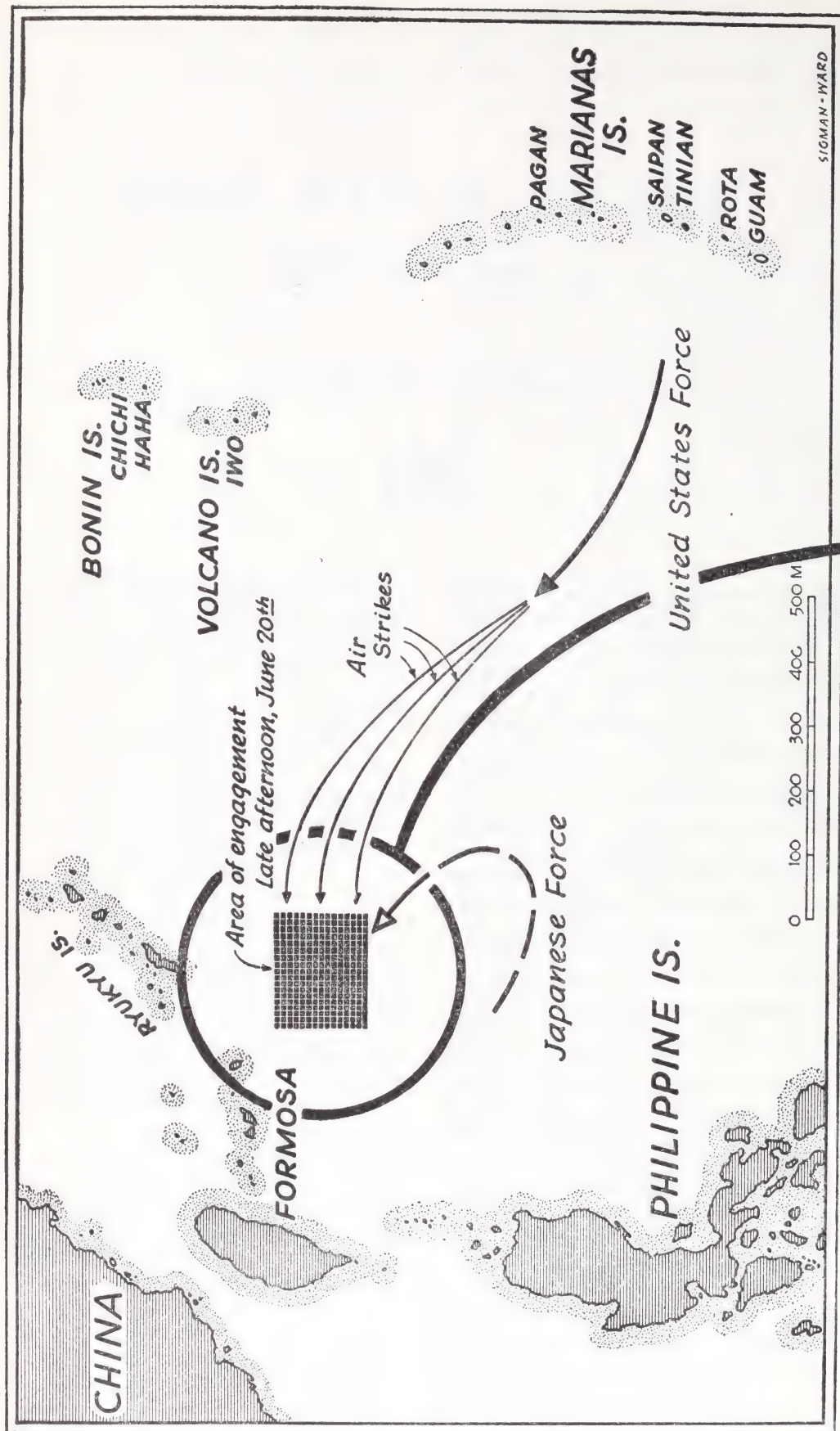
WE WON a double naval-air victory over Japan last June at the time of our landings on the island of Saipan in the Marianas. The full extent of the first triumph was known and reported at once; that of the second did not become manifest till far later, though the title of this article is no exaggeration: it was bigger than Midway.

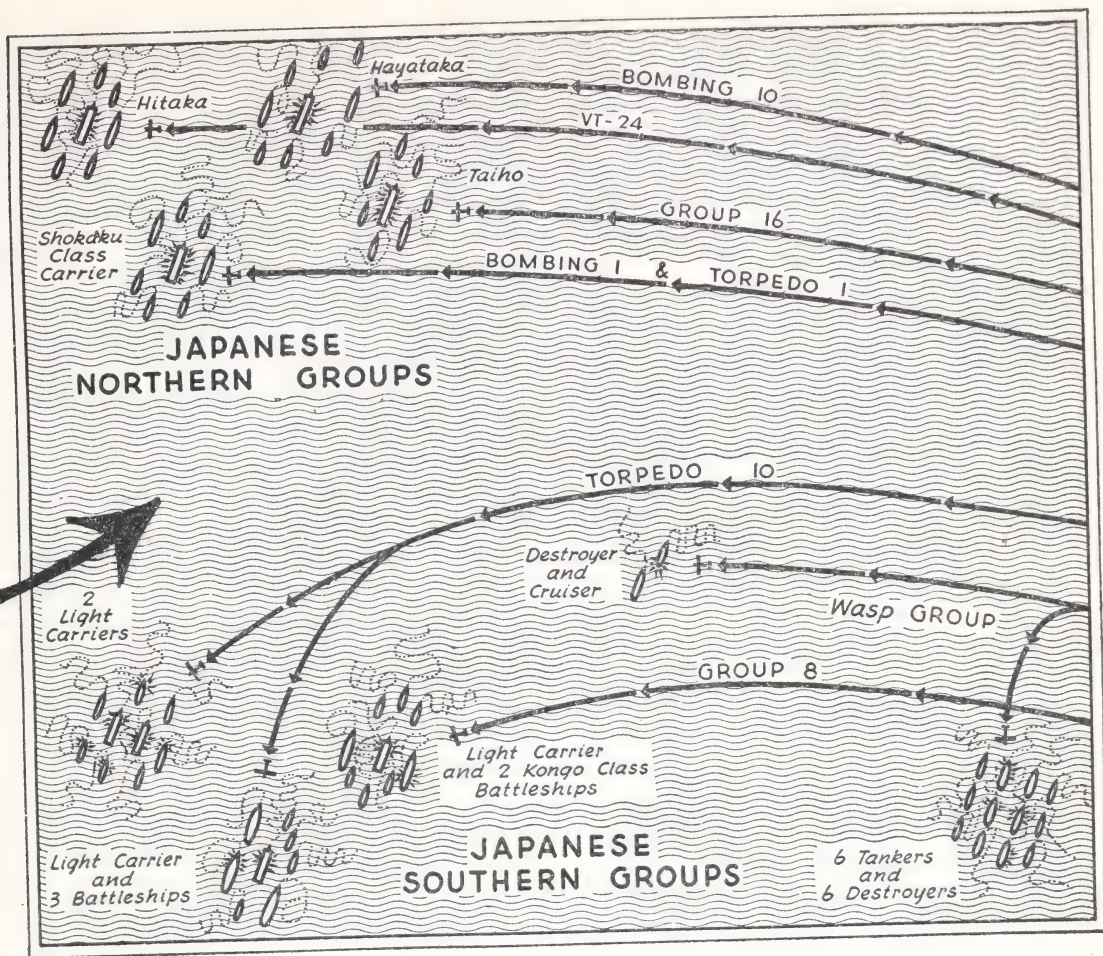
You may recall the story of the first victory, which was outlined in these pages last month: how, two days after our Marines went ashore on Saipan—with a great American fleet standing by—word came that a Japanese fleet, including carriers, was rounding Luzon far to the west, heading eastward; how on the morning of June 19th, while Admiral Mitscher's Task Force 58 was moving to meet this threat, the Japanese carriers launched their planes at very long range, with the apparent intention of attacking American ships and then landing to refuel on a Japanese-held airfield which was still intact on Guam; how American bombers ripped this airfield into craters while American fighters leaped upon the oncoming Jap planes—which now had no place to go—and destroyed no less than 404 of them. As evening drew in on June 19th, Mitscher could be pretty sure that the air groups of the entire Japanese navy had been wiped out. But that navy itself

was still at large somewhere between the Marianas and Luzon, and whether there would be an opportunity to come to grips with it, no man could yet tell.

WHILE the heavens over Mitscher's fleet were still filled with shouting, *Lexington* and *Enterprise* had flown off a long-range search group to look for the Jap fleet. Late in the afternoon it returned empty-handed to find Mitscher's force still cruising near the Marianas, the Admiral a little doubtful about whether there might not be some other Jap air strike coming in from the north or west against our landing force. He was under no particular apprehension that the enemy would get away behind the land mass of the Philippines or that of Kyushu, for he knew that they had with them a crippled carrier—previously torpedoed—to slow them down.

When night came, with only the thinnest slice of new moon behind the light overcast so that the fleet was safe against snoopers, the Admiral turned prows west; dawn found him running north-northwest with search groups far out around the fan. The wind was still easterly, a grievous hindrance, for the carriers had to turn into it to launch and this cut down the speed of the whole fleet. All morning long the search was vain; vain as the clock





ENLARGEMENT OF BATTLE AREA SHOWN ON OPPOSITE PAGE

turned noon, though one of *Lexington's* planes made a record flight 500 miles out and 510 miles return. In that task group the officers were talking in low voices; Admiral "Blackjack" Reeve was in the grim mood he usually had when opportunities were missed, and here was daylight slipping by—daylight which should offer the precious opportunity to catch the whole Japanese fleet denuded of its air strength.

Noon went and the men had chow; one o'clock, two, three, and in our fleet they were beginning to despair, for the Japs had obviously been running away westward since they learned they would not get their planes back, some time in the previous afternoon. Another night would surely put them beyond the reach of pursuit, crippled carrier and all.

At 3:40 came a radio message: "This is my first report; here they are, a task force

stretching beyond the horizon"—with the signature of Lieutenant Robert Nelson of *Enterprise* Air Group 10. His position was nearly due west; a few minutes later came two more reports from north of west, then one from south of that. Admiral Mitscher had calculated his interception course exactly, and as more data accumulated it was clear that the scouts had caught the Japs pulled up to refuel from a big group of tankers accompanying their fleet.

Since dawn the ready room blackboards had borne the doubly underlined legend: "Get the carriers"; now—as our ships turned into the wind and began to launch planes—latitudes, longitudes, and distances were added. They were of a character to bring whistles from the pilots. The enemy had been found at the very limit of plane endurance from our fleet, and it was already well after four in the

afternoon when the air groups assembled in the skies, with two-hour runs to make and the sunset of a moonless night coming at 6:39. One leader in Air Group 8 remembers how a fruity Alabama drawl came over the voice radio with, "Well suh, we all have just 50 per cent chance of getting back to those carriers."

"Shut up," he snapped and they flew on—to the limit of the theoretical range. No Jap fleet, but down below and a little ahead the leader spied a formation of six big lumbering tankers with six destroyers on their flanks which went into a series of wild S turns as they heard the buzz of our planes. He was about to attack them as better than nothing when out ahead some 35 miles, and just visible in light already beginning to grow tricky, appeared a group of ships. The leader gave orders to push on.

"Now we all have a 25 per cent chance of getting back," said Alabama; they flew over the ships and found them nothing but a single light cruiser and accompanying destroyer; but beyond them again, southwestward 25 miles, there the whole Jap fleet was, with others farther away to the north, so distant as to be mere cockroaches on the floor of ocean.

Group 8 turned toward the southern ships, which themselves were divided into three subgroups—one of them with a light carrier, a pair of battleships clearly identifiable as those useful *Kongos*, and some destroyers; one with another light carrier, three battleships, and four destroyers; and the farthest with two more light carriers and an escort that could not be made out for distance. There were a few Jap fighters, high up, but they made no effort, apparently not liking the look of the Grummans that were giving our planes cover as they rode down on the carrier that was with the *Kongos*.

II

THE first AA burst from the Jap ships below was a big one, apparently from a main battery gun, right in front of Leader Shively's plane; he noted that it had a singularly beautiful burgundy color; then he was in his dive on the twisting carrier, while the other planes of his group

came down behind him and a few split off to amuse the Jap battleships, whose fire was both accurate and fierce. As Shively pulled up and away he noted that the carrier had been hit at least twice; there were holes in her deck and there was smoke coming up through them, while intermittent puffs of flame were emerging from the gunwalk level. One of the *Kongos* had been hit also and was burning.

Just then the torpedo planes from one of our light carriers came in low down. Shively saw their fish splash and at least one tall column of water go up along the Jap flattop's side. It was apparent that something was wrong with her deck, which seemed to be sagging amidships from a broken back, and then big rolling clouds of smoke hid the ship in the distance and Shively was rallying his group to lead them on the long run home, noting almost automatically as he did so that the time was 6:30.

He did not pass over either the tanker force or the isolated cruiser and destroyer on his way in, but some of his men did; they reported that one of the tankers was gone and another just rolling under as they passed, and that two more were burning like fireworks. The lone destroyer was sinking too, having suffered one of those singular mischances of war when a single American fighter came down to give her a few bursts of strafing fire and set off the depth charges on the stern, blowing her all apart. (All this must have been the work of the *Wasp's* air group, which had come later and longer than the others, and lacking fuel to reach the enemy warship groups, had fallen on the tankers as the best available target.)

NORTH of this action—which was one of the strangest of the war because of the lack of enemy air opposition (one, but only one of the Jap fighters had made a pass at Shively himself)—the planes from our other carriers were coming in on the ships that Group 8 had seen as points in the distance. Group 16 flew straight for them. These turned out to be the big Jap carriers, three new ones that had never been in action before—*Hitaka*, *Hayataka*, and *Taiho*, the last being biggest of all—with one of the *Shokaku* class.

They were distributed according to the plan which Spruance had used at Midway, but which had now been discarded in our service since we had carriers enough for a better tactic: each flattop was by herself with a circle of attendant cruisers and destroyers.

As our planes came over, the Jap ships went into their circling dance, a dance without rhyme or reason—each ship dodging in a separate area of water so that although the flak they sent up in red, green, yellow, and purple bursts looked ominous, it was loose and unco-ordinated, really dangerous only as our planes came very near a target. Far worse were the Jap Zeke fighters, of which the big carriers still had some left—about 40, say some accounts; as few as 18, say others. Another American carrier had sent Grumman fighters into the attack, carrying bombs this day; half of them were forced to jettison their bombs and go into dog-fights with the Zekes, and though the others bombed, two that did not jettison were shot down.

IT MAY have been the shouts of this fight going on above the level of broken clouds that attracted the attention of Fighting 16. At the warning that there were Zeros present, they went upstairs, to find nothing but some Grummans doing stunts; and when they went down again, could not find the bombers they were supposed to cover. But this did not discourage the men of Bombing 16, who were veterans and very good. At least eight of them planted thousand-pounders in a row down the flight deck of a Jap carrier which they took to be *Hitaka*, but which was probably the very similar *Taiho*. And they were followed by the torpedo squadron, which did at least as well with its complement of 500-pounders. A couple were shot down and one of them, Lieutenant McClellan, lay in the water and had a fish's eye view of the rest of the battle.

He was too far away to see what happened around *Hayataka*, which one section of Bombing 10 hit with a pair of big bombs; or what happened round the Jap light carriers, where Torpedo 10 got at least eight bomb hits while its accompan-

ing fighters knocked off seven Zeros. He was too far away to see what happened when Bombing and Torpedo 1 went in on the *Shokaku*-class carrier and ripped her all up. But he did see, far on the fading horizon, the windup of the most spectacular and heroic attack of the whole battle.

THIS attack was delivered by VT-24, four torpedo planes under Lieutenant Brown, carrying the heavy torpedoes and taking their chances on getting back. Being from a light carrier, they had followed in the big group from the accompanying heavy. Brown noted how the bombers swooped toward a carrier in the Jap northernmost group to the neglect of a big *Hayataka*-class flattop behind, and whistled his three torpedo planes down into a long diving turn against the latter. One pilot missed his way in the clouds; that left two to ride with Brown into the most intense anti-aircraft fire of all, for there were no other planes to distract it and all the ships of the Jap escort were firing at VT-24. Just as they spread to come in from different angles, Brown's plane was hit and its fuselage began to fill with flame.

"Bail out," his crewman heard him say thickly, and obediently jumped—two men, Babcock and Platz.

They struck the water and floated safe just as all three of our planes launched their torpedoes almost simultaneously. They saw the carrier pivot sharp on her heel and remarked how narrow her immense length made her look; saw a couple of planes on her after flight deck jump and smoke, as the turret gun of one of our planes strafed them in the pullout over her stern. Then the tight turn that the carrier had entered brought her around to port, at right angles to her former course, to take all three American torpedoes amidships at practically the same place.

There was a triple explosion so violent that the men in the water thought their chests were caved in; and Lieutenant McClellan, miles distant, heard the *berroom* over all other sounds and saw the mushroom of smoke go up. Fires burst from the side of the carrier and, as the two men in the water watched, they spread along

her length, brighter and brighter in the gathering gloom, throwing up smoke that engulfed the carrier's whole island. Her escort ships were cruising helplessly around her in circles; a battleship almost ran Babcock down. But the battleship could do nothing; none of them could; they steamed away, leaving only a single destroyer, which presently began to play a searchlight on the floundering giant, now listing steeply and down by the head. There were more explosions as the current began to drift Babcock and Platz away; then the glow of the fires was quenched; the destroyer searchlight swung full circle and found nothing to interrupt it.

It was the end of the *Hitaka*.*

III

Now it was night. Somewhere to the southeast Lieutenant McClellan was lying in no great discomfort on his rubber raft in the warm water and watching the other Jap carrier similarly dissolve, torn by explosions which from time to time ripped whole chunks from her side and sent debris into the air like balls tossed by a juggler, till she too slipped under. Somewhere to the east, one of Brown's squadron mates had spotted the leader's injured plane far below, all blackened by fire and showing a tendency to weave. The squadron leader was incoherent over the radio, badly wounded and bleeding, but his companion was trying to coach him in. For a time the two planes flew along together; then a level of cloud slipped between them and Brown was no more seen. The coach himself ran out of gas, and piled into a rubber boat with his crew.

All over that part of the ocean American planes were nursing their last drops of fuel in the effort to get back to the American fleet from which they had come too far.

* There has been no official pronouncement on the identities of the two Jap carriers. It is only known that both went down. But Japanese torpedo protection in the past has proved extremely good, and it is less likely that three torpedoes would demolish *Taiho*, built from the keel up as a warship, than that they would finish off *Hitaka*, carpentered on a hull that had originally been intended as that of a liner. On the other hand it was demonstrated long ago at Midway what a string of 1,000-pound bombs will do to even the best keel-up carrier.

And the fleet? It had been running full speed to close the gap since the planes were launched. At seven that evening the men aboard our carriers received the first bit of news: a long-range dispatch to say two enemy carriers were smoking. It must have been after eight—with darkness already closing around the circle of upper sky—when they began to pick up the voices of pilots on short-range radio. These voices carried the accent of men who had been under intense nervous strain for hours; had gone through a hell of anti-aircraft fire with Zeros after them; had seen comrades go down; were in some cases wounded and with damaged planes. All were young and for many of them it was the first battle. "Planes down all the way back to the Jap fleet!" one would croak and be answered, "Do you think we'll ever find the carriers?" "I'm going in."

On the bridge of the flagship, Commander Gus Widhelm of the staff (who himself had lain on the sea and watched the damaged Jap ships go by, fleeing from the last carrier battle at Santa Cruz, more than a year and a half before) turned to Admiral Mitscher and said:

"They're going to have a hell of a time getting in tonight. Most of them haven't made night landings."

"What shall we do?"

"I'd turn on the lights."

To turn on the lights would be to announce the position of our fleet to any enemy plane, ship, or submarine within a hundred-mile radius. Nevertheless Admiral Mitscher swung the fleet away from the direction of the pursuit into the still steady east wind, switched on the deck and masthead lights of the carriers, and ordered the destroyers to throw searchlights on their sides.

The tired planes were already buzzing in landing circles overhead; the air was full of calls like, "*Yorktown*, where are you, please? Must land soon, have no gas left," and "Air Group 29 coming in." The Admiral cut across with an order that all planes were to land on any carrier with a clear deck, regardless of where they belonged, and had it repeated at intervals as the tense business of recovering planes went on. The searchlights wavered along

the flanks of the carriers, painting their fantastic camouflage to a common white glare; now and then one struck straight upward as a beacon or some ship in the screen fired a star shell to guide planes high above the clouds.

Down through the lights from time to time flashed planes that could not quite make it, throwing up columns of spray as they hit, and the water was full of aviators blowing whistles or signaling for attention with waterproof flashlights. On the carrier decks, landing crews labored frantically and young aviators at the end of endurance swore at them for not working faster.

Enterprise landed two planes at once, a fighter who took his cut but came in fairly well up the deck, and a desperate bomber with only a few precious drops left who managed to make the stern of the deck without signal as the other plane rolled in ahead. Another fighter pilot was just coming in when he noticed just below him an SB2C he had not seen before and, cutting sharp down to avoid it, drove one wheel into the water, which flipped his plane over on its back and carried him down forty feet before he could get free. As he swam up through the black water he grabbed a piece of driftwood and hung on till the searchlight beam revealed that it was not driftwood but a shark's fin. Down in *Monterey's* ready room there was a violent argument between the pilots and their ACI officer, who only wanted to allow them one torpedo hit on the Japs instead of the five they claimed. On the deck of one of the big carriers there was a fire where an injured plane had crashed through the barrier and into the others spotted forward. There is even a legend that one Jap plane joined the landing circle and tried to come in, the meatballs on its wings clearly visible in the lights, but meekly accepted the landing officer's wave-off.

That legend is not true, but the fact that it is almost universally believed in the fleet tells more than any narrative about the disarray of that hour. But by 9:30 it was all over, except for destroyers quartering the whole area and the blinking signal lights asking where planes and pilots were. When the ships had turned

westward again and worked up to speed on the trail of the Japs, the situation became noticeably less tense. On *Lexington*, for instance, where they had recovered only one of their fighter pilots and feared that the loss would be heavy, they discovered that all the rest of their planes but one were aboard other ships. The total loss finally worked out at forty-nine planes for the whole fleet; but the pilots of more than half of these planes were picked up that night or in the morning, when a strike was flown off and passed over the area of the battle, finding nothing but a vast iridescent slick of oil that stretched for miles, dotted with dead Japs, debris, and a few fliers like McClellan, Babcock, and Platz who were picked up by float planes from our cruisers.

IV

THE next day Tokyo put out a broadcast saying a hundred of our planes had been shot down and two carriers sunk, "including one of the large *Hunker Hill* [sic] type." Our side was bothered with considerations of accuracy, for it was difficult to obtain reports and took a long time to get them together. The first announcement was that one *Hayataka*-class carrier had been sunk and the other left burning; that one light carrier had been hit; that *Taiho* and the *Shokaku*-class ship had been badly used up; that three of the tankers had gone down, two others had been hardly used; that a destroyer had been sunk. Later another destroyer was added to the definite list and Pearl Harbor "believed" that our submarine had finished the *Shokaku*.

It would be remarkable if the *Shokaku* had not gone down; for the Jap fleet that ran so fast showed no sign of being detained by a carrier with three torpedo holes in her, and no carrier that had been hit as hard as that could possibly have held the pace. It was not until December that the sinking of this big and tough ship was announced, and very little before that when the loss of *Taiho* also became certain. Still another light carrier had been earlier added to the damaged list, late in June. The effect of these dribbles of information (the way they came out was

inherent in the situation rather than due to any fault of the Navy) was to convey the impression of a glancing, indecisive blow, more important for its subsidiary effects than for anything that happened in the action itself—a battle like that of the eastern Solomons. Actually the Japanese navy had suffered a defeat as quantitatively appalling as that of Midway and rather more important in its strategic effect.

By getting an early start, by skipping every other type of naval construction and carefully husbanding their resources, by avoiding any but a decisive battle, the Japanese had managed to assemble a carrier fleet with accompanying pilots (pilots were the bottleneck, because of training time) not far from equal to our own. It had been blown to fragments in two days. Three of the heavy carriers were gone forever, the other two in for long repairs, the light carriers hit, the flight personnel completely gone. As a result of these two days Japan no longer had a naval air service. If the next major contact occurred before she could rebuild one, it would have to be planned on lines radically different from those on which Japan had hitherto conducted her whole naval war. The repercussions were sufficient to shake Hideki Tojo from a position into which he had concentrated more offices and authority than any Japanese subject had wielded since the time of the Ashakaga Shoguns back in the fourteenth century.

V

THE Japanese is never so dangerous as when he has been utterly defeated. As our Task Force 58 steamed back from the battle, a little surprised that it had suffered so little, not yet aware that it had damaged the enemy so much, a smallish Jap formation of twin-motored Betty bombers came crashing out of the twilight over Saipan. Most were shot down, but a couple carrying bombs laid their sticks along the beaches where floods of our equipment were still pouring ashore; a couple carrying torpedoes rushed in to drop at our old battleships where they were supporting the left flank of the 2nd

Marines in their drive for Garapan. An old battleship swings slowly and these were in reef-strewn waters. One of them took a fish—fortunately way up in the bows where it cost her not a single casualty and only gave her a strange resemblance to a yacht.

The implications were more important than the event. Where did the bombers come from? Not from any of the Marianas fields except as they had staged through the small strip on Pagan. Not from the well-beaten Jap fleet. Therefore it must be another effort down from the north, from the Bonins. And since the Japs do not do these things by halves, this must be the vanguard of a far larger force. Our carriers all badly needed to go in for fuel and repairs to their planes, of which many had been damaged in battle and more in the rough night landings, but Admiral Spruance thought that Admiral Clark's fleet—which had been nicknamed the Jocko Jima Development Corporation when it had been bombarding the Bonins a few days earlier, and which had thereafter moved southwesterly to join Mitscher—had better go back and finish its real-estate project before things got any worse.

Clark and his double task group accordingly split off from the fleet again as it neared the Marianas and steered for the Bonins through weather that alternately thickened and cleared, a little dreading that they would run into another session like the last, while the center of gravity shifted to the land fighting still going on on Saipan.

THE Seabees had gone to work repairing Aslito Field on the afternoon of the 19th while the last Jap planes trying to come down on Orote Field on Guam were still hopelessly seeking for a place to land. The Aslito runways had to be both lengthened and stiffened to take the higher-powered American planes. There was a good deal of Jap shooting from hideouts, and armored bulldozers had to be used, but things got better as the Army men half killed the Japanese regiment there, half pushed it back to Nafutan Point at the eastern terminus of Saipan.

That was where the trouble began to

develop. Nafutan Point is a rocky place and full of caves. A good many face the sea; nearly all had two or three levels. They were interconnected by twisting passages that made flame throwers useless. The destroyers and cruisers gave accurate fire support from the water, but what the hell use was that when the Japs simply retired around the corner or down a level? At least one such cave had concreted partitions and a gun protected by automatic armored doors. "In nine out of ten cases it was necessary to supplement the standard procedure with new and experimental methods." The men of the 27th Division, A.U.S., wanted to take their time, study out these methods, and do a clean job.

This was diametrically opposed to the attack procedure of the Marines, whose system was to break up organized resistance by slamming in hard and fast, then mop up the stragglers later, their own tight discipline and careful guard mounts keeping these stragglers from achieving anything but an occasional assassination. It is also necessary to remark that the Marines were far more skillful in every operation of war than the Army division, which had been a long time in garrison, and were consequently not a little impatient of the latter's slowness and fumbling. Schmidt's 2nd Marines were having heavy going against the defenses of Garapan, which had been well organized. On the east side of the island the Japs had expected our assault from the sea and had elaborately prepared against it. The 4th Marines along the shores of Magicienne Bay were taking these defenses in flank and rear, but they were still defenses which occupied all the division's time and effort. There was a gap at the center where the island's central core rose to the steep, rugged caves of Mount Tapotchau.

The 27th Division was needed to plug this gap—to capture Tapotchau in a slam-bang Marine-type operation before the Japs could reorganize their shattered forces round it, even if enclaves of the enemy were left along the slopes. They did nothing of the kind. In fact, a week from the date of the original landing the Army men were still picking at Nafutan Point, and an undercurrent of growling

began to flow through the Marines and around Marine headquarters as shelling from the mountains made it evident that the Japs were getting things straightened out.

THAT day, June 22nd, found Clark and his task group well north toward the Bonins. The carriers that remained with Mitscher flew off a minor strike against the staging field at Pagan to confuse the issue and did some damage there. But Clark found there were Jap snoopers flying around him all night, so he did not bother to run close in to Iwo Jima, but flew his strike from long range.

They hit that subsequently even more celebrated island just at daybreak; and there was a mutual and stunning surprise. For an immense fleet of Japanese planes—more than anyone would have believed possible—was just airborne, forming in the skies for the long run from Iwo Jima down to Pagan in order to make the biggest attack yet on our transports. "I never saw so many meatballs in my life," said one of our fighter pilots who followed his leader in the first slash into those massed formations and the terrific dogfight that followed. On our side it had been intended as a bomber operation, the number of fighters was only sufficient for the conventional cover, and as the informative pilot continues, "We usually stuck around till the yellow bastards were all gone, but this time there were too many; they beat us off."

But as in the big fight of the 19th the Americans discovered that they were flying the stouter, better-armed machines and that their enemies had only rudimentary and formal ideas of air tactics. If it could be called a repulse, it was certainly an expensive one for the Japs, costing them something over 60 planes while it cost our side only 2. Nevertheless a good many of our bombers had to come back to the carrier decks with their racks still loaded.

Toward evening some of the Japs left from that air fight staged down through Pagan (where they had some operational loss as a result of Mitscher's bombing of the previous day) and enough of them arrived to lay a few eggs among the trans-

ports off Saipan, hitting a couple. Both Army men and the Marines did some sweating that night; a big land-based air attack would cancel a good deal of their gain, the supply situation was none too good, and everyone remembered what happened at Bari when the German bombers got in.

But Clark with his force hovering around Iwo was so dangerous an entity that the Japs had to dispose of him first. Already the first big wave of their attack had been converted by his intervention into those few piddling bombs dropped in the twilight. The Japs managed to track the American fleet during the night. In the morning they came in with a strike which was only 12 planes strong but apparently intended as a semi-suicide group to give our fleet a cripple to take care of, for the 12 pressed in with enormous resolution. Our patrols were up and well abroad; they shot down 11 of the Japs at a distance and though the last one got close enough to drop bombs, it was knocked off by the 40-millimeters of one of our light carriers, which avoided the bombs.

It was probably about noon when the next big Jap group reached Iwo from Japan. Early in the afternoon they came out against Clark's force, a 75-plane strike. This time there was no surprise and the battle turned into a repeat of the slaughter off Saipan, with our fighters catching the Japs far out and shooting down nearly all of them, while our bombers followed it up by hitting Iwo field again.

Toward twilight the Jocko Jima Development Corporation secured from General Quarters, feeling pretty proud of itself, as well it might, for it had disposed of 116 planes definitely at a cost of 5. But as it steamed away after dark, here came more Japs, a good-sized force of them, apparently late arrivals from the north. They spotted our ships all right, for it was a clear night with some moon. One of them dropped a flare with a lot of pretty stars in it and they flew around in a circle, holding a convention and obviously talking over the fact that they were so far out that not one would ever get home after spending more juice on an attack. Japanese fanaticism does not go that far. After a while another flare was dropped

and they all flew off back to the Bonins and home. That was the last attempt to relieve Saipan by air.

VI

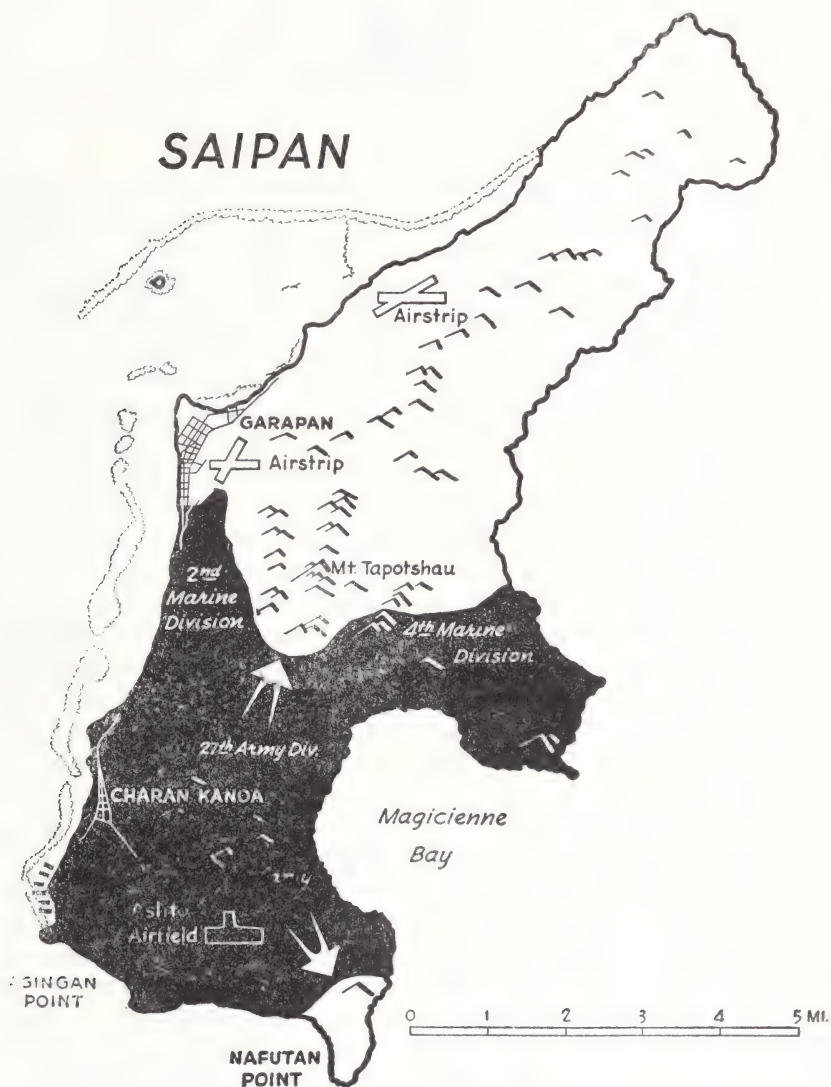
THERE remained the fighting on the island. It was June 27th before the Army troops got fully into position along the Tapotchau front, and by that time the Japs were counterattacking with small infiltration parties into the Marines' flanks, costing them a good many casualties. The lines were re-formed and went forward, a couple of miles a day, till July 6th. By that time our combined forces were within four miles of the north end of the island, with the Army division in the center. At dawn of that morning all the Japs left made a suicide charge. They broke through the Army lines and got clear into the Marine artillery positions, where the latter made their defense with fuses cut so short that the shells burst fifty yards from the muzzles. Marines say that the Army liaison was bad, their patrolling was bad, and they had left gaps in their line. There must have been something to it, for General Smith of the Marines removed General Smith of the Army from his command, and several of the other officers as well, which will doubtless be the cause of an argument lasting for generations.

But the suicide charge really was the finish. After that there were only scattered Japs who kept popping out of the caves for a couple of months. Their army commander, Lieutenant General Saito, was killed in the charge. Admiral Nagumo, not having made good on his polite lies about sinking our battleships, decorously committed suicide, and a lot of civilian Japs, encouraged by the example of this big pot, did likewise. Sherrod the correspondent, who was with the Marines, saw some of them at it—fathers beating their children's brains out on the edge of cliffs and then jumping over—and sent off a dispatch which contained a thrill of authentic horror and attracted so much attention in the United States that the impression became widespread of an entire population committing themselves to death. Actually only about one civilian Jap in ten was killed in the fighting or by

suicide; the rest came in and began to live under a polity that did not require them to keep their eyes on the ground when being addressed by an officer.

With the Japanese troops, however, the proportion was reversed. When things were cleared up 23,811 bodies were counted on Saipan and there were some sealed in caves who never will be counted.

The prisoners numbered 2,009, nearly all labor troops who do not carry guns except in a banzai charge. The island cost us almost exactly 15,000 casualties (the big majority wounded, of whom three-quarters would return to duty) beside the planes we had lost. Our Saipan victories had ruined the whole system of Japanese imperial defense.



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ARE YOU AFRAID OF POLIO?

HOWARD A. HOWE



MOST of the men who live in Point o' Woods, a little community on Fire Island, commute to work every day in New York City. One summer not long ago there was an outbreak of poliomyelitis—commonly known as infantile paralysis—in the city, although no cases had yet been reported on Fire Island. Like most parents, the Point o' Woods people worried a good deal about polio. One in particular was determined to take every precaution to protect his children against infection. Every night as soon as he reached home he took a shower and changed all his clothes before he would let the youngsters come near him. Yet it so happened that the only people stricken with polio on Fire Island that year were the two children in his household.

The story illustrates some of the many unanswered questions about polio. Can people unwittingly carry the disease into their own homes? Why does it usually attack children and spare adults? Is it because the grownups have already had it? Could you possibly have had polio yourself and never have known it?

During polio epidemics people who know that I work with the disease in the laboratory often ask me how they can keep their children from being exposed. Usually—remembering incidents like that on Fire Island—I tell them: “Stop worrying. You can’t.”

Recently, however, I became a parent myself; and I began to realize that perhaps I used to be a little proud of my hard-boiled attitude toward infections. I’m not apologizing for the old attitude; the hazards of laboratory work with infectious disease are real. Even the best techniques occasionally slip—an infected animal bites your hand, or an injecting syringe gets out of control and its contents go into your finger or splatter over your face. All laboratory workers dealing with infectious diseases have known the two weeks of anxiety which follow such episodes, how you worry about the slightest backache or sore throat, and get frankly terrified if you wake up in the morning with one arm still asleep. But these are isolated incidents about which one cannot quake indefinitely; after living through these mischances we finally become contemptuous of them. It is quite another thing, however, to be confronted for weeks on end with the possibility of transmitting to your own baby a disease which strikes without warning and seems to follow no rules. And—whether I believed in it or not—I found myself going through the same routine as the unfortunate father on Fire Island.

Nevertheless, “stop worrying” is still good advice—however hard to follow—in the present stage of our knowledge about polio. During epidemics the virus is so widespread, in cities at least, that avoiding

contact with it is virtually impossible. Polio is almost the only common infectious disease whose exact mode of transmission is not surely known. Moreover no one has the vaguest idea how to stop polio in its acute state; about the only thing that can be done is to let it run its course and then try to patch up the damage. On the other hand, even in epidemics the chances are that only about three children in a thousand will suffer a recognizable attack. And of these three only one is likely to be permanently crippled.

In short, there is not much you can do to protect your children against polio except to keep them out of epidemic areas; and in any case, their chances of escape are good.

II

IN SPITE of the fact that some of our best scientific effort has been focused on polio for years, it remains one of the most elusive problems of modern medicine. Even today, piecing together its story is almost like trying to build a super-bomber without precision instruments.

To begin with, the disease is so obscure that it was not until 1907 that the Swedish investigator, Wickman, produced convincing evidence that it was infectious, by observing its spread from one individual to another in small villages. Another landmark was reached in 1909, when Landsteiner and Popper first transmitted it to a monkey in the laboratory. Even this did not open up the field of research as much as such a discovery would have done in many other diseases, because there were still many things which made polio extraordinarily difficult to study.

One of these was the fact that polio is caused by a virus, a much more elusive kind of organism than the bacteria which cause so many common infectious diseases. Bacteria can generally be seen under the microscope; viruses cannot. And while some of the larger viruses recently have been photographed through the new electron microscope, polio is so small that it has not yet been visually identified.

Nor has it been grown in a test tube. Bacteria for the most part exist *between* the body cells of their host, drawing sus-

tenance from the body fluids which also nourish the host cells. And laboratory media can provide a satisfactory substitute for these body fluids, so that cultures of the bacteria can be made for study. Viruses, on the other hand, must tap the vital processes of the cell itself; they can grow only *inside* the body cells of a living animal or human being. Consequently, the usual procedure of making a culture for laboratory study cannot be used in work with viruses.

But the greatest obstacle of all to the laboratory study of polio was the fact that—aside from man—the only living creature susceptible to polio apparently was the monkey. Until recently, the monkey was such a rare and expensive animal in the laboratory that experiment on an adequate scale was impossible. The investigator working on typhoid or dysentery or diphtheria could make a hundred cultures where the polio worker could inoculate only one monkey—and, as often as not, learn nothing. Only since the beginning of the “March of Dimes” campaigns in the past few years have funds and organization been available to provide monkeys in numbers really adequate for research. Now, even in wartime, monkeys can be bought in large numbers for from fifteen to twenty-five dollars each, while in the old days every one seemed like a treasure from a zoo. Other special difficulties still remain, however; for example, one man can inoculate and care for a hundred mice in a few glass jars, but he can provide similar services for only half a dozen monkeys which have to be kept in clean, roomy cages. The resulting problems of manpower, skill, and housing still are not entirely solved.

Many laboratories now are making great efforts to find methods for growing polio virus outside the body, and for detecting its presence in infected material without having to inoculate a living animal. So far, all such efforts have been unavailing. A considerable advance was made when it was discovered—by the tedious process of trying out many different kinds of animals—that some types of polio virus which had been accustomed to growing in the monkey brain also could be made to live and multiply in the brain

of a certain little-known wild rat; and that from the rat the virus could then be "adapted" to the brain of the ordinary laboratory mouse. This finding has made possible various kinds of large-scale experimentation relating to immunity, though there are many workers who feel that the jump from mouse to man is too great to be made with safety, and that it is unwise to attempt to apply what is learned from mice directly to human problems. In our own laboratory we are now using chimpanzees to make a final check of results obtained from work with mice and monkeys before applying them to human beings. For the chimpanzee not only is susceptible to polio, but is the closest substitute for man which will ever be available for free experimentation.

BUT why is so much experimentation necessary? Why can researchers not depend to a greater extent on the data they obtain from clinical observations? The answer lies in the peculiar nature of polio as a disease.

It obviously is difficult to find out the means by which a disease is transmitted from one individual to another unless one can identify those who are infected. And, strange as it may seem, most of the cases of polio are not apparent. It was noted even by the early observers that when one case occurred in a family, minor illnesses were common in the household, especially among the other children. It was concluded, on meager evidence to be sure, that these illnesses were also polio. Just how frequent these mild non-paralytic episodes were could only be inferred, because most of them were never brought to the physician's attention.

If it had been possible to make a culture from any suspected illness—a routine procedure where bacterial diseases are concerned—it would have been relatively simple not only to determine the true nature of these inapparent cases, but also to form some idea of their prevalence in the community. Since no ordinary culture can be made of a virus, epidemiologists were forced to indirect reasoning to obtain such information.

A disease which attacks primarily children may do so because they are more fre-

quently exposed than their elders. A more frequent explanation, however, is that adults have already had the infection and are immune—as is true of measles and other childhood diseases—or that they have become more resistant to it simply by virtue of growing older. Now it was observed that the average age of children afflicted by polio was slightly lower in large cities than in country districts. This certainly indicated that merely growing older could hardly be the cause of this increased resistance, since people grow up at pretty much the same rate in city or country. It argued strongly that the relative immunity of adults was acquired through actual contact with the virus, since opportunity for contact comes earlier in crowded cities than in sparsely settled rural districts. Since even during epidemics rarely more than three children per thousand are afflicted with clinically demonstrable polio, it seems quite clear that *the vast majority of people must have had infantile paralysis and gained a practical immunity without ever being aware of it.*

Polio is therefore quite like measles in being a common malady; but it is also very different, since virtually everyone remembers whether he had measles, while few are conscious of infection with polio. Since monkeys have become easier to obtain for experimental purposes, it has been possible, by inoculating them, to test secretions from considerable numbers of adults and children in the immediate environment of a case of polio and to show that many are infected although they may have no symptoms whatever of illness. It seems clear that these virus-carrier states have an important bearing upon the means by which the individual develops immunity or conveys the virus to the next person.

NATURALLY the next question is: How does a human being harbor the virus? Since the early days of research on polio, it has been recognized that the virus was likely to be present in both the throats and stools of cases and also of certain well individuals who had usually been in contact with a case. A few years ago it was shown that virtually *all* cases and many contacts had virus in their stools. At the

same time virus was also isolated from flies trapped in epidemic areas. To many researchers, this seemed virtually to prove that polio was transmitted in much the same fashion as typhoid or dysentery. The incidence of epidemics in the late summer also fitted in with such a hypothesis, since all diseases acquired from human excrement are favored by warm weather.

But many epidemics of polio continue into the cold weather, when flies are not active. Furthermore, if fecal contamination of food or water were responsible for the disease, one would expect mass outbreaks traceable to a single source. Such group infections have been frequently recorded for diseases such as typhoid, which are definitely known to be fecally transmitted. In the case of polio, however, outbreaks of this sort are conspicuously absent; it is notable that only three have been recorded, and that all of them were traced to contaminated raw milk. Furthermore, sanitary improvements in this country during the past generation have greatly reduced the incidence of typhoid, dysentery, and other enteric diseases, yet polio has remained unaffected. Polio is not a disease of filth and is common in the homes of the well-to-do. It would seem, therefore, that polio does not fit perfectly the pattern of a fecally transmitted disease.

Mosquitoes and other blood-sucking insects have been studied as possible transmitters. Since lower animals apparently do not harbor the virus and it is very infrequently found in the *blood* of human beings, there is no means by which such insects could become infected. Consequently, they have been virtually eliminated from consideration.

Only within the past year an improvement in the technique of recovering virus from the throat has shown that it is probably present in the throats of at least half of the paralytic patients for about three days after the onset of their symptoms. However, as even this technique is relatively crude, it seems probable that considerably *more* than half of the patients harbor virus in the pharynx and respiratory passages. It is also possible that, as in the case of measles and other virus diseases of respiratory origin, the virus may

be present in the throat before the patient is aware of being sick. Yet polio does not fit the pattern of most air borne diseases, since its greatest incidence comes in the summer, whereas such ailments usually reach a peak during the winter.

While the exact way in which polio spreads is still subject to debate, there is very little doubt that it is transmitted through human contact. Regardless of whether the virus comes from fecal or pharyngeal sources, it probably enters the body through the nose or mouth and from there reaches the pharynx and gastro-intestinal tract. Then, apparently, it passes through the lining of these structures and follows their nerves back to the brain and spinal cord, where it may strike with deadly force. (Some widely published accounts have suggested that the virus invades the nervous system along the nerves of smell, but there is proof that this is not the case.)

Parents should note particularly that since the virus is often present in the pharynx during epidemic periods, operations for the removal of tonsils are definitely dangerous, for they provide an opportunity for the virus to reach freshly cut nerves. Medical literature contains some dramatic and tragic stories of polio following tonsil operations.

It is of course important, from a general scientific point of view, to know how long persons who have had nonparalytic polio or are unrecognized virus carriers may harbor the infection in their throats or eliminate it in their stools. There is doubt, however, whether this information, when it is finally accumulated, will have any practical bearing upon the problem of how to avoid contact. To most investigators it is fairly obvious that during epidemic periods—in cities at least—the virus is probably so widespread that it is virtually impossible to avoid contact with it, since most of the infected persons cannot be identified and isolated. This furnishes a strong argument against bringing children into epidemic areas. Probably in every case, despite our best efforts to check it, the virus goes through a community until it has reduced the number of susceptible individuals to a point where the disease can no longer maintain itself.

For this reason, there is almost always a period of several years between epidemics in a given area, while a new crop of potential victims grows up.

III

ALTHOUGH it is difficult, if not impossible, to escape contact with polio virus, there is some comfort in the fact that, viewed in the large, polio is really a mild disease. As I have already said, it seems certain that a large proportion of cases are so light as never to be recognized at all. Disregarding these, we find that during epidemics attack rates for children one to ten years old are at most from two to four cases per thousand. Usually they are much lower, and during non-epidemic times they are virtually negligible. Among children above ten years of age they decline sharply, and at twenty years and over they are not more than about one in a hundred thousand, even in epidemic times.

Suppose your child is that unlucky one in five hundred or so who gets paralytic polio, what then? What of the serums and cures, many of which now make front-page news? Unfortunately there is no generally recognized method for arresting the disease during its acute phase. Serum from convalescents given early in the course of illness has a few proponents, but their claims have never been substantiated in a critical experimental trial with human beings as subjects.

It is very hard to evaluate any type of treatment for polio. The severity of the disease varies so widely from person to person, from locality to locality, and from year to year, that it is impossible for the physician who uses a new treatment to tell in any particular case what the results would have been without it. He must, therefore, treat a large number of cases in order to nullify the individual variations; and in order to have an adequate basis for comparison he must at the same time obtain data from a large number of untreated cases in the same locality. Here he is likely to run into serious difficulties of a psychological nature. For as soon as the new "cure" becomes known—and it always becomes known very soon—anx-

ious parents will begin to insist on its use, and the doctor will find it hard to deny them the hope it holds out. This fact alone has defeated many efforts at dispassionate appraisal of a treatment.

AS IT is with treatments for the acute stage of polio, so it is with after-care—there is no one method of completely proven effectiveness. In the past thirty years a great deal has been written about after-care—including the well-known Sister Kenny treatment. Unfortunately most of this discussion is based on inadequately controlled observations of small groups of cases. It is obvious that there would not be several schools of thought on this subject if any one of them really had the complete answer.

Nevertheless, the situation is not as bad as it sounds. I am being fairly conservative when I say that 50 to 75 per cent of the paralytic cases recover the function of their limbs completely. This is true regardless of the epidemic or the treatment employed—in fact, it is also said to be true if no treatment at all is used. Another 10 to 20 per cent make fairly satisfactory recoveries. This leaves a relatively small fraction whose progress is slight. (Many of these are adults, who, when they are stricken, apparently suffer more severe ravages from polio than children do.) This last group needs treatment most of all but is least able to profit by it.

The reasons are devastatingly simple. Polio attacks primarily the groups of nerve cells in the spinal cord which control the use of the voluntary muscles in the head, trunk, and limbs. Deprived of impulses from these nerve cells, the muscles are limp and useless. The damage sustained by the nerve centers may range from temporary suspension of function to complete destruction. Fortunately the former is the more common. (Fortunately, too, no matter how severe the paralysis, the mental capacity of the patient is never affected.)

If the nerve cells are really wiped out, then nothing can replace them. During embryonic growth, the individual develops the nerve cells which must serve him his entire lifetime, and there is no known means of bringing back those that are lost

along the way. Polio patients do well or badly in proportion to the number of motor cells which the disease has spared. Fortunately, every patient has some nerve cells to spare and can get along quite satisfactorily with considerably less than the normal number—especially if his losses are rather evenly distributed within the nerve centers.

The therapist realizes that he can do nothing to stimulate the recovery of nerve cells. Either they start working again within a few months or they drop out entirely and, in the present state of our knowledge, he cannot lift a hand to save them. Consequently, and quite sensibly, he directs his efforts against the dangers which attend the wasting and inactivity of the muscles.

First, of course, is the loss of power to carry out purposeful movement; but almost equally dreaded are the deformities of joints, which are most common as twisted backs or distorted hands or feet. These are caused by lack of balance between muscles which are normally equally matched antagonists. The joints tend to be moved as far as the pull of the stronger, less affected muscle will take them. Since the opposing muscle is weak or completely impotent, the joint usually remains immobile, with the result that even the relatively normal muscle begins to atrophy and lose elasticity. If this process is allowed to go on for months or years it ends in a deformed joint with a limited range of movement.

The essential nature of the changes taking place in the muscles is not completely understood. In fact, there might be disagreement in some quarters with the simple interpretation I have just outlined. Since very few of the physicians who are treating polio have had specialized basic training in neurophysiology, their treatment is often largely empirical and there is considerable difference of opinion on methods. Thus one school hotly maintains that rest is the important consideration, because (in their view) a weak muscle is extremely sensitive to damage by overwork. They accordingly recommend the use of casts to hold joints in neutral positions, plus limited exercise on carefully spaced occasions. An-

other group is equally certain that the patient should be encouraged to move about as soon as he is able. They feel that the application of hot packs hastens this time. There is little doubt that this treatment makes some patients more comfortable, but whether it favorably influences the final outcome of the disease is still unproven. Still a third group insists that patients with no treatment at all do as well as any others.

LABORATORY investigations have thrown some light on this problem.

It has been repeatedly shown in the laboratory that muscles which are temporarily deprived of their nerve supply atrophy to some degree, but regain their mass and power when the nerves begin to function again. Since a large part of the paralysis caused by polio does not represent permanent destruction of nerve cells, power will return to the muscles as soon as the nerves have recovered enough to conduct impulses again. This explains why something over half the cases make good recoveries regardless of the system of treatment used. It also indicates the importance of treating all cases during the acute stage of the disease, since at that time it is not apparent which are the lucky ones. Beginning deformities must be dealt with when they first appear, even though they may later be righted by recovery within the nervous system itself.

It has also been shown experimentally that even normal muscles tend to become fixed and less elastic if the joints are not moved for long periods of time, but that these changes are readily reversed by use. Thus, the evidence from the laboratory favors encouraging movement and attempts to use the affected muscles as soon as they are no longer painful. This not only strengthens these muscles, but also keeps the relatively unaffected muscles elastic and more fully functional. In this way a great deal of needless deformity may possibly be avoided.

For those who have suffered large losses of nerve tissue, treatment is also important; but it must take a form which will compensate for these losses. This consists largely in the careful re-education of the patient to use intelligently and to

strengthen what muscles are still able to move. Such training also helps check the development of deformities which result in growing children from the pull of unopposed muscles. Here the personality and skill of the individual therapist are the prime factors, regardless of the school to which he belongs. Such a process takes months and sometimes years, and is often supplemented by surgery to stiffen wobbly joints or to transplant functional muscles to new sites where they are more strategic.

Recently electrical methods have been developed for discovering sooner than would otherwise be possible whether nerve cells have been destroyed or have only temporarily ceased to function. These methods are still to some extent untried, and are not in general use. If they can be perfected, they may permit therapists to save considerable time in the re-education of patients who have really suffered losses of nerve tissue.

At any rate, it is comforting to know that such measures are necessary in less than a quarter of the cases of paralytic polio. There are, of course, a few patients each year whose breathing muscles are affected and who must remain in iron lungs for weeks and even months. Such treatment is so expensive that it cannot be carried on without financial subsidy. Fortunately this is now available through the National Foundation.

IV

WHAT is the prospect of our discovering a remedy which will prevent polio, or arrest its progress during the acute stage?

Although the average child under ten years risks only three chances in a thousand of suffering a severe attack of polio, even during an epidemic, and only one chance in a thousand of being crippled for life, I am well aware of the limitations of this kind of statistical comfort. For that one child in a thousand, polio still is a great tragedy. Last year the severe polio epidemic permanently handicapped some five thousand American children—too large a number for any nation to regard complacently.

The ideal answer, of course, would be to

find a good, safe vaccine, or a magic bullet like penicillin. Today many laboratories are reconsidering the problem of finding a vaccine, which was regarded as hopeless a few years ago. Virus diseases are tricky things from this standpoint, since the best vaccines contain live virus, and there is the risk of occasional infection from the vaccine itself. In the case of such dreaded diseases as smallpox and yellow fever, which have been known to wipe out whole communities, this risk is something most people are willing to assume. Few scientists have been convinced, however, that the chance of an individual's being stricken with paralytic polio is great enough to justify the use of a vaccine which threatens the slightest danger; and so far no one has produced a safe vaccine which gives any promise of being effective. But recent discoveries in other fields have shown the way to methods which promise to inactivate the virus and make it safe without destroying its value as a vaccine. Perhaps some day we shall reach the goal by this route.

The other road—the finding of a drug which will arrest the progress of polio—is one of the toughest problems in medical research. It too is bound up with the question of the treatment of virus diseases in general. Since a virus lives inside the body cells rather than in the fluids between them, any drug or serum which is to affect it must pass beyond the tissue fluids, in which it would be effective against most bacteria, and enter the cells themselves. All drugs known to destroy the virus would also kill the cells, so this has not been a practical approach.

It is now suspected that viruses do not flourish in cells which themselves are not flourishing. The problem then becomes one of finding how to alter the vital activities of the cell in such a way that it no longer furnishes a suitable medium for the virus, without at the same time endangering the cell's own life. Such a treatment must be capable of producing rather far-reaching effects upon the economy of the cell, but at the same time must be benign and easily reversible. The nervous system is so vital that the price of a misstep here would be as great as that exacted by the disease itself.

It is clear that in order to control polio, a great deal of methodical, painstaking research will be necessary. In the past the temptation had been great to try for a lucky shot; but it must honestly be admitted that we probably would have been much farther along today if there had been more intensive effort to understand how polio virus behaves in the body, rather than so much emphasis on empirical methods of treatment or cure.

Popular interest in polio has been so intense that for a number of years the annual fund-raising drives of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc., have met with great success. The result is a much more extensive research than ever before was possible. In universities all over the country groups are now at

work on various aspects of the poliomyelitis problem. This has been going on for nearly ten years, and the work is beginning to show some results.

I have tried to indicate how complex the problems involved are: years more of research will be required to solve some of them. The crucial test of popular support for such a research program will come in the degree of trust and patience which the public is able to show. It is usually very difficult to avoid favoring the person or group which seems to get quick results. Will the people continue to support a cause where real progress is slow? If they do, there is at least a reasonable hope that polio—like many another disease once thought insuperable—may some day be conquered.

Unknown but Familiar

BELIEVE it or not, you know at least one line of verse by every one of the writers listed below. They are all authors of verses as familiar as "Hickory, dickory, dock" (which happens to be anonymous). You'll find the famous lines in the Personal and Otherwise column.

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Jane and Ann Taylor | 6. Sarah Josepha Hale |
| 2. Robert Southey | 7. Isaac Watts |
| 3. James T. Field | 8. Mary Howitt |
| 4. Henry Clay Work | 9. John Gay |
| 5. Thomas Haynes Bayly | 10. Felicia Dorothea Hemans |

BETWEEN THE PORCH AND THE ALTAR

A Story

JEAN STAFFORD



AT five in the morning in February, it is darker than at midnight. The streets are empty of automobiles; the latest readers have gone to bed and the earliest risers are only just opening their eyes. The few people abroad are swift and furtive, like creatures who must quit a place before the sun shines forth. At that hour, their business seems mysterious and even shady, although they are not cut-throats or thieves but only watchmen and charwomen and night waitresses on their way home to dine at sunrise. So uncluttered are the streets, so starkly direct is the walk of the people that anyone whose custom it is to get up much later, at the normal hour, feels when he goes out that he intrudes upon a scene of bare but meaningful privacy. And a light, springing on abruptly to make a staring eye in a blackened building, may stir him with embarrassment and wonder as if this were an alarm, a signal of esoteric hostility.

It was cold and the girl was hungry. She paused in the vestibule of the apartment building and half turned to unlock the outer door again and go back to her warm bed. But as she lingered, she observed a bright blue star high over the houses opposite and the sight inexplicably gave her resolution, even though its color

was so pure and frigid that it made her even more conscious of the cold. She drew on her gloves and went out, shocked by a biting gust of wind which passed her by like a big rapid bird. She turned the corner and hurried along Sixth Avenue on her way to the first mass.

Although the star, which was now behind her, had had a decisive effect on her, it had not dispelled her apprehension and her distrust of the unfamiliar streets. While her feet were steady enough, her breath was erratic and her ears were fanciful, making her think she heard sinister noises behind the blank faces of the buildings. She looked straight ahead, fearful of what she might see in the dark doorways and even in the interiors of delicatessens and bakery shops whose cheerless windows were dimly silvered by the street-lights. And still, discomfiting as it was, she took a certain pleasure in her uneasiness, feeling that even the most accidental castigation was excellent at the beginning of Lent.

On the corner of Thirteenth Street, there was a large second-hand shop whose windows she had many times studied with an incredulous amusement, so dreadful and so undesirable were the objects displayed there: funeral wreaths made of human hair, armadillo baskets, back-

scratchers which looked like sets of bad teeth, ceramic vessels of an unimaginable function. The antelope with eaten ears and rubbed-off hide, the alabaster boar and the complacent Chinese philosopher made of porcelain stared out, looking, even at five in the morning, for someone to adopt them and give them a good home.

Within the doorway of the shop, a drunken beggar sprawled like a lumpy rug, his feet in ruptured tennis shoes thrust out onto the sidewalk. He was not asleep. Under a cap set raffishly at an angle on his head, he regarded the girl's approach with an eye made visible to her by the arc light at the intersection. Paradoxically, her pace slowed down as her terror rose, and the man had risen to his feet before she was abreast of him. The smell of whiskey was so strong that it was like a taste in her mouth. He stretched forth his hand and whined, "Lady, I'm hungry, lady."

She did not carry a purse, but in her pocket were two dimes and a quarter. She intended to put the quarter into the poor box and the dimes in the candle offering, for she wished to light a candle for the repose of her mother's soul and another for the safe-keeping of her friends, captive in China by the Japanese. Although it was only a fraction of a minute that she debated, a succession of images with an individual emotion attending each revolved through her mind. She saw the poor-box in the dim vestibule of the lower church and heard her quarter click upon the other coins. This box was stationed beside the holy water font, nearby the statue of Our Lord between whose palely gleaming feet someone placed fresh flowers each day. Then she saw her mother lying in the limbo of her last hours, unsightly, unconsolated, and heard the sonorous matter-of-factness of her Protestant relatives to whom this transformation, so unbearable to her, was neither strange nor dreadful. It was not that they did not grieve their kinswoman, but it was that they had many times before known death and had learned, through its reiteration, that it was no wonder. She, still bedewed with baptism, had knelt and the blue beads of her rosary slipped through her fingers until her mother's soul abandoned its wrecked

flesh. She had been, she remembered, in the middle of the fourth decade when her aunt, vigilant at the bedside, had whispered, "She is gone now." And she remembered how the odor of belladonna had obtruded so in her devotions that part of her mind pronounced the word over and over as if it belonged to a litany.

Then she tried to fancy her friends as they might be in prison and could not, could only see them before their fireplace on a winter day of the year before. She had come to tea and had stayed on for sherry. She sat on a maroon sofa; a little dog slept with his chin on her arm, whimpering once in a dream. There was shortbread to go with the wine and as she ate a piece she realized that it was the texture rather than the taste that made it her favorite pastry. In an easy silence that came in the conversation, she saw her reflection in the brass bedwarmer which hung beside the fireplace, and this blurred travesty of her face had the power, as the star had done this morning, to make her suddenly purposeful, and she told them good-bye that day, although they did not leave for another week.

In the early desolation of this present year, she felt tenderness muffling her like smoke and smaller, general pictures showed themselves to her: a clean room, a forced sprig of bittersweet, her mother's silver-backed hairbrush, her friends' passport pictures.

No time at all had passed. She saw the beggar's lips part again. She could not find her voice, and one bold self chided her for her nervousness, for this was no extraordinary occurrence. On the contrary, the rarest day in New York was the one on which one was not asked for money by a fellow like this or by a senile tart or by a belligerent child. She could pass by, or she could say she had no money. But mechanically she had paused—she was not yet a craftsman in the selection of experience and her days were often a chain of pauses—and the man took advantage of her hesitance saying, with his vague face close to hers, "Lady, was you ever hungry?" Her fear of him was obliterated by an abstract but brilliant anger, for his question was beside the point, unfair, a contemptible trick. She almost

spoke her indignation aloud and then her anger burnt itself out; she controlled herself stiffly like a soldier: on this grave day she should not presume to judge. And into the cold hand, she put the quarter and one of the dimes. The man muttered something but she did not hear what he said and she went on hastily. In the windows of a flower shop, she saw her shadow drift through pots of tall azaleas. When she turned the corner at Sixteenth Street, she slowed down for two nuns walked slowly ahead of her. Her hunger returned with savage force.

THE entrance to the Jesuits' church was dark. Its black iron gates were open only a crack. A night-like and velvety blackness stood solidly between the columns on the porch of the upper church. The stone steps leading downward seemed colder than the sidewalks, and the holy water was cold. It teemed with the ripples of fingers that had been dipped there before her own, and the touch of it on her forehead was icy. Today, between the wounded feet, were dark roses. One of the sisters touched the feet and then pressed her fingers to her lips.

The mass had not begun. The girl said her prayers, but she could not concentrate, for her mind was occupied with what she would do with her last dime. Who was the neediest, she questioned: the poor, the dead, or the oppressed? Truly, she had to admit that she loved the poor less than her mother and her friends, and yet, for this very reason—for a willful sacrifice—should she not put the dime into the poor-box? Then she thought, but I have given already to the poor. Lout, wastrel that he was, he was poor and it is not the duty, nor even the right, of the almsgiver to distinguish between degrees of poverty. But between her mother and her friends, how should she choose? Should one pray for someone's long life here or for someone else's shortened term in Purgatory? It occurred to her to offer her mass for her mother and light the candle for the prisoners. This seemed like a compromise and did not satisfy her, yet there was no alternative.

Four nuns were in the pew ahead of her and, finishing their prayers, they sat back

and simultaneously opened their missals. On the right hand of one, she saw a wedding ring. She had never before been close enough to a nun to notice this, and she wondered when it was that the badge of their eternal marriage was placed upon them and if they really did feel unity with God at that moment or felt, instead, hushed isolation. The words of the Gospel today were: *Lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven: where neither the rust nor the moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also.* The words, now that she had seen the wedding ring, seemed richer and more profoundly exciting than they had done before, and for a moment she was almost idolatrous, worshipful, almost, of the fair-skinned sisters in their tower of ivory and their house of gold. And then she recoiled, for under the coil of one she saw black stubble.

The church was full, principally of old people who slept so little that rising for the earliest mass on Ash Wednesday was no great hardship. Most of them were telling their beads and only a few had missals. An aged man behind her said his Aves aloud in a harsh, sibilant voice and his false teeth clicked on one another in a curious counterpoint to the measured whispers of his wooden beads. A bald young Seminarian entered the sanctuary to light the candles on the altar. He genuflected gracefully and liquidly like a dancer, and the hand with which he crossed himself was as long and white and shapely as one painted by El Greco. He was incongruously beautiful in his surroundings, for the lower church was ugly and in bad taste. The statues were gaudy, even in this shadowy light, and the crucifix was sentimental because a machine had made it. In all the accoutrements of the sanctuary, there was a mixture of modern leanness and Victorian laciness. The Seminarian alone seemed a product of inspiration.

At last the bell rang and the celebrant with his altar boys entered the sanctuary. The girl prayed that nothing would mar the spirit of penance which she carried like a fragile light within her; she closed her eyes to the nun's neck and begged forgiveness for her fault-finding. All

through the mass, while she fixed her attention on her mother—imagining her face, disembodied, hovering in a crowd of other faces in Purgatory which she saw as an echoing marble hall—she wondered if she had not committed an act of betrayal, both to the beggar to whom she gave unwillingly and to the parish poor, deprived of her offering through her cowardice. Although she knew that her confusion would be understood and unraveled by the counsel of a confessor, she went, half-dazed, to the communion rail and received, she felt, with an imperfect heart. Afterwards, her thanksgiving was more full of petition than of gratitude: I humbly beseech guidance and my whole heart desires wisdom and stern purpose. Reason reiterated to her that she had properly allocated her good will: money to the poor, a mass for the dead, a candle for the oppressed. Yet she was not assured in her heart and she prayed with a dry compulsion.

WHEN she had received the cross of ashes on her forehead, she went directly to the altar of St. Francis Xavier at the back of the church. The cups for the candles were blood-red; the flames cast a sheen on the closed tabernacle. She knelt down to pray the saint to watch over her friends. As she stood up to take the taper to light her candle, she saw an old woman coming from the vestibule. She pretended not to see, for she recognized the old crone who was always there before the sun and the Jesuits discovered her. At later masses she begged on the sidewalk. The girl had already lighted the taper and was looking for a fresh cup when the woman reached the altar.

Blar-eyed, unctuous, crafty, she slithered to her knees. "God bless you, dearie," she began, her face touching the skirt of the girl's coat. The dime was in the pocket on that side, and it was as if the woman smelled it with her long nose or heard it with her ear beneath her sour gray hair or felt it on her furrowed cheek. It was impossible to ignore her, and the girl could think of no way to resolve this preposterous dilemma. Her hand still held the taper and her eyes still roved the tiers of candles seeking an unlighted one.

It seemed some time before the old woman spoke again. Behind them, people were moving about, unconcerned with anything but the small devotional tasks they had set themselves. Some were making the stations of the cross, some prayed at the Lady altar, others gazed meditatively at the crucifix. The bald young beadle had come again into the sanctuary and was preparing the altar for the next mass. Everything happening in the church was either pious or normal, save for the squalid commerce at St. Francis' altar. The ceiling seemed oppressively low; she was reminded of a dreary train-shed.

When the woman spoke again, her voice was more eager and hopeful. She nodded toward the candles and said, "They're every one of them lit already and they won't bring the new ones round till after the 8 o'clock." How well she knew the habits of this church's servants! She had probably studied them for months, huddling in shadows behind the grating that enclosed the baptismal font or in the corner where the statue of St. Ignatius stood. The girl saw that what she said was true and she blew out the taper and replaced it. But she was determined to make the offering and she stepped down to go to another altar. The old woman took hold of her coat and peered straight into her face, shamelessly. She said, "You're young and pretty, girlie." The oblique entreaty weakened her, embarrassed her movement like a web, and finally she put her hand into her pocket and took out the dime. Before the clever, metropolitan fingers had enclosed the alms, the girl had gone, running down Sixteenth Street to the corner of Sixth Avenue. The streets were lighter now, and the big star had begun to pale. Shop-keepers were putting trash on the sidewalks; news vendors were cutting the ropes that bound the morning papers; a melancholy white horse ambled down the street dragging a milk truck after him.

When the coffee was nearly ready and her rooms were full of its fragrance, the girl looked at her forehead in the bathroom mirror and saw that the Jesuit had marked her clearly. She washed away the ashes, leaving herself alone possessed of the knowledge of her penance.

{ *As head of Time's Moscow bureau in 1943-1944, Richard E. Lauterbach had opportunities to travel extensively in the Soviet Union.* }

HOW THE RUSSIANS TRY NAZI CRIMINALS

RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH



IT is extremely difficult for us to feel as strongly as the Russians do about the Germans. Our country has not been ravaged. We have been taught to be skeptical, even cynical, about atrocities. We remember the debunking of such stories which followed the last war. Some of us suspect that these atrocities are exaggerated or even made up to play on our sympathies. Nothing could be further from the truth.

I belong to the postwar generation, a very cynical generation. I also belong to a cynical profession. Almost every day that I spent in the Soviet Union there were fresh atrocity stories in the newspapers. We rarely went on a trip toward the front that we didn't hear about Nazi barbarities or see the results of German viciousness. After a while, like other correspondents, I became calloused to such things. We even had the feeling that no matter how many people were massacred the story was "old," or not "news." But after I attended the Kharkov trials I began to understand the Russian attitude toward the Germans.

WE FLEW down from Moscow to Kharkov. It was a gray day with a low ceiling and the plane went above church-steeple level only to avoid church steeples. When we arrived it was still

only midmorning. We went straight from the airport to the Ukrainian Musical Comedy Theater on Rymarskaya Street, where the trial was being held.

The theater was old and smelly. The central auditorium was packed with a thousand spectators, many of them standing. Tickets to the proceedings went to wounded Red Army men, front-line heroes on leave, outstanding production workers, and families of Kharkov citizens who had been slaughtered by the Germans during the occupation. The design of the theater was baroque, and white-sculptured nymphs arched against the upper boxes like so many little daughters of Atlas supporting the world. Despite the seriousness of the occasion, the setting seemed like a Hollywood premiere—klieg lights, microphones, cameras, celebrities, and photographers. Perhaps the courtroom of the Hauptmann trial in Flemington, New Jersey, would offer a more accurate comparison.

We were ushered into a box at the left, just opposite the prisoners' box. Prominent Soviet writers had boxes behind ours. On one door was a printed sign which read simply, "TOLSTOI." That rotund writer appeared presently. When a photographer shot off a flash bulb in his face he cursed him out just as a grand duke might have done thirty years before. Only the

photographer talked right back—a big difference.

“Death in battle is too easy a death for their crimes,” Tolstoi wrote in *Pravda* when the trial of three Nazis and one traitor opened. “Hitler freed the Germans from moral feelings of pity, nobleness, honor, and respect for man, but we haven’t freed the Germans from their obligation to be men. . . . Today Kharkov began the first trial which opens a whole epoch of great and dreadful judgment for the Germans who have overstepped the laws of humanity. Today three Germans are being tried among the ruins of the town, surrounded by the tombs of their victims. They have behaved not like soldiers, but like bandits, torturers, licentious half-men. . . .”

THE “licentious half-men” took their seats in their box. The trial was resuming. There were sneezes in the audience. Girls focused opera glasses and others craned their necks to see the four accused men. The Germans were all in uniform. Captain Wilhelm Langheld, fifty-two, a Nazi counterespionage officer, sat straight and correct. He was clean-shaven with a long, puffy-pink face, thin lips, and slick red hair. Reinhard Retslau, a member of the German secret police, had a bored expression, a chinless face, and spectacles. He sat very calmly and seemed to be listening to the testimony in Russian as well as the translation into German. He was thirty-six years old and wore a medal which Hitler had given him two years before. Lieutenant Hans Ritz, twenty-four, had a gnomelike head with a large skull, a sharp German nose, a caved-in chest, and a silly mustache. He was an assistant commander of an SS company; he had beaten people with canes and rubber hoses, and in June, 1943, he had taken part in a mass shooting of Soviet civilians near Kharkov. Mikhail Bulanov, called by one of the Russian writers “the black lining of the blue German uniform,” was a Russian traitor. His black eyebrows had grown together over his closely set, black sneaky eyes. He looked like a jackal.

The trials were being run by the military tribunal of the Fourth Ukrainian

Front. The chief judge was Major General Miasnikov. The defense counsel, appointed by the judge, was N. V. Kommodov, who is the Soviet Union’s Samuel Liebowitz with a bit of Clarence Darrow thrown in. He had two assistants, S. K. Krasnachev and N. P. Belov. Both lawyers were well known. The prosecutor was N. K. Dounaev, a young Red Army colonel. The accused made no objections to the judges or the defense lawyers.

The testimony thus far had been incredible. The Germans, pretty sure that they were going to die, took the long chance that they might get only life imprisonment if they made a clean breast of things. They knew, too, that there was not much point in hiding facts. The Soviets had volumes of proof, cemeteries full of evidence. The accused had only to look into the eyes of the crowd at the trial to realize the hopelessness of claiming innocence. Langheld, a veteran of World War I, had related in his cold, expressionless voice how he beat women and starved prisoners without thinking of good or bad. He was almost the dramatic monologist or raconteur telling how he flogged an innocent young Soviet woman while her small son cringed in a corner watching his mother being tortured. Langheld said he beat the woman until she was covered with blood. She fainted. Next day she died. And what happened to the child? Oh, Langheld had forgotten that part momentarily. The child refused to be torn away from the dead body of the mother. That’s why they shot him.

The audience listened in quiet horror. It was like a page from Wanda Wasilewska’s *Rainbow*. Langheld was businesslike, accurate, choosing his words as if he were talking about a grocery store where certain foods had spoiled. They asked him, “How many innocent people have you personally killed or tortured?” He lifted his piggish little eyes to the ceiling, mentally counting. Then he replied like a bank clerk. To his regret he could not say definitely at the moment, but approximately he had shot, tortured, or otherwise destroyed, say, a hundred people.

The Soviet writers hated Langheld more than they did the others. They couldn’t forget that he had been a British prisoner

of war in 1917 and had been allowed to return home to resume his career all over again. The sharp-tongued David Zaslavsky wrote about him, "Langheld is Hitler reduced to the scale of one torture chamber."

THE prosecutor was making his long summation. The newsreelmen took their pictures. Retslau kept staring at the speaker. Bulanov, in his black turtle-neck sweater, looked terribly uneasy. Ritz had the manner of an Austrian provincial dandy. But he shivered occasionally as he felt the vindictiveness in the prosecutor's voice. Langheld seemed completely unmoved as if he were at a lecture on the weaving methods of the Navajo Indians and not at a trial where his life was in the balance. Often he closed his eyes or stifled a yawn.

The prosecutor paused to drink some hot tea. Then he continued, "The men who are in the dock are not responsible; we know who they are and they will have to answer. We try these three for their personal crimes, for what they have done with their own hands. . . ." He began to picture their crimes. He re-created scenes in which little children, thinking they were going for a joy ride, hopped into German vans. They turned out to be the notorious gas wagons or *doushagoopkas*. In them the children, with or without their parents, were asphyxiated by carbon monoxide while the van was already on its way toward some dumping ground. There was sniffing among the spectators. Handkerchiefs appeared. Even the tough Red Army men had to keep clearing lumps from their throats. "Retslau," charged the prosecutor, "is a professional killer. The Red Army stopped his career. You judges must decide his future. . . ."

Next he delved into the triumphs of Ritz. "He wanted to get into the Gestapo because it was nice and comfortable and the first outfit to run away when there's danger." Ritz was the type who liked to have his picture taken hanging innocent women and children and then send it back to his mother and sweetheart.

For Bulanov, the prosecutor reserved his special scorn. He was a deserter from the Red Army. He had helped repair

doushagoopkas. He had even driven them.

Near the end of the summation, the prosecutor struck a Tom Dewey pose. "The crimes are proved not only of those sitting in the dock but of all those who will be!" he shouted. "For our mothers, wives, daughters, sisters—in their names, the state demands that you send these men to their death. . . ." There was a storm of applause.

II

WE HAD lunch with Tolstoi, Konstantin Simonov, Ehrenburg, and Dmitri Kudriavtsev, Secretary of the Soviet Union's Atrocity Commission. When it was over we returned to hear Defense Attorney Kommodov make his final plea. He is the man who defended the Trotskyist bloc in the 1936–37 treason trials.

Kommodov began talking slowly, analyzing the specific structure of fascism. He showed how its very nature breeds war and brutality. In all epochs there are atrocities, he pointed out, but none can compare with this planned, regular annihilation of a peaceful people. "I shall not recount all the terrors committed by the Germans, having respect for your nerves." He spoke without notes, a glass of tea held in his left hand. Once, when he read a quotation from Stalin, he put on his glasses. The burden of his plea resembled the one the defense lawyer made in Richard Wright's *Native Son*: That the crimes were committed because of the society in which the defendants lived. When he had finished, a translator began reading the speech in German. Ritz sobbed as he listened to it. The others seemed unmoved.

Then, one by one, the accused made their last pleas. They sang echoes of Kommodov's tune, but with less effect. Retslau said it was useless to hide his crimes. He blamed German propaganda, which said the Russians were torturing German prisoners, cutting off their hands. "I can say the opposite is true. We were well treated in prison." He asked the judges to consider his background and training under the Nazi system. Langheld dozed as Retslau asked to be spared. He wanted to return to Germany and prove himself by his deeds.

Shortly after six all the Red Army guards were changed, and the court announced that the curfew was being suspended for the evening, so the crowd could stay. The next to speak was the hopeless Bulanov. When the Germans had taken him prisoner he had had the choice of death or transgression. Of course, most of the brave Soviet people preferred heroic death. But he, Bulanov, had no such high moral character. He asked the judges to imagine his feelings among the "German cannibals." He got only ninety occupation marks per month for his work. He said his guilt was tremendous, but he certainly hoped he could be used by the Soviets in some way; he would prove himself by hard work and good intentions.

WHEN Langheld stood in front of the microphone the crowd stirred noisily and the judge rapped for order. The Prussian kept his hands behind his back. The klieg lights were switched on. Langheld blinked, faltered as he tried to speak. "I have nothing to add to the formal accusation," he said. "I beat prisoners; they were beaten under my orders; they were shot by my orders. I ask only one consideration. I am not alone. The entire German army is like that, too. I do not mean to cover up my own guilt. The reasons for my guilt lie in the German government. The Hitler regime has managed to suppress the generous feelings of the German people and to bring out the beastly instincts. This is especially true in the Wehrmacht. This evil has shown itself particularly during this war. To contradict or not to fulfill the orders we were given meant to sentence ourselves to death. And I was a victim of these orders. I ask consideration for my old age, and because I told the truth in the preliminary hearings."

I looked at the audience. There was no sympathy, only hatred. Ritz swayed as he stood up. He sounded like a whining boy. "I don't want to implore you, I don't want to blot out my crimes," he said. "It's unworthy of me as a man and a soldier. I wish to speak with frankness. . . . I want you to know that I did not relish killings. If so, I would have taken

part in many more crimes, as I had plenty of chances. I acted on orders. The system of our army forced me to do it. . . . I was under orders when I committed crimes, under the sentence of death myself if I did not carry out these orders." He sighed. Then he began again. "The Hitler system is directed not only against other nations but against German people who do not obey him. Consider my life. I was a child of thirteen when the Hitler regime came to power. Since then I have been systematically educated." Ritz was something of an orator, and used his hands for gestures. I could not get all his testimony, but this is approximately correct: "I am young and I have my life before me. I want to live so I can testify against the other SS men who ordered these atrocities. . . ."

The court recessed at 9:15 P.M. We drove back to the hotel and had supper. About 11:30 a telephone call came that the judges were ready to announce their decision. We entered the packed hall. The prisoners were led in, under guard. The judges walked in from the wings. As they appeared on the stage everyone stood up, the Red Army men rigidly at attention. For the first time I noticed the light blue velvet curtain behind the judges, and the pretty Red Army girl court clerks.

At exactly 11:55 General Masnikov read the findings of the court and the verdict: "Death by hanging." The audience applauded. Then a Red Army lieutenant read the same thing in German. Bulanov ducked his head down. Ritz looked incredulous. Retslau tapped his thick fingers against the frames of his horn-rimmed glasses. Langheld betrayed nothing. The guards led them out.

I asked Ehrenburg when they would be hanged.

"Sunday morning," he snapped back. "What better time? Tomorrow."

On the way out of the theater I stopped to read a big billboard. It said, literally, "NEXT WEEK—ROSE-MARIE."

III

SUNDAY morning was overcast but not too cold. Naturally one of the Americans, taking a deep breath of air, said,

"A good day for a hanging." Nobody laughed. We piled into cars and went to see the end.

If the scene had been in a movie it would have jarred me by its savagery and unreality. Fitted into the context of time and place it had a stark but entirely believable reality. Around us Kharkov kids were scampering high on the snowy rooftops of shattered, windowless buildings. Nearby the great Kharkov cathedral, damaged by Nazi bombs, stood empty. About fifty thousand people dressed in their shabby Sunday best shoved into the enormous open market square. They were held in check by Red Army guards with fixed bayonets and low-slung tommy guns. In the dismal gray light of that chilly December morning loomed four gaunt fifteen-foot gallows—stout wooden beams with strong, thin nooses drooping from crossbars. Beneath the rigid nooses four open Chevrolet trucks were backed up. On each truck were three flimsy unpainted wooden tables.

Overhead two trim Lend-Lease Airacobras and a pair of ugly Russian U-2s hovered like vultures. Behind us a half-demolished office building still bore a German signpost on its crumbling façade. Its uncertain rafters were black with spectators. Photographers fought for vantage points. One newsreel crew was located on a platform twenty feet high opposite the gallows.

At 11:15 A.M. two cars plowed through the dense crowd. The first contained military and judicial officials. The second was a closed gray-green truck with guards and the condemned. The door was opened. The crowd stirred impatiently. With their hands tied behind them the Germans, Hans Ritz, Wilhelm Langheld, and Reinhard Retslau, were led out, followed by the Russian traitor, Mikhail Bulanov. The crowd surged forward, straining against the cordon of guards, despite whose efforts the circle around the gallows tightened.

Red Army men helped each of the condemned onto a truck beneath the coiled rope. Then they assisted each man's reluctant feet onto the center table while two guards flanked him on the side tables. The necks of the condemned reached the

empty nooses. The Germans were in full uniform with epaulets and ribbons. They wore forage caps. Langheld had on a good pair of boots, high boots.

Suddenly the motors of the four one-ton trucks coughed, then roared. Major General Miasnikov, chairman of the military tribunal, mounted the rostrum improvised from packing cases. His voice over the loudspeaker system seemed to come from far off as he repeated the court's sentence. Then the General paused dramatically before he barked out the order:

"Lieutenant Colonel, fulfill the verdict."

The trucks lurched forward several yards.

The gathering let out an involuntary screech like the escape valve of an overheated boiler. Momentarily they broke forward. Four bodies, three in the dirty gray-green Nazi field uniform, swayed slightly. Death was surprisingly quick and simple.

As I threaded through the throng I could see no expression of horror, no remorse on their faces. After witnessing the courtroom trial and watching the spectators I had not really expected to find horror and remorse. The people of Kharkov had lived with terror and tragedy for so long under the Germans that the sight of three Nazi barbarians and one traitor hanging cold and dead on a Sunday morning in their snow-covered, cobblestoned public square carried no shock. For the people of Kharkov it was only the prologue of a new drama, not the climactic scene of an old one. This was one of the small moments of justice, their first satisfaction under law for months of unlawful brutality.

I asked a Red Army lieutenant how long the bodies would hang.

"Three days and three nights," he said. "Let Hitler shake and tremble in his bomb shelter."

Examining the strong-lined faces of these Ukrainians, you knew instinctively that they would never put down their arms until total victory was won; that they would never forget the one hundred thousand Kharkov citizens who starved to death under the Nazis. Talking with

them about "what it was like," I realized that in every head there is a kind of projector constantly throwing slides on memory's screen: scenes of thousands of women and children being tortured, their lives snuffed out in the gas wagons . . . of rubber hosing and machine guns cutting down defiant old men like a scythe cutting through a wheat field . . . of digging graves and being shoved in, sometimes alive . . . of the mass slaughter of the Jews . . . of barbed wire and bayonets ripping a tattoo on honest flesh.

And if these scenes ever faded, the people only had to gaze about them. There was always their beloved Kharkov, a living tableau of Nazi artistic achievement—the once handsome, thriving Kharkov which they had built with their own labor, now broken, twisted, wrecked.

The Red Army lieutenant followed me back to the car. The crowd was scattering, slowly. The officer said to me, echoing the prosecutor at the trial: "Their names are Langheld, Ritz, and Retslau. But in our hearts it is Hitler, Himmler, and Goering who are hanging there today."

Before I could find suitable words for a reply, a red-faced old *babushka* who had overheard the Lieutenant's declaration mumbled what all of us were thinking. She said, "*Skoro budyet*—soon it will be."

IV

AFTER we had written our stories at the hotel, several of us walked around the town. Eventually we went back to the market square, where little booths and stalls were open and doing a flourishing trade. I stopped and bought a second-hand *chainik* (teapot) for forty rubles. It wasn't worth more than 20 cents at Woolworth's, but there is no Woolworth's in Kharkov or anywhere else in Russia. And it was the first teapot I'd seen for sale anywhere at any price in the Soviet Union. Five minutes after I had bought it another correspondent came along looking for one. There weren't any more. He offered me sixty rubles for mine. Despite my capitalist instincts I resisted the profit.

The four bodies were still hanging in the center of the square. Only a few late-comers were looking at the bluish corpses.

The three Germans had lost their forage caps. And Langheld was already minus his fine high boots. In Russia boots are boots whether they belong to dead Germans or anyone else. You take them where you find them and consider yourself lucky.

A kid with a cruel sense of humor was trying to stick a lighted cigarette into Bulanov's mouth. When a Red Army man shouted something at him he sprinted away.

We continued walking around the market. Somebody bought an old map in German. There were also German oil paints for sale, and German textbooks, and a sorry collection of Christmas ornaments, including some frayed silver tinsel and a few large red balls. An old woman at another stall was selling empty German bottles with strange and wonderful labels—champagne from France, port from Spain, cognac from Poland.

About fifteen minutes later we left the market place. It was still crowded with Sunday strollers and shoppers and buyers. But nobody was paying any attention to the four bodies. A Russian photographer for *Pravda* who was with our sightseeing group said: "This must be very hard for you to understand." Then he went on quickly, "It's not that people have no feelings; it's because they *have* feelings. The business of death is every day. The business of trade, the chance to buy things—can you imagine what that means to them? When the Germans were here they didn't dare to sell anything for fear the Germans would grab it. Of course there isn't much here, but it seems like much to them. Do you think this is bad? What is your opinion?"

I said I understood. "I have bought a *chainik*," I said, tapping the bulge in my coat pocket.

The cameraman sighed. "It cannot be a very good *chainik*. The Germans would not have left it behind."

As we neared the hotel he asked again, "Are you sure you understand how the people feel?"

"Yes." Then I said, "This is a nice hotel."

"Not very," he said. "You should have been here before the war."

"I was. I was here in 1935."

He brightened considerably. "Then you *do* understand," he said heartily. "You do understand." But as we went up the stairs toward our rooms he had another thought and he said to me, "But your home is in America. It is safe. Have you perhaps lost someone in the war?"

I said no.

"Then you only understand a little,

just a drop." Then he seemed to be afraid he had hurt my feelings and he squeezed my arm. "You will forgive me. Even if you are very sensitive—just a drop."

I thought he was wrong then. It wasn't until months later, when I saw the Maidanek "murder camp" in Poland that I thought of him again and realized that he was quite right. People like me could understand only "just a drop."

Cartels Begin at Home

WHAT's all this fuss about cartels? Except for the name there's nothing about them which isn't familiar to everybody in business.

In a recent *Harper's* article Milo Perkins says we must learn what cartels are before we can decide how to deal with them. I say that we know what they are, all right, and that we can effectively deal with the subject on a world-wide basis only when we've made up our minds how to deal with it at home, in the United States.

Speaking from my own experience in the building trades, with contractor, manufacturer, and jobber, I say that price-fixing agreements, restrictions of supply to hold prices up in the face of little demand, strict sales territory arrangements, suppression of new products to protect existing inferior products, and similar devices are established practices in American business and are thoroughly understood. Furthermore, these practices are understood by all of us, not only by "big business": witness labor's employment of parallel measures in marketing its product, and our everyday business methods.

I say it will be a red-letter day when most of us can decide in a clear-cut fashion that we are "for" or "against" these business methods. Most of us are on the fence. When I start out to build a home for myself I cuss the insulation trade for holding the price of 85% magnesia pipe covering so high that I must use air-cell or wool-felt instead. Next day, in my business, I'm selling steel pipe to a heating or plumbing contractor under the terms of an off-the-record price policy established by mutual agreement of all jobbers in my area. Under such circumstances I feel silly trying to classify myself either as the injured ultimate consumer or the business man honestly indignant over attacks on his methods.

When we learn, at home, to evaluate properly the results of "cartel" policies we shall have done ourselves a service. But we must not expect any other nation to leave her own classroom and join us in ours. If we want to do business with other nations we will have to do it their way to start with and carry on from there.

So—what's all this fuss about cartels? ♦ *From a letter from C. O. T., San Francisco.*

{ *With the help of two hired men, Ayers Brinser runs a small dairy farm (47 head of Guernsey cattle) in Petersham, Massachusetts.* }

DON'T PLOW US UNDER

AYERS BRINSER



YOU live in a city. When B-29 was merely an apartment address, not a flying earthquake, you used to drive in your car through the country. As you sped along to the beach or the mountains or the Wilsons' house in Buffalo, you passed a man plowing a field with a tractor. It was not a very big tractor, yet with its various implements it probably cost eight hundred dollars more than the car you were driving. The plow slowly rolling over the furrow was simply a modification of the forked stick with which prehistoric man scratched the earth, but you would have had to spend one hundred and eighty of your dollars to buy one.

You did not see the other machines on that farm: the five-hundred-dollar manure spreader, the hundred-and-ninety-dollar side-delivery rake, the four-hundred-dollar ensilage cutter, the three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar milking machine. Yet these are just a few of the costly machines the farmer had to buy and keep in running order—the minimum tools of a small farm. They do not include the big machinery such as the pickup hay baler and combine, which cost well over a thousand dollars apiece.

Even before the intensive mechanization of today, a farmer had to have capital. Successful farming required more ready cash than the average farmer could find in his pocket. It often took more than he could borrow. He had to cut

corners. When you passed the barn it looked as if it could do with a coat of paint. When you saw the house you decided that perhaps the barn was not so badly off after all. You didn't see inside the house, which probably had neither running water, electricity, nor a telephone. There was almost certainly a car of some sort in the wagon shed, but not one that you would want to drive.

The members of the farmer's family were either doing chores or working in the fields. Your wife might have been interested to know that the farmer's wife worked at least four times as long and hard as she did, and had no time for bridge, afternoons at the movies, or a visit to the beauty parlor. A mechanical refrigerator in her kitchen would have vastly greater implications of prosperity than a concert grand piano in your living room.

The farmer's children would have several years less education than yours. For them a visit to the doctor was a rare occasion indeed, and they might never have seen a dentist. Their work contributed as much to the family income as your children took from yours for recreation alone.

Had you known all of this you might have thought, "Poor chump, working like that for nothing." As it was, you probably did not think about it one way or another. The only time you thought much about farmers was when the price of

milk or eggs went up, or some Congressman made the front pages with a speech about the farm.

THE farmer driving back and forth across his field would certainly be thinking about something more than keeping the seat of his pants on the bucking tractor seat. He would not have had time to lament his sad fate as you whizzed past in your car. He was doing what he very much wanted to do, farming. He may have been dissatisfied with the progress he was making, but that was not self-pity. He probably would have been thinking about the crop he was going to plant, the state of his cattle, the next job to be done, possibly about the future of his son who would someday inherit this farm.

A large part of farming is anticipating the future. Most farmers are keenly aware that the future is not simply a matter of butter and eggs, or even a matter of efficiency and profits. It is rather the net result of an enormously complicated process out of which can come survival or utter failure. If you would understand why men and women willingly devote their lives to the back-breaking toil of farming in spite of the remote promise such a life holds for gaining wealth or power, you would have to comprehend the appeal of this pattern of life—an appeal far beyond butter, eggs, and profits.

TODAY many farmers see the future coming upon them with an abrupt suddenness. In the past three years the whole structure of farming has changed. Farmers have produced more food with less manpower and equipment than they or the experts thought possible. The cost was high in what it took out of men and the land. The profits were high, too. But they were not nearly so high as people who do not know the price that has yet to be paid in soil fertility and human waste are apt to think. Whatever the motives may have been—patriotism or greed or a mixture of both—the instrument by which this record was achieved has been greater technological efficiency. Under the pressure of war, land, machines, and men simply did more work to produce more food and fiber. The important point is

that technology has been stepped up; the machine has become the essential tool in the agricultural plant.

After the war the small farmer is going to need more and better machines if he is to compete with the mechanized factory farms that have reached their full flower under the heat of war. After industry had developed machine technics and mass production, it never receded to the levels of hand work. When markets declined, industry's answer was greater efficiency. It is unlikely that agriculture will follow a different course. When demand for food slackens, the farms that can produce the most with the least cost will survive. They will command the whole market, while less fortunate farmers will either have to abandon their farms or live on the fertility of their soil and the fat of their herds and flocks.

So the future of the man you saw plowing his field hinges on one question: *How is he to get the use of machines that will make it possible for him to survive in competition with the factory farms?* Holdings like his are too small to pay for a tool like a pickup hay baler costing anywhere from \$1,200 to \$2,000. A man with fifty acres of hay land could not cut enough hay during the life of the baler to pay the initial cost. On the other hand, cutting and storing bulk hay can cost as much as five dollars a ton more than field baling.

It would be ridiculous to try to solve this problem by setting up the premise that small farms are good and factory farms are bad. There are already many successful factory farms. In the future there are going to be a great many more. The solution is to be found rather in a policy that will develop the best possibilities of both types of farm. That means keeping the big boys in their place and giving the little fellows a chance.

II

SINCE the whole problem turns on the use of machines, it is natural that the critical word in the briefs for or against a change in agricultural policy is efficiency. The effectiveness of agricultural policy depends on how well the full implications of this word are understood.

Efficiency is made possible by machines, and the farm machinery of today is bringing the full impact of the industrial revolution to the land. This carries in its train the problems of capital rights versus human rights, the displacing of one type of producer by another. There has been some public concern about what the mechanical cotton-picker will do to the small farmers of the South. If the whole agricultural process is mechanized and consequently concentrated into big corporate units, the cotton-picker problem will seem picayune; for then the land and independence of the small farmer will be swept away as by an avalanche. When we consider the implications of efficiency we find that we are making a judgment on the basic character of agriculture. This is no problem in semantics. It is a question of basic social pattern.

The big farm organizations like the Farm Bureau Federation define efficiency as producing the most at the least cost. In detail, it is a pattern of full mechanization, large capital investment, and concentration of management into a relatively few units, with a large supporting labor supply. In total, this amounts to *money efficiency*. The danger in this point of view is in its limitations. When it is made the basis for judgment of a broad agricultural policy it creates a rural society in which the few thrive at the expense of the many.

The Eastern States Farmers' Exchange, for instance, opposes the distribution of fertilizer for soil conservation by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, on the theory that it helps the inefficient farmer at the expense of his more efficient neighbor. The Farm Bureau Federation opposed the Farm Security Administration because it used public funds to clean up the mire of rural poverty, insecurity, and starvation. This again was supposedly a drain on the efficient to help the inefficient. For the well-padded farm lobbyist it is difficult to distinguish between the inefficient and shiftless.

It would be a mistake to dismiss this point of view as unadorned selfishness. It certainly is not generous. But many of the people who hold it are personally sympathetic to the poor farmer at the head

of the valley. Some of their best friends are small farmers.

BEHIND the argument for money efficiency is a belief that has been carefully nourished since before the Civil War. This is the idea that the farmer is simply a land-using businessman. It began as a defense mechanism when industry overtook agriculture in national importance. The farmer found himself left behind in the struggle for economic, political, and social power. He became Uncle Josh, a national comic character. To the bright and rising young factory manager he seemed a little dull-witted, out of date, and naïve. To his more generous critics the farmer was a happy relic, a sort of human antique.

Farm spokesmen reacted by denying that any categorical distinction existed. Farm journals pointed out that the farmer was in truth a businessman, and then went on to explain how he could reach this exalted station. Organizations like the Farm Bureau Federation and the National Grange base their whole program on the principle that the farmer is a businessman, that he is essentially a buyer and seller. Their efforts are concentrated on improving this one commercial function.

No one can deny that many farms are operated by businessmen. Big cotton plantations, fruit and grain farms, factory dairies survive and flourish because of the trading acumen of the owners. Their time and interest are focused on trade, not on animal husbandry or agriculture. These men are farmers simply because they manipulate farm lands and animals. But money is their real crop. With full mechanization this crop is best produced on large units under big individual or corporate ownership. They argue that mass production methods will produce more food at less cost. If this in turn means the destruction of the small owner, the shift from ownership to wage work for a great number of farmers, and a shift to urban and factory work for even more, they do not regard the price as too great. With full justice, they point out that history is not sentimental. Success comes to those who get things done, and even from

the farmer's point of view this means more and cheaper food and fiber.

Now it is true that the farmer survives economically by the process of buying and selling. But so does the surgeon. The primary fact about agriculture is that it is concerned with directing natural forces to produce a given result. A farmer could be practicing his profession to the limit even if he never sold a quart of milk or a bushel of grain. He would be bankrupt, true, but he would also be farming. A businessman with a shoe store in which shoes were never bought or sold would simply not be in business. The point is that trade is a method by which the farmer is paid for his time, but it is not agriculture.

The distinction must be carried one step further. The farmer is not merely a converter of raw materials into finished goods. He is the administrator of the basic resources of life, earth, and water. He works with the process of life at its primary stage. Just as the doctor is constrained by an ethical responsibility to his patients, the farmer is responsible to the nation as a whole to maintain the productivity of the earth. If a profession is an occupation in which social responsibility is accepted, farming is a profession. This is not to say that all farmers live up to this responsibility. Many obviously do not, either because of greed, ignorance, or the force of economic pressure. But as a nation we have assumed the obligation of creating, through government, a rural economy in which the farmer can live up to his profession.

Public policy in agriculture is concerned with land use, not trade; social efficiency, not money efficiency. To take the narrow stand that AAA benefits are bad because they help the less prosperous farmer is to misconceive the nature of agriculture. Such thinking is bounded on all sides by the idea that the farmer is only a businessman. It ignores the basic resource, soil fertility. It leaves out the element on which that fertility depends, the farmer as a human being. Reduce these conflicting points of view to the premises from which they grow. When the equation is solved you reach the conclusion that the funda-

mental science of agriculture is ecology, not economics.

III.

NO ONE who has worked a farm would suggest that there is some one simple solution to the problem of mechanizing agriculture. All too often in the past we have concluded that since there was one big farm problem there must be one big solution. If the answer to the problem we are facing here must be reduced to one generality, that would not be a specific program, but a *method of approach to the whole problem*. This would go far beyond the narrow concept of efficiency. It would be rather an application of vigorous imagination to the actual needs of a various and resourceful people.

An idea so general has meaning only when you bring it down to cases. Very well, here is Case One. It is found in a relatively prosperous farming area with medium- to large-size farms. During the past few years prices have been good. Everyone has money in the bank; a few have considerable sums. After the war it is not going to be necessary to make any major changes in the local farm setup. Unlike many of the most prosperous farm regions today, this particular one is not faced with the problem of returning grain land to grass, or drastic reduction of herds, or abandonment of heavy capital expenditures for big war production. One man who has one of the smaller farms has made enough profit to buy three thousand dollars' worth of war bonds. He knows, however, that under average conditions his land will not produce enough economically to give his family a decent standard of living. He has a son in the tank corps. The boy never cared much for farming, but ever since they bought their first tractor he spent every possible minute tinkering with the machinery. That is why he is a mechanic in the Army today. Some day he is coming home.

His father decides to invest his savings in big farm machinery when the machinery is available. His neighbors would like to have the use of a field ensilage harvester, a combine, a manure-loader, a chain saw to cut cord wood in the winter, a pickup baler. No one of them can buy ma-

chines like these for himself. But a father and son doing custom work with such heavy tools will have plenty of work in the neighborhood the year around. For the returning soldier there will be a job with machines he knows how to work and likes. For his father there will be a good use for his savings and a chance to earn a good, steady income.

That is one way of solving the problem for farms that are too small to support heavy machinery costs alone. It does not have to be a father-and-son combination. A young man returning from the Army might be able to borrow enough money to establish himself in this business. A group of them might form a company in highly concentrated farm areas. The essential elements are sufficient capital, a knowledge of machinery and farm conditions, and a neighborhood in which the machinery can be used profitably. The difficulty with this solution is that there are too few areas in which all three of these elements are present. It would be no major part of the solution to the general problem of mechanizing agriculture.

CASE Two has a wider application. Here the farms are smaller. Most of the farmers have been making a fair living, but no one has saved up enough to buy the tools that a custom-work farm business would require. The greatest asset of this community is the fact that the farmers have learned to work together. During the machinery shortages and labor shortages of wartime they got into the habit of helping one another out of a jam. When a neighbor's hay was down and black thunderheads were gathering in the west, the man across the road and his friend down at the fork brought their side-delivery rakes, hay-loaders, and teams and put the hay in the barn before the three-day rain started. They had supported a milk producers' co-operative for years. They had had experience in working out community solutions to their problems. Most important, they understood that working together meant giving up small individual advantages to gain the big benefits.

It is natural for farmers with such back-

ground to solve their machinery problem co-operatively. A group of them meet and decide that by contributing a few hundred dollars each they can buy the most essential heavy tools. That will give them a start on a co-operative machinery pool. The machines will be owned co-operatively, and the directors of the co-operative will determine how they are to be used. As capital accumulates from payments for the use of the machines, expenses can be met and new tools bought. As in the first case, it will be easy to find competent operators from among the young men returning from the war with the essential skill they gained from their experience with the machines of battle.

But, as with Case One, the solution here is a limited one. It demands, not only capital and a compact community, but also broad co-operative experience. Furthermore, if it is to be fully successful the farmers must be able to adjust themselves to postwar prices and demands.

THE trouble is that Case One and Case Two do not apply to enough people to solve the problem of farm mechanization. In the small-farm areas particularly, farms are too scattered for a simple community project. Even in regions in which privately owned machinery pools can operate, there will be many small farmers unable to buy their services, either because of lack of ready cash, or because their holdings are too small to interest the machine owners. Furthermore, many small farms are not adapted to the use of big machinery; their fields are too small, they may be pockmarked with rocks the farmer could not afford to blast. They were good enough farms for horse-drawn tools, but they cannot compete with the mechanized farms of today. They could be re-organized for machine culture, but the farmer working alone cannot afford that. Cases One and Two make no provision for the great problem of adjusting the farm to the machine.

This is the point at which you must make up your mind whether you are going to judge agricultural policy on the basis of money efficiency or of men and women. If you accept the money efficiency theory,

you are assuming by implication that our agricultural frontiers are indeed closed. You are in effect proposing to contract agriculture into a hard unit in which soil fertility is exploited like coal or oil through the expediency of mechanical and economic efficiency. If you think in terms of men and women, you are recognizing the broadest frontier in our agricultural history, the social frontier. You are trying to make it possible for all farm people, big and little alike, to have a satisfactory existence; to feed and clothe the people of America in terms of the highest standard of living; and to contribute to the population of the nation young men and women capable of realizing the possibilities of our democratic society.

SAVING the fertility of the soil is already a public responsibility. Federal money is being spent to give farmers fertilizer, technical advice, and engineering assistance. We have carried this idea one step further. We have at last understood that preservation of the fertility of the soil is possible only if the men who use that fertility can do so profitably. Hence we have crop loans, farm tenancy programs, crop insurance, and similar government devices to prevent economic erosion. Although there has been criticism of the administration of these programs, both major parties have accepted the principles on which they are founded.

As the devices to make possible the fullest use of the land multiplied, it became necessary to create an organization that would focus their energies. The point of concentration was the farmer, and the instrument was the soil conservation district. This brings us to Case Three—which I offer not as a great panacea, but rather as an indication of the scope of the problem to be solved by an imaginative public policy.

IV

THE soil conservation district is a voluntary organization of land owners or occupiers who, through state enabling acts, combine to use the services of government agricultural agencies. Forty-five states have such enabling acts and 1,096 districts are in operation. The area cov-

ered by a district of this sort is usually a watershed or county. Administrative costs for technical assistance are paid by the federal government, but all the other expenses which are incurred are borne by the members of the districts as payment for services received. This is not subsidy.

This is how the program works now under actual farm conditions. Fifty farmers in the watershed of the Swift River petition the state to set up a soil conservation district. After preliminary investigation, the state agrees to the project. With the help of technicians from the state and federal government the land resources of the area are surveyed, the problems are outlined, and plans are drawn up. The members of the district elect supervisors from among their number to administer the plans, and the district is ready for action.

The survey of the district shows that the three most important needs are control of the banks of the Swift River, pasture improvement, and the enlargement of fields for machine culture. To carry out these projects it is necessary to have a bulldozer, trucks, a low-slung trailer, and a dynamiter. (At the conclusion of the war in Europe the federal government will have a surplus of the first three heavy machines.) The supervisors decide to borrow for the district enough money to buy them from the government at a reasonable cost. The loan may be either private or government-secured. This expense is met by the fees paid by the farmers for the work the machines do on their land.

The services of the dynamiter are borrowed from a neighboring district in which such a man is employed. By drawing up individual farm plans with the land owners, the technicians are able to arrange for the use of these heavy tools efficiently and with minimum cost to the farmers in the district.

The chief virtue in this program is the fact that it is a voluntary and co-operative effort by which farmers are able to adjust their farms to the needs of modern agriculture. Big and little farms alike are able to participate in the program for their mutual benefit.

Just what this benefit might be can best be illustrated by a specific case. Mr. Glen Button of Chelsea, Vermont, had a hill farm made up of a patchwork of small fields. Scattered boulders and stone walls made it difficult to work the land even with a pair of horses. When a soil conservation district was established in his area, he was one of the first to join. The farmer worked out a farm plan with the district technician. A bulldozer pushed the walls into the woods. Boulders in the fields too big for the dozer to handle were blasted and carted off. The hill pasture was contour-furrowed to hold the moisture in the soil during the dry season. A plan for fertilization and crop rotation was agreed upon and executed. The next question is, was it worth the cost?

Before the farmer joined the district his gross farm income was \$5,065.65, of which \$3,016.93 was the total return from selling milk. Three years later the gross farm income had jumped to \$13,456.05, while milk sales amounted to \$8,858.93. With the added income Glen Button was able to buy a suitable tractor. His fields are big enough now for real machine culture. He has the ready cash to pay for the use of the machines.

The key to his prosperity is the fact that he has been able to use the resources of his land to their fullest capacity because of the services he bought from the district at a cost of \$159. That statement can be reduced to simple figures. Before joining this district the farm had 237 acres of pasture, much of it hilly and grown up to hardhack and juniper. This pasture supported an average of 17.2 cows. Under the district plan of pasture improvement the farmer is now using 72 acres of pasture which give abundant feed to 35 cows. As a result of moisture conservation and fertilization, these cows are up to their eyes in birdfoot trefoil and white clover at the end of August. The remaining pasture land has been set out to Christmas trees, a quick forest cash crop. The hay land has been improved correspondingly. As any man who milks cows for a living will tell you, good pasture and hay are the keys to successful dairying.

If you would translate these figures into industrial terms, this farm plant was con-

verted from a unit with obsolete, high-operating-cost equipment to one requiring one third the plant capital to double the capacity. It was like shifting from kerosene to high-octane gasoline in your car.

THE administrative costs of planning and supervising this project were paid by the federal and state governments. But the important point is that these costs did not approach the drain on the nation's taxpayers that would have resulted from letting the run-down soil and impoverished farm families be abandoned because of their inefficiency. In this particular case, the administrative costs of the whole district were considerably less than the increase in gross income on *one farm*.

The soil conservation district prepares the land for power-driven farm machinery, and it protects the fertility of the soil—two fundamental first steps in mechanizing our farms. There remains, however, the job of getting the machines to those farmers who are not in a position to buy them economically, the small farmers whose limited holdings would not justify the costs of pickup hay balers and combines.

THE soil conservation district is a big enough organization to purchase farm machinery co-operatively for the use of the members. If the district organization itself will not undertake such a program, it is nevertheless an example from which a parallel machinery co-operative can be modeled. However, such a program without very active support of the district organization would grow too slowly to meet the pressing need for quick action.

The simplest and quickest way to provide big farm machines for small farms is through a machinery pool. Under this plan the machines would be purchased through government loans—or private loans—at low interest, and then rented at cost to the farmers. This cost should include the wages of a trained operator. The soil conservation district would be the logical organization to administer the pool. Its members have experience in the co-operative use of machinery. Farm plans drawn up as a part of the district

program would indicate how and where the machines could best be used. Since it is a governing agency, the soil conservation district would have a more carefully considered financial policy than might be the case with inexperienced farmer groups. Finally, the area covered by the district could be made large enough to assure enough members in the pool to make it practical anywhere in the nation.

THE possibilities of machinery pools operating through soil conservation districts have not been developed. However, the idea is not unique. Australia under the pressure of war has established a network of government machinery pools. Agricultural committees have been assigned the job of administering the pools of machinery owned by the Commonwealth government. Farmers who use the machinery, which ranges from tractors to potato pickers, pay on the basis of hourly cost and depreciation. The Australian government is now preparing to expand the program to include machines which will make possible the improvement of forage crops.

Under this system Australia has been able to increase considerably its essential agricultural production. If such an idea can work in a country with an agricultural plant so much smaller than ours, it is reasonable that it can be applied here, especially since we already have a framework of administration and a national policy into which machinery pools naturally fit.

It must be emphasized that the district machinery pool program suggested here involves neither subsidy nor regimentation. It is rather an application of a national policy to local problems, locally administered, and paid for by those who benefit in direct ratio to the amount of benefit received.

Nor do soil conservation district machinery pools favor one kind of farmer over another. The pools are rather a logical development of the district program of establishing healthy and economic land use. The pools are not an added encumbrance on this program, they merely

round it out. If a farmer with capital wants to go into the business of doing machine custom work, or if a group of co-operatively minded farmers want to set up a machinery co-operative, there is nothing in the idea of district pools to hinder them. The pools are essential because they provide the advantages of mechanization *to that vast majority of farmers who would not be covered by these two devices.*

Widespread machinery pools are not going to solve the problems of surplus, readjustment to peacetime production, rural health, housing, recreation, and education. They can, however, strengthen the pattern of community effort to solve community problems. They can make possible the fullest and most economic use of our soil resources. This in turn will affect the whole structure of our rural life. And they can increase the possibilities of postwar employment by establishing a new service industry.

BUT even such a program as this will be futile unless it is undertaken with full imaginative awareness of the basic fact which confronts us: that farming is undergoing a fundamental change in character, a change comparable to that which took place when the farmer emerged from his feudal prison to free ownership in the eighteenth century. The earlier transformation was the concern of the most sensitive and sophisticated minds: the Physiocrats in France, and in this country Jefferson, John Taylor, John Dickinson. As a result of what they thought and wrote, agriculture gave a quality of highest character to that epoch. Just as they in their time were able to gauge the nature of land use in its fullest human terms, so we today need to understand agriculture, not simply as a business, nor on the other hand as a matter of mystical sentiment, but as a social and human process for the wise use of our national wealth in land. Our task is not simply to draw up specific plans of action to meet a specific emergency, but to bring once again to the forefront of agricultural leadership the high human qualities of broad intelligence and creative imagination.



